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NATIONAL DESPONDENCY.

IT seems that mankind are for ever destined to live under the nightmare of some alarming apprehension. The ancients were kept on the alert by ominous prognostications, derived from the entrails of beasts, from the flights of birds, or the equivocal responses of the nymph Egeria and the Delphic oracle. A fear of ghosts, witches, and apparitions, and a belief in the magic power of fairies, Pucks, charms, and incantations, were the penalties paid for ignorance by our more immediate ancestors. In the present day, the prevailing bugbear seems a dread of poverty, either individual or national. At every interval of three, four, or five years, the community is plunged in the greatest tribulation from the number of bankruptcies and general mercantile stagnation; pecuniary ruin stares every one in the face; innumerable pamphlets and periodical essays are shot forth, explaining the causes and remedies of existing disasters; and then, after the gloom and controversy have continued for a while, the nation, from some imperceptible causes, emerges from its difficulties, the banks resume payments in specie, all the mills and factories are working full time, the wharfs and docks are crowded with merchandise, exports and imports increase enormously, and, in short, every thing is joyous, hearty, and progressive—

"Richard is himself again!"

These alternations of commercial prosperity and depression form a remarkable feature of modern times. Revulsions in trade are nearly as punctual, though not quite so frequent in their advent, as spring and autumn; and there is little doubt that their periodical return is governed by fixed laws, as well as the movements of the heavenly bodies. Like the plague, the sweating sickness, and cholera morbus, formerly, they occur at regular intervals, sweeping off their millions, not of human beings, but of sovereigns, and leaving woful blanks in our ledgers, that require years of anxiety and patient toil to fill up. They are the fevers of commerce, mostly brought on by the intemperance of enterprise and speculation; and as the researches of medical science have lessened both the frequency and intensity of epidemic maladies, there is no reason why our sages in political economy may not render a similar service to traffic, by explaining the causes which influence the fluctuations of the mercantile cycle.

The vicissitudes of trade form only one of the many sources of those fits of despondency that have been wont to overshadow the realm. No lady or gentleman has been so frequently ruined and undone as poor Old England. How many inquests have been held over her remains by political soothsayers during the last century! Yet somehow or other she has always risen again in her might, to tower majestically onward in her prosperous course, like the Great Western across the Atlantic; or rather she has been like the patient supposed to be in the last stage of existence, and who, while the physicians were gravely debating about the symptoms of her malady, rose up and deliberately walked out of the apartment.

Almost ever since the Revolution of 1688, the increase of the national debt has formed a constant theme of lugubrious forebodings. One now laughs at the ominous predictions and calculations of Davenant, Stewart, Hume, Price, and other writers of the last century. It is not, however, intended to underrate the ruinous tendencies of governments anticipating their resources by laying the burden on posterity. Recklessly incurring debt is a pernicious practice, either in individuals or nations. In the latter, it is among the greatest of public calamities, by affording too readily the means of lavish expenditure, and for beginning wars oftener, and continuing them longer, than would have been the case had the authors of such afflictions been obliged to find immediately the means of defraying the current cost of their follies.

Leaving the consideration of these consequences, it is, however, amusing to revert to some of the mistaken prophesyings of national ruin by the last generation. They will show that some very eminent writers of the preceding century were as little prescient of the strength and resources of this empire, as Mr Murphy and other almanack-makers are about the future state of the weather.

Here is an extract from the celebrated Dr Davenant:—"Unless this can be compassed (reducing the public revenue to L.2,300,000 per annum), it will be found that in no long course of time we shall *languish and decay* every year, by steps easy enough to be perceived by such as consider of these matters. Our gold and silver will be carried off by degrees, rents will fall, the purchase of land will decrease, wool will sink in price, our stock of shipping will be diminished, farmhouses will go to ruin, industry will decay, and we shall have upon us all the *visible marks of a declining people*."—An Essay on the Balance of Trade, printed in 1699.

Another writer opens eleven years later with the following alarming interrogatory:—"*Are we not driven almost to the very brink of destruction?* Our treasures are riotously wasted, our constitution in danger of being subverted, and the nation almost in general corrupted."—Printed in 1710.

Next follows a chapter of lamentations from the Craftsman (No. 502, February 14, 1736):—"The vast load of debt under which the nation still *groans*, is the true source of all those calamities and gloomy prospects of which we have so much reason to complain. To this has been owing that multiplicity of burdensome taxes, which have more than doubled the price of the common necessaries of life within a few years past; and thereby distressed the poor labourer and manufacturer, disabled the farmer to pay his rent, and put even gentlemen of plentiful estates under the greatest difficulties to make a tolerable provision for their families. From this have proceeded those infinite swarms of *locusts and caterpillars in office*, who not only prey on the *vitals of industry*, but render even our liberties precarious and dependent on the will of those who have the sole nomination and direction of them."

A brilliant paraphrase of the above passage appeared some years since in the Edinburgh Review; it ran through the newspapers, was printed on cards for effective circulation, lithographed, and surmounted with the head of Mr Brougham, to whom common fame imputed the honour of its invention:—"For my part, I do not know of one necessary of life upon which we have not some tax or another, except *water*; and we can put no ingredient I know of into water, in order to make it palatable and cheerful, without paying a tax. We pay a tax for air, and for the light and heat of the sun in the day-time, by means of our tax on windows; and for the light and heat in the night-time by means of our duties on coals and candles; we pay a tax upon bread, meat, roots, and herbs, of all kinds, by means of our salt duty; we pay a tax upon small beer by means of the malt tax; and a heavy additional tax on strong beer by way of excise. Nay, we cannot have any clean thing to put on our backs, either of woollen or linen, without paying a tax by means of the duty on soap, &c."—Torbuck's Debates, xv. 209.

The most portentous sign in the air—the fiery cross—the impending avalanche that was to overwhelm us, was, however, always the debt, concerning which dire infliction, Samuel Hannay, Esq., in 1756, reasons and concludes as under:—"It has been a generally received notion among political arithmeticians, that we may increase our national debt to *one hundred millions*; but they acknowledge that it must then cease by the debtor becoming bankrupt. But it is very difficult to comprehend if we do not stop at *seventy-five millions*, where we shall stop."—A Journal of Eight Days, 4to, p. 218.

Mr Hume, who was cautious, and exempt from gloom and rashness, observes, that the first instance of a debt contracted upon parliamentary security, occurred in the reign of Henry VI. The commencement, he continues, "of this pernicious practice deserves to be noted; a practice the more likely to become pernicious, the more a nation advances in opulence and credit. The ruinous effects of it are now become apparent, and threaten the very *existence of the nation*."—History of England, 8vo. edit. 1778, iii. 215.

His illustrious contemporary appears to have caught a gleam of hope from past experience, but evidently labours under fearful misgivings for the future:—"Great Britain," says Dr Smith, "seems to support with ease a burden which half a century ago nobody believed her capable of supporting. Let us not, however, upon this account, conclude that she is capable of supporting any burden; nor even be too confident that she could support without great distress a burden a *little greater* than that which has been laid upon her."—Wealth of Nations, ii. 363.

Another trump or two only remain to be sounded on this painful subject. Pending hostilities with America, the ingenious Dr Price observes, "We are now involved in another war, and the public debts are increasing again fast; the present year (1777) must make another great addition to them, and what they will be at the end of these troubles no one can tell. The union of a foreign war to the present civil war might perhaps raise them to *two hundred millions*, but more probably it would sink them to *nothing*."—Additional Observations, &c., third edition, p. 148.

The following is the funeral knell of this unhappy kingdom, and all that remains is to call in the undertaker:—"If the premises are just, or nearly just, and nothing effectual is done to prevent their consequences, the infallible, the inevitable conclusion that follows is, that the nation is a BANKRUPT, and that those who have trusted their all to the public faith are in very imminent danger of becoming (*I die pronouncing it*) BEGGARS."—An Argument to consider the State of the Nation. By John Earl of Stair. 1783.

This is sixty years since, and how awfully solemn the noble earl's valedictory ejaculation! In death, truth and a veracious second sight are usually expected, and John Earl of Stair dies exclaiming more than half a century ago, that if his premises be just, we are in very imminent danger of becoming beggars.

These excerpts are enough to inculcate caution in political prophesyings. It savours of presumption in the wisest attempting to predicate the fate of a nation. The most perspicuous are often baffled in their anticipations on the fortune of individuals, but how much more are they likely to be at fault in endeavouring to trammel up the issues of a community! It is a vast and complicated question, into the calculation of which the ablest arithmeticians can never bring all the elements essential to infallible conclusions. A nation is a giant of vast proportions, whose limbs and sinews, faculties and resources, can hardly ever be wholly comprehended. It is centuries in growing to maturity, and often as long in decaying, and many and heavy blows are necessary before life is extinct. Tak-

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ing off the head is not enough. Governments may change often; commerce, trade, industrial pursuits, and manners, may alter; but the nation, or what really constitutes the nation, its people, morals, religion, usages, spirit, and municipal polity, still live under new dynasties. It is pride unbearable to arrogate the gift of foresight, to assume a prescience of the phases, progress, and destiny of empires. History is replete with examples of the fatuity of mal-assumptions, as the vicissitudes of Europe during the last fifty years abundantly testify. To compare the actual results of her revolutions with the hopes and anticipations of the acutest contemporary intellects, is quite enough to put an end to all speculation about a moral, religious, or political futurity.

The use of the foregoing retrospection is to show the vanity of political dreaming, and the unreasonableness of despondency. The future must always lie hid below the horizon, and if it rises charged with public calamities, they will doubtless be accompanied with their appropriate remedies and alleviations. Our business is not with it, but with our own times and our own evils, which we feel and can best comprehend, leaving posterity to grapple with theirs, as they will be better enabled to do than we can, having the benefit of our experience for guidance.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY A. OPIE.

HARRIET COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

"I, too, have recollections of this lovely and fascinating woman," said I to myself, while reading the mention made of Lady Rosslyn in the interesting memoirs of Sir Walter Scott. And here they are:—

In the summer of 1806, my husband and myself, accompanied by Wilkie, now Sir David Wilkie, went on a visit to Southhill, the seat of our highly valued friends Samuel Whitbread and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread.

As I went to the chamber allotted to us, I saw in the long gallery or corridor leading to it, a nurse-maid and two children, and concluding that one of the latter was the youngest child of the family, I addressed her by her supposed name. "You are mistaken, madam," replied the nurse; "this is Lady Janet Sinclair, and this young gentleman is Lord Loughborough." At this last information I was seized with an almost irresistible desire to laugh, for, when very young, I had gone into the assize court at N——, where Lord Loughborough was sitting as judge, and his peculiarly bright eyes shining from under the judge's wig over a nose like a parrot's beak, had made an indelible impression on my memory; and now I beheld before me Lord Loughborough of three years old, the great nephew of the judge, in all the bloom of childish beauty.

The contrast was indeed ludicrous, but the rencontre was welcome, because, as the children of Lady Rosslyn were at Southhill, no doubt she was there herself, and I should at length see and know this much admired woman. When we met, I was at first rather disappointed in her beauty, but there was a charm in her manner and conversation which soon won my regard.

Our dear host drove us out together more than once in his phaeton, and as we could not conveniently have the pleasure of conversing with him, we were obliged to converse with one another; consequently, we did not long remain on distant terms. We visited the new jail at Bedford, in which we found but one inmate, a man, of whom we bought some pincushions, the fruits of his industry and his solitude. We drove also to some gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood. At one of these, where our host left us while he transacted some business, Lady Rosslyn asked the woman into whose care the house had been left, and who was then basting a leg of mutton, to fetch her a draught of new milk. Accordingly she laid down the basting-spoon, and eagerly ran to get it. "What a pity it would be," said the considerate Lady Rosslyn, "if the mutton should burn while the good woman is employed in my service! I will baste the meat till she returns." So said, so done—and the graceful countess, seizing the ladle, commenced operations.

"Well," cried I, admiring her benevolent care, "among the pleasing and curious sights of this morning I shall number that of seeing Harriet Countess of Rosslyn basting a leg of mutton!"

That evening, while talking over the beauties of the Lay of the Last Minstrel with Lady Elizabeth, Lady Rosslyn told us that the ballad of Rosabel was written at her instigation. She said that Sir Walter Scott was staying at Roslin, while, as it afterwards appeared, he was writing the Lay, and she told the bard that, as her lord was a St Clair, he ought to write a ballad or a tale about the St Clairs who were buried in the chapel, adding, that Rosabel was one of the family names. The very next evening (as I think) Sir Walter led her into one of the oriel windows, and to her delighted surprise read to her the exquisite ballad in question, "for which," said she smiling, "the world is indebted to *me*." When Lady Rosslyn bade me farewell before she quitted Southhill, she kindly reminded me that she had heard me express a wish to visit Edinburgh and Roslin, adding, "I sincerely hope that, whenever you do come to Roslin, I may be there to show you all its beauties."

Ten years after, that is, in the year 1816, I *did* visit Roslin, but SHE was in her grave! In that ever beautiful, though dilapidated chapel, I stood on the stone which covered her remains! Yes; that still young, and fair, and beloved being, was already joined in death to "the lordly line of proud St Clair!" and I had come too late to see her in her castle! But I elicited from the "auld wifie" who was our guide, an interesting tribute to her merit. I, very stupidly, asked her if she knew Lady Rosslyn. "Knew her!" she replied almost contemptuously, "to be sure I did, and mony others knew her too; and there were as mony tears shed at her death as would have washed out a shirt or a sack."

I turned away with a quivering lip, for it was, though a simple, a *touching* and *enviable* eulogy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the year 1816, I was invited to meet this celebrated but then untitled man, at *breakfast*, at the house of Sir George Ph——, in Mount Street. I had met him several times before, but had never had an opportunity of conversing with him. I therefore looked forward to this visit with unusual pleasure, taking care to arrive in Mount Street precisely at the time specified. Sir Walter, however, was there before me; and for some time, to my great satisfaction, no other guests came to interrupt the *flow* of conversation from the eloquent man's lips, who seemed to me to talk not with any view of display, but merely because his mind was full, and he could not help it. I know not what led to the subject, but he gave us a most animated description of a Cockney's hunting in the Highlands. I think the person was a militia officer, but that is immaterial; suffice, that whoever he was, he seemed to live before us, as the narrator described his terrors when he found himself going full gallop up and down crags, steeps, and declivities, of which he had before no idea.

I cannot pretend to do justice to the spirit with which he gave this narration, but I know that it was so delightful to listen to him, that I congratulated myself on our superiority in punctuality to the other guests. At length, however, the rest of the company arrived. I think we were in all two-and-twenty, and Sir Walter Scott, to my great joy, was desired to hand me down stairs; consequently I sat by him at table. On my other hand was a young clergyman, who had lately published a prize poem.*

As the company was so large, there could not be much general conversation, which was a subject for regret, as that distinguished poet and converser, Wordsworth, who came late, was one of the guests; but I own that I had no leisure for regrets, as I was enjoying an opportunity which never might be mine again—that of being able, owing to the size of the party, to keep Sir Walter Scott's conversation to myself. One subject succeeded another from his lips; and as he condescended to mention one of my productions to me, telling me I had made him shed many tears, I felt emboldened to refer to his own writings, and I asked him why, with such evident powers to produce dramatic effect, he had never written a tragedy? He replied that several reasons had prevented him from coming forward as a dramatic writer. Amongst others, he was, he said, a proud man, and his pride would have made him unable to dance attendance on managers, or consult the varied tastes of actors, and others, or words to that effect. But he owned that he had once serious thoughts of writing a tragedy, on the same subject as that which had been already so ably treated by his friend Joanna Baillie—namely, "The Family Legend," founded on a true story—that of a lady having been exposed by her husband on a rock in the Sound of Mull, and left to perish there, while he reported her to be dead, and had a mock funeral for her. Sir Walter Scott said that if he had written on this legend, he should have had no *love* in his drama. His hero should have been the *uncle* of the heroine; "a sort of misanthrope, with only one affection in his heart—love for his niece—like one solitary gleam of sunshine gilding the dark tower of some ruined and lonely dwelling!"

Never can I forget the fine expression of his lifted eye as he uttered this! The whole face became elevated in its character, and even the features acquired dignity and grace from the power of genius!

How fortunate did I consider myself in having this morning been favoured with specimens of his *two manners*, if I may so express myself, as exhibited in his acknowledged and unacknowledged writings!—for so convinced was I that he wrote the popular prose as well as the admired poems, that, while I listened to his varied converse, and heard him go "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," I could scarcely forbear to exclaim, "you are the great unknown (as he was called); "you are indeed the man!"

It was the last time I ever saw him, and the first also, according to the idea of him who said on the introduction of a stranger, "Speak! that I may see thee!" for as the face of Walter Scott, when speaking and animated, and the same face in a quiescent state, were two different things, I might say, with some truth, that when we met at Sir George Ph—'s, I saw him for the *first time*.

I went to Edinburgh in the autumn of that year, and if I had then never seen Sir Walter Scott, I should have found means to be introduced to him at his own house; but as I never like to force myself on the acquaintance of distinguished persons, as my time was limited, and I had had the pleasure of enjoying Sir Walter's society so very recently, I was contented with seeing the tops of his chimnies and the roof of his house as I passed it on my road to the beautiful city. He then lived near Gala water, and Abbotsford was not even begun. He did not visit Edinburgh during the nine days of my happy residence there; but I had the pleasure of sitting opposite his picture by Raeburn every day at my kind friend Constable's, whose guest I was. Eagerly did I tell every one who would listen to me of my meeting him in London; but I was mortified, when, on my praising the beauty of his countenance while under strong excitement, and the fire of his blue-grey eye, Dr Brown, the celebrated professor of moral philosophy, interrupted me with, "Nay, nay; do not go on with these flights of fancy; the face is only a roast-beef and plum-pudding face, say what you will!" Probably that loved and lamented man (Dr Brown), cut off in the prime of his life and talents, said this merely to bring me down from my romantic exaltation on this subject; but whatever Sir Walter Scott's face was, would I had had the pleasure of seeing it again!

* I allude to Edward Smedley, who was taken away not long ago from his wife and family, in the prime of his life and his usefulness, universally loved, honoured, and lamented.

MR BRUCE'S REPORT ON ASSAM TEA.

THE difficulty of carrying on dealings with China, which seems to be always increasing, has of late years led to an anxious discussion of the possibility of obtaining tea from a different source. A kindred plant, used as a tea in Paraguay, has been pointed out to the attention of British speculators; and of this article, it will be recollected, we lately gave an account from the writings of a great variety of travellers. It must be generally known that a prospect has also arisen of obtaining the ordinary tea from an Asiatic soil, near to, but independent of, China. In 1834, a committee was formed at Calcutta, for the purpose of promoting the culture of the tea-plant in British India, and steps were immediately taken for introducing seeds and plants from China. Before these were procured, it became known that the tea-plant grew naturally in Assam, a large region five hundred miles to the north of Calcutta, situated on the great Bramah-pootra river, and, though not subject to the East India Company, yet under British influence. Mr C. A. Bruce (who, it appears, made this discovery fourteen years ago) was immediately appointed by the committee to survey the district, and report on its capabilities of producing the plant, under culture. A report from Mr Bruce, dated at Jaipore, June 10th, 1839, has just reached this country, and, having been favoured with an early copy of it, we propose making our readers acquainted with some of the principal facts which it presents.

The districts of Muttock and Singpho, to which Mr Bruce's inquiries have as yet been confined, lie between the 26th and 28th degrees of north latitude, and the 94th and 96th degrees of east longitude, a situation corresponding, in one important respect, to the best tea-districts in China, which lie between the 27th and 31st parallels. It is a country, with respect to agriculture and social institutions, in a very deplorable state; the people are of migratory habits, and dreadfully addicted to opium. It is amidst the widespread natural woods or jungles which cover a large portion of the country, and under favour of their shade, that Mr Bruce has found the tea-plant growing. It generally grows in tracts, a few hundred yards in extent, with occasional trees forming a sort of connection between one tract and another. Mr Bruce has now found a hundred and twenty such tracts. They are all on plains. The following extract will afford some idea of his procedure in searching for tea-tracts:—

"Last year, in going over one of the hills behind *Jaipore*, about 300 feet high, I came upon a tea-tract, which must have been two or three miles in length—in fact I did not see the end of it; the trees were in most parts as thick as they could grow, and the tea seeds (smaller than what I had seen before), fine and fresh, literally covered the ground: this was in the

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middle of November, and the trees had abundance of fruit and flower on them. One of the largest trees I found to be two cubits in circumference, and full forty cubits in height. At the foot of the hill I found another tract, and, had time permitted me to explore those parts, there is no doubt but I should have found many of the Naga Hills covered with tea. I have since been informed of two more tracts near this. In going along the foot of the hills to the westward, I was informed that there was tea at *Teeseak*, or near it: this information came too late, for I had passed it, just a little to the east of the Dacca River, at a place called *Chiridoo*, a small hill projecting out more than the rest on the plain to the northward, with the ruins of a brick temple on it; here I found tea, and no doubt, if there had been time to examine, I should have found many more tracts. I crossed the Dacca River at the old fort of *Gheryong*, and walked towards the hills, and almost immediately came upon tea. The place is called *Hauthowsah*. Here I remained a couple of days going about the country, and came upon no fewer than thirteen tracts. A Dewanish who assisted me to hunt out these tracts, and who was well acquainted with the leaf, as he had been in the habit of drinking tea during his residence with the Singphoes, informed me that he had seen a large tract of tea-plants on the Naga mountains, a day's journey west of *Chiridoo*. I have no reason to doubt the veracity of this man; he offered to point out the place to me, or any of my men, if they would accompany him; but as the country belonged to Raja Poorunda Sing, I could not examine it. I feel convinced the whole of the country is full of tea.

Again, in going farther to the south-west, just before I came to *Gabrew* hill, I found the small hills adjoining it, to the eastward, covered with tea-plants. The flowers of the tea on these hills are of a pleasant delicate fragrance, unlike the smell of our other tea-plants; but the leaves and fruit appear the same. This would be a delightful place for the manufacture of tea, as the country is well populated, has abundance of grain, and labour is cheap. There is a small stream called the *Jhanga* river, at a distance of two hours' walk; it is navigable, I am informed, all the year round for small canoes, which would carry down the tea, and the place is only one and a half day's journey from *Jorehaut*, the capital of Upper Assam. South-west of *Gabrew Purbut* (about two days' journey) there is a village at the foot of the hill, inhabited by a race called Noraha; they are Shans, I believe, as they came from the eastward, where tea abounds. I had long conversations with them, and the oldest man of the village, who was also the head of it, informed me, that when his father was a young man, he had emigrated with many others, and settled at *Tipum* opposite *Jaipore*, on account of the constant disturbances at *Muscham*; that they brought the tea-plant with them, and planted it on the *Tipum* hill, where it exists to this day; and that when he was about sixteen years of age, he was obliged to leave *Tipum*, on account of the wars and disturbances at that place, and take shelter at the village where he now resides. This man said he was now eighty years of age, and that his father died a very old man. How true this story is, I cannot say, and do not see what good it would do the old man to fabricate it. This was the only man I met with in my journeys about the country who could give any account of the tea-plant, with the exception of an Abum, who declared to me that it was Sooka, or the first Kasharry raja of Assam, who brought the tea-plant from *Muscham*; he said it was written in his *Putty*, or history. The *Abum-Putty* I have never been able to get hold of; but this I know, that the information about the tea-plant pointed out by the old Noraha man, as being on the *Tipum* hill, is true; for I have cleared the tract where it grew thickest, about 300 yards by 300, running from the foot of the hill to the top. The old man told me his father cut the plant down every third year, that he might get the young leaves.

To the west of *Gabrew* I did not find any tea; but to the westward of the *Dhunseeree* river I found a species, though not the same as that we use. If the people on the west side of the *Dhunseeree* river were acquainted with the true leaf, I think tea would be found. I planted it all along the route I went, which may lead to its eventual discovery; but people should be sent to search for the plant who are really acquainted with it. I think a vast quantity of tea would be brought to light if this were done."

Mr Bruce has also been engaged in experiments on the character of the tea produced in Assam. Ninety chests of the article prepared by him and his assistants were imported into London in 1838, and found, we are told, to be of good quality. In his report we find some notices respecting these operations:—

"Until lately, we had only two Chinese black tea makers. These men have twelve native assistants; each Chinaman, with six assistants, can only superintend one locality, and the tea-leaves from the various other tracts, widely separated, must be brought to these two places for manufacture. The consequence is, that an additional number of labourers must always be employed to bring the leaves from so great a distance. The leaves suffer when brought in large quantities from a distance, as they soon begin to ferment, and the labour of only preparing them so far in process, that they may not spoil by the morning, is excessive. The men have often to work until very late to accomplish this. When labour falls so very heavy, and on so very few, it cannot be expected that it can be equally well executed, as if more had been employed. The leaves last gathered are also much larger than they ought to be, for want of being collected and manufactured earlier; consequently the tea is inferior in quality. I mention this to shew the inconvenience and expense of having so few tea-makers.

The samples of black tea made by the twelve assistants having been approved of by the Tea Committee in Calcutta, it was my intention to have distributed the men among the different tracts; but the late disturbances on our frontier have prevented this arrangement, and I have been obliged to employ ten men in Assam (two others having gone to Calcutta in charge of tea) at the tract called *Kakung*, which is becoming a very extensive and important tea locality, so many others being near it, which can all be thrown into one. When we have a sufficient number of manufacturers, so that we can afford to have some at each tract or garden, as they have in China, then we may hope to compete with that nation in cheapness of produce, nay, we might and ought to undersell them; for if each tract or garden had its own tea-maker and labourers, the collecting of the leaves would not perhaps occupy more than twelve days in each crop; after which the men might be discharged, or profitably employed on the tea-grounds. But now, for the want of a sufficient number of labourers and tea-makers, there is a constant gathering of leaves throughout the month; and, as I said before, those gathered last can only make inferior teas; besides the great loss by the leaves getting too old, and thereby unfit for being made into any tea, and all this entirely for want of hands to pluck the leaves. It is true we have gained twelve black tea makers this year, in addition to the last; and twelve more native assistants have been appointed, who may be available next year to manufacture tea independently, as they were learning the art all last year. We have also had an addition to our establishment of two Chinese green tea manufacturers, and twelve native assistants have been placed under them to learn; but what are these compared to the vast quantity of tea, or the ground the tea-plants cover, or might be made to cover, in three years, but a drop of water in the ocean! We must go on at a much faster pace in the two great essentials—tea manufacturers and labourers—in order to have them available at each garden, when the leaves come into season."

Mr Bruce has been engaged in extensive operations in introducing tea-plants from China, and transplanting those which are indigenous. Many, from various causes, have failed; but he mentions his belief, that the tea-plant is so hardy that it will live in almost any soil, provided it be planted in deep shade, and with plenty of water near the root. The reason for these transplantations seems to be that the tea-tree is only of use within a certain age. Many of the indigenous trees of Assam are beyond this age and otherwise unsuitable. On the other hand, planting seed is not calculated to be immediately satisfactory, as until the third year they produce nothing, and are only in maturity when about six years old. Mr Bruce argues for the propriety of burning or cutting down the old trees, in order to have fresh shoots from the stock, which he thinks would add greatly to their productiveness, and cause them to afford a fine and delicate leaf.

He confirms the fact lately made known, that the black and green tea are gathered from the same plant, and that the difference is entirely owing to the different states of the leaves and the different modes of preparation. His account of the manufacture of green tea by his Chinamen is extremely curious, but too long to be here admitted.

The demoralisation produced by opium, and a liking for independent labour which characterises the Assamese, throw difficulties in the way of a large production of tea in Assam. Mr Bruce looks to the introduction of workmen from other parts of India, for the means of carrying on the manufacture on a large scale. He also thinks it not impossible that the leaves may be sent home in a certain state to this country, and here subjected, by the cheap means of machinery, to those nice and tedious processes which they have to undergo from manual labour in China. "After a year's instruction under Chinamen," says he, "it might be left to the ingenuity of Englishmen to roll, sift, and clean the tea by machinery, and, in fact, reduce the price of the green tea nearly one-half, and thus enable the poor to drink good unadulterated green tea by throwing the indigo and sulphate of lime overboard."

Five tea tracts were under culture in Assam in 1838, the produce of which amounted to 5274 pounds. Seven new tracts will be under culture in 1840, when Mr Bruce thinks the total produce will be 11,160 pounds. These operations are at the cost of the company; but it is designed ere long to throw the business open to private speculation. Mr Bruce enters into some calculations to show the probable profits of private adventures in this line. He takes ten tracts, each 400 by 200 yards, and reckons the whole expenses of cultivation the first year at 16,591 rupees (which we believe is the same as £1659), of which 4304 will not need to be repeated the second year; and the value of the produce he estimates at 35,564 rupees, thus giving a profit of upwards of cent. per cent.

Upon the whole, there seems little reason to doubt that Assam is physically capable of producing that important article, on which eight or nine millions of money are annually spent in the United Kingdom. It may, however, be long before such a system for its manufacture be established in the country as to ensure the culture of the plant on a large scale, the selection of the proper leaves, and the many niceties required in drying and manipulating.

THE HOUSE OF DISASTER,

A STORY.

In one of the retired corners of Paris there is to be found a house with a very remarkable traditionary name, "La Maison de Malheur des Flamands," which, being translated into English, bears the meaning of "The House of Disaster of the Flemings." For centuries the dwelling in question has been familiarly known by this strange appellation. It is now one of the meanest and ugliest structures in the whole of the crowded quarter where it is placed, though it was once one of the finest and richest. The beauties of its elaborately sculptured front of wood, and its oaken doors, have been defaced and removed by the influence of time, chance, and change. Still, the incidents which connected the mansion with the Flemish people, and gave to it the title of *their* "House of Disaster," are not yet consigned to oblivion, though they may be known, indeed, to few of those who have the traditionary designation most commonly in their mouths.

Michel Watremetz, a native of Flanders, was the occupant of this mansion some centuries ago. Like many other Flemings, he had come to Paris to exercise his trade or profession, which was that of a transcriber or manufacturer of bibles, and he had risen in the course of time to be the most wealthy and famous artisan in that department in the French capital. He had fifteen apprentices or assistants, who laboured continually in transcribing copies of the sacred writings, and also in *painting* them, for the majority of bibles in those days were *illuminated*, as it was called, or, in other words, illustrated by figures painted on the margins. The copies executed by these assistants were carefully revised by Michel himself, that the text might be preserved in perfect correctness. In this task Watremetz was always aided by his young and pretty daughter Odette, who, whilst her father had the new manuscript copy before him, read aloud from an old and standard transcription, that no forgotten words or mutilated passages might remain unnoticed. Yet Odette herself was often the source and origin of such errors, seeing that, when she was present, the young transcribers were apt not only to make ungainly spots upon the vellum, but also to copy incorrectly the words of the work before them. Though idolised by some of these youths, Odette, however, did not expend a thought on them. The cause was, that she had fixed her whole heart and affections on a stranger, a young German who had come to Paris, and requested work from her father as a transcriber of bibles. In making this request, he had stated one condition necessary to be conceded ere he could accept work from Michel Watremetz. This condition was, that Michel should allow him to work at home, at his own lodgings. Michel, knowing the professional skill of the Germans, agreed to the terms of the stranger, who left in the other's hands a massive gold chain by way of security for the vellum which he of course received to work upon.

Gaspard Hautz, as the young German was named, in place of passing the whole of his daily time in toiling like the rest of Michel's operatives, seemed as if he had little else to do but to walk about and enjoy himself like a gentleman of fortune. With his handsome person elegantly attired, he strolled much about the city, viewing all its curiosities and wonders. He even came often to the very workshop of Michel Watremetz, and there, seated on the corner of a table, he smiled upon Odette, and murmured in her ear words which were to her a lasting pleasure and a trouble. Every now and then, on making these visits, Gaspard Hautz would carry off some of the apprentices with him to supper, and entertain them gallantly. All this sort of work Master Michel Watremetz noticed, and internally felicitated himself on having in pledge the chain of Gaspard, as the vellum which the latter had got seemed to the Fleming to be most decidedly lost. In this conclusion he was far wrong. Scarcely had one month passed away, when Gaspard Hautz arrived one morning with his bible finished. Never had the characters presented such regularity; never had there been fewer errors in any copy. As he counted out his golden crowns, Michel shook his head, and exclaimed, "This bible, young man, was surely never wrought by your hands. A whole year would scarce have sufficed for such a labour in the hands of the most experienced workman, and you bring it complete in a month?" "The work is so certainly mine," said Gaspard, "that I will produce you another ere fifteen days be over." Michel accepted the offer. In fifteen days the young German produced a second bible, not less perfect than the first.

Old Watremetz had found in the first Bible but three errors, and in the second he found the very same. But this did not strike Michel with any great surprise, as he knew how apt the hand is to get into a habit of making fixed slips. At the end of a year Gaspard had furnished to Michel thirty bibles, being as much work as thirty other workmen could have executed. On account of this new and every way superior source of supply, Watremetz dismissed several of his ordinary assistants, who in consequence were

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discontented, and menaced Gaspard with their bitterest vengeance.

After their connection had subsisted for the time mentioned, Michel proposed that Gaspard Hautz should come and reside at his house. Gaspard yielded to this request the more willingly because he loved Odette tenderly and deeply, and because she had acknowledged an equal affection for him in return. The unsuspicious young German was not aware of the motives of the old Fleming for giving the invitation. Michel had become perfectly assured that Gaspard's bibles were not transcribed by him as they were done by others; he saw that there was a secret—a mystery, and it was to have it in his power to act as a spy on Gaspard, that he brought the latter to stay with him. When that step had been for some time effected, the old Fleming watched Gaspard by night and by day. The young German said always that he wrought while others slept, and, in reality, a lamp was kept continually burning in his chamber. But Watremetz soon discovered this to be a mere feint, by watching at the youth's chamber door. Gaspard was always motionless—in fact, asleep. Not being able to penetrate the mystery notwithstanding all these discoveries, Michel began openly to press the young man for an explanation, till at length Gaspard said, "Well! it is true that there *is* a secret; a secret which may make the fortune of any man, or perhaps of two men. Give me your daughter Odette's hand, and I will tell you my secret, and we may soon become rich enough to require to sell no more bibles."

Gaspard received the old man's promise, and then told him that a wonderful art had been invented in Germany, which enabled any one to produce bibles and other books with inconceivable rapidity, and that the mobility of the stamps or characters employed permitted the easy correction of any blunders. "I have yet thirty bibles thus made," said Gaspard, "in the keeping of a friend; I may have a hundred, whenever I wish them, from the same friend who made the others. Not daring to sell the works myself, because they here punish, as magical, all that they do not comprehend, I applied to you, and became ostensibly a transcriber." Gaspard at the same time told Michel that the name of the fabricator of the bibles was Schoeffer, and pointed out the means which had been established for carrying on a correspondence with him, and procuring as many bibles as might be required, at such a price as would leave the second venders a princely profit.

Michel only consented to the immediate marriage of Gaspard and Odette, on receiving a load of bibles which had been sent for from Schoeffer, who lived without the bounds of France. Thus satisfied, old Watremetz gave permission for the celebration of the wedding within eight days. But two or three mornings ere the day came, one of Michel's former apprentices entered his house magnificently dressed, and informed the old Fleming that he—the apprentice—had recently got a handsome fortune by the death of a relation, that his father had just been named "Master of the Merchants," and that he himself had come to place his wealth and hand at the disposal of Odette. The dark shade in Watremetz's composition was avarice. He grew pale at the thought of his being under the necessity of renouncing an alliance with so rich a family—with the son of the chief of the merchants. Almost audibly he cursed the cause of all this, poor Gaspard. "Gaspard!" cried the enriched apprentice, comprehending the truth at once; "what! have I a rival in Gaspard, the miserable wretch who has sold his soul to the devil for the power of multiplying manuscripts? The hand of justice hangs over him, and will crush him soon! You, too, were accused of being his accomplice, Michel; happily, through my father's credit, I got the charge against *you* suppressed; but as for Gaspard, nothing can save him!"

All this, unhappily, proved but too real. Gaspard Hautz was seized and cast into prison, and the charge against him was supported by the former workmen of Watremetz. In vain did the poor young German invoke the testimony of Michel; Michel kept an obstinate silence. In vain did Gaspard wish that his own explanations should be heard. The cry of his judges was, "The torture!—confess!" And when subjected to the horrors of the question, poor human nature sank under it, and to ensure a speedy death and the cessation of his agonies, Gaspard Hautz admitted his association with the devil. He was condemned to death, and also to make an *amende honorable*, before his execution, in front of the house of Michel Watremetz, whom he had endeavoured, his judges said, to implicate in a matter where the Fleming was perfectly guiltless. All the Bibles which had been found in Gaspard's possession were given to the convent of the Benedictines, who exorcised, blessed, and then sold them for high sums.

When the day of execution came, Gaspard Hautz was carried to the front of the house of Michel Watremetz, and there the cavalcade stopped. The doomed youth arose from his seat, pale and wasted, with the irons rattling still on his limbs. But in place of making the expected amende, which the solemnity of the ceremonial had compelled Michel to appear for the purpose of listening to, Gaspard exclaimed, "I am the victim of treachery and ingratitude, and this *thou* knowest well, Michel Watremetz, who art here to listen to me, and who strugglest to appear composed. Glad wouldst thou have been had my judges spared thee this last interview. But I am here to say farewell, and to give thee thanks! Woe upon that house," continued Gaspard, raising his hand and pointing to the dwelling of Michel, "woe upon it! I need not say woe upon thee, Michel Watremetz, for it is come already on thee and thine; but woe upon all of thy race who shall enter or dwell beneath that roof, for ever and ever! Now, lead on to the funeral pile!"

Three months afterwards, Michel Watremetz wept and tore his hair over the tomb of a broken-hearted girl, his daughter, his only daughter. Six months afterwards, a fire destroyed the dwelling and all the effects of Michel Watremetz. The growing insanity or fatuity of the old Fleming was the cause of the fire, and by the same agency he was soon brought to the streets, where he passed the remainder of his days, a beggar and an idiot. The prediction of Gaspard Hautz was certainly strangely realised by this and other events that signalised the future history of the house of Michel Watremetz. Being a spot where Flemings loved to abide, in the same manner as we find localities taken up by Jews and by other particular races, the dwelling under notice was repeatedly inhabited by Flemings after the occurrence of the events related. *Eleven* Flemings, says the tradition of the neighbourhood, came successively to occupy the "Maison de Malheur des Flamands," and of all the eleven not one escaped a sudden and violent end. Some who have paid especial attention to the circumstances, can enumerate the various modes in which the doom fell upon the inhabitants of this House of Woe. One perished by assassination, another by the waters of the Seine, a third was broken on the wheel, a fourth died within the walls of starvation, and so on. One of the last of the unfortunate Flemings who tenanted the house of disaster, was Jean-Paul Labadie, a man whose fate was particularly hard, and who lived so recently that his story could have been authenticated but a short time ago by living persons. He was a flourishing man. A large sum of money which he had brought with him from his native Flanders had been embarked by him in trade, which he carried on in "La Maison de Malheur." He married a most beautiful girl, who commonly received the title of the "belle" of the neighbourhood. But, soon after his marriage, he was arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. There he lay for *twenty years*, totally ignorant of the crime for which he was thus punished. At length a great person who chanced to visit his cell was seized with pity, and got Jean-Paul liberated, when he learned for the first time the cause of his confinement. A court marquis had seen and admired his wife, and had taken the way related of getting the husband disposed of. Subsequently, Jean-Paul had merely lain in prison because the marquis had utterly forgot him.

These stories of misfortune befalling the occupants of the fated house, may be connected or not by our readers, just as they please, with the dying words of Gaspard Hautz. We have our own ideas about the matter, and, no doubt, they will also have theirs. Enough has been said, however, to explain satisfactorily the origin of the name of the Flemings' House of Disaster.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ANONYMOUS WRITING IN COUNTRY TOWNS.

THERE is prevalent in small towns a frequent and mischievous practice of holding private individuals up to public ridicule, by which the inhabitants in general are grievously annoyed. The practice to which we allude, consists chiefly in conceiving reports of births, deaths, and marriages (which, of course, are matters of pure fiction), and in sending them under fictitious, and frequently forged signatures, to the conductors of local newspapers, for publication. We seldom take up a newspaper in which we do not find the editor intimating to his "readers and correspondents," that the report of a particular birth, marriage, or death, to which he had previously given insertion in his journal, is a fabrication, and stating (by way, we suppose, of satisfying the aggrieved parties) that he will endeavour, by every possible means, to discover and punish the fabricator. But we seldom hear of any instance of this editorial search proving successful. However, we learn that a young man in Perth was a short time ago committed to jail, and afterwards held to bail, for imposing on the conductors of the "Perth Constitutional," by causing them to announce the demise of a well-known gentleman in Edinburgh. The fraud, it appears, was accomplished by forging the signature of an official gentleman in Perth. We mention this by way of warning to those individuals who are addicted to the practice now under notice, and who shall read this paper. They occupy a conspicuous position amongst the "monsters of society," those reporters of births, deaths, and marriages.

The object, of course, of jokes of this kind, is to produce a general laugh at the expense and pain of private individuals; and what makes them the more cruel is, that in nine cases out of ten a female is made the victim. We believe that such jokes are most frequently conceived and executed more in a spirit of sheer wantonness, than with any deliberate intention of annoying the parties upon whom they are practised. Yet it is obvious that this must always be their effect, and it is on this ground that we condemn the practice. We confess we cannot understand how persons addicted to this habit can derive any gratification from its exercise, seeing its evil tendency, and that they cannot, from the fear of exposing themselves, even enjoy the reputation of the authorship of the fun which they occasion. Nor could we ever join in the laugh raised at jokes of this kind, though we have been often called upon to do so. On such occasions we have thought only of the state of the feelings of persons thus wantonly and maliciously outraged, especially when we found that one of them was a female, which, in the case of a marriage or a birth, must always be the fact. Sorrow and pain, by whatever cause produced, are sacred subjects, and it were in the highest degree indecorous and unfeeling to make them matter for indecent levity. Would every one regard the practice in question in this light, we feel convinced that this would deprive the individuals addicted to it of half their encouragement, and, therefore, tend to put a stop to it in some degree.

To their want of respect for, or their reckless indifference to, the feelings of others, the individuals who practise this habit, as might be expected, add cowardice, accompanied frequently by crime. In order to succeed in the execution of their hoax, without at the same time affording any means by which they themselves may be discovered and punished, they have recourse to the anonymous by way of protection, or, rather than be baffled in their enterprise, they adopt a fictitious name, or counterfeit a real one. By this means they impose upon the genius who presides over the broadsheet, and effect their unworthy purpose, without, in by far the majority of cases, being so unfortunate as to draw down upon themselves the retributive consequences of their guilt.

The writer of these observations lately resided in an English country town, and knows that hoaxes of the kind of which he speaks are there of constant and common occurrence. In that town, indeed, the itch for personal public attacks of all kinds is beyond all bounds. We believe, in this respect, we decidedly out-do the Americans, who are notorious for *black-balling* their public men. The English Corporation Reform Bill, as is well known, changed our municipal constitution, and called into power a new order of men. Since then, party spirit of the bitterest kind has been exhibited in the above hitherto peaceful borough, and the privacy of domestic life is daily invaded. In corroboration of the truth of these observations, we may mention, that the common council of the place recently elected from among their number an individual to fill the office of mayor, who is a master painter and glazier in the town. This circumstance occasioned the following paragraph in a local newspaper, evidently written by a partisan. After reciting the fact of the person mentioned having been elected to the office of mayor, the paragraph goes on as follows:—"The mayor of every borough is, during his office, and for one year after, a justice of the peace; and formerly it used to be the opinion that such an office ought to be filled by a person moving in a respectable station of life, and who could fill the duties of it with impartiality and dignity. Whether Mr —— —— will do either the one or the other, remains to be proved. * * * Really, to raise such a man to the magistracy, is too bad. Fancy —— ——, Esq. dressed in a fustian jacket, daubed with all the colours of the rainbow, a paper cap on his head, and a paint pot in his hand, working at his business all day, and refreshing himself with a pot of ale in the kitchen of the Bay Nag's Head in the evening, discussing the proceedings of the Commons; and the same —— ——, Esq., the next day, dressed in his Sunday clothes, seated on the judgment seat, and dealing out fines and imprisonment before the eyes of his admiring fellow-townsmen."

Now, is not this as base as any thing which could be told of the American press, and which Mrs Trollope and others have taken care to trumpet? Such personalities are a disgrace to our newspaper literature, and cannot meet with sufficient reprobation from every right-thinking person.

This species of mean party warfare is, of course, a different kind of anonymous writing with reference to its objects, from that with the consideration of which we began these observations, inasmuch as it is directed against public men, who are, or at least ought to be, prepared to lay their account for annoyances of this kind. It is, nevertheless, highly objectionable, as is every other kind of anonymous writing, the object of which is to ridicule or slander individuals, on the ground that it is an obvious violation of our duty towards our neighbour, whom we are enjoined not to hurt by word or deed.

We cannot help giving our opinion that the conductors of newspapers, and others connected with the printing-press, are nearly as blameable as the writers of anonymous attacks themselves, in giving publicity to them. We are well aware that in the case of false reports of births, deaths, and marriages, they are frequently imposed on, and cannot always avoid being entrapped into the publication of these reports; yet, even in this, they should exercise great carefulness, and should on no account insert reports which are not properly authenticated, or which have not come through the hands of their

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agents, or of parties above all suspicion. With reference, however, to slanderous paragraph-writing, they can easily put a stop to it; and it is earnestly to be wished, for the advantage of all parties, that they would.

In calling attention to this subject, we are only actuated by the desire to put down such practices, and we sincerely hope that what we have written may have this effect in some degree.

THE POETRY OF SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Some of the fugitive compositions of the biographer of Johnson were lately adverted to in this work: we now propose to give some notices of the humorous poetry of his eldest son, the late Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, Baronet. The claims of this gentleman to a place amongst the poets of Scotland are by no means inconsiderable; yet his name is not nearly so much known as it deserves to be, and no collection of his many clever verses has as yet been given to the world. Sir Alexander was the eldest son of James Boswell, and was born in 1775. He and a younger brother, the late Mr James Boswell, barrister (well known as one of Shakspeare's many commentators), were, in consequence of the high-church prepossessions of their father, educated at Westminster School and the University of Oxford. The subject of this notice succeeded his father at his death in 1795, and, for the ensuing twenty-seven years, no country gentleman of the county of Ayr was more generally beloved and esteemed. A never-failing flow of pleasantry and good humour, great kindness of nature towards all dependent on him, and a certain lively enthusiasm which pervaded all he said or did, made him a general favourite, both in his own class and in those beneath it. He was a zealous literary antiquary, and long kept a printing-press in his own house, from which emanated many curious reprints, as well as several compositions of his own. He was an ardent admirer of Burns, and originated the beautiful monument to that poet at Alloway Kirk—a transaction respecting which a very curious anecdote is related. He and another gentleman, being anxious to see a proper memorial of the Ayrshire bard erected in his native county, advertised a meeting for that purpose to be held on a particular day in the town of Ayr. The day and the hour came; Sir Alexander and his friend assembled, but no one else appeared. Not at all disheartened, the one gentleman took the chair, and the other proceeded to act as clerk. Resolutions were passed and duly minuted, thanks were voted by the clerk to the chairman, and the meeting separated. These resolutions, being advertised, became the means of collecting the two thousand pounds or thereby, out of which the monument was erected! Sir Alexander married early, and became the father of a large family. The title of a baronet of Great Britain was conferred upon him in 1821, but he did not live to enjoy the honour much more than a year.

One of the earliest compositions of Sir Alexander which we have seen, is a translation of *Frew't euch des libens*, executed at Leipsig in 1795, when he was only twenty years of age. He aimed at being literal, but is also not inelegant, as the following verses will show:—

Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,
While vi'lets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.
Taste, &c.

* * *

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There shall Contentment build her nest,
And flutter in his bosom.
Taste, &c.

And when Life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste, &c.

She dries his tears—she strews his way,
Ev'n to the grave, with flowerets gay;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste, &c.

* * *

Some other of his poetical efforts in earlier life were of a sentimental kind, but in these in general he did not succeed nearly so well as in those of an humorous character. Yet he occasionally hits on a good thought, which he expresses with force, as in *The Old Chieftain to his Sons*, a Scottish song:—

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be canty, but be gude and leal:*
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Another's aye hae heart to feel.

It was in humorous poetry, in the homely dialect of Lowland Scotland, that Alexander Boswell chiefly shone. Some of his songs in this style were written and had attained popularity while the author was still a very young man—for example the two following, which are set to lively Scotch airs:—

JENNY DANG† THE WEAVER.

At Willie's wedding o' the green,
The lasses, bonny witches,
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.

Auld Maysie bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock wad na believe her,
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For—Jenny dang the Weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat down, then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabbin';
Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her,
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the Weaver.

Quoth he, "My lass, to speak my mind,
Gude faith I needna swither,
Ye've bonny een, and gif ye're kind,
I needna court anither."
He humm'd and haw'd—the lass cried pheugh,
And bade the fool no deave her,
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap, and leugh,
And dang the silly Weaver.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.*

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs and faces lang;
I speer'd at nesbour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-fac'd, pawky chiel,
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the de'il,
And here they cam, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lin'd, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and bye the shed,
And pap'd on his knee.

Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer niest, wi' blathrin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cried "There's my beast, lad, hand the grup,
Or tie't till a tree.

What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth yer han';"
He thought to pay what he was *own*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce, frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A THING cam neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fou the cubs,
Ah! waes me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girn'd, "I'faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The soger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cry'd "Tehee,
I kent that I could never fail!"
She prin'd the dishclout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

We copy these pieces from a small volume, which the author published anonymously in 1803,† with a preface, stating that "several of the following songs having been printed without his permission, and with alterations which he did not consider as improvements, he had been induced to present them to the public in a more correct form." He here published a song to an Irish air, "by the late James Boswell, Esq.," apparently a composition of the younger days of that gentleman, and bearing reference to his courtship of Miss Margaret Montgomery of Lainshaw, the lady who afterwards became his wife. His courtship took place in Ireland, while the parties were visiting a common relation in the county Down. There is more sentiment in the song than might be expected from a person usually esteemed so whimsical:—

O Larghan Clanbrassil, how sweet is thy sound!
To my tender remembrance as Love's sacred ground;
For there M'arg'ret Caroline first charm'd my sight,
And fill'd my young heart with a flutt'ring delight.

When I thought her my own, ah! too short seem'd the day
For a jaunt to Downpatrick, or a trip onthe sea:
To express what I felt then, all language were vain,
'Twas in truth what the poets have *studied* to feign.

But too late I found even she could deceive,
And nothing was left but to weep, sigh, and rave;
Distracted I fled from my dear native shore,
Resolv'd to see Larghan Clanbrassil no more.

Yet still in some moments enchanted I find
A ray of her fondness beam soft on my mind;
While thus in bless'd fancy my angel I see,
All the world is a Larghan Clanbrassil to me.

Sir Alexander's fancy seems to have been struck by the changes which took place in his early days in Edinburgh—an old and dense city deserted by all persons of genteel condition—an elegant new one built and occupied—the former mansions of the fashionable filled up by the humble—and a new and less simple style of manners generally introduced. He alludes to these circumstances in a song published in the volume above described, beginning, "Hech! what a change ha'e we now in this town!" A verse or two of his praises of the past may be quoted:—

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin‡ for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market pacod,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folks were as good then, and friends were as leal,
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin;
Right air* we were tell't by the housemaid or chiel,
Sir, an ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.

* * *

—Whar is true friendship, and whar will ye see
A' that's gude, honest, and modest, and thrifty?
Tak auld age and wrinkles and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

In 1810, he followed up and expanded these ideas, in a poem which he then published in a small volume, under the title of "Edinburgh or the Ancient Royalty, a Sketch of Former Manners, by Simon Gray."† We have here some highly humorous and quaint recollections of the circumstances which characterised the old town in its days of glory, and of the manners of its strangely mixed inhabitants—for example, the following description of the High Street:—

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps, with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madifies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The Lady gay received her gayer Spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements over head;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seiz'd the ring, and rasp'd the twisted rod.‡
"No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Link'd, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street;"
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
"How are ye, Tam? and how's a' wi' ye, Bob?"
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retir'd,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspir'd.
O'er draughts of wine the Beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the Cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the Writer pen'd the will:
And Legal Wisdom counsel'd o'er a *gill*.

* * *

Yes, mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There midst the crowd the jingling hoop is driven;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the *strand*,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle, with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!—
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The *bicker* rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounc'd upon, and carried in a trice.
But, mark that motley group, in various garb—
There vice begins to form her rankling barb,
The germ of gambling sprouts in *pitch and toss*,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every *copper* gone, they fly to *brass*.
Those polish'd rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And Enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripen'd this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight,
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the Chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then, in a mendicant, behold a THANE!

Or the description of a dancing assembly of former days:—

Then were the days of modesty and *mien!*
Stays for the fat, and *quilting* for the lean.
The ribbon'd stomacher, in many a plait,
Upheld the chest and dignified the gait;
Some Venus, brightest planet of the train,
Moved in a lutestring *halo* prop'd with cane.
Then the Assembly Close received the fair;
Order and elegance presided there;
Each gay Right Honourable had her place
To walk a minuet with becoming grace;
No racing to the dance, with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, oh fam'd *Miss Nicky Murray!*§
Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before;
For, unprovided with a favourite beau,
The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forego;
But, previous matters to her taste arranged,
Cortes the constant couple never changed;
Through a long night, to watch fair Delia's will,
The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

We would gladly quote more of these curious reminiscences, local as they are, if space permitted. As the case is, we must pass on to a conclusion, and do little more than allude to a facetious tale written by Sir Alexander Boswell in 1815, and printed by him in the

* True or faithful.

† *Ding*, preterite *dang*—to overcome or get the better of.

* *Bawbee*, literally a halfpenny, but here meaning a young lady's fortune.

† Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. Edinburgh, Manners and Miller. 1803.

‡ Crumb.

* Early † Edinburgh, Manners and Miller.

‡ An ancient and now disused mode of requiring admittance; a ring being slung upon a piece of iron rod, which was either twisted or notched, so as to produce a grating sound when the ring was drawn up and down alongst it.

§ A venerable sister of the Chief Justice Earl of Mansfield, who presided over the Edinburgh assemblies of those days. She died in 1775.

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words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady come home, and related to her the whole circumstances. So that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police office by the hair-dresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

A NEW GAS FOR LIGHTING.

It has long been known to men of science, that, if pure water could be decomposed into its two constituent gases at a cheap rate, the hydrogen would afford means of lighting much superior to the gas formed from coal, now in general use. The great difficulty is to obtain the hydrogen at an economical rate. Are we to suppose, from the following paragraph, which lately appeared in the *Times*, and was quoted into the *Athenæum*, that a cheap means of disengaging the hydrogen has at length been discovered? We present the paragraph, as one having some claim to attention, from the importance of the result aimed at, though how far it is entitled to credit we are altogether ignorant:—

"An experiment in gas-lighting, by —— ——, was made on Thursday evening on a piece of waste ground at —— in presence of several scientific gentlemen, who were invited to witness the result. A small gasometer was erected for the purpose, which was connected by tubes with a furnace built of brick, and containing three retorts, one of which was supplied with water from a syphon, another was filled with tar, and both being decomposed in the third retort, formed the sole materials by which the gas was produced. The process appeared to be extremely simple, and the novelty of the experiment consisted in the fact, that the principal agent employed to produce the gas was common water combined with tar; but, according to the theory of the inventor of this new species of gas, any sort of bituminous or fatty matter would answer the purpose equally as well as pitch or tar. After the lapse of about half an hour employed in the experiment, during which time the process was explained to the company, the gas was turned into the burners, and a pure and powerful light was produced, perfectly free from smoke or any unpleasant smell. The purity and intenseness of the flame were tested in a very satisfactory manner, and those who witnessed the experiment appeared perfectly satisfied with the result. The great advantage of this sort of gas over that produced from coal, consists, it was said, in the cheapness of the materials employed in its production, the facility with which it is manufactured, and the perfection to which it is at once brought, without the necessity of its undergoing the tedious and expensive process of condensation and purification; for in this instance, as soon as the preliminaries were completed, the light was produced in a perfect state within a few feet of the gasometer, which, although of inferior size, was said to be capable of affording light for ten hours to at least five hundred lamps or burners. With regard to the comparative expense, it was also stated that one thousand cubic feet of gas manufactured by this process could be supplied to the public for about one-third the price now charged by the coal-gas companies; and it was said to be equally available for domestic use, and more safe than the common gas, inasmuch as small gasometers might at a trifling expense be fixed at the back of grates in private dwellings, from which the gas could be conveyed in India-rubber bags to any part of the house, thereby preventing the many accidents which occur by the use of tubes and pipes. —— ——, who has conquered the difficulty hitherto experienced in bringing this species of gas into use, superintended the arrangements, and evinced a natural anxiety to bring his experiment to a successful issue. He has taken out a patent for his discovery."

ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

Eight years have now elapsed since the commencement of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. The present number is the first of the ninth annual volume. Again permitted by custom to enter for a few minutes into communication with our friends, we feel gratified in informing them that the circulation of our work continues undiminished, reaching from sixty-five to seventy thousand copies weekly. We need scarcely say that we accept this fact as the best evidence that could be given that our labours are upon the whole appreciated by the public. That we may frequently fail to please, is to be expected from addressing so large and varied an auditory; but we can confidently say, that our anxiety to render the work generally attractive has never from the first experienced the least abatement. The great leading principle on which we set out has never for a moment been lost sight of, namely, that of furnishing weekly a sheet of healthful moral instruction and innocent entertainment. We have not at any period of our labours felt inclined to alter the character of our work in any essential respect, except in as far as the exhaustion of one class of subjects, and the presumed mental progress of the class we address, may have led us into fields which we did not think of entering in the earlier part of our career. At all times the utmost care has been taken to prevent the intrusion of any article or paragraph which could be considered on any reasonable grounds objectionable. On this point, we believe we may challenge the most rigid investigation. Immodesty in all its shapes, slang, and vulgarisms, have been excluded with a rigour of watchfulness, more fixed and determined than any other principle which we are conscious of acting upon.*

Amongst other considerations which we continue to hold in view, is one bearing reference to the class we address. Though the work, as we have been assured, is read by a considerable number of persons belonging to the upper and leisurely classes, it is now, as before, framed chiefly for that large department of society, who, being engaged in the duties of the counting-house, the shop, the work-room, or those of their private dwellings, have little leisure for the cultivation of their minds. In seeking to improve the moral and intellectual character of this large class, we have disregarded all party considerations and party clamours, holding rigidly to our early conviction that the happiness of individuals depends chiefly on circumstances within their individual control—namely, on their own industry, skill, self-denial, and observance of the laws which regulate the economy of their being. We do not undervalue the importance of political regulations; but neither do we lament being forbidden to enter on the consideration of them, seeing that they already engross so much attention, while the other matters are nearly neglected. We may here advert to a misapprehension which we believe exists respecting the circulation of such works as the present. They are generally regarded as works perused by the labouring classes—a great mistake, we are convinced, as far at least as our own sheet is concerned. This paper is read, we believe, by a class who may be called the *elite* of the labouring community; those who think, conduct themselves respectably, and are anxious to improve their circumstances by judicious means. But below this worthy order of men, our work, except in a few particular cases, does not go. A fatal mistake is committed in the notion that the lower classes read. There is, unfortunately, a vast substratum in society where the printing-press has not yet unfolded her treasures. Some millions of adults of both sexes, in cities as well as in rural districts, are till this hour as ignorant of letters as the people were generally during the middle ages. To these, then, all appeals from such sheets as the present, are sounded in vain; and till it shall be satisfactorily arranged in what manner or form they shall be initiated in a knowledge of the alphabet, no possible benefit can be derived by them from all the efforts which may be made for their enlightenment.

A consideration of these circumstances will make it obvious, that the benefits supposed to be conferred by Chambers's Edinburgh Journal and other cheap publications are probably overrated. The benefits, if there be any, are confined to the respectable order of artisans and others to whom we have alluded; but to the bulk of the rural population, and to the large section composing the inferior class of labourers, they are not extended, simply because such persons either cannot read, or possess tastes altogether inconsistent with literary recreation. To those who entertain the opinion that in ignorance alone is there either happiness or security, this announcement will doubtless be agreeable. In us, it excites contrary feelings, and leads to the apprehension that, if this great empire is to be destroyed, it will be by an upward blow, imparted by a class who, to the scandal of the age, are left in utter ignorance of the first principles of social organisation.

Fully assured that, without a right and universal system of education, the community cannot advance either individually or in the aggregate, we have felt desirous of contributing to that object such assistance as was within our power. During the last four years, most of the scanty leisure left by the task of conducting this periodical sheet, has been devoted to the preparation of a series of Educational Treatises on what we conceive to be an improved plan. Aided in this task by gentlemen in whose abilities we had confidence, we have been enabled to issue twenty distinct books,* while others are in preparation to complete the proposed series. The success of these works, we are glad to say, has gone beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Of one of the treatises alone, the Introduction to the Sciences, upwards of thirty thousand copies have been sold, the work being now in extensive use in schools in every quarter of the United Kingdom.

Another task connected with popular instruction has occupied, for the last two years, a portion of our spare time. During that period we have superintended the republication, in a cheap form, of works of approved character, some of them furnished with elaborate annotation. Of these "People's Editions," many of which are of an informing, some of an instructive character, while others may have at least the effect of promoting a taste for polite literature, thirty-two have up to this date appeared.† We are happy to say that, notwithstanding a wide-spreading competition in the same walk—a competition, however, which perhaps flatters fully as much as it injures—these publications have also been very successful, as many as fourteen thousand having been sold of some of those first printed.

The quantity of printed paper thus sent abroad is enormous. That it may be for good, none can wish more earnestly than the individuals whose strange fortune it has almost involuntarily become to prepare and diffuse it.

Edinburgh, January 2, 1840.

* With the view of preserving, as far as possible, a unity of design and sentiment throughout the work, and of excluding every thing which might have a tendency to infringe upon its character, we have been under the necessity of rejecting the casual contributions of doubtless many kind friends, and of relying exclusively upon our own resources, with the assistance of individuals whose names and reputation are a guarantee for the purity and literary correctness of their writings. Among these valued assistants, we are happy in naming the venerable Mrs Amelia Opie, Mrs S. C. Hall, and Miss Agnes Strickland. Mrs Hall's "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," composed with the benevolent intention of improving the tastes and habits of her countrymen, we are glad to know have been received with pleasure by the majority of our readers; and we take the opportunity of stating, that tales to complete the proposed series will forthwith appear in the Journal.

* First Book of Reading—Second Book of Reading—Third Book of Reading—Moral Class-Book—First Book of English Composition—Introduction to the Sciences—Natural Philosophy. First Book—Natural Philosophy, Second Book—Rudiments of Chemistry—Animal Physiology—Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry—Solid and Spherical Geometry—Elements of Algebra—Elements of Drawing and Perspective—History and Resources of the British Empire—History of the English Language and Literature—Principles and Practice of Elocution—History of Greece, its Literature and Arts—Exemplary and Instructive Biography—Directory of Infant Education—Also, School-Room Maps of England, Ireland, Scotland, Europe, Palestine, and North America, each about Five Feet square

† Addison's Essays, Moral and Humorous—Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land—Paley's Natural Theology, with Additions—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Lady of the Lake, and Marmion, by Scott—Cottagers of Glenburnie, by Mrs Hamilton—Crabbe's Parish Register, and other Poems—Franklin's Life and Essays (greatly improved)—Life and Travels of Mungo Park—Butler's Analogy of Religion—Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield—Tennant's Anster Fair, and other Poems—Smollett's Roderick Random—Lord Bacon's Essays—Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and other Poems—Adventures of Robinson Crusoe—Life of Robert Burns—Poetical Works of Robert Burns—Prose Works of Robert Burns—Clarke's Travels in Russia, with Notes—Defoe's Complete English Tradesman—Imprisonments of Silvio Pellico—Locke's Conduct of the Understanding—Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land—Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Poland—Godwin's Caleb Williams—Grahame's Sabbath, and other Poems—Self-Control, a Novel, by Mrs Brunton—Guizot's History of Civilisation—Pico's Letters from Palmyra—Also, in connection with the Series, Chambers's Tour in Holland and Belgium.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"IT'S ONLY MY TIME."

"PADDY—Paddy Blake—Paddy, I say," called out Mr Manvers, seeing that Paddy Blake had left his long, heavy, narrow spade standing upright in the side of a *ditch* he was making to keep his neighbour's giddy young colt out of his potato garden, and having so done, commenced pulling his long "big coat" over his brawny shoulders. "Paddy Blake," repeated Mr Manvers, "where are you going to?"

"Is it where I'm going to, sir? Bedad, then, I'm just going over to Castle Connel wid a bit of a message for Mary Tomlins."

"And why cannot Mary Tomlins go herself?"

"Oh, she's busy, she says, at the squire's."

"Well, and you *were* busy at your ditch."

"Ay, yer honour, but that's *my own*, and poor Mary would lose her eightpence if she broke her day's work, and it's a good step to Castle Connel."

"Paddy Blake, how many children has Mary Tomlins?"

"Oh, thin, throth, I'm ashamed, sir, ye'd ask sich a question. Is it my sister's slip ov a girl! Childre! bedad she hasn't made up her mind to a batchelor yet."

"And how many children have you, Paddy Blake?"

"Why, thin, the Lord forgive me—I was going to say I had more than was good of 'em, and that would have been a lie, for they're all clane-skinned, wholesome, good-hearted childre, as ever broke a poor man's bread or cheered his heart wid their innocent ways. Let me count," and he held up his great thick red fingers. "I've five—Jim and Larry—no, Kathleen's next to Jim—thin Larry—thin—bedad, I don't rightly know whether Tommy or Lanty is next to Larry; but oh, I remimber now—Tommy and Lanty came together. Twins, the heavens look down on us! in the hard season too—and thin Shelah."

"But," said Mr Manvers, "you said *five*, and now you have counted six; I suppose you count twins as one."

Paddy laughed, scratched his head, and replied, "Bedad, yer honor, as far as the eatin' and the drinkin' goes, they are two; then—I'm all out together, for there's another besides Shelah, the darlint! Yer honor must have the wife to reckon the childre, if ye want to know their number—there's a houseful of 'em, any way."

"Oh," said Mr Manvers, "I only inquired because I wished to ascertain whether *you* or Mary Tomlins could best afford to waste a day."

"Sure, sir, as to *that*—poor girl! if she went to Castle Connel, havn't I tould yer honour she'd break her day, and lose her *eightpence*?"

"And if *you* go to Castle Connel, and break *your* day, what will you lose?"

"Loose! nothing, sir."

"Oh yes, you will!"

"Not a ha'porth, plaze yer honour—*sure it's only my time*."

"And is not your time worth a halfpenny, Paddy Blake?"

"Sorra a halfpenny I can get for it these bad times," replied the ready-witted Paddy, "fixing" his coat more firmly on his person, by shrugging his shoulders.

"Suppose you finish that fence," said Mr Manvers, "is not *that* worth something?"

"Finish the fence, sir! the ditch you mane. If I don't finish the ditch, that baste of a coult, to say nothing of the pigs, will be all over, and, indeed, I may say *under* every paytee we have to depind on for the winter; that coult has done me more than two pounds' worth of damage through the hole in the ditch, while I was seeing after Jerry Deasy's bit of business at Carrigagunnel."

"Then charge Jerry Deasy, or whatever his name is, two pounds for your time."

Paddy Blake looked exceedingly perplexed, and after staring at Mr Manvers as long as he could with propriety, he inquired, "What did ye say, sir?"

"Charge Mr Deasy two pounds for the colt's damage, or rather for the time you were occupied in his service, instead of mending the ditch."

"Lord, sir! is it a *tame nagur* you'd be afther making me? *Sure it was only my time*."

"And pray what property has a poor man but his time? What property has any man not born to fortune but his time?"

"It's a mighty poor fortune," replied Paddy, shaking up the handful of straw that kept the sun out of the crown of his hat in summer, and the rain out of it in winter, and which at all times was seen peeping out of the holes of his hat.

"It is a noble fortune, *if put out to proper interest*," observed Mr Manvers. An Irishman is quick of understanding, and Paddy replied, "*Irish* interest is *mighty small*, plaze yer honour."

"Granted; but though sixpence is not as good as a shilling, it is better than nothing; better for you to earn sixpence than nothing, my good friend."

"Tare an ages, havn't I just tould yer honour it's I don't know how many weeks since I earned the value of a *traneen*?"

"Then you have been idle all that time!"

"Well, I must say, it's yerself that's the provoking gintleman! D'ye think I sat down in the midst of my small starving childre, to sing ballads! Bedad, I looked afther my paytees, and put in the cabbage plants the coult ate—the devil give him the good of it! Not that I'd wish any harm to a neighbour's baste, only it's a poor case to think, that, instead of the beautiful *heads* I reckoned on, we'll be put off wid nothin' but *sprouts*. And sure I plazed the o'oman, too, in her fancy of what they've put in her head—green mate for the cow."

"Well, and suppose you had not so occupied your time, when you wanted potatoes and cabbages, and green meat for the cow," said Mr Manvers, "you would have been obliged to purchase it."

"Is it buy it, ye mane? Ah, thin, ye're a mighty pleasant gintleman; where would a poor craythur like me get the money?"

"Now," said the gentleman, "Paddy Blake, I have you. If you save money, you make money; if you employ your time in doing what would cost money, you save money; and yet it *is only your time* put out to interest, as it were, that returns you the profits of its industry. Do you understand me?"

"Oh! I see what yer honour's driving at, fast enough," answered Paddy Blake. "But, now, isn't it a poor case to see *a boy* like me, able and willing to work, that can't earn a penny? The o'oman and the childre could manage the bit o' land well enough, and if I had work, I could do as clever and dacent as any boy in the country."

"Much better than you do, undoubtedly; and it is a shame—a sin—a disgrace—to see so much unreclaimed land in Ireland, *and to think that a few thousands expended in employing the peasantry would reclaim it*, and give abundant blessings to the poor, in the way of employment and food. It *is* a shame; but, Paddy," added Mr Manvers, "remember what I said, that a shilling is better than sixpence; so, if you have not got the shilling, the sixpence is better than nothing. You can obtain no sale *for your time*, but you can *occupy* it yourself, and it behoves you to do so more industriously because of your difficulties. You can bestow additional care on your little half acre, or acre, or whatever it is, and make it produce better. A man with a small plot of land, *if he understands the value of time*, can, as I have already said, put it out to good interest. As long as the Almighty leaves the poor Irishman his health, and he is not rack-rented, it is marvellous what he can effect in a small way by industry—patient and steady industry, and attention to time—provided," continued Mr Manvers smiling, "he does not neglect the days of sunshine, and, leaving his little bit of ground unfenced, go scampering over the country, attending to the business of others, consoling himself when the night comes, and his work is still undone, with the exclamation, *Sure it was only my time!*"

"And, sir, would you never have us do a hand's turn for a neighbour?"

"Indeed I would. I have never loved Ireland so well as when I have seen a group of warm-hearted Paddys ——"

"They're a large family, sir," said Blake, smiling in his turn.

"Yes, and a fine one too, for I have seen them assemble by dozens to build a widow's house, to cut a neighbour's turf, to stack a neighbour's corn; to assist those who need assistance is one of the great and guiding principles of Irish life; God bless them for it!" added the Englishman, with a warmth that brought tears into the grey laughing eyes of Paddy Blake; "but that is altogether different from the habit they have of acting upon the saying, '*Sure it's only my time*.' Why, *time*—time, with its innumerable uses—time IS THE ONLY FREEHOLD MAN RECEIVES DIRECT FROM THE ALMIGHTY. I would not have you abstain from assisting a neighbour *because* it occupied your *time*, but I would have you, as the father of a family, consider whether you can spare your time from *that* necessary to their support, and if you did give it, I would have you understand that if you devoted a whole day, you bestowed a shilling, if a half day, sixpence. You need not hurt your friend's feelings by this calculation, but your duty to your family requires you to make it. You Irishmen, rich and poor, do not set sufficient value on your time; your gentry never care how long they keep a poor person waiting, when they could give him an answer at once; and when I tell them of it, they reply, '*Oh, sure it is only his time*;' he may as well wait; he has nothing particular to do.' But *why* has he not? Why don't you either give him work, pay him in a fair proportion for his time, or teach him how to employ it? Above all, set him a good example."

"That's it, sir!" replied Blake, much pleased at the course Mr Manvers's observations had now taken, and glad to escape from them himself. "That's it! they'll keep us waitin' and waitin', dancin' and dancin' afther them, and the *half* gentry altogether expecting twice as much *attintion* as the *whole*; and if we complain, which the heavens above knows we seldom do, we get as much abuse as would cover the rail-road from Dublin to Dunleary."

Mr Manvers looked, and felt sorry, for he knew there was a great deal of truth in this, but he also knew, that if the Irish peasant *felt his own value*, understood and managed his time, and, by so doing, became independent (for a poor man can be as independent as a rich one, if he manages properly), he could stand as erect, and complain of an injury with as great a certainty of redress, as an Englishman. I

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wish I may live long enough to see the Irish peasant understand his own value; his doing so will make him a better man, and a better subject.

"Things are better for you than they used to be," observed Mr Manvers; "your children receive education if you choose to permit it; you are taught, or with your natural quickness you can learn without teaching, an improved system of farming; you can make your bit of ground produce three times as much as it did in former days. Prizes are given by agricultural societies to those who do best; Loan Societies* are established; a poor man can have (to him) the large sum of three or five pounds, and return it by *regular* weekly instalments of a few pence; but, Paddy, these good things would produce good *seven* fold, if you knew the *value of time*, and regulated your employments according to that value. Suppose, now, you go to Castle Connel, you leave that fence in so unprotected a state, that the colt or the pigs will be into the garden before you return."

"The o'oman would mind them, now she's aware of it," returned Paddy.

"To do which, she must leave her spinning."

"Well, then, Jim, he's not at the school this afternoon; he can keep them out as well as me, only he's as wild as a young hawk."

"And cannot he do your niece Mary's message?"

"God bless yer honour! you've a long head, so you have; think of my not thinking of that; he can do the message as well as me, and betther, for he's lighter footed. And as this is Sathurday, he'll be home from school, and 'll have a half holiday."

"His time," said the steadfast Englishman, "is of less value than yours; only such a journey will help to wear out his shoes."

Paddy Blake laughed. "Oh! no, God bless you, sir, whinever he's going a walk, he takes off the shoes; that is, *whin he has 'em*, which he hasn't had this two months back, though he soon will, plaze God, from the school, yer honour. He has a power and all of *good marks*; they count for something, and he'll have the price of a pair of brogues out of them one of these days."

"There!" exclaimed the Englishman, exultingly; "there! it is *only his time*, properly employed, that can win him not only education, but reward for diligence! Oh, Paddy Blake, I wish I had you in England for twelve months."

"I'll be happy to gratify or accommodate yer honour by any means in my power," said Paddy, slyly, while taking off his coat to resume his work.

"Very good, Paddy; I should like to show you what a fine family estate TIME is to the whole population. As I told you before, *it is the only freehold that man has direct from the Almighty*, and ought not to be neglected. They know how to employ the phrase 'it's only my time!' in a very different manner to what you do. 'How,' I inquired of a tradesman" ——

"A what, plaze yer honour?" interrupted Paddy.

"A tradesman. 'How is it that I left you a poor workman, and find you a prospering dealer!—had you a fortune left you?'"

"'No, sir,' he answered; '*I had only my time.*'"

"But sure he had the trade, any way," observed Paddy Blake, "and that was something."

"Nothing, unless he had applied *his time* to gain it. You cannot swallow a trade, as you can food; you must *take time* to learn it. One of my own labourers has managed, by industry, by carefulness, by never misapplying but always properly applying his time, to take a small farm."

"Ah, sir!" said poor Paddy, shaking his head, "in England I've heard tell the landlord builds the house, and the tenant gets his bit of ground, be it much or little, in good condition; he is not expected to lay out money on it at all, only keep it as he gets it; and above all, my o'oman heard tell at the big house that there's a *Labourers' Friend Society* in England to look afther the *cottchers*. Oh, if the Lord would put it into some kind Christian's heart to do the same thing here, wouldn't it be a fine thing?"

"So it would," said the benevolent gentleman; "and I assure you there is a great deal of kind feeling towards the Irish peasantry abroad in England."

"You may well say *abroad*, sir," chimed in Paddy; "it's so far *abroad* that it will be long before it *comes home* to us, any way."

"Now, Paddy Blake, do *not* be ungrateful; it is not an Irishman's failing. Your country is improving."

"It is, sir."

"Your condition is improving; I do not mean *your individual* condition, because as yet you do not manage your time as well as you might, nor have you as much employment as you ought to have, but your national condition is improved, and there is a school for your children, there is."

"I know, yer honour; we are better off on the whole than our fathers war; I'll not deny it."

"And will be still better; the constant communication between Ireland and England is of great advantage; the prices you obtain for your eggs, butter, and small merchandise, in that way, is much increased; you are more thought of; and if English capitalists can once be convinced, as I am, that they can live amongst you without danger, and you will resolve to make the best use of *time* and its advantages, why, please God, in a few more years you will be as you ought to be, as the great bulk of the English gentry desire to see you, as remarkable for your prosperity as you are for your ability."

"Many thanks to yer honour; I'll go to the ditch now and send the boy to Castle Connel; he'll be back in less than no time. And sure now I think of it, all Mary wanted of Katty Donovan (that's the o'oman at Castle Connel) was the loan of a 'beatle.'"

"A what?" inquired the Englishman; "a beetle! What can she want of a beetle?—one would think she could catch them in plenty."

"Oh, plaze yer honour, it's a *beatle;* a thing for beating linen—beatleing it in the wather; washing it clane, you know; thrashing the dirt out of it. Sure enough it *was* making little of my time to send me for that—great logs o' wood lying about the door, and Jim Brady the carpenter would make her one for a pinny or tuppence, or for nothing, for sure the wood is there, and *it would be only his*—— But I ax yer honour's pardon; I'll sind word to her to have some sinse, and get Jim Brady to make her a beatle of her own, and give *him a pinny for his time;* will *that* do, sir? And, look now, *does* yer honour see that coult in the far field jist watching till my back's turned that he may begin his *gammocks* agin—thim animals are mighty knowing, like Andy Murphy's pig."

"And what of it?" inquired Mr Manvers.

"It was so knowing, yer honour, it would root the paytees out of the ground and settle the earth afther that, so that if ye war on yer oath, ye couldn't tell where it had been. But there's my poor o'oman, sir, wants to show you her spinning; and she'll plaze ye if I don't, for though she hasn't much rason in her, she makes *much of her time.*"

Mrs Blake was a thrifty Irishwoman. When thrift and industry go hand in hand, they can remove mountains. She had not missed a word of the dialogue I have just recorded, and anticipating "the English gentleman's visit," had set her "little place" in order, and succeeded in getting two out of three of the younger children's faces washed. She dusted the best chair in the house with the corner of her apron, and invited Mr Manvers to be seated. She showed the effects of her industry with evident pride. "She had little time for spinning," she said, "except when the childre were asleep, but she blessed the Almighty he had shown her the value of time, and but for *that*, God knows they'd be bad off; not but Paddy was a good husband—'sorra a better ever broke the world's bread'—but 'he was too soft*' in himself intirely; too good-hearted; not a fault had he in the world but *that* one. Sure she thanked God it was no other, for, sure, every man must have some fault. He did a dale with *his time*, when he was let alone, but the neighbours knew how *'easy-going*, what a *knock-softly* he was, and played on him. He'd be sure to mend, now that his honour had took such pains to show him the rights of it, God bless him! Time was a fine thing, now that she had it set *afore* her; it was wonderful to see how it changed every thing, and while it took the beauty from the cheek, put wisdom into the head." She hoped also "it increased the fear o' God in the heart. Sure time was one of the Almighty's miracles." She would pray "to the Lord to forgive her for having thrown away so much of it, whin his honour had so clearly proved to any one of common sinse that mate, drink, and clothing, could be wove out of it! She'd set Kathleen to card flax to-morrow afther school hours, and sure that would save *her own time*, for while the little girl was carding, she could be spinning—and tache little Shelah to knit *ever*-hours: supposing she only began with garters, it was something. Sure that *would save her time*, and blind Abel would tache the twins to make baskets; that would turn a penny: and the two big boys could gather rushes and switches. And more she would do—and—sure—God look down upon his honour! She would strive to hinder any one belonging to her from saying or thinking, 'Sure it's only my time!'"

* I was greatly pleased to see one of those set on foot by Browne Clayton, Esq., near New Ross, and close to the unfortunate barn of Scullabogue. At that time, the autumn of 1838, it worked well, and in that spot was a beautiful type of Christianity—returning good for evil.

* Gentle, good-natured.

THE COLONY OF METTRAY.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

THE colony of Mettray, or great juvenile penitentiary of France, no account of which has ever been presented in this country, is situated at a league from Tours, in the finest climate of the south-west of the kingdom, and in the centre of a population remarkable for the mildness and probity of its character. It is at present quite in its infancy, and but few buildings are erected; but when completed, it will be of an oval form, with a handsome central house commanding a view of a large number of detached buildings, each of which is to contain fifteen youths and their director (contre-maître). As the estate in which this establishment is situated is extensive, and the property of the Viscount de Bretignières, who is one of the founders, the number of youths will not be limited, for in proportion with the success of the experiment new buildings will be erected. At first, however, it is proposed to commence with about sixty, who are to be supplied from the prisons of Paris, or those of the department of the Indre et Loire. The youths who are to act as teachers or directors over the different families of colonists, have not been confined in any prison, but have, on the contrary, been chosen from respectable families, and have had no stain upon their own character. It was considered essential that, in the first instance, where example is of so much importance, the teachers should be respectable; but as the establishment goes on, the care of the different classes or families will be entrusted to the most exemplary among the reformed criminals. Equal care has been taken that the first colonists shall be youths who have been guilty only of slight offences, and whose minds have not been entirely corrupted by a long residence in prisons in which the separation system is not adopted. The founders of this colony intend for the present, at least, that it shall be entirely agricultural as to its objects; and they assign as the grounds for this arrangement, that as the towns in which manufactories are carried on, are crowded with a vicious population, their young colonists would, when dismissed, either experience difficulty in procuring occupation, or be exposed to the demoralising influence of improper persons. It is not intended, however, that they shall receive only the instruction necessary to enable them to cultivate the land as their means of subsistence, but that such of them as may show the greatest aptitude for the manufacturing arts which are in request in agricultural districts, shall have all the advantages of good training for those pursuits. Opinion seems to have been much divided amongst the founders and promoters of the colony upon this particular point, and I believe that the general consent as to its being exclusively an agricultural colony, was only obtained upon the understanding that this exclusiveness shall be departed from, if a few experiments should prove that it may be generalised without inconvenience. Connected with the buildings are gardens and grounds, and there is also a farm of sixty acres, which is to be used when the number of colonists shall render it necessary.

The colony will be under the government of a committee of twenty members, chosen from amongst the most eminent of its founders and promoters, and having for its president M. Gasparin, a peer of France, who has distinguished himself by his patronage of many useful and philanthropic institutions. The committee have decided that before any youth can be received from the prisons, the school of monitors, or *Ecole des Contre-Maîtres*, shall be in a perfect state. It has already commenced, and consists of twenty-five youths, of from twelve to eighteen years of age. The building in which they are placed is within fifty yards of the Chateau of the Viscount de Bretignières, who shares with M. Demetz, the original projector, the direction of the establishment; whilst the viscountess, with a zeal worthy of imitation by other members of the aristocracy, takes delight in the prospect of watching over the domestic comforts of the young colonists. A friend of mine, Dr Harrison Black, who lately paid a visit to the colony, informs me that this lady, who is still in the prime of life, assured him almost with tears in her eyes that she had never tasted of real happiness until she associated herself in the benevolent labours of her husband. To aid in the reformation of society—to turn from the paths of vice the poor children who must otherwise become hardened criminals—and to guide them to virtue and the means of honourable subsistence—is an occupation of which she may indeed well be proud. I would say to those dames of the aristocracy, who, in spite of the thousand schemes devised by the class to which they belong to command enjoyment, still find a void in

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their minds—who exchange their fortunes for what the world calls pleasure, and are still not pleased—who pay dear for happiness and are not happy—who have balls and routs to cheer them, and yet are not cheered—to such as these I would pronounce the name of de Bretignières, and say, "Go thou and do likewise."

The expense of supporting the colonists at Mettray has been calculated at 160 francs per head per annum, which is much less than the expense to the government of maintaining them in prison, and it is hoped that their labour in the colony will after a short time cover the expense which they may occasion. The sum required from the government or the departments which may send young offenders from their prisons to the colony, is sixty centimes (sixpence) per day, which would, supposing that there are to be 300 colonists, as that is the number on which the estimate of 160 francs per annum is founded, give a profit to the establishment of 59 francs each per annum, to cover building and general expenses. The government has adopted this charge of sixty centimes per day, and has ordered a certain number of young offenders to be sent to the colony at that rate; but it will of course be reduced, if the success of the establishment should admit of reduction. The amount demanded from the government by the society was only fifty centimes per day, but this sum was considered by the Minister of the Interior as too small, and he proposed sixty centimes. There is every reason to believe, that if this first experiment should turn out well, the government will propose to the Chambers an annual grant for the parent colony of Mettray, and any others to which it may give rise. At present the government has done nothing more than engaged to send a certain number of persons at the sixty centimes a-day, unless we are to consider the present of a fire-engine to the establishment in the light of an encouragement. It is intended that the colonists of Mettray shall once a-week exercise themselves in the use of this engine, and in the event of any fire occurring within their reach, that they shall perform the service which in large towns is executed by the regular organised force of *sapeurs et pompiers*. This is a judicious arrangement, for it will have the double effect of giving to these poor outcasts the sentiment of their being of value in society, and will cause them to be looked upon with favour by those whom they may be able to assist.

With the view of providing a fund for the young colonists when discharged, it has been decided that about one-third of their entire earnings in the colony shall be put aside as a reserve fund, which is to be paid to them on their leaving; and as within the immediate neighbourhood of Mettray there are two or three manufactories, the proprietors of which have promised to employ them a certain number of hours daily, added to the fact that they will be taught to manufacture in the colony itself the various articles which are required in country districts, such as wheels, agricultural instruments, wine casks, &c., it is hoped that when their time is expired, they will have a sum of money sufficient to place them for some time above the reach of want, even if they should not immediately get into occupations. But the most important encouragement held out to them is the intention of M. de Bretignières to divide his property into small farms, and to let them to the most deserving of the colonists. Deserving young men will thus have an opportunity of establishing themselves; and when the first prejudice arising from their former condition shall be removed, they may marry advantageously in the district in which they are placed. Further, for the obliteration of feelings of disesteem in their own minds, it is intended that a certain number shall be annually removed from their classes into the school of monitors. Thus, in a single year, a certain number of the young criminals must exchange their condition according to their own good conduct, and in the event of other colonies being formed, the number of *contre-maitres* that will be required will be so large that there will be no difficulty in providing for the deserving, even in the second and third degree.

The society intend strictly to limit the number of colonists to those children who are ordered by the tribunals to detention, as having offended the laws without a knowledge that they had committed a crime. The committee in this respect seems rather to have given way to necessity than reason, for the law has laid down very imperfect rules as to offences committed by youth, with or without discernment. In France, all children under sixteen years of age may be acquitted on the ground of having acted without discernment, but unless claimed by their parents or friends, they are ordered to be detained in prison for any period of time up to the age of twenty, and in the majority of cases they are ordered to remain for the whole time.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* gives a curious instance of the absurdity of this law. A boy was charged with having stolen a pair of trousers from another lad. When brought before the tribunal, and asked what his age was, "Ah," says he, "I know what you mean; you want to shut me up for four years, but it wont do. I know the law; and when I was on the point of stealing the trousers, I recollected I was not quite sixteen, and so I waited a few days; and I can now prove that when I committed the theft I was sixteen years and five days old." Now, here was a case which showed the existence of a moral turpitude, requiring the strong hand of correction. Four years of penitentiary discipline might not have been too much for this lad. The tribunal, however, sentenced him to twelve months, a sentence which was considered severe as to the nature of the crime; but if he had been under sixteen years of age, having no parents to claim him, he would, if acquitted on the ground of having acted without discernment, have been imprisoned for four years.

A few months ago, a boy eleven years of age was tried in France, upon his own confession of having stolen some rabbits from a neighbour. Now, according to the law, this boy might either have been convicted of the offence, and imprisoned as having acted with discernment, or acquitted as having acted without discernment; for although the jury have the power of returning a verdict of *sans discernment* when the prisoner is under sixteen, they are not compelled to do so. This child, if acquitted, could have been shut up, if not claimed by his parents, for nine years. It appeared, however, on the trial, and that by mere chance, that he had not committed the offence. His parents being exceedingly poor, and almost unable to obtain bread for his little brothers and sisters, he resolved that there should be one mouth less to feed; and having heard that a robbery had been committed, the perpetrators of which could not be discovered, he denounced himself. The mayor of the district in which the offence was committed, came forward and undertook, in the event of his acquittal, to provide for this interesting lad. We may be permitted here, *en passant*, to remark on the awful state of society which brings an innocent child to denounce himself as guilty of a crime, because his poor and industrious parents are not able with all their exertions to provide him with bread.

No females are to be received in the colony of Mettray, until the experiment shall have been fully tried upon boys. Should this experiment succeed, however, it is intended to erect another colony immediately adjoining that of the male youths, taking care of course that there shall be no communication; and the females are to be employed in washing for the boys, making and mending their linen, and in other useful occupations, which will enable the committee out of their earnings to lay by a sum for their benefit when their time shall have expired. I have not yet been able to ascertain what is the intention of the government as to the length of time during which the colonists are to remain at Mettray. I can hardly suppose that it will be rigorously required that they should there complete the whole period of their detention by order of the tribunals; the specific object being in all cases simply the reformation of the offenders.

The printed rules of the society state, that the boys who may be entrusted to their charge are to receive moral and religious instruction, and what is called primary education, and that they are to be taught some handicraft occupation connected with agriculture. By religious instruction, it is meant that they shall be brought up according to the Roman Catholic faith; and as a proof of this, a Roman Catholic chaplain is appointed to the establishment. In a country where freedom of faith has been established by constitutional charter, and where, although the Roman Catholic religion has been declared to be that of the majority of the nation, it is not the religion of the state, this exclusiveness in the colony of Mettray is calculated to detract from the general credit of the institution; but every allowance must be made for the obstacles which the founders have had to encounter. The Roman Catholic clergy in France, although not of the same influential character in society as the clergy of the established church in England, are still a powerful body, and it was essential to propitiate their good will in an institution of this nature. Moral instruction is the great object in the first instance, and the committee will take care that such instruction be not obscured or perverted by the religious dogmas of any church.

Under the head of attributes of the different officers of the colony, we find the following in the printed rules:—

The personnel will consist of a director, a chaplain, a schoolmaster, three females (*sœurs hospitalières*), an inspector of works, and twelve foremen or chiefs (*contre-maîtres*), to three hundred colonists, two servingmen, a gate-keeper, and a physician.

The *sœurs* will attend to the infirmary and all the domestic details of the establishment. The inspector will superintend the labour of the colonists under the orders of the director, and the contre-maitres will be held responsible for the conduct of the colonists in their respective divisions. They are to study the character of each, and report upon it to the inspector.

Amongst the regulations for the colonists we find it stated, that when first admitted, they are to be kept apart, until, by their good conduct, they shall have shown that they are worthy of joining with those who wear the uniform of the colony. When this proof shall have been given, they are to wear the uniform, and mix with the mass in their studies, labours, and recreations.

The food for each colonist is to be daily, on the week days, one pound and a half of bread made of wheat and rye flour, in the proportion of one part rye to two parts wheat flour, to be divided into four equal portions for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper. For dinner on the week days, with the exception of Thursday, each colonist is to have a quart of *soupe maigre*, in which there shall be four pounds of wheaten bread to every twenty-five persons, and the necessary quantity of vegetables. Vegetables are also to be served separately at dinner and supper. On Sundays and Thursdays the *soupe maigre* is to be replaced by a small quantity of *soupe grasse* (made with meat), and two ounces and a half of meat without bone to each individual. Water is to be the only beverage. Appended to this regulation of diet I find the following note:—"The committee, avoiding mistaken notions of humanity, have considered it right in the interest of the public, and in the strict principles of social justice, that the food of the children of the colony should not be better than that of poor children residing with their families. The same principle will be applied in every thing except moral instruction, to which too great a developement cannot be given." In clothing, each colonist will receive a stout woollen cloth jacket and trousers, a jacket of coarse linen cloth, and two pairs of trousers of the same material, a linen or cotton blouse, two leather stocks, a felt or leather hat, a straw hat or a cap, three coarse linen or cotton shirts, two cotton caps, two pairs of cloth socks, two pairs of cloth half gaiters, one pair of braces, three pocket handkerchiefs, two aprons, and one pair of stout shoes. The following note accompanies this article of the regulations:—"If it be objected that his clothing is too common, and that such things as stockings and waistcoats might be added, it may be replied, that even upon the above list, there might be omissions, without withholding what is strictly necessary; for it results from information collected in many communes of the department of Indre et Loire, that in general the average expenditure of a peasant for clothing does not amount, including every article, to forty francs a-year." The bedding consists of an iron bedstead, a wool mattrass weighing twelve pounds, a flock bolster, a pair of coarse linen sheets, and a cotton counterpane, with the addition of a blanket in winter. The committee observe that they have purposely limited the instruction to the subjects ordered by the law of 1834 for primary schools, in order that the colonists may not, by receiving a superior education, acquire ideas incompatible with their probable destiny.

Such is a brief sketch of what may be considered a very interesting movement for the melioration of criminal punishment in France, and reclaiming to society a host of youths who would otherwise most likely go on from step to step in villany, and ultimately either expiate their offences on the scaffold, or perish in the criminal jails of the country.

FOREIGN AND BRITISH PICTURES.

We perceive in a late number of the "Art-Union, or Monthly Journal of the Arts," a rather curious statement respecting the importation of foreign pictures into Britain. It appears that from Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, as reported in a return from the Custom-house, there were 7050 pictures imported in 1833; 7459, in 1834; 7591, in 1835; 10,421, in 1836; 6637, in 1837; and 6484, in 1838—making a total of 45,642 pictures in six years, and yielding a duty to government of L.12,108, 4s. 7d. "We did not (continues the writer of the article) consider it necessary to procure returns of the number of pictures imported from France and the other nations of the continent; but if we add to the above only a comparatively small amount of import, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that every year brings into England 3000 pictures, to be sold and distributed; and which, unquestionably, are sold and distributed. Now, it is assumed, as matter of course, that of these 3000, there may be 200 true pictures, which bring large prices, and find their way into the collections of connoisseurs; the remaining 2800 are miserable copies, desired only by persons who seek to furnish their walls, and are *for the present* content to supply A WANT upon easy terms. They are chiefly the produce of Flemish youths, copies from old masters, painted by direction of their tutors, and disposed of by these tutors to itinerant dealers, for little more than the cost of the canvass—which, by the way, is not subjected to A TAX, as it is with us. They are then fitted into ungainly and ungraceful frames—the older the better, or, if new, made to seem old—and shipped off to England—the worthy Hollanders considering them good enough for us. The duty paid at the Custom-house is merely nominal—one shilling for each picture, and one shilling per square foot of canvass. If, therefore, the 'Cuyps,' 'da Hooges,' and 'Ruysdaels,' including the frames, bring five or six guineas each, the speculator has made a profitable harvest, and prepares for another trip. Perhaps he goes to Italy, where studious lads are in abundance; and brings over a cargo of 'Raphaels,' 'Canalettis,' and 'Titians,' upon which to exercise the eloquence of some famous auctioneer. The business of preparation is easily learned—the process of making them aged is the work of a day; but this is a topic requiring more space than we can at present afford it; we may hereafter take occasion to illustrate this article, by some explanations concerning the tricks of a trade, notorious for resorting to them.

It is clear, then, that these 2800 pictures displace a proportionate number of works by our own artists. The evil demands a remedy. A very simple one is at hand. Let a large, and not a nominal, duty be levied upon all works entering England, except such as are produced by our own artists abroad; pictures of a genuine character, and of a high value, will not be prejudiced by it; it cannot add so materially to the cost of a true picture, as to prevent its transmission hither for sale; but it would altogether exclude from the market the miserable daubs which are sent to this country to pick our pockets, and, worse, to pervert our tastes."

The writer proceeds to make some further remarks on the impropriety of admitting foreign pictures into Britain at a low rate of duty, but on this point we entirely differ

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from him. We say, let the traffic in pictures, like that of every thing else, be *perfectly free*. Let every one be at liberty to purchase foreign or British pictures as suits his taste and fancy, and the fair competition which ensues from such an arrangement will stimulate our artists to excel in their profession, and if possible to beat foreigners out of the market. We cannot agree with the writer that the present free trade in the article deluges the country with bad pictures. In general, the foreign pictures which are imported, laying aside the question of the deception of which they are the subject, are superior to those of native production at the same price. On a late occasion we purchased a Dutch picture by Offermans of the Hague, for L.10, 10s., and we feel quite certain that far inferior pictures are marked at fifty guineas in the annual exhibitions of British artists.

It is, we think, of the utmost importance to art, that the people of every country should see specimens of the productions of their neighbours; nothing being so effectual in breaking down local and personal prejudices. For example, there can be no doubt that art would be prodigiously improved in Edinburgh by the free exhibition of pictures from England, let alone continental productions, and that England might be similarly benefited by the public show of works of modern foreign artists; while Ireland, in its turn, may be advanced by the importation of pictures from all parts together. In fact, as long as each portion of the United Kingdom jealously excludes pictures from its neighbours, and all together exclude (from public exhibitions) works of respectable foreign painters, art must continue on a narrow and paltry footing, unworthy of the great and opulent people by whom it is expected to be supported.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THERE is something so striking and impressive in the idea of a human creature being doomed to wander perpetually over the earth, restless and without hope of rest, deprived of the prospect of peace which the grave holds out to all other terrestrial beings, fated to outlive every social tie, and to see generation after generation, of descendants it may be, passing away successively from before his eyes—there is something so striking in the idea of such a lot, that it is no wonder mankind should have had their interest strongly excited by the legend of the Wandering Jew, and that the subject should have been a favourite one with the lovers of poetry and romance. To fanaticism and imposture, the fiction has held out equal temptations. At various periods since the commencement of the Christian era, individuals have assumed the character of the Wandering Jew, and have succeeded in attracting notice, and gaining credence, to a greater or less extent, from their wondering contemporaries.

It is extremely probable that this legend had its origin in the words used by Christ to the Apostle Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved. The answer was, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" In consequence of this expression, we are told, "the saying went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should *not die*." Although it is expressly pointed out, in the remainder of the same passage, that the language of Christ could not properly bear any such meaning, yet the conclusion of "the brethren," strangely modified and misapplied, seems to have been adopted by the primitive Christians, to have become intermingled with their traditions, and finally to have taken the form of the legend of the Wandering Jew. This, in its early or original shape, is detailed by Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The story was current before his day, in England and elsewhere, but he was probably the first who regularly chronicled all the particulars. In 1228, the monk informs us, an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in our churches. Being entertained at the monastery of St Albans, this ecclesiastical dignitary was anxiously interrogated as to the religious condition of his country, and, among other questions, a monk who sat near him inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was so much talked of, and who had been present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, that "the circumstances were all true;" and, afterwards, one of his train, interpreting the archbishop's words, told them in French that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well, that the latter had dined with his lord but a little while before they left the east, that the man had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME!" Soon after this event, Cartaphilus, by his own account, was converted and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a severe illness, and ultimately into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth which he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances attending the crucifixion and resurrection, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person.

Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Matthew Paris, who was alive at the time of the Armenian's visit to St Albans, and who, there can be no doubt, relates the circumstances as they came from the mouths of the strangers. The deception lay, it is probable, not with the Armenians, but with the party who had passed himself off upon them as the porter of Pontius Pilate, thereby ensuring much good entertainment, doubtless, as well as unbounded reverence, from the followers of the church in the east. As Pythagoras, a very wise and clear-headed man, entertained the notion of his having personally gone through several existences on earth, so it is possible that the Wandering Jew of the Armenian archbishop may himself have laboured under a delusion. But the probability is on the other side, and the same conclusion may be drawn, without much uncharitableness, respecting the numerous persons who at later periods have personated the erratic Hebrew. There were considerable variations in the stories which these persons told of themselves. For example, one who appeared at Hamburgh about the year 1547, declared himself to have been a *shoemaker* in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. A ballad, quoted by Bishop Percy from the Pepys Collection, details the particulars of this Hamburgh impostor's narrative. The following verses give the main thread of the story:—

When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own dear life did give;

The wicked Jews with scoffes and scornes
Did daily him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could get rest.

When they had crowned his head with thornes,
And scourged him to disgrace,
In scornful sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place:

His own dear cross he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to faint,
With blood and water sweat.

Being wearye thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controul;

And sayd, "Awaye, thou king of Jews,
Thou shalt not rest thee here!
Pass on: thy execution place,
Thou seest, nowe draweth neare."

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
"I sure will *rest*, but *thou shalt walk*,
And have no journey stayed."

From this hour forward, the ballad continues to say, this "cursed shoemaker" could find no peace any where, and finally, being brought to conviction by his own fate, became a convert and a witness for the religion of him who had pronounced his doom.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wand'reth up and downe.

Where learned men with him conferre,
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to hear him tell
His journeyes and his wayes.

All the alms given to him (the ballad further says) he gave to the poor, and no man ever saw laugh or smile upon his face.

The conferences with learned men mentioned in the ballad are no fiction of the minstrel's brain, as we learn from the work called the Turkish Spy, where an account is given of the impression made on the Parisian *savants* by the appearance among them of another Wandering Jew. Though the plan of this work is fictitious, like that of the Citizen of the World for example, yet the incidents narrated in it are in most instances real, and such is the case with the following story of the Wandering Jew, who figured in Paris about the year 1643. "Here is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself, that he was usher of the divan (the Jews call it the court of judgment) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus, the Christian Messias, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president; that his name was *Michob-Ader*; and that, for thrusting Jesus out of the hall, with these words, 'Go, why tarriest thou?' the Messias answered him again, 'I go, but tarry thou till I come,' thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment." Such was the account given by this personage of himself. He affected to heal diseases by a touch, and was deeply venerated both by the common people and others. "One day (says the Turkish Spy) I had the curiosity to discourse with him in several languages, and I found him master of all those that I could speak. He told me that there was scarce a true history to be found. He was in Rome, he said, when Nero set fire to the city, and saw him stand triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. He saw Saladin's return from his conquest in the East, when he caused his shirt to be carried on the top of a spear with this proclamation: 'Saladin, lord of many rich countries, shall have no memorial left of all his glories when he dies but only this poor shirt.' He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me that he was so called because he was lame. He seemed to pity the insupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had seen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He knew Mahomet's father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus. He had heard the emperor Vespasian say, when he understood the temple of Solomon was burnt to ashes, 'he had rather all Rome had been set on fire.' Here the old man fell a-weeping himself, lamenting the ruin of that noble structure, which he described to me as familiarly as if he had seen it but yesterday."

This was, the reader will admit, a goodly range of experience for any one to lay claim to. The appearance of this personator of the Wandering Jew corresponded with his assumptions. "By his looks one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the flood. To speak modestly, he may pass for the younger brother of Time."

Another Wandering Jew, and one of equal learning, seems to have excited the wonder of the people of Venice, in the year 1687. This new one was more remarkable than the others, in as far as he is said to have made no boast of his antiquity, but to have felt hurt, on the contrary, when it was accidentally discovered. "This personage (says the author of Hermippus Redivivus) went by the name of Signor Gualdi. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to any body that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him; and it was in the third place observed that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for every thing in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendour." The story then goes on to tell that a Venetian nobleman, an admirable judge of paintings, was admitted to see Gualdi's collection, and admired them excessively. At the close of the visit the nobleman "cast his eye by chance over the chamber-door, where hung a picture of this stranger (Gualdi). The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. 'This picture was drawn for you, sir,' says he to Signor Gualdi, to which the other made no answer but by a low bow. 'You look,' continued the Venetian, 'like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?' 'It is not easy,' said Signor Gualdi, gravely, 'to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian.' The Venetian easily perceived, by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger offence, and therefore took his leave." The issue of the affair was, that the Venetian told the matter to all his friends. Curiosity was aroused, and various parties went to call upon Gualdi. They were disappointed, however; the stranger had left the city, and was never seen again.

Of course, the world of Venice came to the conclusion that this personage could be none else but the Wandering Jew, or a philosopher who had been fortunate enough to discover the elixir of life. The matter is certainly capable of a much easier solution, however, and Gualdi's own words afford a ready clue to it. It was on this story, Godwin tells us, that he founded his novel of St Leon, a work of great power and beauty. We have already mentioned the existence of numerous works of fiction which have a similar basis. Of all these, the most interesting, perhaps, is the Reverend George Croly's tale of *Salathiel*. Mrs Norton's poem of the Undying One deserves especial mention, also, among the compositions which this legend has suggested.

Those readers who are not wearied by this subject will find other impostors who have personated this imaginary Wanderer, pointed out in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. In the mean time, we shall conclude by quoting a little piece upon this subject from the French poet Beranger, using a version which appears in the "Minor Morals" of Dr Bowring.

One glass of water, Christian true!
To him that's weary—gracious Heaven
Reward thee—I'm the Wandering Jew,
By the eternal whirlwind driven;
By years not worn, but sore oppress,
And longing for the judgment day,
Praying for rest, to find no rest,
Cursing each morn's returning ray.
Ever, ever
Earth revolves, I rest me never—
Ever wandering—ever, ever.

And eighteen centuries now have sped
On the dark wrecks of Rome and Greece;
I have seen the ashes scattered
Of thousand shifting dynasties;
Seen good, unfruitful good, and ill
Prolific, while the tempest roll'd;
Seen two new worlds the circle fill
Which one world occupied of old.
Ever, ever,
Earth revolves—I rest me never.

The ceaseless change is Heaven's decree—
On dying things I fix my heart,
And scarce I love them ardently
Ere the wild whirlwind cries, "Depart!"
The poor man asks relief—my hand
Is stretched the debt of love to pay—
But ere sweet charity's demand
Is granted, I am whirl'd away—
Ever, ever.

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On the soft grass, in flow'rets drest,
Near the fresh stream beneath the tree,
If from my misery I would rest,
The whirlwind howls and summons me.
O why should angry Heaven deny
One moment---one of sweet repose?
For were the grave eternity,
It would not rest me from my woes---
Ever, ever.

Those laughing girls, those sporting boys,
Remind me of mine own at play;
My heart would revel in their joys---
The whirlwind hurries me away.
Ye old, who die, O envy not
My miserable fate forlorn;
For I must tread upon the spot
Where yet shall sleep the child unborn---
Ever, ever.

I seek the venerable walls
Which in my early youth I knew---
I stop---the eternal whirlwind calls,
Tyrannic, "Onwards, onwards, Jew!
Onwards! Exist while all around
Is perishing; in this thy home---
Where all thy forefathers have found
A tomb---for thee there is no tomb;"
Ever, ever.

A cruel smile of scorn and hate
I at the godlike Jesus threw.
The earth is shaking 'neath my feet,
The whirlwind drives me on---adieu!
Ye pitiless, O tremble when
Ye think of me---the wretched me;
God in my fate avenges men
But not his own divinity---
Ever, ever.
Earth revolves, I rest me never---
Ever wandering---ever, ever.

NOTICES OF MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY JOURNALS.

[In consequence of a wish which they have frequently heard expressed, and in the hope of adding a feature of interest to their work, the editors have lately made arrangements, by which they expect to be enabled for the future to present occasionally a critical article on some new book. They beg it to be understood, that they design on no occasion to notice books of which they would be obliged in conscience to speak unfavourably, but only such as they think possessed of sufficient value, or written with sufficient talent, to be entitled to commendation. The reader will therefore not look here for the severe and sarcastic remarks which give much criticism its only interest, but only for descriptions of books which it is conceived have some claims on the respectful notice of the public. One feature of their plan is to admit occasionally notices of periodical works, avoiding all reference to the politics now so eagerly debated in them. The article which follows, is one relating to two of the principal periodicals of a late date.]

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January 1840 opens with an interesting paper on one of the numberless comedies of Spain, Calderon's "Goblin Lady." There is much sameness in the plot-work of the Spanish dramas; but they are far from being deficient in spirit and humour, and this is well shown in the rhythmical translations which accompany the sketch here presented. "Goethe's Life and Works," "Thoughts on Asses," a paper entitled "Hints on History," with some poetical pieces, fill up the body of the number. All of these are more or less characterised by talent—a feature in which the contents of this journal are seldom deficient—but there are two other papers which require more especial mention. One of these, an article on "The Essenes," contains some novel and ingenious views respecting that remarkable Jewish sect, whose character and sentiments, as depicted by Josephus, have, as is well known, created much speculation in the Christian world. The writer of the paper before us holds, that Josephus meant to describe the Christians under that name. As the old Hebrew historian's slighting notice of the Christian faith and followers, or rather his silence regarding them, has been a matter of marvel and regret, the opinions advanced in the paper on the Essenes assume a very peculiar interest. We shall content ourselves with saying, that the question is ably discussed in Blackwood, and that the article well deserves a reading.

Decidedly the cardinal article of the number is the fourth paper of the series entitled "Ten Thousand a-Year," which is now suspected to be an attempt in a new manner by the author of the well-remembered Diary of a Physician." It is not only, if the public suspicion be correct, a new attempt by that author, but an absolute novelty in fictitious literature, the hero being the reverse in all respects of ordinary heroes, namely, a mean, brainless, selfish varlet, yet nevertheless, from the extraordinary power of the writer, a personage in whom it is impossible not to feel some interest. While occupying the humble station of a shopman in a draper's establishment in Oxford Street, a prospect opens to him of a succession to ten thousand a-year; and, instantly from being despised by all, his master included, he becomes an object of universal homage and adulation. The physician's series was not more remarkable for tragic, than this is for comic power; in proof of which, we cannot resist the temptation to extract a short passage respecting an attempt of the hero, Titmouse, to dye his hair. He has, it must be understood, gone to a shop in Bond Street, to purchase a certain divine fluid, styled the *Cyanochaitanthropopion*, with which to transform his carroty locks into dark tresses. He receives the bottle containing it from a gentleman-like man sitting behind the counter, with jet-black hair, which, he says, was once of light colour, but had been changed by the fluid. Titmouse is assured the change will be effected in two or three days. He goes home—he rubs his hair for hours with the fluid, in his extreme eagerness to make it succeed—he goes to bed, and dreams a rapturous dream, that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before, and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at himself in a glass.

"This woke him. Up he jumped, and in a trice was standing before his little glass. He almost dropped down dead! his hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again—rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looked into the glass—there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head—all were, if any thing, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his troubles been to this? what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got in and out of bed, to look at himself again—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to pray; but it was in vain—and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig—that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs Squallop, after glancing at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose dark contents was remaining—of course it was POISON. In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out, 'Oh, Mr Titmouse! Mr Titmouse! what have you been' ——

'Well, ma'am, what do you mean? How dare you' —— commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs Squallop. A pretty figure he was. He had all his day-clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green colour.

'Lord a-mighty!' exclaimed Mrs Squallop, faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found it all out. 'Well, *isn't* it a shame, Mrs Squallop?' said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his nightcap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. 'What d'ye think of that!' he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

'I shall go mad—I shall'——

'Oh!—oh!' groaned Mrs Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what 'a good hearty wash would do.' Scarce sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub—lather, lather, did they both; but the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever."

He goes in a furious mood to Bond Street—

"'Look, sir!—look! Only look here what your stuff has done to my hair!' said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised or discomposed.

'Ah, yes!—I see—I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people.'

'Differs, sir!—I'm going mad!—I look like a green monkey.'

'In *me*, the colour was a strong *yellow*. But have you read the descriptions that are given in the wrapper?'

'I should think so!—Much good they do *me!*—Sir, you're a humbug!—an impostor! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all.'

'*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own,' said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, 'if you'll only persevere.'

'Persevere!' interrupted Titmouse, violently, clapping his hat on his head; 'I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public. I'll have a warrant out against you.'

'Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!'

'The —— you are!' gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

'Oh, often—often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but in a day or two afterwards the parties generally come back smiling into my shop with heads as black as crows.'

'No! But really—do they, sir?' interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

'Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce colour.'"

The result is, that he buys a bottle of Damascus cream, to put all to rights; but for what followed, we must refer the reader to the Magazine itself, which, we can foretell, will for some time be in more than usual request on account of "Ten Thousand a-Year."

The British and Foreign Medical Review for January, a copy of which has been obligingly forwarded to us, contains, besides other articles worthy of the high character of the work, one of uncommon interest on the recent improvements in the management of lunatics. The atrocious cruelties of the old system have now for twenty years been scarcely known; but the rotatory chair, the bath of surprise, close-boxes for the furious, straps and strait waistcoats, are still common, even in the most respectable institutions. We were not till now aware that the experiment of a total abolition of personal restraint has been tried in the Lincoln Asylum, in the great pauper institution at Hanwell, and in America, and that we are likely soon to see the extinction of that last remnant of severity in the treatment of the mentally diseased. The last instance of restraint being used in the Lincoln Asylum was in March 1837, and the consequence has been a marked increase in the tranquillity of the establishment. There is now scarcely a noisy patient in it: "the patients," says the reviewer, "move about less, and talk less to visitors, than in any other asylum which is known to us." The succedaneum for the abolished restraint is an increase of watching and care, a greater number of attendants being required. Thus, of course, expense is increased; but a liberality on this point is often the best economy. The reviewer quotes a lecture on the subject, which has been published by Mr Hill, surgeon to the Lincoln Asylum, and to which we may refer our readers for full information. Meanwhile, the following passages from the review will probably go some way to produce a conviction in favour of the system of non-restraint:—

"Those who speak in terms of eulogy of the moral advantage of even temporary restraints, cannot divest themselves, one would think, of the apprehension that restraint once resorted to, and found convenient, will be not temporary, but continued for a hurtful period of time. To walk through a ward in which there is one noisy patient, and to order the patient to be instantly put in restraint, may pass for excellent discipline in the eyes of a hasty, frightened visitor; but if the visitor remained to see the order put in force, what would he behold? First, an ineffectual attempt of one or two keepers to effect the restraint; then a greater power brought to bear on the victim; and a scene of struggling, striking, kicking, biting, spitting, swearing, and screaming, which frights the whole ward from its propriety. Let him go again in an hour, and he will find the patient still noisy, shouting, and cursing all the powers that rule the asylum. In three or four hours it is still the same. At length, perhaps, the patient becomes silent. Happy it will be if even then restraint is removed and food is taken to him, or water to allay his thirst. But suppose no restraint is put on at all? Let the noisy patient's attention be diverted by being taken into the airing court; or, at the worst, let him be shut up in his room, the windows well secured, and the bedding removed. In that case we venture to say that in a much shorter time tranquillity will be restored. There will have been no struggle; and the punishment will leave no rankling sense of mortification; and the other patients will not be excited. Still, even in this case, the seclusion should not be prolonged. Many times, however, without any seclusion at all, a sensible keeper may so manage a refractory patient, that if the visitor were to return to the ward in a quarter of an hour, he would find the man whom he would have consigned to restraint quite tranquil, and civil, and cheerful.

In the acute stage of mania, one patient will doubtless require all the attention of one keeper, and perhaps of two, and for several days, or weeks, if the patient is not shut up. But in a well-regulated asylum this occasional attendance on troublesome patients should be a part of each keeper's duty, and taken by each keeper in turn for one or two hours. The attendants, if it is pretended that the patients are to be *cured*, should be sufficient to spare a keeper for an hour or two from any ward for such occasional duty. Then it will be seen that the acute stage (no other means of control being omitted) is not of such long continuance, and that the patient's temper is unspoiled. The patient will gradually subside into tranquillity, and retain a grateful sense of what has been done; every trifling incident in their management being commonly remembered by them. At the same time, the other patients will not have been familiarised with the wretched spectacle of a poor creature dancing about in a strait waistcoat, like an intoxicated mummy; nor will their ears have been assailed with shrieks and curses from the maniac's cell. They will even, to some extent, appreciate the kindness and patience shown to the new comer; for they are keen observers, and have not forgotten their own sufferings.

In almost every asylum there are patients who will destroy their clothes, and some who cannot, it is represented, be persuaded to wear them. In the latter case we are glad to see M. Esquirol speak in disapprobation of forcibly confining the patient. One of the most unsatisfactory customs in some lunatic establishments is to exhibit these unfortunate creatures strapped down in chairs, and to comment, in moving terms, on their violence. The remedy, M. Esquirol says, is as bad as the evil. A dress of strong materials, with a strap round the waist, the dress being entirely fastened behind by

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a small look (as done at Hanwell), can scarcely be removed by the patient. Boots and shoes may be easily fastened on by a similar contrivance, and in other cases it would be better to let them for a time be without their clothes, secluded of course from the gaze of visitors, than to add to their irritation, when possibly the wearing of clothes is a source of torment which they can only manifest by tearing them off. Chaining a poor frightened lunatic to his bed, also, when he perhaps thinks the bed full of snakes and scorpions, is ill judged and cruel. If he persists in sleeping on the floor, having such notions, it is better to let him do so, and after a time he will be reconciled to his bed. It will doubtless be found that there are patients so ingeniously destructive as, with the help of hands and teeth, to tear up every article of clothing that can be devised. The absolute prevention of this can only be effected by putting the patient on straw, with body, and arms, and legs, strictly and painfully confined. But are a few blankets, or a gown and a cap or two, to be deemed of more value than the immunity of a poor creature from torture, of which the effect is only to subdue, and not to cure?

Of all the sights that can afflict a humane spectator in a lunatic asylum, none is so wretched as that of the patients who are confined in the wooden boxes, or coercion-chairs, where they sit from morning till night—nay, we fear, from month to month. So revolting is this custom, that it is difficult to persuade one's self it can ever be indispensable. The experience of the Lincoln Asylum, and, more recently, that of Hanwell, with its eight hundred pauper lunatics, encourages a hope that there are few cases, or none, in which the uncleanly may not be brought to decent habits, and the epileptic guarded, and the furious controlled, by better methods. But to effect these ends, which no superintendant should rest satisfied until he has tried to effect, the keepers must be patient, and very watchful, and sufficiently numerous. We sincerely trust it may be found practicable to abolish from all asylums an invention which we are loath to believe a needful accessory. It is no part of our wish to reflect in such a manner on any parts of the practice in asylums as to give offence to those whose days are devoted to the severe duties of such places; but it behoves them well to consider what might be done by a more liberal system, as regarded the keepers under them, and to appeal to the governing bodies for assistance towards improvements, which every man of humanity must wish for. There is no passage in the appendix to Mr Hill's lecture which we have read with more pleasure than the following:—'Ordered, that the chairs used formerly for the double purpose of night-chairs and restraint (long fallen into disuse) be worked up.' This working-up, and the formal destruction of iron hobbles and handcuffs, and even of strait-waistcoats, which we notice from time to time in the minutes, constitute triumphs in which we earnestly hope it may be found possible for all superintendants to share.

One of the items of recent expense, and which became a subject of comment and censure in a large asylum in the neighbourhood of London, was, 'For six deal restraint-chairs, L.30.' The asylum had previously thirty-five. At the present moment there is not one in use in the whole of the institution. Two hundred pounds worth of restraint-chairs is thus thrown away. But the poor creatures who sat all day in those disgusting chairs may, it is said, be seen jumping about the wards like liberated children; not yet sure, when approached, that a blow is not coming, and yet shrinking with such expectation, and deprecating the expected cruelty in simple, but in touching words; but gradually acquiring confidence, and regaining the almost lost traces of humanity."

THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORRISTON.

[In the extraordinary history of the wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden, it is a part of peculiar interest, in which he is described as being succoured and faithfully protected for several weeks by a band of robbers. The civilised man of the present day is astonished to consider that, at the time when Sir Robert Walpole, speaking from his experiences amongst English gentlemen, declared every man to have his price, seven outlaws were found in the wilds of Inverness-shire, who had virtue enough to resist a bribe of thirty thousand pounds. Remarkable as this part of the history is, it is that which has been perhaps most obscurely related; a result probably of the difficulty which must have been experienced by contemporary writers, in obtaining proper information. The defect is remedied in a new and much enlarged edition, which is about to appear, of the History of the Rebellion, originally contributed by Mr R. Chambers to Constable's Miscellany in 1827. In that work, as now extended, the history of the Prince amongst the Glenmorriston men is almost entirely new matter, derived from the written reports of conversations held in 1751 with one of the men, these reports having been framed by the Rev. R. Forbes, Scottish Episcopal minister at Leith, whose manuscripts are now in the possession of Mr Chambers. We present this part of the work, both on account of its own apparent interest, and as a specimen of what the History of the Rebellion will be in its new form. The work is to appear in connection with the series of publications entitled "PEOPLE'S EDITIONS."

It must be premised that, towards the close of July (1746), after more than three months of incredible hardship, Charles found himself amongst the hills between Glenmorriston and Strathglass, in Inverness-shire. He was attended by two or three faithful adherents, to whom he had recently confided himself, the principal being Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had been a major in his army. Late in the evening of the 28th, they reached the highest, and consequently safest point amongst the hills, where, though drenched with rain, the prince could get no better lodging than a small chink in a rock, which gave him scarcely room to stretch himself, and where he had no fire, no food, and not the slightest comfort of any kind but a pipe of tobacco. At this time a great quantity of troops were quartered at Fort Augustus, in the centre of the county, and large parties daily scoured the glens, to lay waste the property of the disaffected, and use their best endeavours to capture the prince. The Duke of Cumberland had given them the significant order, with a view to the stability of his father's dynasty, "to make no prisoners."]

CHARLES had scarcely at any former period been in greater danger than now, and at no former time were his personal sufferings so great. It chanced that, a day or two before, there had been added to his party a Glengarry man, who had fled from the soldiery for his life, after they had put his father to death. This particular act of cruelty, by sending the Glengarry man in the way of the prince, had an effect very different from what the soldiery could have contemplated, for it was the means of his being introduced to the seven Glenmorriston men, who protected him effectually for the ensuing three weeks. At three in the morning of the 29th, the Glengarry man went with Glenaladale's brother to find out these men, and to negotiate for their receiving the distressed party under their care, but without the name of the prince being mentioned. It was also Charles's wish by their means to make inquiry respecting a French vessel which he understood had come to Pollew, on the west coast of Ross-shire, in order to carry him off. Some hours afterwards, by appointment, the party, including the prince, met the two messengers on the top of a neighbouring hill, to learn what success had attended the mission. The men had been found, and had agreed to take charge of the distressed party, the chief man of whom they understood to be Glenaladale. The party was to repair to a cave called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmorriston, where the men undertook to meet them before a particular hour. Charles accordingly set out for this place, attended by Glenaladale, the brother of that gentleman, a son of Macdonald of Borodale, the Glengarry man, and two boys.

The men who had promised to entertain the party were only in a modified sense "robbers." They had been out in the rebellion, and had consequently seen their little possessions in Glenmorriston become a prey to the spoiler. About seventy of their fellow dalesmen who had been induced to obey an order of the Duke of Cumberland, for surrendering their arms at Inverness, had been seized and thrust on ship-board, to be deported to the colonies. These men, determined not to be dealt with after the same manner, had entered into an association of offence and defence against the duke and his army, binding themselves by solemn oath never to yield, to fight on any particular emergency to the last drop of their blood, and never till the day of their death to give up their arms. At first they were seven in number, namely, Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonell, *alias* Campbell; Alexander Macdonell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Gregor Macgregor. Afterwards, in the course of their marches with the prince, an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, joined them, and took their oath. They lived at this time a wild life amongst the mountains, supplying themselves with necessaries chiefly by bold attacks upon the military parties, from whom they often retrieved cattle and other spoil.

It was into the hands of such men that the fugitive prince was now to pass. At the appointed time, he and his friends approached the cave of Coiraghoth, where only three of the men at this time were, namely, the two Macdonells and Alexander Chisholm. Glenaladale went forward to converse with them, and hinted that he had young Clanranald in his company. They professed that they would be very glad to see young Clanranald, and take all possible care of him. They were then brought out to meet the party; but they had no sooner set eyes upon the person who was to pass for young Clanranald, than they knew him to be the prince. He was received by them with the greatest demonstrations of fidelity and kindness, and conducted to their cave, where, at Charles's request, they took an oath, administered by Glenaladale, in the dreadful terms then customary amongst the Highlanders—"that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." This oath they kept so well, that not one of them spoke of the prince having been in their company till a twelvemonth after he had sailed to France. Charles proposed that he and Glenaladale should take a like oath of fidelity to the men—namely, that, if danger should come, they should stand by one another to the last drop of their blood; but the men refused to take this pledge from the prince and Glenaladale.

Charles now broke a fast of about forty-eight hours, by a refreshment of mutton, butter, and cheese, with some whisky. Next day, the other four, who had been absent in search of provisions, returned with a dead deer and a live ox. These men also knew the prince at first sight, and took the same oath with the rest. They killed the ox in his presence. They still wanted bread, and only had a little salt; but fresh water was supplied to them in abundance by a spring which glided through the cave.

When the four men had taken the oath, Charles told the whole seven that they were the first privy council he had had sworn to him since the battle of Culloden, and that he should never forget them or theirs, "if ever he came to his own." Hereupon one of them hinted to him, that a priest who used to come amongst them in Glenmorriston, frequently had told them that King Charles II., after his restoration, was not very mindful of his friends. Their guest said he was heartily sorry for that, and hoped he should act differently—for this he gave them his word, the word of a prince.

Three days of repose and good nourishment in Coiraghoth recruited the prince considerably, and, being afraid to stay too long in any one place, he and his attendants shifted their quarters (August 2) to another and equally romantic cave about two miles off, named Coirakreaoch. Here, after taking some food, and planting sentries at proper points of outlook, they made up a bed of heath for the prince in a small recess resembling a closet opening from the cave. He remained in this cave four days; when, hearing that one Campbell, a captain of militia, and factor to the Earl of Seaforth [a nobleman who had taken the government side], was encamped within four miles of him, he thought proper to remove. On the evening of the 6th, he and his attendants set out in a northerly direction, and by break of day on the 7th they had passed the height of the country, and come in upon Strathglass, a district belonging to "the Chisholm."* In the evening, two of the men who had been left as scouts, brought intelligence that they need be in no apprehension from the factor Campbell for that night; and they then repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, or hut, where, after kindling a fire, and taking some refreshment, they prepared a bed for the prince, composed of sods, with the grass uppermost, on which he slept soundly the whole night.

He remained in this place two days. During that time, he dispatched a messenger to Pollew, to make inquiry respecting some French vessels which were said to have landed there in order to carry him away from Scotland. That he might be ready to take advantage of these vessels, if it should be found that they had not sailed, he resolved to draw somewhat nearer to the west coast. His messenger, before setting out, had been appointed to bring him intelligence to a particular place, judged convenient for the purpose. Early in the morning of the 9th, he and his friends and attendants, about a dozen persons in all, set out to the northward by an unfrequented moor-road, and came that night to a sheiling, where they halted for a few hours. At two o'clock in the morning of the 10th, they once more addressed themselves to their journey, and at noon came to Glencannich, where they passed the remainder of the day in a wood, and at night repaired to a neighbouring hamlet. At two o'clock in the morning, they left this village, and climbed a hill called Peinachyrine, on the north side of Glencannich, where they passed the day, and sent off two of their party to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. This place, which is about forty Highland miles from Pollew, is the most northerly point which the prince reached on the mainland.† At night they repaired to a sheiling, in which they remained two days, waiting for the return of the messenger. At the end of that time, the man rejoined them, with intelligence that the only vessel which had ever touched at Pollew had sailed again, leaving a couple of men, who had set out for Locheil's country in quest of the prince. Anxious to know if these men had any dispatches for him, he resolved to return towards Locheil's country, in order, if possible, to meet them.

They set out at night (August 13), and recrossing the water of Cannich, and passing near young Chisholm's house, arrived about two in the morning at a place called Fassanacoill in Strathglass. Here it was thought proper to tarry, until scouts should bring back intelligence of the state of the country to the south, and if the search for him was over in that quarter, and the troops returned to Fort Augustus. While the scouts were absent, the party remained in a dense wood, completely concealed from the neighbouring people. They were supplied with provisions by one John Chisholm, a farmer, who had been in the insurgent army, but to whom they did not at first confide the secret of the prince being of the party. Charles having at length expressed a wish to see Chisholm, Patrick Grant and another were dispatched to bring him. They desired him to come along with them,

* The chief of this small clan, whose residence is at Erchless Castle in Strathglass, is so styled in the Highlands.

† So says Patrick Grant, in his report to our authority, the Rev. Robert Forbes of Leith. A cave is shown in Glenstrathfarrar, to the north of Glencannich, as having been used by the prince; but, if Grant be correct, the prince never was in Glenstrathfarrar, nor within the distance from it of seven miles.

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to see "a friend whom they knew he would like well to see." Apprehending from this that they had a person of some consequence with them, he said he had a bottle of wine which a priest had left with him, and he should be glad to take it along with him. "What! John," said Grant, "have you had a bottle of wine all this time, and not given it to us before?" On coming into the presence of the prince, John knew him at first sight. Patrick Grant, according to his own simple recital, put the bottle of wine into the prince's hands, and requested him to drink to him, "for," said he, "I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunk to me since you came among our hands." "Accordingly, the prince put the bottle of wine to his mouth, and drank a health to Patrick Grant and all friends. John Chisholm, having received good payment for any provisions he had furnished, and finding that they had been purchased for the use of his prince, immediately offered to return the whole price, and pressed the thing much; but the prince would not hear of it at all, and ordered him to keep the money." Chisholm took the same oath as the Glenmorriston men.

Some traits of the prince's personal condition and conduct while with the Glenmorriston men, as reported by Patrick Grant, may be appreciated by those who still regard with a feeling of melancholy interest the tale of the last Stuart. His clothes, which were of the Highland fashion, were coarse, tattered, and squalid, almost beyond description, and he constantly slept in them, seldom getting a clean shirt above once a fortnight. He suffered, from this, the *usual annoying consequences*. Notwithstanding this and other bodily afflictions, "he bore up under all his misfortunes with great resolution and cheerfulness, never murmuring or complaining of the hardness and severity of his condition." He was observed to make a practice of withdrawing himself every morning and evening to perform his devotions. "Glenaladale," said Patrick Grant, "was interpreter between the prince and us, and it was agreed upon that we should say nothing but what the prince should be made to understand, and that the prince should say nothing but what we likewise should be made to understand. By this means the prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenaladale to reprove us in his [the prince's] name; and at last the prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far that we gave that custom of swearing quite up." Patrick Grant stated that the prince walked so nimbly in the day time, that few persons could hold out with him; but he did not travel so well by night, when, being unaccustomed to the rough and boggy ground on the Highland hills, he was constantly getting himself immersed in some deep hole, from which his companions had to draw him out. All the time he was with the Glenmorriston men, his appetite was observed to be good. When the party were at their meals, they sat in a circle, each having his morsel on his knee. The prince would never allow them to keep off their bonnets when in his company—probably a precaution against his rank being detected, in the event of any hostile party approaching them before they were aware. He used to give directions about their homely cookery, and sometimes tended a roast himself.

It would appear that not exactly every thing said by the men was interpreted to the royal wanderer. After he had parted with them, and got into new hands, conversing about these faithful adherents, he spoke of one in particular as an uncommonly clever fellow, stating that the name this man bore among his companions was *Ho Sian*. In reality, this expression was *Aos Ian*, "Hark you, John," which they often had occasion to use to John Macdonell, perhaps the ablest of their number, and one to whose judgment they usually deferred in all important matters. It will amuse the reader to learn that Mr Forbes, with true Jacobite feeling, adopted the mistaken phrase of the prince, and advised Macdonell to assume it as his ordinary name, and hand it down to his children.

In due time, the spies returned with intelligence that the troops had returned to their camp at Fort Augustus, and that there was consequently a prospect of the prince being able to execute his design of crossing the Great Glen, and joining Locheil in Badenoch. They therefore set out at six in the morning of the 17th, and, travelling by an unfrequented road, at ten in the forenoon reached the braes of Glenmorriston. Having passed the day on the top of a hill, they set out at night, but had not travelled above a mile, when they learned that a strong military party had been sent to the braes of Glengarry, in quest of the prince. Upon this it was resolved to proceed no farther, until the motions of the enemy should be further known; and they repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, where they passed the remainder of the night. In the morning of the 18th, three men were sent off towards Loch Arkaig, in Locheil's country, two of whom were to seek out, and, if possible, form an appointment for the prince with Cameron of Clunes, while the other was to turn at Glengarry, and bring back intelligence of the movements of the party said to be in that district, so that Charles might perhaps be able to proceed even while the meeting with Clunes was in the way of being arranged.

We have here a remarkable anecdote of the prince, which may be best related in the language in which Mr Forbes has reported it from the mouth of Patrick Grant. When returned to Glenmorriston Braes, "The Prince was pretty positive to proceed forwards sooner than the Glenmorriston men thought it safe for him, and they would by no means allow him to go, till they should think it safe for him so to do. In a word, the kind contention ran so high, that they threatened to turn their backs upon him, and to leave him, if he did not listen to their counsel, as they knew the country best, and what dangers might happen to him in it; and immediately insisted upon his taking some little refreshment and rest, and staying there as long as they judged it safe for him. But the prince refused to eat or to drink, because they would not do as he desired. Upon this, they plainly told him, that if he did not eat and drink heartily, he could not well hold out with the fatigues he was obliged to undergo in his present situation; that if he should happen to turn faintish by abstaining from meat and drink too long, and then danger should come nigh them, he would not be in a condition either to get away from it, or to act his part in any shape so well as he would wish to do; and therefore they urged him more than ever (as being absolutely necessary for him) to take some refreshment and rest, which accordingly he did. The prince said, 'I find kings and princes must be ruled by their privy council, but I believe there is not in all the world a more absolute privy council than what I have at present,' &c. They added, they had rather tie him than comply with him, so well did they know his danger. The prince was at last obliged to yield the point, as he found them positive to the last degree, and as they assured him, if he complied with their requests in behalf of his safety, the enemy should not get within two miles of him without being discovered. This was the only time (said Patrick Grant) that we ever differed with the prince in any one thing, and we were very sorry for it." It is distressing to think that, on the very day when Charles was acting thus unreasonably with his humble but faithful followers on the braes of Glenmorriston, the brave Balmerino and the gentle Kilmarnock were laying down their lives in his cause on the ensanguined scaffold of Towerhill.

While the party rested at this place, Patrick Grant and Alexander Chisholm went out to forage for provisions, and in the course of their walk, met the Laird of Glenmorriston (Grant), who had been in the prince's army, and had had his house burnt and his lands pillaged in consequence. Glenmorriston asked them where they now lived, as they were seldom seen—what they were doing—and how did they obtain the means of subsistence. "What is become," said he, "of the prince? I have heard that he has passed the braes of Knoydart." Even to this gentleman, whom habit had trained them to regard with the greatest respect, they would not disclose any of their secrets, merely remarking that, as the enemy were plundering the country, it were a pity not to share in the spoil; and that they accordingly did so, and made a shift to live upon it. On their return to the prince, they informed him of this interview, and said that, if his royal highness pleased, they would bring Glenmorriston to see him, he being a faithful and trusty friend. "The prince said, he was so well pleased with his present guard, that he wanted none other; and that *he had experienced poor folks to be as faithful and firm, as any men, rich or high, could be.*"*

On the 19th, the man who was to bring intelligence from Glengarry came back, reporting that that district was clear of troops. The prince, therefore, with his party, now ten in number, set out in the afternoon, under the benefit of a fog, and passing through Glenmorriston and the minor vale of Glenluing, arrived late at night on the braes of Glengarry. When they came to the Garry water, it was found breast-deep with the rain; nevertheless, they crossed it in safety, and ascending the hill for about a mile, tarried there for the remainder of the night, in the open air, notwithstanding that it rained heavily. Early in the morning (August 20), the heavy rain still continuing, they advanced six Highland miles across hills and moors, and about ten in the forenoon came to the hill above Auchnasaul, where the two messengers had been appointed to meet them on their return from Cameron of Clunes. They passed the day in a most inconvenient habitation, "it raining as heavy within as without."† Towards the afternoon, after they had begun to despair of the return of their messengers, and were deliberating what should be done, the two men came in, bringing a message from Clunes to Glenaladale, to the effect that he could not wait upon him immediately, but had directed that the party should lodge for that night in a certain wood two miles off, where he would meet them in the morning.

Two of the men, Patrick Grant and Alexander Macdonell, were now dispatched to reconnoitre their proposed lodging-place, and finding it suitable, they quickly returned to bring forward the party. Their provisions were now reduced to half a peck of meal, and they had starvation staring them in the face. By the greatest good fortune, Patrick shot a large hart at the place where they were to pass the night; so that when the prince and the rest arrived, they had one of the finest meals they had as yet enjoyed.

Charles now fell under the care of other friends, and some days after dismissed all the Glenmorriston men except one, Patrick Grant, whom he kept for some time longer, and carried along with him, but only till he had got his purse replenished, so as to be able to send his preservers a pecuniary acknowledgment of their services. Grant returned to their haunt in Glenmorriston with twenty-four guineas, being at the rate of three guineas to each man.

[The Glenmorriston men remained for some time longer in arms against the government, but ultimately resumed their ordinary occupations. It has often been stated that one of them came to be hanged for stealing a cow; but this is a mistake, arising from a person of the same name as one of them having pretended to be the Glenmorriston man, in order to excite interest in his behalf, when condemned to that fate in 1754. Hugh Chisholm survived to 1812, and to the last day of his life would never allow any one to shake his *right* hand, that hand having been honoured with the royal gripe, on parting from Prince Charles.]

* Mr Forbes's report of conversations with Patrick Grant.
† Glenaladale's Journal.

WARM BATHS FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

On this subject there lately appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper, a letter by Dr Andrew Combe, which is here, with the valued permission of the writer, submitted to a wider circle of readers:—

"Sir, I was very glad to see a letter in your paper of Saturday, recommending the establishment of warm baths, at a cheap rate, for the use of the working-classes, and proposing, as the surest way of succeeding, that they should take up the matter for themselves. I sincerely hope that this excellent suggestion will be adopted, and that ere long the existing want will be supplied. The object of the present letter is, in some measure, to smooth the way, by offering a few remarks, and mentioning what has been done in other places.

That cheap and easy access to the use of the tepid or warm bath would be one of the greatest benefits which could be conferred on the working-classes, will be readily acknowledged by every one who has himself experienced its soothing and refreshing effects after the fatigues of a journey, or after the labours and cares of the day are over, and who has had occasion to remark the influence of personal cleanliness in the preservation of health, and in generating a feeling of self-respect, and consequently on moral conduct. When the exhausting nature of the occupations of many of the working-classes, and their limited command of the means of comfort and cleanliness, in the shape of ablution and change of clothes, are taken into account, it can scarcely excite surprise that they should so often result in a craving for support and excitement, which leads ultimately to intemperate indulgence in the use of spirits, beer, and tobacco, and by degrees also to permanent dissipation. The Temperance Societies have done much to mitigate this latter evil, by erecting an artificial barrier against it in the form of a vow; but unfortunately they have done little to remove the cause which leads to the abuse, and, consequently, have been far less successful in subduing the tendency than they might otherwise have been. From the known soothing and refreshing effects of the warm bath, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that its frequent use is, independently of its numerous other advantages, peculiarly calculated to supply the deficiency alluded to; and I feel assured that if a portion of the funds collected by the aid of these societies had been expended in erecting comfortable baths, accessible at a very small rate to the families of their members, they would have not only rendered the fulfilment of the vow far more easy and agreeable, by removing the temptation, but they would have conferred a return in positive enjoyment and moral comfort on *the wives and families* of the members, as well as on the members themselves, which could not have failed to ensure the hearty co-operation of all in widely extending their sphere of usefulness. In seeking the improvement of any class of society, whether high or low, it is not enough merely to lop off what is sinful or hurtful—we must endeavour to fill up the void with a positive good, otherwise the evil tendency will be apt to return in the hour of weakness, and resume its sway, strengthened by the consciousness of a now-broken resolution. For this reason, the Temperance Societies would do well to direct more of their attention to providing substitutes for the renounced indulgence, and to the use of tepid bathing as one of the safest and best of these substitutes. It will have the additional advantage of adding positively as well as negatively to health, and doing something to prevent the spread of fever and other epidemics among both rich and poor.

That there is a possibility of providing comfortable baths at a very cheap rate, seems to me proved by the fact, that in Paris, Brussels, and almost all the continental towns of any magnitude, in some of which, as in Paris, rents are very high and fuel very dear, baths are furnished in a style adapted for the middle classes at the rate of from eightpence to a shilling, and still yield such a profit to their proprietors as to induce them to keep up their establishments. In this country, consequently, where fuel is cheap, and rents, in many situations suitable for the purpose, are not high, and where moreover many manufactories have steam going to waste, it ought to be possible, by good management, to provide baths of a plain and comfortable kind for one-third or one-half of these prices, at least where the payers are themselves the proprietors, and look for no pecuniary profits. But to accomplish this most desirable end, a large number of persons must be interested, as the expense of providing ten baths per day would be nearly as heavy as for providing a hundred. It is from the very extensive use of baths on the continent that they are able to afford them at so low a rate. Brussels, for example, with a population not nearly equal to that of Edinburgh, possesses several bathing establishments, each containing from thirty to sixty baths; and from which a warm bath can be obtained in one's own house, at any hour of the night or day, without trouble or disturbance, for a sum not exceeding half a crown or three shillings. Every thing is provided and brought by the servants of the establishment on a spring cart at an hour's notice, and the whole carried away again without noise or confusion, and often to the unspeakable comfort of the traveller as well as of the invalid. So much is the use of the tepid bath considered as a matter of course on the continent, that few even of

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the smaller towns are without them, and nothing surprises foreigners more than the cost and difficulty of obtaining similar advantages in this country. At present I need not encroach farther on your columns, but, wishing the projectors every success, remain, Sir, &c.

P. S. It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned, that in several manufactories where the waste steam has already been applied to providing baths for the work-people, the privilege has been duly appreciated, and their use attended with the best effects."

EXTENSION OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PRINCIPLE OF EMIGRATION.

The principle of selling the unoccupied lands of new countries, and of employing the proceeds of the sale as an emigration fund, for the conveyance to those countries of the skilled labour of Europe, must be regarded as the most important practical improvement which has hitherto been made in the science of political economy. [Should this principle be carried out in reference to all the colonies belonging to Britain, as there is now some reason to expect, emigration will proceed upon a ratio of which hitherto we have had no experience; and it will not appear extravagant to predict that such an improvement on the present wretched mode of disposing of colonial lands will] confer upon the industrious classes of the United Kingdom a degree of prosperity equal to that which has hitherto been enjoyed by the same classes in the United States of North America. Why are wages and profits higher in the United States than in England? Simply, because these states possess, in their western forests, extensive tracts of fertile territory, affording an unlimited field of employment for capital and labour. But England possesses, in her colonies, tracts of fertile and unappropriated territory, scarcely less extensive than those possessed by the United States. Why, then, do not the people of the United Kingdom derive from their colonial wastes advantages similar to those which the people of the United States derive from their western forests? Simply, because the transfer of labour and capital from England to the colonies has hitherto been more difficult than the transfer of labour and capital from the eastern to the western states of the American Union. This impediment to the prosperity of the industrious classes in England will now be removed. During the last year, the emigration fund obtained by the sale of public land in the single and infant colony of South Australia, has amounted to nearly L.200,000; and if similar effects may be predicted from similar causes, the systematic application of the South Australian principle to the vast colonial possessions of the crown, may be expected to realise an emigration fund amounting to millions. The action of this fund will cause the population of the British colonies to increase as rapidly as the population of the western states of North America; whilst it offers a free passage to the colonies to every industrious family in the United Kingdom desirous of bettering their condition, and settling in countries in which wages are high, because land is comparatively abundant, and labour comparatively scarce.—*South Australian Record for January.*

THE LOST DAYS.

Bradley, astronomer-royal, had a considerable share in the assimilation of the British Calendar to that of other nations. Lord Chesterfield was the original promoter of this measure, which was carried in 1751. The following curious anecdote happily illustrates the presumption and ignorance of the mob of those days:—Lord Chesterfield took pains in the periodical journals of the day, to prepare the minds of the public for the change; but he found it much easier to prevail with the legislature, than to reconcile the great mass of the people to the abandonment of their inveterate habits. When Lord Macclesfield's son stood the great contested election for Oxfordshire, in 1754, one of the most vehement cries raised by the mob against him was, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of"—(the reader will recollect that Hogarth introduces this in his Election Feast); and several years after, when Bradley, worn down by his labours in the cause of science, was sinking under the disease which closed his mortal career, many of the common people attributed his sufferings to a judgment from heaven, for his having been instrumental in what they considered to have been so impious an undertaking.—*Edinburgh Review.*

AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.

What truth there may be in the following paragraph from a recent newspaper, we cannot say. There is much of it, however, which we suspect to have a strong general resemblance to circumstances of actual daily occurrence in literature:—"A person who signs himself 'Samuel Hardman,' and dates from 'King's-Road, Brighton,' has addressed a letter 'to the editors of newspapers in Brighton,' in which he 'begs leave to acquaint' them that he has 'lost two hundred and odd pounds by publishing' his 'Descriptive Poem of the Battle of Waterloo,' his 'Petition to the House of Commons, and a few other little things.' He gives the following details of his fruitless exertions to force a sale:—'When I published my "Descriptive Poem of the Battle of Waterloo," I paid three pounds to some of the daily papers, and not less than one pound to all the daily and weekly papers; and also one to all the monthly and quarterly reviews. I placarded the streets from Whitechapel Church to Hyde Park Corner, and so on all round London. I presented a copy to the Lord Mayor in the Mansion House; I had three men walking the streets with boards on their backs three weeks; I had my house in Kennington Lane, close to Vauxhall Gardens, placarded all over; they were acting the Battle of Waterloo in the gardens; and after all this enormous expense I only sold one sixpenny number, and my publisher, Mr Chappell, of the Royal Exchange, only sold seven numbers; so that we got four shillings between us, for me laying out upwards of one hundred pounds. I expended the same sum on my "Petition to the House of Commons," thinking that I should recover some part of my former loss; but, alas! I only sold seventeen sixpenny numbers of that potition. I have now only sold sixteen numbers of my five letters.'"

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

[It is our purpose, under this general head, occasionally to present specimens of the English Poets antecedent to the eighteenth century. We are partly induced to do so by a consideration that the present style of poetical composition is lamentably weak and mawkish, as far as it can be generally characterised at all, and that something may perhaps be done to the creation of a better taste by keeping in view the elder bards, who, though not without their faults, yet had many good qualities, as richness of language, nervous thought, and powerful metaphor. It is quite surprising, in looking into any tolerable selection of old English poetry, to find how much superior the matter generally is to the faint sentiment and eternally repeated ideas of modern versifiers.]

HYMN TO LIGHT.

By Cowley (1618-1667).

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come,
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
A thousand flowery lights, thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
Thy sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor midst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subject, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes, with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights remove out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
The choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster sprites, that did presume
A body's priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain anew their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment is the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dost,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd, thou dost the jewel fix,
And solid colours in it mix;
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are:
But few, ah! wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river dost thou glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes their possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heav'n does stay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

SALMON-FISHING ANECDOTE.

A tall, stout, young Campbell, from Glenorchy, celebrated for his success as a salmon fisher, left his native glen for the river Awe, which runs from the Loch of that name to Loch Etive, through a narrow ravine at the foot of the mighty Ben Cruachan. The bed of this river is stony, and in many parts the water is rapid and turbulent; but it subsides occasionally into deep pools, which are the favourite resorts of large fish. Our experienced Highlander reached a well-known deep of this description, with a strong eighteen-feet rod, and an immense wooden pirn, on which were wound eighty yards of strong line, and had only cast his fly a second time when he struck a fish. The fish ran out his line with such furious rapidity that he was obliged to follow with his utmost speed over rocks and stones, and frequently through the water also, for he soon found that he had no chance whatever of turning his fish until they should reach a broad deep pool, above a mile below him. At this haven he at length arrived, much exhausted with fatigue. Not so the fish, for he seemed to be as vigorous as ever; and the angler, on finding he had room to try his skill and the strength of his tackle, soon recovered his spirits, when, as if in derision of both, the fish, after a violent plunge or two, took to the bottom, and there remained immoveable, resisting every effort to rouse him. Suddenly, however, he again ran up the stream, carrying the Highlander after him through the same rugged route, to the imminent peril of life and limb, till he reached the pool where he was first struck. After a short struggle, in which the angler so far succeeded as to turn the fish down the stream, or rather submitted to be himself taken down, and that, as before, in no gentle fashion, they reached the deep pool once more, when, after a few fruitless efforts on the part of the Highlander, the fish again took to the bottom, where he lay in the most dogged sullenness, defying all the powers of his enemy to draw him from his retreat. Night was now coming on, and even our hardy angler was exhausted by his long contest; he therefore sat down between two rocks on the banks of the river, in a secure place, and determined to rest there till certain fishermen arrived, as was their custom at break of day, from whom he might obtain assistance. He fixed his rod in security, and contrived that his pirn should give out the line freely, and then placed the line between his teeth, so that if the fish should leave the bottom, the running of the line might awaken him. In this situation he slept soundly till three in the morning, at which time the fishermen found him. The rod and line were undisturbed, and the fish still at the bottom, but the Highlander was now awake; and with the assistance of the friends in question, he soon succeeded, with their nets, in capturing this doughty fish, which proved to be a fine salmon, weighing seventy-four pounds. The truth of the above anecdote was vouched by several respectable Highlanders, at the inn of Port Sonachan.—*Hofland's British Angler's Manual.*

COURTSHIP AMONG THE PAWNEE INDIANS.

Suppose the young lady arrived at the age when the short usurpation of Cupid is to be succeeded by the absolute monarchy of Hymen, the ceremony to be observed is (as far as I can learn) nearly as follows:—When the lover wishes to break the ice, he comes to her father's tent uninvited, and sits on the corner of the mat for a considerable time, then rises, and goes away without speaking. This is the preliminary step in courtship, answering perhaps to the first gentle pressure of the hand—the first blushing hesitation in address—the first mutual glance of understanding. But I am treading on dangerous ground, and must proceed no further with these drawing-room "preliminaries."

After a few days the young man returns, wearing his buffalo-robe with the hair outwards, and again sits down silent in the corner of the tent; this is a regular proposal; if the father is determined to reject him at once, no skin is placed for him to sit on, and no meat is offered to him; but if he approves of the match, these usual rites of hospitality are observed, and he tells the young man that he will give a feast to obtain the consent of all his daughter's connections, and advises him also to do the same by his relations; should both of these feasts terminate favourably, the young man presents himself once more before his bride at the door of her tent, then turns round and walks slowly off towards his own; she rises and follows him—the marriage is then complete. If she remain sitting, it is a sign that her family decline the match. As soon as he reaches home, he sends her father the marriage present, or, rather, the *purchase money for his wife* (indeed it is neither more nor less), the amount of which is already pretty well ascertained by the father-in-law, and which consists of horses, blankets, or robes, according to the wealth or respectability of the contracting parties.

The most extraordinary part of this matrimonial affair is, that, having married the elder sister, he has a right to marry all the younger ones as they successively attain the proper age. Nor is this at all unusual; on the contrary, it is a common practice, as the husband thereby secures so many additional slaves, and can obtain so much more corn, dried meat, dressed skins, &c., all of which are the result of female labour. When the second sister becomes marriageable, or, rather, when it suits his fancy or convenience to take her, he sends her father a horse, or other proportionate present, and she comes over to his lodge; and so on with the other sisters. I have seen several chiefs who have in this manner married a whole family; the eldest wife being the greatest drudge, and the youngest being generally the favourite sultana, and, consequently, doing the least work.—*Travels in North America, by the Hon. C. A. Murray*, 1839.

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THINGS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAPPEN.

PROVISION against necessities which are sure, or at least very likely to occur, as against the burden of a young family, or the infirmities of old age, is so great and so respectable a duty, that the more prudent and well-meaning are sometimes found to carry providence of all kinds a little into excess. We then see the opposite folly, which President Jefferson used to remark upon, of an over-anxiety respecting "things that may or may not happen." The error, however, takes various forms. It sometimes consists in making a provision greater than is required for the necessity, supposing it should occur. Sometimes it consists in treating a very improbable occurrence as if it were certain, and thus taking a trouble almost sure to be found superfluous. Oftener, perhaps, it takes the shape of an anxiety to make sure of the provision within a very short space of time, when it is clear that a much larger space of time is necessary, and not less clear that a much larger space of time has been allowed for the purpose. In all this there is error, though of a kind which leans to the side of wisdom. We should be glad if we could, without risk of damage to those minds in which foresight is deficient, illustrate the faults of those in whom it is excessive, and a source of evil. We approach the task with a slight degree of fear, but yet would hope to be able in some measure to effect the good we have in view, without producing a corresponding amount of injury, or any at all, on the opposite side of the account.

In one of the most common and also most important occasions for the exercise of forethought, the forming of a matrimonial union, there is generally rather a short-coming of prudence than an excess. We have therefore nothing to remark on this point, except that we wish that fewer ill-provided marriages were effected. There are, however, conspicuous traces, in the English commercial class particularly, of over anxiety as to the remote provision of a family. Men toil at their professions with an eagerness and a degree of application ruinous to their own health, for the avowed purpose of ensuring the ultimate comfort of their children. The self-sacrifice is dictated by more than one good and laudable principle; but it is in many cases unreasonable, and calls rather for reproof than praise. It is quite proper that every fair exertion should be made for children during the time when they are helpless and dependent; but when the object is to render children, in their mature days, independent of the toils which are now wearing out the very vitals of their parents, the self-sacrifice is not only unreasonable, but highly culpable. One generation may thus be said to undertake the labours of two; one man tasks himself with the duty of many; than which nothing could be more inequitable. He is apt, besides, to defeat the very end he had in view, by exhausting himself in the middle of his days, and leaving his family dependent at a time when they ought not to be so. Clearly, his reasonable course is to toil more at leisure, with no other immediate view than to rear his children decently in the style of his own rank, till they shall be able to provide for themselves, though not without a hope of being ultimately able, by the improvement of his circumstances, to do more for them. By this leisurely method, the superior object is even more likely to be attained than by the other, for though he advances slowly, he probably advances surely, and, retaining health and strength, is longer able to exert himself in behalf of his children. It is, however, extremely questionable if these ultra exertions of one generation in the cause of another, are, in any great proportion of instances, of real benefit to the second party. That second party is perhaps only rendered by them slothful and luxurious, or at least easy and inenergetic, without being after all secured by them from want. Better it were for each generation in that rank of life in a great measure to depend upon, and only contemplate providing for, itself.

Provision against old age—the night that cometh when no man may work—is another of the more common occasions for the exercise of forethought. An infirm old age is a contingency to which all are liable, and it ought therefore, if men are to be self-dependent at all, to be provided for. How often, however, do we see disproportioned exertions even for this respectable object! With many it is looked forward to as an awful time, sure to occur, and sure to be attended with tremendous evils. Thus unduly fearful of the event, they make such excessive exertions to alleviate its woes, as at the least deprive them of all enjoyment of the present, and perhaps cut them off in the middle of their days. A recently deceased friend of ours was one of those who are unduly anxious about the future, to the neglect of the present. In his case, all the pleasures and recreations appropriate to adolescence and middle life were postponed for after-fruition; but unfortunately the beatific future, the tranquil haven of quiet enjoyment, which he had all along contemplated, he did not live to reach. Worn out by application to business, he fell a premature victim to loss of appetite and general exhaustion, leaving his vast pecuniary gatherings to a brother who had already more than enough, who was more sordid than himself, and with whom, during life, he had kept up barely a friendly, certainly not a fraternal intercourse. This man was never married; he had never had any to provide for but himself. So inordinate a provision for comforts which a single person at any age can obtain for a small annual sum, seems preposterous. If any are exempt from the obligation to get rich, it is surely the class of bachelors, and their co-ordinates of the female sex. If they live to be old, their surviving friends are probably few in number, and it is impossible they can have any save distant relations. Therefore, if they make a moderate provision for the probable duration of their own lives, they may be said to have done all that a regard to their happiness, and all that society, can fairly demand of them. Nevertheless, it is very often in this class that we find the most glaring instances of a disproportioned anxiety about the future.

With regard to old age, there is one important feature of the case which is too little considered. It is generally contemplated as a certainty, while in reality it is only a contingency. Out of twenty men of thirty years of age, it is certain that only some smaller number will reach sixty. No one knows, of course, that he is not to be one of those who will reach sixty, and it may be said that all are therefore bound in prudence to provide against old age. But if all do so, it is certain that some will have done it in vain, and that the provision will prove useless for this end. Here is a loss to be avoided. It is to be avoided in advanced communities by mutual assurance, in the form of deferred annuities—a plan under which each pays only so much as will serve, in the whole, to provide for those who really do reach old age. It is well, of course, when any one can, by reasonable exertion, provide himself abundantly against the infirmities of advanced life, without resorting to this expedient; but, supposing this to be impossible, it is of importance to be aware that the principle of the deferred annuity spares the necessity of contemplating age as a thing which must be provided for whether it is to occur or not, and which enables every man to make sufficient provision for it only in its limited and real character, as a contingency.

The difficulty of convincing any man at any time that he has enough, is common matter of remark; and it might almost appear visionary to entertain even a hope of producing this conviction in a single instance, much more so in a whole nation. The subject, nevertheless, seems to us capable of being considered in a point of view calculated to awaken, in many, a train of thought leading to this end. We would wish to take out of the scramble of life some who have no longer any just pretext for continuing in it, not only that more room might be afforded for those who really have reason to toil, but also to add to the number of that enviable class whose chief business is to enjoy and exemplify the art of enjoyment. It is not in cookery only, which administers to the physical appetites, that Udes and Glasses and Kitcheners are requisite, but there is a gastronomy in manners and living that requires to be cultivated. We are too little of epicures, not in the sensual, but the intellectual sense of that neglected branch of ancient philosophy. Political economy is the queen of social sciences no doubt, but some of her dogmas are more applicable to colonies and infant states than to old communities. There is in nations, as in individuals, a varying regimen suited to the different stages of their existence. In our case, the error seems to be in the thirst of accumulation; in our eagerness to amass, we overlook the end and aim of amassing, namely, distribution and conversion. We live as though we were merely the handmaids of the future, not the masters of the present; the pioneers whose sole business is to drain marshes and level obstructions for the convenience of ensuing generations. In this respect it might be well if we were, as the jockeys say, to "pull up," to inquire into the end contemplated in our Herculean labours, self-denials, and mortifications.

If youth be the season for exertion, it ought not to be forgotten that it is also the season for enjoyment. To make hay while the sun shines, is a good maxim in husbandry, and, doubtless, a good rule in conduct; but it means no more than that favourable opportunities ought not to be lost, whether for present indulgences or in providing for future ones. Some of the most notable examples of miscalculating providence are to be found in professional and commercial occupations. Of divinity and medicine little is to be remarked; in these pursuits success is frequently more a matter of grace and favour than of service and desert: but law is a real trial of strength. It is hardly possible that any, save the deserving, can win the legal prizes. Great natural gifts, improved and reinforced by laborious cultivation, are indispensable. A youth of severe study, a middle life of toil, and a premature old age of decay and lassitude, mostly form a transcript of the successful brief-monger's biography. And what are the rewards of his sacrifices and exertions? Wealth, perhaps, is certain; but the honours—the bench, the seals, and a coronet—which are the tempting baits, can be clutched by few of the struggling crowd of aspirants to these distinctions. It is said of lawyers that they have no pedigrees, and it is certainly as true that the more distinguished among them have rarely any descendants. They acquire money and titles, but seldom surround themselves with the more precious treasures of the affections. This was the fate of Dunning, Wedderburne, Thurlow, Stowell, and some others.

In the pursuits of commerce, abortive efforts of toil and anxiety are more common than at the bar. Here the sole aim is riches, and it is really enough to make angels weep, and laugh too—for the cases are ludicrous

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as well as pitiable—to witness the miserable ends in which the blind heaping up of wealth not unusually terminates. A life spent in the drudgery of the counting-house, warehouse, or factory, is exchanged for the dignified ease of a suburban villa; but what a joyless seclusion it mostly proves! Retirement has been postponed until all the faculties of enjoyment have become effete or paralysed. *Sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, *sans* taste, *sans* every thing, scarcely any inlet or pulsation remains for old, much less new pleasures and associations. Nature is not to be won by such superannuated suitors; she is not intelligible to them, and the language of fields and woods, of murmuring brooks, mountain tops, and tumbling torrents, cannot be understood by men familiar only with the noises of crowded streets, loaded vans, bustling taverns, and postmen's knocks. London and the chief provincial towns are environed with luckless pyrites of this description, who, dropped from their accustomed sphere, become lumps of dross in a new element. Happily their race is mostly short; death kindly comes to terminate their weariness, and, like plants too late transplanted, they perish from the sudden change in long-established habits, air, and diet.

We once more entreat our readers to believe, that in these intimations it is not meant to disparage industry, application, or ambition. All that is intended is to caution against the folly of being so absorbed in the means that the ends of exertion are forgotten. There is a laudable temperance in the acquisition of riches and honours, as well as in the use of liquids and solids. Above all, Mr Jefferson's observation on over-anxiety regarding prospective calamities merits consideration. Some always meet evils half way, and live under constant apprehension of rain or foul weather, of disease or poverty, political revolutions and national bankruptcy. Sufficient for the day are the evils thereof. Let us wait—at least till the symptoms are certain and definite. Apprehended misfortunes may not come at all, or come in a shape much less appalling than that anticipated. A path will doubtless open as we advance, and, as the horizon recedes to the traveller, difficulties will disappear, or become less in the reality than the imagination had conceived.

A STORY OF THE ORLEANS REGENCY.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., when the government of France was entrusted to the Regent Orleans,* a young Breton gentleman named Montlouis, the descendant of an ancient but decayed family, came to Paris on receiving a commission in the guards of the young king. For some time he performed his duties without any thing occurring to render his career of marked interest. One evening, however, in the month of November 1726, while he was walking along one of the streets leading to the Louvre, wrapped closely up in his cloak to defend him from the severity of the weather, and with his hand upon his sword hilt by way of precaution, he felt his arm grasped suddenly by a passing stranger, and heard the whispered salutation, "You are here, George, punctual to the hour. Follow me." The Christian name of Montlouis was Pierre, and he therefore saw at once that the stranger had made a mistake; but the natural thoughtlessness and adventurous spirit of youth led him to form an instantaneous resolution of following the stranger at his invitation. Accordingly, without another word passing between them, the pair moved onwards along the street Saint-Honoré, and after a walk of about five minutes, came to an open alley, where the stranger stopped for an instant, and, merely remarking, "This is the place," turned down the passage. A sort of dark avenue was then crossed, and finally M. Montlouis was led by his guide down several steps, which conducted them into a dark apartment, or rather a cave, as the young officer thought. Though he could see no one, Montlouis was not long in discovering that he was in the midst of a pretty large assemblage of persons. He heard their whispers, and felt, from the heated atmosphere of the place, that many persons were breathing in it. In a few moments, moreover, his presence seemed to have been announced, for many individuals came up and grasped his hand, uttering friendly salutations at the same time in low and indistinct tones.

It may be imagined that the guardsman, who well knew the dangers of the times, was by no means satisfied with the result, as far as it had appeared, of his adventure. His first impression was, that he was in the presence of a band of robbers. But this suspicion was speedily removed. Some individuals of the party began noiselessly to light a number of candles, at the completion of which operation M. Montlouis was enabled distinctly to see the whole scene before him. The apartment was indeed a cave, a long cave, at one end of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place, Montlouis heard the sobs and moanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapt in long cloaks, similar to that worn by the young guardsman, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of grave and sombre aspect.

Montlouis covered his face as much as possible, and kept back from view, in the hope that no one would observe the error which had been committed. After a time, a man of about fifty years of age, reverend in appearance, and having long hair falling upon his shoulders, came forward, and stood beside a dark object in the centre of the assemblage, which was covered with dark cloth, being evidently a bier or coffin. "My friends," said this person, "I think we are all present. Peace be with you." As these words were uttered, one of the party, an attendant seemingly, went to the door by which Montlouis had entered, and locked it. "Now," thought the officer, who began to see clearly the nature of the meeting upon which he had intruded himself so rashly, "now I cannot retreat if discovered, and may pay dearly for my folly." He had not much time to indulge these meditations. The former speaker continued his address. "My brethren," said he, "let us now offer up our prayers for our friend Bertrand de Brunen, who has quitted this vale of tears, and whose virtuous daughter, our beloved sister, entreats" ——

At this point, one of the attendants advanced to the clergyman, for such he evidently was, and whispered a few words in his ear. Instantly he turned his eyes upon Montlouis, with a degree of evident surprise and alarm. He attempted indeed to continue his address, but his voice faltered, and his thoughts were obviously occupied with another subject. The confusion of the pastor soon extended to the whole assembly. They separated from Montlouis, and stared on him with an expression at once of menace and dismay. Seeing this, the officer resolved to disclose the truth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am no spy. I give you my word of honour, I am not." But there was no change in the looks of the party. "I am Monsieur de Montlouis," continued the guardsman, who, himself trained to respect his family name, believed that to others also it must convey an assurance of unblemished honour in the bearer.

What would have been the issue of this matter, it is hard to say. But just as Montlouis was repeating his assertion, a noise was heard, and from behind the black veil already mentioned, a young female hastily issued. "Extinguish the lights," cried she in tones of alarm; "we are in danger!" Montlouis was much struck by the face and figure of this lady. Before her request could be obeyed by these present, the noise increased, loud knocks resounded on the outer door of the cave, and a voice exclaimed from without, "Open, in the name of the king!" On hearing this summons, a general exclamation of "we are betrayed!" came from the lips of the persons present, and, snatching up the bier, most of them disappeared by a low passage which had been previously unnoticed by Montlouis. Scarcely had they effected their escape, when the outer door gave way before the strokes of its assailants, and the room or cave was instantly filled with men wearing the dress of the civil force. At this moment, Montlouis and the young female spoken of were almost the only parties present. One of the intruders, a person who seemed to be their leader, advanced with his sword in his hand to the female, and, touching her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "I arrest you in the king's name!" Then, turning to those who accompanied him, he said, "This is Mademoiselle de Brunen; take her in charge. Fear nothing," he continued, addressing her; "no outrage will be permitted; we have an order from the king to conduct you to the convent of ——."

Mademoiselle de Brunen took a close and agitated survey of the man who addressed her, and then, starting back as from a noxious reptile, she exclaimed, "Begone! touch me not! I know you, wretch," she continued; "you are no servant of the king. Help, friends! leave me not; let me not fall into this man's hands!"

The person of whom she spoke laid hands upon her, nevertheless, to drag her away, and no one would probably have interfered, had not her imploring looks, her youth, and her beauty, stirred the pity of Montlouis. "Let go the lady," cried he, unsheathing his sword, "or, whoever you may be, you shall have to answer to me." No reply was made by the other, who continued his attempts to carry off the lady, until forcibly thrown aside by Montlouis. Before any one could interfere, an active combat had commenced between the pair. Rapid passes were exchanged, and at length Montlouis laid his antagonist at his feet. In an instant afterwards the lights were extinguished, and the young guardsman found himself dragged backwards by unseen arms into the private passage by which the party had previously disappeared. A gentle voice whispered in his ear, "Follow me," and he felt the hand of Mademoiselle Brunen grasp his own, and lead him onwards through the darkness. When they stopped, Montlouis looked around him, and found that they had issued into one of the streets of Paris.

Several coaches stood at the spot. Mademoiselle de Brunen left him, and entered one of the vehicles, but immediately afterwards a person came up to the officer and said, "If Monsieur de Montlouis will do Mademoiselle de Brunen the honour of assisting in the completion of the sad ceremony which has been disturbed, she will feel gratified." He at once assented, and was conducted to one of the vehicles. "Forward!" cried a voice, and the whole of the carriages started at a rapid pace along the streets. After passing the barriers of the city, the travellers continued their route for a considerable distance, until they reached a lonely house surrounded by lofty walls. Here the carriages stopped, and the whole party left them. The bier was conveyed silently through the house into a garden, where a grave was found ready prepared. Rapidly and silently the ceremony of interment was gone through, and then, with mournful farewell signs, the whole assemblage separated, each apparently taking his own way.

M. de Montlouis stood in the mean time a little apart. At the close of the funeral rite, he was left alone with Mademoiselle Brunen. She came up to him, her eyes filled with tears. For a few minutes both were silent. "You have saved my life and honour, sir," said she at length, "but, I fear, at the cost, or at least the imminent risk, of your own." "Speak not of it, lady," said Montlouis. "You have been witness to an assemblage," continued she, "of our persecuted Protestant brethren," who, at great peril to themselves, have dared to perform the last rites to my father, though he was a victim marked out by Cardinal Dubois and his creatures. I know not how you came among us; but you have saved me from the power of one who, under the pretext of converting me, had previously endeavoured to tempt me to ruin. Whether he had the regent's authority for his late attempt, I cannot say, but I know well that he is one whose death will not be left unavenged by Dubois. You are lost, utterly lost, and I have been the unhappy cause!"

Montlouis endeavoured to assure her of the causeless nature of her fears, but he failed to make his argument good. "There is one way," said the lady, hesitatingly, "there is—there appears to me but one way in which you may be saved." The young officer conjectured the cause of her hesitation. "Dear lady," said he, "fortune appears to have thrown us strangely together, and to have united our fates at one decisive blow. But, believe me, if, to relieve us from this extremity, it be necessary to take steps which might appear improper at another moment, believe me, I will not presume upon them." "You partly comprehend me," said Mademoiselle de Brunen, "but I will speak plainly. It would be folly, as well as base ingratitude, to permit the indulgence of childish feelings at the cost of your life. I have passports for myself and servants to go to Holland. I have friends there. You must fly with me; it is our duty to recompense you for all you have lost by me. You will find an asylum there." After a pause, she added, with a tremulous voice, "You must fly! If not, I too will remain, for I could not live after having destroyed you!"

Need we tell the reader the issue? M. Montlouis fled to Holland. A short time after these events, he was hung in effigy by the Cardinal Dubois's orders in Paris, but he was consoled for it by the attentions of a lovely wife and kind friends in a foreign land.

SWAINSON'S WORK ON THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.†

The common sense of mankind has often solved problems that have perplexed philosophers. Every body knows what he means by instinct as distinguished from reason; it is only when he comes to explain the difference, and to define the limits between them, that he experiences a difficulty. The obvious cause is, that language is not capable of expressing the minuter shades of thought; we often see things very clearly ourselves, which we are not able to explain to others. The tints of an unusual flower, the notes of a newly discovered bird, the taste of a strange fruit, or the fragrance of a new perfume, cannot be adequately described by words; and the difficulty is increased the more the novelties resemble things with which we are familiar. We may say in the words of Dryden, slightly altered,

> Instinct to Reason runs in near allied,
> And their partitions do their bounds divide.

There are many actions performed by animals so similar to those of men, in forethought, contrivance, and the adaptation of means to an end, that naturalists find themselves unable to tell where instinct ends, and where reason begins. As in the cases we have cited, of sight, sound, and smell, one single example or experiment is worth whole volumes of disquisition, so in the subject of instinct the authenticated facts of animal life are far more valuable than dissertation, we shall at once proceed to lay before our readers the most important elucidations of animal life, collected by Mr Swainson, omitting, for the present, any notice of the various theories by which the appearances have been explained.

Memory is notoriously an attribute of animals, and in the common cases of dogs, elephants, and other domesticated animals, we know that memory generates personal attachment, and if not gratitude, something so very like it, that it is not easy to point out the distinction. Stedman, a traveller whose general

* Orleans, though himself indifferent to religion, and disposed to tolerate the Huguenots or Protestants, allowed his ministers to keep up all the rigour against that party which had so infamously marked the preceding reign.

† On the Habits and Instincts of Animals. By W. Swainson, A. C. G. (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. xxx.) London, Longman and Company.

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accuracy Mr Swainson has verified by visiting the same country, assures us that the bees at Swainson become personally acquainted with those who live about their nests :—

"On one occasion I was visited at my hut by a neighbouring gentleman, whom I conducted up my ladder; but he had no sooner entered my aërial dwelling, than he leaped down from the top to the ground, rousing like a madman with agony and pain, after which he instantly plunged his head into the river. I soon discovered the cause of his distress to be an enormous nest of wild bees, or *sassee-wassee*, in the thatch, directly above my head as I stood within my door, when I immediately took to my heels, as he had done, and ordered the slaves to demolish them without delay. A tar mop was now brought, and the devastation just going to commence, when an old negro stepped up, and offered to receive any punishment I should decree, if ever one of those bees should sting me in person. 'Massera,' said he, 'they would have stung you long ago, had you been a stranger to them; but, being your tenants, and allowed to build on your premises, they assuredly know both you and yours, and will never hurt either you or them.' I now, at his own desire, caused the old black man to be tied to a tree, and ordered my boy Quaco to ascend the ladder, quite naked, which he did, and was not stung. I then ventured to follow; and I declare, upon my honour, that, even after shaking the nest, which made its inhabitants buzz about my ears, not a single bee attempted to sting me. I next released and rewarded the negro for the discovery. This swarm of bees I afterwards kept unhurt as my body-guard. They have made many overseers take a desperate leap for my amusement, as I generally sent them up my ladder upon some frivolous message, when I wished to punish them for injustice and cruelty to the negroes, which was not seldom.

The same negro assured me, that on his master's estate was an ancient tree in which had been lodged, ever since he could remember, a society of birds, and another of bees, who lived in the greatest harmony together. But should any strange birds come to disturb or feed upon the bees, they were instantly repulsed by their feathered allies; and if strange bees dared to venture near the birds' nests, the native swarm attacked the invaders, and stung them to death. He added, that his master's family had so much respect for the above associates, that the tree was considered as sacred."

The senses of animals vary in acuteness; they are providentially adapted to the natural modes of obtaining existence. But it is not generally known that animals enjoy the pleasures of certain senses not less keenly than human beings. The fondness of the serpent for music has been celebrated and doubted from the earliest ages, but the snake-charmers of India have now verified the fact. Mr Swainson has himself proved that the lizards are eminent for their love of music :—

"The elegant little species commonly called the *Lacerta agilis*, although rare in Britain, is found in such abundance in the south of Europe, that hundreds on a fine sunny day may be seen in a single walk, basking on the stones and walls, or pursuing their search after insects. In Sicily and Malta they are particularly numerous, and very beautiful. The habit they have of turning the head on one side, and some vague recollection of a story in the *Arabian Nights* about an attentive lizard, first induced us to try what effect the humming of a song would have upon these creatures, and it was really most entertaining. The little reptile, instead of running away with its usual swiftness, would remain perfectly still, inclining its head on one side, as if to drink in every intonation. The softer and more plaintive was the tune, the more intense was the attention it evinced; and if a whistle was substituted for a hum, it would suffer itself to be approached so near, that any one unacquainted with its astonishing swiftness would fancy he could capture it with his hand. This curious fact, once discovered, often proved a source of much amusement. Often, after a long ramble spent in sketching or botanising, we used to repose in a shady spot among the rocks, and charm those pretty little creatures so successfully, that we have known them even to come out of their holes, and thus form a little audience. On such occasions they sometimes stand remarkably upright on their fore-legs, the hinder ones lying almost flat upon the ground; the same attitude they also assume when reconnoitring, but then the head is never turned on one side as if for the purpose of accurately hearing. The same experiments were frequently made upon the smaller lizards of Brazil, which more or less exhibited the same fondness for tunes."

In no part of natural history are mistakes more common than in what relates to the motions of animals. As we generally see them in one element, we are led to believe that they are confined to it. Indeed, "a fish out of water" has become quite a proverb. Mr Swainson has, however, collected some observations, which will require the aphorism to be received for the future with considerable limitations.

"To include walking on land and climbing up trees as among the actual motions of this class of animals [fishes], will no doubt surprise many of our readers; yet there are not wanting several fishes which perform these apparently unnatural feats. The frog fishes of the Asiatic islands and the southern hemisphere can not only live several days out of the water, but can crawl about the room in which they are confined; this latter facility originates from the great strength and the peculiar position of their pectoral fins, which thus perform the office of feet. The whole aspect of these grotesque-looking creatures, particularly in a walking position, is so much like that of toads or frogs, that a careless observer would at first be at some loss to determine their real nature. The generality of the fresh-water eels, although from not possessing ventral fins they are unable to walk, yet they are well known to quit the water at certain seasons, and make their way over the grass to other ponds, at no great distance, for the purpose of seeking fresh habitations or depositing their spawn. Nearly all the Indian *Ophiocephali* (fresh-water fishes, not unlike our sea mullet) crawl from tank to tank, or from ponds that are nearly dried up, to others which, by a wonderful and incomprehensible instinct, they seem to know to be full. Such an unusual circumstance as fish crawling on dry land, has naturally excited the superstitious Hindoos to believe that they fall from heaven. The *Perca scandens*, which belongs to the same natural tribe as the last (Spirobranchidæ, Sw.), quits the water, and ascends the roots and branches of the mangrove trees, an effort it accomplishes by using its ventral fins as little feet: it is not clear, however, what purpose it has particularly in view, in thus quitting an element it is obviously to inhabit; yet that these terrestrial expeditions are perfectly natural to them, is proved by the fact of the whole of this tribe having a particular organisation. By this a provision is made for retaining a sufficient quantity of water in the gills, in order to keep them in a state of moisture while the fish is out of water."

These motions are connected with the safety of the animal, but there are others indicating sport and enjoyment, which go far to rescue the account of "the butterfly's ball," which amused our childhood, from the regions of fable.

"Insects have also their notions of gaiety or sport: among these none seem to vie in their singularity with the choral dances which so many of the *Diptera* and some of the *Neuroptera* maintain in the air, in which, however, it has been observed that males alone are engaged.

"These dances are kept up at all seasons of the year, only that in winter they are confined to the robust *Tipulidæ* or gnats, which, however small, are often seen in a sunny day of December, when snow is on the ground, sporting as merrily as in the spring. Sometimes these insects look like moving columns, each individual rising and falling, in a vertical line, a certain space, and which will follow the passing traveller often intent upon other business, and all unconscious of his aërial companions for a considerable distance.' Mr Kirby further remarks, 'that the smallest *Tipulidæ* will fly unwetted in a heavy shower of rain, as I have often observed. How keen must be their sight, and how rapid their motions, to enable them to steer between drops bigger than their own bodies, which, if they fell upon them, must dash them to the ground!'

The little water beetles of the genus *Gyrinus*, so frequently seen on the surface of fresh-water ponds in a bright summer's day, are as joyous a race as their brethren the gnats. The rapidity with which they skim in undulatory circles is not less admirable than the precision with which they tread the mazes of the aquatic dance, so as never to encounter and seldom to touch each other. Their flattened and oar-shaped hind feet are peculiarly adapted for these exercises, and they continue their diversion for hours with unwearied gaiety."

The attitudes which insects assume to screen themselves from observation, are very remarkable. We shall quote a few of the less known instances.

"Many of the weevil beetles (*Circulesmides*), particularly those with short thick bodies, on the least appearance of danger gather themselves into a heap, bend their snout under the thorax, and fall to the ground from the plants on which they happen to be feeding. It is then vain to search for them, for the colours being perfectly matched to those of the ground, the keenest eye will be completely baffled. There is a genus of this family found in the sandy tracts of Africa and of Sicily, which, although large, is so exactly coloured like the sand, that few entomologists would distinguish the insect from the surrounding soil.

One of the most singular attitudes of this sort is that assumed by nearly all the entiform types of annulose animals, and by many of these in the vertebrated circle; it is that of rolling themselves up in a perfectly spherical ball, like the common wood-louse. In this attitude, the legs, and all the softer parts of the body on the under side, are entirely covered and defended by the hard crust which forms the upper surface of the animal. Other insects endeavour to protect themselves from danger by feigning death. The common dung chafer (*Geotrupis stercorarius*), when touched, or in fear, sets out its legs as stiff as if they were made of iron wire—which is their position when dead—and remain perfectly motionless. The tree chafers elevate their posterior legs into the air, probably with the same view; while the *Scarabeus cæsar*, and its allies, if our memory serves us right, pack their legs close to their bodies in the same manner as do the Byrrhii mentioned by Mr Kirby. The same author relates, from the scarce volumes of De Gier, the extraordinary perseverance with which the little beetle, named *Anobium pertinax* by Fabricius, persists in counterfeiting death. 'All that has been related of the heroic constancy of American savages, when taken and tortured by their enemies, scarcely comes up to that which these little creatures exhibit. You may maim them, pull them limb from limb, roast them alive over a slow fire, but you will not gain your end—not a joint will they move, nor show by the least symptom that they suffer pain.' Many *Tenthredinæ*, or saw-flies, pack their antennæ and legs close together; and every one has witnessed the same remarkable habit in the majority of spiders."

Societies and associations of animals are not always the result of blind impulse; jackals unite to hunt in packs; birds form flocks to migrate; and in both cases the union is voluntary, for the jackals and birds are often found singly. But there can be no doubt of the voluntary principle in associations formed for recreation, as in the case of rabbits, marmots, parrots, &c. The meetings of these animals for sport are adverted to by Mr Swainson; but we must pass on to notice a small finch-like bird called the *republican grosbeak*, found by the late Colonel Patterson in the interior of Africa, which actually combines with those of the same species to build aërial cities. Critics have long abused the old Greek comedian Aristophanes for his extravagant fiction of a city built in the air by the birds, but even his fiction is surpassed by the account of the winged republicans given by the colonel, which we extract in his own words.

"The method in which these birds fabricate their nests, is highly curious. In that of which I have given a plate, there could be no less than from eight hundred to a thousand residing under the same roof. I call it a roof, because it perfectly resembles that of a thatched house, and the ridge forms an angle so acute and so smooth, projecting over the entrance of the nest below, that it is impossible for any reptile to approach them. Their industry seems almost equal to that of the bee; throughout the day they appear to be busily employed in carrying a fine species of grass, which is the principal material they employ for the purpose of erecting this extraordinary work, as well as for additions and repairs. Though my short stay in the country was not sufficient to satisfy me by ocular proof that they added to their nest as they annually increased in numbers, still from the many trees which I have seen borne down by their weight, and others which I have observed with their boughs completely covered over, it would appear that this really was the case.

When the tree which is the support of this aërial is obliged to give way to the increase of weight, it is obvious they are no longer protected, and are under the necessity of rebuilding in other trees. One of these deserted nests I had the curiosity to break down so as to inform myself of its internal structure, and I found it equally ingenious with that of the external. There are many entrances, each of which forms a separate street, with nests on both sides, at about two inches distant from each other. The grass of which it is built is called the Boshman's grass, and I believe the seed of it to be their principal food, though on examining their nests I found the legs and wings of different insects. From every appearance, the nest which I dissected had been inhabited for many years, and some parts of it were much more complete than others. This, therefore, I conceive nearly to amount to a proof that they added to it at different times as they found necessary for the increase of the nation or community."

The grosbeaks associate for defence, but we find that the ants associate for war. This is too bad; war, so long deemed the proud prerogative of man, a luxury worthy of being purchased by everlasting debt, is enjoyed by the ants without any compensating burthen of taxation. They actually anticipated the most celebrated contrivance of Napoleon, for they dispense with a commissariat, and make the war pay its own expenses. The history of one of their battles is to the full as interesting as any bulletin ever issued by Napoleon, or any dispatch published in a London Gazette Extraordinary.

"Figure to yourself two or three of these ant cities, equal in size and population, and situated at about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires; the whole space which separates them for the space of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle: thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary.

The spot where the battle most rages, is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are lying dead covered with venom; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually: at first a pair of combatants seize each other, and rearing upon their hind legs, mutually squirt their acid; then closing, they fall, and wrestle in the dust: again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immoveable till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and pertinaciously struggling for the mastery: the equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arrive at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combat recommences.

At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored. In these engagements the combatants exhibit the greatest fury, being absorbed by one sole object, that of finding an enemy to attack. What is most wonderful in this history—though all are of the same make, colour, and scent—every ant seems to know those of its own party; and if by mistake one was attacked, it was immediately discovered by the assailant, and caresses succeeded blows.

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Though all was fury and carnage in the space between the two nests, on the other side the paths were full of ants going to and fro on the ordinary business of the society as in times of peace, and the whole formicary exhibited an appearance of order and tranquillity, except that on the quarter leading to the field of battle; crowds might always be seen either marching to reinforce the army of their compatriots, or returning home with the prisoners they had taken, which, it is to be feared, are the devoted victims to a cannibal feast."

We might extend our views to the systems of emigration and colonisation adopted by the ants, and show that, like higher animals, they evince a haughty disregard for the rights of the aborigines; but we have given sufficient instances to show that animals the most mean and contemptible in vulgar eyes are endowed with qualities which have every semblance of reason. It remains only to point out the important distinction, which is at once most obvious and most satisfactory: there is no progress and no improvement in animals; a limit is set to the exercise of their faculties; nature has said to each, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but man has received from his Creator an impulse to an advancement whose final goal is placed beyond our ken; continued improvement is the law of his existence; the perfection of the animal is attained in this present life, but man presses forward to a higher destiny, feeling that intellectually and morally there is something beyond, higher and better than any thing which he has yet attained; that the full developement of his powers is not possible in time, but demands eternity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY A. OPIE.

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURNE, BARON LOUGHBOROUGH AND EARL OF ROSSLYN.

As I have alluded to this nobleman in my recollections of Lady Rosslyn, the wife of his successor, I am inclined to follow up that allusion by some reminiscences of the judge himself. I find, in a slight sketch of his life, that he was born in Scotland in 1733, educated at the University of Edinburgh, and called to the Scotch bar in 1754.* The next year he was entered at the Inner Temple. He began his public career as member for Richmond in Yorkshire, was made Solicitor-General in 1771, Attorney-General in 1778, created Baron Loughborough in 1780, and then raised to the bench as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

This distinguished man soon paid the usual penalty exacted from the prosperous, as he became a mark for satire and detraction; and though he was reputed to have shown great mildness and moderation while he held the difficult and invidious office of Attorney-General, he was charged with being fond of *convicting capitally* when he became a judge. Whether this charge was true or not, I am not able to decide, but I trust that there are few judges of the present day who can be said with truth to *delight* in inflicting capital punishment. But the severest blow to his character was inflicted by Churchill in his poem of the Rosciad—as by

> "A pert, prim prater of the Northern race,
> *Guilt in his heart*, and famine in his face,"

he meant to designate Alexander Wedderburne. I conclude, that, when Attorney-General, he had been concerned in the prosecution of Wilkes, the friend of Churchill, and thence the bitter animosity which these lines portray. But whether the poet had just ground or not for thus attacking Lord Loughborough, I was particularly desirous to see him when I heard he was come to N—— to preside at our assizes, and with Churchill's portrait of him "in my mind's eye," I eagerly repaired to the Nisi Prius Court, to compare it with the original. But I saw neither "pertness," "primness," nor "famine," in the face before me. Of what "guilt" might lie in the heart of the accused, I could not judge; but now, when I daily see that even good men are led by political differences, and their result, personal hatred, to accuse and vilify their fellow creatures, I am inclined to hope that the guilt imputed to Lord Loughborough was the creature of the poet's rancorous revenge and his political dislike. However, I soon forgot Churchill's opinion in my eagerness to form my own of the interesting man I came to see; and I thought his appearance so singular, yet so distinguished, that he would have attracted and fixed my attention had I known nothing of his previous character.

I never saw a human face so much resembling a parrot as his was. The nose appeared to me like a beak, and the nostril was cut up like the beak of a parrot. The ball of the eye was very large and prominent, but the eyes themselves were so dark, bright, expressive, and intellectual, that I soon ceased to remember or notice any other of the features.

It was not long before I procured a seat on the bench beside the judge; and in the course of the morning I had the pleasure of hearing him converse, for Windham of Tulbrigg, who was then member for N——, came to pay his respects to him; and I was much gratified in remaking the flashing of their fine intelligent eyes, as, leaning across me, they talked together on interesting subjects.

This was a higher gratification to me than any thing I had as yet heard that morning; for it was always one of my greatest pleasures to see and hear Mr Windham, and now I was certainly hearing him to peculiar advantage. I was therefore sorry when he withdrew, and left the judge to resume his legal duties; but those duties soon became so interesting to me, that I had no remaining regret.

A young clergyman in the county had allowed passion, and a supposed sense of injury, to master him so completely, that in a public ball-room he pulled a gentleman by the nose; and the person assaulted was now about to seek legal reparation, and the moment was arrived. I was very attentive to what passed below me, but equally engaged in watching its effect on the speaking countenance of the judge, in which I fancied that I saw condemnation of the folly of bringing such an action. At length a witness was called to prove the assault. He was a tall, thin, sallow man, much respected in his neighbourhood, but he had a precise, slow, formal manner of speaking, very trying in a witness-box. However, the judge was patient, and evidently much diverted by the manner and matter of the witness. "But to the point, sir," cried the less patient examiner. "Did you see the assault or not?" "Yes, I did," he replied; "I was standing by the dance when Mr B—— drew near. He placed himself opposite to Mr L——, at perhaps twelve paces, or so, distant from him. He then put his hand to his head, and leaned his elbow on his other hand—*thus*. He seemed for some minutes, but I cannot say how many, absorbed in thought; I might say, in *intense thinking;* when, suddenly, he sprang forward, and pulled Mr L—— by the nose."

Universal laughter followed this testimony, which, though checked immediately by the call of silence, was renewed, when the judge, casting a satirical glance around, observed, in a loud voice, "The most singular result of *intense thinking* that I ever remember!" and the corner of his mouth still moved with internal laughter, even when he had resumed the listening attitude of the judge. In the meanwhile, I was delighted to find that a judge could *laugh*, in direct contradiction to the old saying "as grave as a judge." Little did I then foresee that in after years from that period, the same judge would have been led to excite as universal a laugh in the Court of Chancery, of which I was the *original cause*. Soon after these assizes he was made Lord Chancellor, and an application came before him, in which I was interested. A little ballad of mine, called "the Orphan Boy," which I had written for one composer, and therefore had made it his sole property, was set to music and published by another; and my friend applied to the Chancellor to grant an injunction, to forbid the rival composer from selling what he had set. The counsel for the contending parties had been warm and long in debate, when the Chancellor, assuming, I doubt not, the meaning satirical look which I had seen and *enjoyed* on another occasion, begged leave to ask whether it would not be better, and certainly it would be more amusing, if each composer was to sing his own song in court! This proposal excited a general burst of laughter; and as it was deemed an evidence that the judge was fatigued, it brought the business to a speedier decision, which was in favour of my friend, and the injunction was granted.

Soon after, Lord Loughborough was created Earl of Rosslyn, but his infirmities increased so rapidly, that he died suddenly of apoplexy in 1805, and was buried in St Paul's Cathedral.

As he was supposed by many to have been the author of the Letters of Junius, no mean opinion could have been entertained of his abilities, as it was a compliment to the *head* of any man to be supposed capable of writing so well, though it was any thing but a compliment to his heart. But I believe there is no tenable ground for supposing that he wrote these celebrated letters.

He certainly wrote, in 1793, a pamphlet on the state of prisons in England, and the means of *improving* them—a proof that he was anxious to mitigate the sufferings even of his *erring* fellow-creatures, and was therefore more deserving of esteem than if he had been the writer of a political work as much distinguished for bitterness of invective as for brilliancy of wit, and with this observation I shall conclude my recollections of the Earl of Rosslyn.

* ["He was rapidly gaining ground as a junior counsel, when an accident put a sudden stop to his practice in his native courts. He had gained the cause of a client in opposition to the celebrated Lockhart, when the defeated veteran, unable to conceal his chagrin, took occasion from something in the manner of Mr Wedderburne to call him 'a presumptuous boy.' The sarcastic severity of the young barrister's reply drew upon him so illiberal a rebuke from one of the judges, that he immediately unrobed, and, bowing to the court, declared that he would never more plead where he *was* subjected to insult, but would seek a wider field for his professional exertions. He accordingly removed to London, and enrolled himself a member of the Inner Temple."—*Scottish Biographical Dictionary.* It was Wedderburne who gave George III. the courageous advice to call in the troops for the suppression of the London riots of 1780.—ED.]

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

STORY OF AN OLD WIFIE—MERCANTILE INGENUITY—HOW CAPITAL IS FORMED.

What follows is an extract from a letter addressed by a lady, now residing in a large provincial town in Scotland, to her niece in Edinburgh, the latter being merely a child. Though intended only to amuse a little girl and her young companions, it seems to us calculated to give pleasure, and convey instruction, to a wider circle. The simple language of the original is retained, as the best that could be employed on the occasion:—

"Mr ——, who takes charge of the savings' bank here, was very much pleased with an old wifie, who came regularly every Saturday night and deposited a little sum. This careful decent wifie earned her bread by making *jib*, or what is sometimes called *black man*, but is here called *toffy*:* so her name was Toffy Betty. Well, Betty came regularly till she had fifty pounds in the bank, so that Mr —— was quite pleased with her, and one night he inquired how she contrived to save so much money. Betty told him that she made toffy, and sold it to the school-boys, and she always tried to save *a little* every week. At one time she got a rival in her business. Another woman, who saw that she was thriving in trade, opened a shop for jib just opposite to her; and she thought that she would have been ruined. But what do you think poor old Betty did? She bought a hobby-horse at a sale; and every boy who came to buy, got a ride upon the hobby-horse, and Betty's door was always crowded when the schools came out; and she made between four and five hundred pounds, and built a house, and now lives in it, and keeps a grocer's shop."

THE CHEAP POSTAGE.

A letter which one of the editors of this paper received from a gentleman who resides in the Highlands, soon after the commencement of the *fourpenny post*, contained the following passage:—"I quite enter into your feelings with regard to the great boon granted in the reduction of postage. It is a blessing which we can hardly conceive to the thousands who, till now, have been totally excluded from any intercourse with their distant friends. It is not at all unfrequent for the poor people in this country to ask for some means of '*buying a letter out of the post-office*,' which has been waiting there perhaps for weeks. The cost of a letter from England or elsewhere (one shilling or one and sixpence), from some of the friends of the labouring classes, has acted as an absolute prohibition of all intercourse between them." An illustration like this is fit to downweigh whole articles in wrong-headed reviews, written by gentlemen skilled to "make the worse appear the better reason."

WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL GOOD OF SCIENCE?

The common mind is little qualified to trace science to its results in the promotion of human happiness. In the following case, however, the benefit is so direct, that the simplest may comprehend:—

"On the occasion of a recent visit to the metropolis (Dublin), we had an opportunity of seeing and learning the particulars of one of those extraordinary proofs of the resources of medical, or rather surgical science, which, both in these countries and on the continent, have of late years surprised and gratified mankind, and which are among the best and noblest triumphs of the art. The case to which we refer is that of a child then, and probably still, in St Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green; and the particulars, as stated to us by a non-professional gentleman, by whom we were accompanied, and who had taken great interest in the case from the commencement, were as follow:—The wretched infant, the child of poor parents in the neighbourhood of Cabinteely, was the subject of one of those hideous malformations with which it occasionally pleases Providence to afflict and disfigure humanity, and which in the present case was what is usually termed 'pig's-face.' In this instance nature had failed to make either a front to the mouth or a bottom to the nose, and in the stead there projected a kind of proboscis or snout, like that of a pig, with two teeth pointing outwards from its end. The wretched child, as soon as it was able to make an effort to feed itself (for it never sucked), was in the habit of thrusting its arm, up to the elbow, into the hideous cavity in the lower part of the face, in order to place its food within the passage to the stomach. The feelings of aversion with which the miserable creature was regarded by their neighbours rendered the condition of the unfortunate parents most wretched, until at length the poor mother, sick of its constant presence and monstrous appearance, brought it to the hospital, declaring she would be quite resigned to the result of any operation, however hazardous to its life, if there were any chance of render-

* [A kind of tablet made by boiling treacle or coarse sugar.]

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ing its appearance less miserable and disgusting. The child was in consequence admitted into the hospital, where, under the most discouraging circumstances, an operation was planned and performed by its distinguished chief surgeon, Mr Ferrall. We are of course unable to give any professional detail of the proceeding, but, incredible as it may appear, all the natural deficiencies of feature were under this gentleman's skilful management supplied from the flesh of the adjacent parts, and the infant, at the time to which we refer, when it was little more than a year old, already exhibited the appearance of perfect health and of a well-formed face. When the child was first seen by the parents after the decided success of the operation, it would, as we were assured, be quite impossible to describe the excessive joy of the poor mother, as on her knees she presented to the anxious father the altered infant, now become a really well-looking and comely child. Such, we repeat, are among the best and noblest triumphs of the profession."—*Leinster Independent.*

THE ALEXANDRINE COLUMN OF ST PETERSBURGH.

THE Alexandrine Column, or monumental pillar erected by the Russian czar, Nicholas, in honour of his brother Alexander, is one of the most magnificent objects of its kind in modern times. Like the power and empire of Russia itself, the Alexandrine column is, in conception and execution, massive and colossal, and impressive to the mind and eye from mere material bulk. The various processes attending its erection form a very remarkable history, interesting from the difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen, which stood in the way, and which were successively overcome by the patience and skill of the architect and his assistants. The architect himself, M. de Montferrand, a Frenchman by birth, has left such a history behind him. We translate, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the most important passages in this narrative.

The Alexandrine Column is a monolithe, or formed of a single stone. It is a fine species of granite, capable of taking on a beautiful polish, and of a red colour, being also exceedingly durable. The column, which is circular, and sculptured, generally speaking, after the Doric style, measures twelve feet in its greatest diameter, and eighty-four feet in height. It is thus twelve feet higher than the obelisk of Luxor, one of the finest ancient erections of this character, and it weighs thrice as much as the same Egyptian pillar. The Alexandrine Column was cut from the quarries of Pytterlaxe, in the neighbourhood of St Petersburgh, in the year 1831. These quarries are situated no great way from the shores of the waters enveloping that region and the Russian capital. While the stone was in the course of being excavated, a vessel was also in preparation for the conveyance of its enormous mass from its native site to that chosen for it in St Petersburgh. This vessel was broad and flat-bottomed, one hundred and forty-seven feet long, and calculated to draw only about seven feet of water under a weight of two million six hundred thousand pounds,* a weight considerably exceeding that of the monolithic shaft. With a greater draught, it could not have traversed the numerous shallows in the line of its intended course. On the 5th of June 1832, this vessel, in itself a work of huge bulk, was brought to anchor near to the quarries of Pytterlaxe.

Preparations on a vast scale had been previously made for the embarkation of the columnar shaft. A mole or causeway had been carried into the sea to the length of thirty fathoms, forming in itself a goodly pier, and requiring considerable labour. It was raised upon stakes, driven into the sea-bed, and consisted of strong interlaced or crossing beams, the interspaces of which were filled with stones. At the end of this mole, a transverse embankment was formed, and by the side of this, or rather inside of it, the vessel was moored. It was necessary, however, first to deepen the channel by two feet, in order to admit of the free passage of the vessel. On the transverse mole were placed the capstans by which the embarkation was to be effected. By land, preparations on an equally large scale were made in the meantime. In order to advance the column from the spot where it had been formed, it was necessary to clear the intermediate ground, about a hundred yards in extent, and very rocky and uneven. The exploding, cutting, and smoothing required for this purpose, was in itself a great work. When a pathway had thus been made, the stone was slowly raised by the action of eight powerful capstans, and propelled a little way, rolling over and over breadthways. The greater diameter of one end made this a difficult process, for the narrow end, rolling over less space, necessarily fell behind. A peculiar application of the capstans, with the assistance of strong iron wedges, was required to bring it forward to a straight line. After four hundred men had laboured at the task for fifteen days, without any intermission, the column was at length placed at the end of the mole, in a direction parallel with the sides of the vessel upon which it was to be lodged.

The column now lay transversely upon twenty-eight beams, thirty-five feet long, and two feet square, the end of which passed from the mole to the vessel, or at least over it, and which were intended to bow down to the vessel at a very gentle slope, as the column descended to the vessel. On the 19th of June, at four in the morning, all was ready for the embarkment of the column. Ten capstans, placed on the transverse mole already spoken of, began, at a given signal, to act upon the massive freight; while sixty workmen were placed at the cables which aided in the operation, and also in keeping the ship in its place. The column was set in motion; every thing went on well and securely; it had just touched the sides of the vessel, when, in a moment, an accident occurred which threw all into consternation. The beams upon which the column rested in its passage, cracked; the alarmed workmen fled; and the column, breaking at once through the whole of the supporting beams, fell with a terrible crash among their fragments, having one end in the boat and the other sunk deep in the bed of the sea.

It was some time before the architect and his workmen could look about them. When they did so, it was gratifying to discover that not one life had been lost, notwithstanding the numbers about the spot at the moment. Without delay, the superintendant of the embarkation commenced to remedy the evil. In consequence of the weight falling obliquely on it, the vessel was turned over sideways, and partly forced into the clayey bed of the sea. The whole power of the machinery was applied to raise the column to a fair and proper position on the vessel. The 400 fatigued labourers could not have accomplished this alone, but it chanced that some visitors of distinction had arrived from St Petersburgh to witness the operations, and one of these took it upon him to order in the immediate assistance of 600 soldiers from a garrison near the spot. With this reinforcement, after forty-eight hours of almost incredible toil, the column was safely raised, and laid straight upon the vessel. The latter machine, to the delight of all, floated lightly and easily with its burden.

On the 1st of July, after four days' slow sail in the Gulf of Finland, the vessel was safely towed into the required place in the harbour of St Petersburgh. The column and its vessel were now visited by immense crowds, the grandees and royal family of the country among the number. The next operation was to convey the stone to land. For this purpose, a new work of great strength, inclined in its shape, had to be constructed, into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. Suffice it to say, that on the 12th of July the debarkation of the monolithe took place. A great crowd had assembled to witness it. The emperor and empress appeared on the scene. The signal was given, and the importance of the operation may be guessed by the fact that all the workmen fell involuntarily and simultaneously on their knees before venturing on the task, and prayed for its success. Fourteen capstans were set in action to move the column, while six were devoted to the keeping of the vessel, otherwise bound also, in its place. The result was fortunate. Slowly, and amid profound silence, the column began to move, and in ten minutes, without accident, it was safely brought to a spot beneath the window of the palace, whence the empress had beheld the scene.

An inclined plane was now to be made, to bring it up to the level of the spot, where its pedestal was erected, in the centre of a square; and 600 carpenters addressed themselves to this task. The inclined plane was 490 feet long, and 100 feet in breadth, and, at its greatest elevation, rose to thirty-five feet. The same difficulty which obstructed the rolling of the column to the water, impeded its progress up this plane. This was the inequality in thickness, and it was always necessary, when the thick end of the column got in advance, to make it pause and revolve upon itself till the lesser end was brought forward also. After a time, the inclination was safely surmounted, without any accident happening to the wood-work. Before the passage of the inclined plane, it ought to be mentioned, workmen, to the number of 150, were busied in giving the finish to the figure of the column. When he had brought it to the top of the plane, the architect then prepared a car for its transportation along the horizontal space which still lay between it and the proposed site. This car was in two pieces, and in all eighty-two feet long by eleven in breadth. It had seventy-two cast-iron wheels, and was composed of metal-bound beams. By means of this machine, the column was securely moved to the necessary spot.

Perhaps the hardest task of all now commenced. This was the conception and erection of the great scaffolding by means of which this immense mass of stone was to be safely lodged on its pedestal, there to remain till time should work its fall. This scaffolding, we shall only say, was 154 feet high, and partly composed of mason-work, and partly of wood. The mason-work formed an inferior platform, and on this sixty capstans of great power were placed for the raising of the column. Each of these machines, with the appendages belonging to it, was first tried, and found to resist a weight of 60,000 pounds. The correspondent ropes were made by machinery, each rope containing 522 threads of hemp, so strong that every thread sustained singly a weight of 180 pounds. With such preparations, the placing of the column could not fail to be successful. Yet the architect took the precaution to try all his apparatus more fully, by raising the column twenty feet in the air, and then replacing it, previously to the final attempt at fixing it in its site.

The architect, in the beginning of September, brought his work safely to a conclusion, placing it on its pedestal amid the acclamations of the Russian people. A statue was afterwards placed on the top of it, and the Alexandrine Column now stands in the northern capital, a credit to the nation and to its erectors. As a monolithic pillar, it has no equal among the erections of modern times.

* As this is translated from the French, it is probable that the weights and measures mentioned are French, which differ a little from the British.

LETTER OF AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

ANY thing beyond common experiences which children see for the first time, never fails to make a permanent impression upon them. I [the reader must understand that one of the editors of this paper now speaks in his proper person] can never forget the first time I beheld a scientific instrument used. It was a theodolite belonging to a gentleman who was taking levels along the vale of Tweed, with a view to the construction of a railway between Glasgow and Berwick—a work which never was commenced. This was in the early days of railways, about the year 1810 or 1811, when they were not so readily entered upon as they are now. Mr K——, a land-surveyor settled in Roxburghshire, had been employed to make the necessary surveys through Peeblesshire, and when he came, in the course of his operations, to the little sequestered town in which I spent my first years, he became acquainted with my father, who was then almost singular in the place for a love of science; a feeling which he early imparted to myself, along with much valuable instruction. At his request, our surveying friend erected his theodolite in the street, and explained its uses to my brother and myself, to our infinite pleasure, and with the effect of awakening in our minds a reverence for the instruments of exact science, and indelibly impressing upon us a pleasing recollection of the kind demonstrator himself.

I am tempted to mention these circumstances, in order to give the greater assurance of the genuineness of a very interesting letter, which it has been thought worth while to communicate to the public in this sheet. Having lost much capital in farming in his native county, Mr K—— emigrated in 1824, with a number of sons and daughters, to New South Wales, where, his scientific acquirements having recommended him to the friendship of the governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, he very quickly found himself settled in an agreeable and lucrative situation on the Emu Plains. The letter in question is one written by Mr K——, at his settlement of Cardross, Goulburn, on the 5th of July 1839; the object of which was to acquaint one of his sons, who still resides in this country, with his present circumstances. It was of course not meant for publication; but as it possesses a general interest, as an account of the career and present situation of a prosperous emigrant, it is here, with the permission of his friends, laid before the public:—

"We [Mr K—— and one of his sons named James] have been striving very hard for the last twelve years, and vesting what money we could realise in the purchase of land and live stock. We have now as much stock as is required for the foundation of a splendid fortune for those I leave behind; and in regard to land, we have abundance, and I only wish to obtain 850 acres more, to render my establishment on the sea-coast one of the most perfect in the colony: this must fetch a high price at auction, still it is worth double to me that it would be to any other purchaser.

Our different estates at present stand as follow:—to wit, 1st, Cardross, where I now reside, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; my grant.—2d, Cardross Grange, adjoining the above, contains 1000 acres, with 100 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—3d, Maxton, on opposite side of Wolondilly, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; grant to James.—4th, Strathallen, adjoining on east, late Howey's, contains 960 acres, with 150 acres in cultivation; a purchase, 1000 guineas.—5th, Raine Ville, on Fish River, near Bathurst, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—6th, St Boswell's adjoining, and east from the last lot, contains 1221 acres, with 70 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—7th, Mount Jervis, on Jervis's Bay, twelve hours' sail from Sydney, contains 2560 acres; just commenced improvements.—Total, 11,741 acres. On Cardross we have a post wind-mill, fine garden and vineyard of 2 acres, the scenery and surface soft and undulating, and 800 acres of rich land might be cultivated without removing a tree.

I intend making Mount Jervis my principal residence. James and the captain [another son] have been there since February, busy in clearing and inclosing a fine park and paddock of 150 acres, with vineyards and orangery of 5 acres, paddocks for tobacco, maize, hops, &c. &c., and laying the foundation of an observatory on the exact parallel of 35 degrees south latitude, and 150 degrees 50 minutes of longitude east from Greenwich. This estate commands thirty miles of sea-coast, namely, fifteen miles on the Pacific Ocean, and fifteen miles on Jervis's Bay, which is perhaps the finest harbour in her majesty's dominions, where the whole British navy may find anchorage and ride in safety from every wind. The site of the mansion cannot be excelled in grandeur by any place I ever saw. There is a natural port, called Bunda by the natives, just under my windows, at a quarter of a mile's distance, where vessels of 200 tons anchor within a cable's length of the shore. The bay and coast abound with fish of every delicacy and variety—oysters, both rock

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and mud, schnapper, mullet, bream, whiting, and a thousand other varieties. You may often see half a dozen whales spouting about in the bay in the calving season. Part of my northern boundary is formed by an extensive and picturesque lagoon or lake, two and a half by one and a half miles in extent, which abounds with wild geese, ducks, black swans, pelicans, &c. &c., swimming about in vast numbers, also plenty of mullet, perch, and bream. Whatever we want for breakfast or dinner is brought in by the black fellows absolutely in loads. We have the chief or king (Wagamy), and his two black queens or *jins*, always with us, who have their camp just beside us; he can command us the services of a dozen more of his tribe when they are wanted to shoot, fish, strip bark, or go in their canoes messages for many miles by sea; they are the most faithful, gentle, and useful blacks I ever met with. King Wagamy has been a-whaling in the Pacific, has been at New Zealand, Hobart Town, and other places, and speaks English very correctly. They have their slops and rations of flour, tobacco, tea, and sugar, served out to them by us every day, and government furnishes each of them a blanket every winter. Their value to us in catering, fishing, &c., is worth double their rations. Their accuracy in shooting and throwing the spear cannot be surpassed. They bring in a kangaroo for soup whenever wanted. Wagamy is a most portly figure as he walks about armed with his double-barrelled musket, shot belt, and powder flask, with my two noble kangaroo dogs Camp and Tweedo following along, with the two jins carrying his tomahawk, boomerang, fishing lines, and spears; he has generally a bark canoe ready for launching in every creek and inlet.

Now for our live stock. We have 1000 head of horned cattle, depasturing on land rented from government at Boorowy, about 150 miles west from this; 150 head at home here; 350 head at Jervis's Bay; being 1500 head in all, of cows, heifers, bullocks, and steers of a fine breed. One of my grass-fed bullocks, Strawberry, five years old, was slaughtered at Sydney in 1835, and weighed 1470 pounds, sinking the offal. His picture, in oil, was drawn by Mr Hippkiss, and presented by your brother William to a gentleman in Van Diemen's Land.

Our sheep stock at the different stations amounts in whole to 5500, all Merinoes and fine woolled. My last clip, 14,000 pounds, sold in Sydney at 1s. 3d. per pound, and brought me L.1166, payable in three and six months after delivery. Our cattle profits bring nearly as much more. We employ 20 shepherds and watchmen, 3 overseers, 3 gardeners, 15 farming men, 1 blacksmith, 1 carpenter and wheelwright, 2 brick-layers, 2 grooms, and 2 house-servants, being 49 in all; of whom 7 are free, and the remainder prisoners or ticket-of-leave holders. The expenses are enormous, besides what we lose by pilfering and stealing; but the annual *female* increase of our sheep, horse, and horned stock, which we never sell, helps well. Each man has a weekly ration of 9 pounds of beef or mutton, 10 pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of tea, 2 pounds of sugar, 1 ounce of tobacco, and 2 ounces of soap, with two full suits of slops every year. Thank God, we have got on hitherto without ever allowing ourselves to borrow or run into debt, and we have L.1000 vested in bank shares, which yield a dividend yearly of 16½ per cent."

Such have been the felicitous consequences attending the step which Mr K—— was induced to take about fifteen years before the date of his letter. It only remains that we caution our readers against receiving the history of this gentleman as any thing more than a single fact. He has been prosperous; but we do not know how far he may have been so in consequence of his own particular talents and cast of mind, of his family circumstances, or of good fortune. Similar prosperity might befall others; but it cannot be expected to be the fate of all.

NATIONAL ADVANCEMENT BY A PROPER USE OF MEANS.

The following valuable paper is extracted from a pamphlet recently published (Blackwood, Edinburgh) under the title of the "Ninth Annual Report of the Proceedings of the Glenkens Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes." The Glenkens Society, to which we have already oftener than once made reference, is one of truly philanthropic character, and it has the merit, too rarely allied with benevolence, of doing good by right methods, its great aim being to direct and encourage the humbler classes to do good to themselves, and that simply by making a proper use of the means which Providence has placed within their power. The report is the composition of Mr Grierson of Gasroch, the society's secretary, to whom it does great credit:—

"All are agreed regarding the leading points in physical science. They have been ascertained by diligent observation and careful experiment, and no room has been left for doubt. But if we turn from these subjects to the investigations which have been undertaken with the view of improving the condition of the mass of mankind, nothing can be more striking than the contrast. Here philosophers of the highest name have arrived at conclusions directly at variance with one another, and in some instances not a little astounding to the common sense of plain men. Is there no rule, then, to direct us in this matter? We see different communities, in circumstances apparently altogether similar, possessed of very different degrees of comfort; and we see differences equally great in the situation of the inhabitants of the same country at different periods of their history. May the probable causes of these differences not be discovered, and suggest what ought to be sought and what avoided, and may the actual truth not be ascertained in this as in other matters, by experiment? The statistical reports of the Scottish parishes which were completed about fifty years ago, and are again in course of publication, furnish excellent materials for such an inquiry; and what are the changes which they exhibit?

In the first place, it may be observed, that since 1791 the wages of agricultural labour have undergone a rise of from 50 to 100 per cent. At that period, from 8d. to 1s. per day was about the average summer wages of a country labourer, out of which he had to provide himself with every thing. The summer wages of the same class at present run from 1s. 6d. to 2s. In some counties they are a little higher, and in others a little lower, but these rates may be considered a fair average. The wages of the manufacturing classes are in general much higher than those of agriculturists; and manufactures, which in 1791 were in their infancy, now employ a large portion of the population. The wages of tradesmen have also undergone a similar rise. While the whole of our industrious classes are thus receiving much greater wages per day than their predecessors in 1791, their employment has become much more constant, and the wages earned by each individual in the course of the year have risen in a much higher proportion. No less remarkable an improvement has taken place in the pecuniary circumstances of their employers. Many, in fact, of our most respectable commercial men, have, much to their credit, raised themselves from the humble rank of operative tradesmen to the possession of splendid fortunes; and the land rentals of the country have in many cases tripled and quadrupled, and scarcely any where less than doubled.

If we look again at the articles of necessary consumption which must be purchased, we find the present average price of oatmeal, potatoes, and wheat, little if at all different from their prices in 1791; every article of dress is both much cheaper and much better; and many foreign products, which at that period were within the reach of few, are no longer esteemed luxuries, but so much reduced in price as to be enjoyed by all; yet, with these low prices, our merchants and manufacturers have made their fortunes, and our farmers, notwithstanding the high rents and high wages paid by them, and the comparatively low prices which they receive, are in much better pecuniary circumstances than in 1791. So much for the food and clothing of the population at these two periods.

The rents paid for lodging do not admit of being compared in the same way, the accommodation being entirely different. But we can be at no loss to perceive that in this respect even a more wonderful change has taken place for the better. We have before our eyes some of the town-houses occupied, at the former period, by people of the highest distinction; these houses are now possessed by persons in a very humble rank, not a few of them by beggars; while, in the same towns, families in very moderate circumstances are in possession of houses greatly superior to what they ever were. The country-houses of the higher orders have been either entirely built or altogether renovated within that period. In many counties new steadings have been erected almost on every farm, superior to the former mansions of the proprietors; and the accommodation of the cottars, though still very inferior to what we could wish, is now greatly better than most of the farm-houses of that period. There can be no doubt, then, that all classes are now infinitely better fed, clothed, and lodged, than the population of 1791. The consequences are apparent in their improved health. Ague and many other complaints then prevalent have either disappeared or become greatly mitigated, and there is scarcely a parish which does not lay claim to great salubrity of climate, and adduce in proof the longevity of its inhabitants. Many of the reporters state that morals and religion have advanced along with these physical improvements, and almost all declare that in these respects their flocks are deserving of commendation. Indeed, the solemn stillness of a Scottish Sabbath, and the almost total absence of military from the country, would attest the high moral and religious character of the nation to a stranger unacquainted with the language.

Whence this astonishing improvement? Certainly it has not arisen from the adoption of Godwin's principles of political justice, for they have been entirely forgotten. Neither can we derive any aid from Malthus in answering this question, for although the country has had the benefit of his theory for the greater part of that time, all his cautions have no way retarded the progress of population. In 1755, the population of Scotland was 1,255,663, and in the thirty-six years which expired in 1791, it had only advanced to 1,514,999, being an increase of 259,336. But in the succeeding thirty years which expired in 1821, it had become 2,093,456, showing a rise of 578,457, considerably more than double that which had occurred in the preceding thirty-six years. In the next ten years, ending in 1831, it had increased to 2,365,807, the addition in that period being 272,351, considerably beyond the increase in the whole thirty-six years from 1755; and, since 1831, the progress of population has certainly not been less. Yet, rapid as its progress has been during the whole period from 1791 down to the present time, contrary to all the prognostications of Malthus, the increase of the means of subsistence has been greatly more rapid still.

The general opinion is, that this prodigious improvement can be ascribed to nothing but a better use of the gifts of Providence. The country is the same now as it was in 1791; the materials which it contains are the same. The sole difference consists in the uses to which they are applied. In the first place, the present generation possess much more intelligence; education is both more general and better conducted, and parish libraries, and private collections of the best authors, every where afford the means of obtaining information on all subjects. This enlargement of mind has led to better arrangements in every department of business; banishing superstition, it has diffused more correct views of the solemn truths and duties of religion, and it has withdrawn our countrymen from the gross and expensive indulgences of former times, to cheaper and more refined recreations. In the second place, our tradesmen have become much more dexterous at their different occupations. They are not only more rapid, but they are enabled to execute works to which their predecessors were altogether unequal. In the third place, they are more industrious; many no doubt are still subject to indolent habits, but, generally speaking, there is much less time now thrown away in absolute idleness than at the former period. To all this must be added, that our countrymen have not been wanting in economy. The capital of the country has very much increased. It is from the savings of individuals that this increase has arisen, and the growth of Savings' Banks is a proof that these economical habits reach to a very humble class.

These causes combined are quite sufficient in our opinion to account for the very great increase which has taken place in the produce of the country, and the general comforts of its inhabitants. With the machinery furnished by the skill, dexterity, and industry of modern tradesmen, from the capital thus accumulated, one man is enabled to throw off as much cotton thread as two hundred could produce sixty years ago. Weaving, bleaching, printing, have made similar progress. Hence the low price of all kinds of cotton fabrics, and hence, too, the multitude supported by that branch of manufacture. The same may be said of all our other manufactures. Agricultural machinery may not be as yet quite so perfect, but the improvement of all the arts connected with agriculture has been very great, and the works which have been executed in that period have been wonderful. Great part of the land has been divided and fenced—much of what was waste has been reclaimed—the best implements of husbandry in the world have been introduced—ploughing has been brought to perfection—the proper succession of crops has been carefully studied, and in the opinion of Mr Dudgeon, since 1784, by a mere change in the rotation, the produce has in many places been increased tenfold—almost universally the thrashing-machine has superseded the imperfect and expensive mode of separating the grain by hand-labour—and, finally, the live stock of the country has completely changed its character. As we are indebted for all this to the improved intelligence, dexterity, industry, and increased capital of our countrymen, so are we also for our improved lodging, and improved means of transit by common roads, steam-boats, and railroads, which have made it an easy matter for districts the most remote to exchange their surplus produce, and to command the luxuries of the most distant climes.

If the remarkable improvement which has taken place in the circumstances of the great body of the people is sufficiently accounted for by their improved use of the materials afforded by Providence, we believe that the misery which is still to be found in some districts may, with equal certainty, be traced to the neglect or misuse of means quite as well adapted to the supply of their wants, and many have little idea to what extent this negligence prevails.

The reports from the Lewis [an island of the Hebrides] state that the huts of the peasantry are 'in general indescribably filthy. There is only an annual sweeping of their houses. The people and cattle are under the same roof, and on the same area. Very few of the country dwellings have a single pane of glass. There is one hole in the roof to allow the excess of smoke to escape, and another on the top of the wall; the latter at night, or during a storm through the day, being stopped with a wisp. * * Wood is so scarce and so dear that it cannot be had in sufficient quantity to make a good roof. * * The roofs have no eaves. The thatch in general is made of stubble or potato stalks, which are spread on the scanty wooden roof, and bound by heather or straw ropes, which again are at each side of the roof fastened by stones, called anchors, resting on the top of the broad wall. On this wall it is no unusual sight to see sheep and calves feeding, and making a short passage into the byre through the roof. The doors of the houses are so low, that whoever would gain admittance must humble himself, and continue in that posture till he reach the fire, which is always in the middle of the floor, and very often he must grope his way, or be led by the hand. From the slightness of the wooden rafters, much straw or stubble cannot be laid for thatch, but just sufficient to exclude the daylight. The thatch is not expected at first to keep out much rain until it is properly saturated with soot, but to compensate for this defect, the inmates are practical chemists; they keep plenty of peats on the fire; the interior is soon filled with smoke; the smoke and increasing heat repel the rain, for a great proportion of what falls on the roof is returned to the atmosphere by evaporation. These houses after a smart shower appear like so many salt-pans or brew-houses in operation.'

This account is said to apply very generally to the

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habitations of the whole of the small farmers. Good management of any kind is not to be expected from people whose domestic habits are so barbarous. They depend upon the produce of the place for almost every thing. Even their clothing is almost exclusively of their own manufacture. Their time, when occupied at all, is 'devoted indiscriminately to the mixed avocations of husbandry, fishing, kelp-making, grazing,' &c. Their agriculture is wretched. 'The women are miserable slaves; they do the work of brutes, carry the manure in creels on their backs from the byre to the field, and use their fingers as a five-pronged grape to fill them. The thatch of the houses saturated by the smoke with sooty particles is considered valuable, for every summer the roof is stripped, and the inner layer of straw, which contains the soot, is carried carefully to the potato or barley field, and strewed on the crop. Small tenants and cottars generally till the ground by the Chinese plough of one stilt or handle, and the cas-chrom, a clumsy instrument like a large club shod with iron at the point, and a pin at the angle for the labourer's foot. It is a disgrace to see women working with it. No sickle is used for the barley among the small tenants. The stalk is plucked, the ground is left bare.' The return is very scanty in some places, occasionally insufficient for the consumption of the population. It can excite no surprise that, with all these discomforts, the inhabitants of the Lewis, in the opinion of a medical man resident on the spot, 'may be said to die at an early age.' Still they are deeply attached to the land of their birth; a great proportion of them are altogether uneducated, and it is said that the people of Barvas even keep their children from school, lest, being thus made acquainted with better countries, they should be induced to leave their own inhospitable home.

While the inhabitants of the Lewis are left in their present wretched condition, by neglecting to cultivate the means of subsistence which are within their reach, there is another much more numerous class who are from time to time reduced to even greater want, through total mismanagement of those means after they have been realised. We allude to a large portion of the manufacturing classes, who, though earning much higher wages than the best paid of the agriculturists, are such slaves to intemperance, that they and their families are frequently left without the necessaries of life. In fact, those among them who have the best wages are most prone to this vice, and, as a necessary consequence, are really the most miserable. The child is fixed upon a loom or in a mill at nine or ten years of age without the vestige of education; he is placed among seniors as ignorant as himself, and learns like them to consume in intoxication whatever spare money and spare time may be at his disposal—the rest of the Sabbath forming no exception. Not unfrequently the father of a family makes his home the scene of his debauch, and assumes his wife and children as his associates.

The amount thus squandered is almost incredible. The value of ardent spirits consumed in the parish of Stevenston in Ayrshire, with a population of 3681, exceeds the whole land-rental of the parish, L.3836. In Lochwinnoch, in Renfrewshire, 'as in the neighbouring parishes, three or four times more money is expended in this manner than is required to support the churches and schools, and all the religious and charitable institutions.' In Glasgow there is a spirit shop for every fourteen families. In 1834, it was given in evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on drunkenness, that the amount thus squandered in that city alone was 'nearly equal to the whole amount expended on public institutions of charity and benevolence in the entire United Kingdom.' It was ascertained by this committee that, throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, there is a place for retail of spirits for every twenty families, and the conclusion at which they arrived was, that, looking at the value of grain destroyed, the abstraction of labour from its proper employment, the property sacrificed by sea and land, the deterioration of mental and physical powers, the increase of pauperism, and spread of crime, and the retardation of all kinds of improvement, the loss to the country from this cause alone 'might be fairly estimated at little less than L.50,000,000 per annum, exceeding the whole revenue of Great Britain, and ten times greater than the amount of the poor-rates. The evil is complained of in all parts of the country, but the manufacturing classes are its principal victims. No wonder that extensive misery should be the consequence, but the existence of this misery will not be received as a proof that the produce of the country has been insufficient for the support of its population. It has evidently not arisen from a deficiency of produce, but from the destruction of what has been produced.

Our conclusion, then, on the whole, would be, that the same Providence which brought man into the world has provided amply for his wants, and that if they remain unsatisfied or imperfectly satisfied, it is because man does not apply the materials afforded to the uses for which they were intended. Had the energy of the present generation been possessed by their fathers, they would have enjoyed equal comforts. Were the inhabitants of the Lewis endowed with the intelligence, dexterity, industry, and economy, which distinguish a large portion of our countrymen, their miseries would be at an end; so also would those of the manufacturing classes, could they only be taught to apply the money in their hands to its proper use. And even that portion of the community who have done most, we feel assured, are capable of doing a great deal more, and of adding still further to their own comforts and the comforts of society. The knowledge of the wisest comprehends but a small portion of the riches of creation, and the most dexterous are far from having reached perfection. It follows that the most effectual way of benefiting either an individual or a community, is to induce them to cultivate those mental attainments which are alike necessary for the conduct of business and the enjoyment of leisure, and those arts which are required for converting to use the materials within their reach. The desire for this would make them industrious, and if industrious they could scarcely be otherwise than economical.

But how is the aversion to labour, either mental or bodily, with which all are more or less infected, to be overcome? We must answer this question by another. What has been the motive for all the exertions already made which have wrought such a change upon this country? Not certainly the mere pressure of physical want, for we see many spend their whole lives in a state of misery without making the slightest effort to relieve themselves; neither has it been the wish for expensive animal enjoyments, else the struggle would end when the means of gratifying that wish have been realised. But the desire to rise becomes stronger with every advance. The grand motive for all these exertions has plainly been to command that respect which never fails to accompany success in any honourable undertaking. It is equally prized by the humble artisan and the rich merchant; and the labours of both only require a beginning; as a few pounds saved by the merchant lead to the accumulation of thousands, so one difficulty conquered by the tradesman carries him on to grapple with another, till he arrives at proficiency. The great object, then, is to give the first impulse; and experience has shown, that if a man can be induced to place himself in competition with others of his own standing at any kind of work whatever, that object will infallibly be gained. The expedient has accordingly been resorted to in all ages. Sometimes this stimulus has been applied to promote the arts of war, sometimes those of peace—sometimes to the fine arts, sometimes to the useful. We are indebted to it for the unrivalled excellence of our ploughmen, for our improved management of green crops, for all our improvements on stock, and we see no reason why it may not be applied with equal success to every art which can benefit society. Were the whole population trained by these means to the arts required for converting to use the materials afforded by each locality, we do not think it possible that any portion of them could remain without profitable employment; and were the same care taken in the cultivation of their minds, their labour would be applied with infinitely more effect, and a security would be obtained against the misapplication of their means."

THE ROAD-SWEEPER.

[BY MRS S. C. HALL.]*

THERE he stands, leaning against the palisades opposite a long rambling edifice, called, time out of mind, B—— Hall. There stands Darby Moore, the legitimate sweeper of "the long crossing," his broom resting on his arm—for he has but one—and the corresponding sleeve of his coat pinned by a large corking-pin to the fold of his red waistcoat; his hat is so evidently, if not of Irish manufacture, twisted by Irish hands, that, even if our sweeper's name was not Darby Moore, or we had never heard his mellifluous brogue, no doubt could be entertained as to where he came from—the brim of the hat is bent over his left eye, impressed by the mark of his finger and thumb, pinched in by perpetual bowing, so as to have a knowing, roguish twist; the crown has disagreed with the round, or they have come to an almost separation by mutual consent. I have seen "a handful of hay," symptoms of a red handkerchief, crusts of bread, and even a mutton bone, peeping through the slit—nay, even staring out—for Darby says, "that sorra a pocket has he, but the crown of his hat; for Judy says she can't *affoord* pockets to his coat!"

The weather has been so fine, that one might imagine

"Othello's occupation o'er."

Not so—in winter Darby sweeps the mud from "the long crossing," and in summer waters the dust. I found he had been so liberal of the pure fluid, that I said,

"Darby, why, you have converted the dust into mud."

"Mud! oh, ma'am dear! do ye call that 'sprinkling' mud? Ooh hone! well, but *my ladies* is hard to plase! The pleasure I takes in making 'the long crossing' agreeable—just a little thickening, and softening, and cooling, and to call it mud! Oh my, my! Well, to be sure! Why, thin, how would yer honour like it? Sure, it isn't in regard of the halfpence I get—and sure enough the sight of a silver fourpence would do the sight of my eyes good—'tisn't in regard of the halfpence, but the honour of sweepin' for the best and handsomest ladies, and the finest gentlemen in England, that's what I think of; and, my lady, if ye'll plase to bespake *the natur of the dump*, it shall be as ye like, ma'am; good raison I have, too. I always says to Judy, 'Judy,' says I, 'the Irish lady always brings me good luck; if it's only twopence she gives me, it's the regular seed of wealth—it grows, so it does, God bless her!' And now, my lady, how would you like 'the long crossing' to-morrow?"

It would be impossible to describe the shades of expression that passed over Darby Moore's face during this piece of eloquence; the merry twinkle of his keen grey eye; the movement of the muscles which contract, expand, and twist his mouth; the action of his hand, which does duty for two; the shrug of his shoulder, and the anxious leer from under his eyelid, to see how the hint about the twopence takes.

"Darby, I do not think I ever gave you more than a penny at a time in my life."

"Well, the masther gives me a penny, and yer honour gives me a penny, and sure that's twopence; bedad! if yer ladyship will give me the twopence now, I'll tell the masther next time—*if yer ladyship wishes it*—if not, why, as the fool said, 'We'll let it stand a penny for Johnny, a penny for Jacky.'"

Darby, as he says himself, "is not altogether beholdden to sweepin'," he has been a "souldier"—talks with contempt of the "Fremch," and declared the other day, "that th' Almighty never created but one real man in the world (barrin' her majesty, for whom he had great respect), and that man was the great Juke of Wellington, God bless him!" So Darby has a pension. What it is, he has never been heard truly to declare; it may be much, it may be little: if you inquire, he has the most ingenious way of telling and not telling.

"The pension, ma'am? Oh, bedad! it's little I get for the beautiful arm—flesh, blood, and bone, it was, my lady, that I lost

'For my country's cause,
And England's glory!'

as the song says."

"But how much is it, Darby?"

"Faix! my lady, it's a mere nothing, and the wife and childre to the fore."

"But how much?"

"To my sorrow, my lady, I've no larning—I've no hand at the figures; and I'm thinkin' they do me out of some in it. Ye see I managed finely, until afther Miss Joy, round the corner, was married."

"How was that?"

"Why, ye see, her sweetheart always came to see her twice a-day, and though *the baste* (house) *was nothing but a hack*, still I'd a regular sixpence to hould it. She's married now, and faith *I don't think he's pleased with his bargain*; for when *they* come to see the ould lady and gentleman in the stay—which is more responsible to hould than the baste—I never get any thing *but coppers!*"

Pray mimic Darby's "taste;" it is so Irish! how well he manages to turn curiosity from his pension to Miss Joy that was—the proprietor of "the stay" that is—and the bridegroom's probable unhappiness, either present or to come.

The little match-children who made up such a piteous story to our cook, about their father *having left his bones at Waterloo*, were Darby's offspring. I reminded cook that the battle had been fought more than twenty-three years ago, and she was so angry, that, even at the risk of spoiling our dinner, she pursued the urchins, and found them in the very act of dutifully sharing the pie-crusts and meat she had bestowed, with my old friend Darby Moore. This was not to be borne; she called them little story-tellers, but not in those words—and their father took their part.

"I ax yer pardon, ma'am, but here is some of what ye gave them. God bless ye!" and he held up the remains of a shoulder of mutton. "That's a bone, ma'am. Sorra a much mate on it; ye'll not say *that's not a bone!*"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, the childre could no lie; *they said their father left his bones at Waterloo*, and so I did. God help me!—*the bones of my beautiful arm and my five fingers*; they could no lie, ma'am. It wasn't their fau't, ma'am, *if ye could'nt understand English.*"

* We extract this little sketch of a point in town-life from the *Britannia*, a London weekly newspaper, to which it had been contributed by Mrs Hall.

MY NEIGHBOUR.

There are some troublesome neighbours who are the plague of a man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go out, come and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a party on the very evening you want to finish a tragedy. My neighbour has none of these faults, but he contrives to incommode me every moment. He pries into every thing in my room, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game, almost every thing is acceptable to him; and he never eats bread when he can get cake. He is neither a landowner nor elector, he pays no rent for his apartments, yet lives very comfortably. My neighbour is very gentlemanly in his habits, but never comes home till after midnight, and is fond of serenades and nightly meetings with the objects of his affections. In other respects, his character is good; he is neither a fop nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out at one door, he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for an invitation. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters, and he will not meddle with them. He is always well dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are of the finest chamois, and the upper leathers of India-rubber. My neighbour, though he knows I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears any thing but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but spends the cold season in my chimney-corner. All this I have to put up with. In fact, I think myself lucky, if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospitality rummaging among my furniture, and plundering my larder. My neighbour is one of those personages who must be well treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence, it is sure to tumble down soon. This troublesome neighbour, dear reader, is—a mouse.

From the French.

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BATTLE SCENES.

THE following is an account given by Major Bevan, in his work, "Thirty Years in India," of a scene which occurred at the conclusion of a battle in which he was engaged:—

"Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the commander-in-chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of woe and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr A. and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gunshot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore."

Captain Patterson of the 50th, or Queen's Own regiment, presents in his "Adventures" a description of what came under his observation during the war in the Peninsula, which is equally affecting. As the narration of such incidents may be of use in creating a just horror of war, we here offer it for the perusal of the reader:—

"Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother officers and comrades, with their sashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform, and a pair of bright silver epaulets; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honourable tomb.

While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honourable Captain Stanhope of the Guards, aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up, directed by the torch-light, to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief, he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene.

On our march across this ground, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying; and one of the latter was extended on his face among the heath and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the 70th, prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier, who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment.

A party of the officers of the 50th, who were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who, from behind the rocks, despatched with deadly aim a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to 'that bourne from which no traveller returns,' and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieutenant Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill, he was in his bed at Elisonda when the battle commenced; and hearing the noise of musketry, he thought that something was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind endued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigour that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain."

LINES

ON HARVEY'S PICTURE OF THE COVENANTERS WORSHIPPING, AMONG THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

[BY S. C. HALL.]

It came from out the silent glen
The mingled prayer of armed men;
Their swords in sheath for one calm day,
"And let us worship God," they say.
They met—in fear, but not of man;
In hope—but not of human aid;
In faith—that dreads no mortal ban;
In trust—mid perils undismayed.
As wearied travellers seek the brook,
They ask refreshment from "the Book!"
The fountain gives them strength for strife,
And Freedom will be bought with life.

No Temple made by human hands
Is that in which the Pastor stands;
Around him mighty mountains rise,
Pillars to yon vast roof, the skies;
But Freedom consecrates the glen;
And girlhood, boyhood, age, and youth,
Utter or breathe a stern "Amen"
To words that Reason stamps with Truth;
For God and Nature bade them be
All—like their free forefathers—free;
Such message yon good Pastor brings—
A message from the King of kings!

Say, grandsire—thou should'st know it best—
Say, matron, with the babe at breast;
Say, girl—thy lover still is near—
Can Patriot-passion banish fear?
Old man, what councils thy grey hairs?
Mother, what dost thou tell thy son?
Boy, knowest thou what thy father dares?
Girl, say how must thy heart be won?
ALL answer, with a shout and sigh,
"Go strike for freedom—do or die!
Nor let your children's children name
Old Scotland's mountain-men with shame!"

Thanks, Painter, for a lesson taught!
Thanks for a pictur'd store of thought!
Thus ART works out her great design,
Shapes the rough ore of Nature's mine;
Gives Beauty a perpetual youth;
Bids Virtue teach and never tire;
Shows that a halo shines round Truth;
Tells what to shun and what desire;
And makes EXAMPLE bear to ages—
More forceful than a thousand pages—
Of good or ill, a painted story
To warn from shame or win for glory.

—*From the Art-Union.*

AFFECTATION IN ENGLISH MANNERS.

The following remarks on the love of affectation and show in English fashionable life, are made by Count de Melfert, in his "Impressions of England:"—

"If, in order to attain pleasure and really to enjoy it, it was only necessary to make continual sacrifices of time and money, then the English would be the gayest people in the world—the people who best know how to amuse themselves. The persons in different classes who thus run after pleasure, are indeed innumerable in England; it is like a determination, a continual desire, a real *entêtement*. Let it cost what it may, gaiety must be had: but, through all these efforts, the coldness and reflectiveness of the national character always pierce; and one might almost suspect that this undeviating constancy only arises from the impossibility of ever attaining the desired end. In the highest, as well as in the least distinguished society, I have always received the same impression: there exists always in every *reunion* a restraint, an indifference too marked (particularly towards those who do not form the same *clique*, and in that case it goes so far as to become rudeness); there is a want of general ease and of general amiability, and this only becomes the more apparent from one's seeing all the trouble which has been taken that every one should be gay, very gay, and very much amused; which, alas! happens but rarely, not to say never.

One might add, on the subject of the fashionable circles, that the principal thing is not precisely to enjoy personally, but to have it believed that you do so; that every body should know or think you do so, this is the important thing. There is not a brilliant party in London, or at one of the magnificent country seats, or at the mansion of a man of fashion, which is not immediately detailed in the newspapers; even the great dinners are described. After a royal drawing-room, the name and toilet of each lady who appeared is mentioned, one after another; ribands, laces, feathers, diamonds, pearls, even to the kind of silk or satin of which the dress was composed, how it was trimmed, with the technical and scientific expressions in French of the Parisian *marchandes des modes*—all is printed in the papers, and sometimes fills two or three of their enormous pages: if the occasion be a fancy or masked ball (where no masks are worn), then the dress of the gentlemen shares the same publicity, even to the form and colour of their inexpressibles; every thing being thus exhibited to the face of day, placed under the public eye, and detailed to attract the attention of the millions—even of those who, banished to the Indies, receive and devour the English papers. There must exist then, I think, more vanity and show, prepared for public effect, than for the pleasure of the moment; besides, it is absolutely *de rigueur* in the supreme *bon ton* to have an air of indolence, satiety, and nonchalance, which implies that all this is not enough, that show and magnificence are so habitual that they are become quite fatiguing."

THREE BAD HABITS.

There are three weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as, for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favourable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy or temperance, or any thing else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual. The third and last weakness to which I allude, is the practice of eating and drinking things because they are on the table, and especially when they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they have both had enough! and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably or agreeably, and in indolence and dissipation.—*The Original.*

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

He who is of the silver fork school, will not find much comfort out of the American cities and large towns. There are no neat quiet little inns, as in England. It is all the "rough and tumble" system, and when you stop at humble inns, you must expect to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and to sit down to meals with people whose exterior is any thing but agreeable, to attend upon yourself, and to sleep in a room in which there are three or four beds (I have slept in one with nearly twenty), most of them carrying double, even if you do not have a companion in your own.

A New York friend of mine travelling in an extra with his family, told me that at a western inn he had particularly requested that he might not have a bedfellow, and was promised that he should not. On his retiring, he found his bed already occupied, and he went down to the landlady, and expostulated. "Well," replied she, "it's only your *own driver*; I thought you would'nt mind him!" Another gentleman told me, that having arrived at a place called Snake's Hollow, on the Mississippi, the bed was made on the kitchen floor, and the whole family and travellers, amounting in all to seventeen, of all ages and both sexes, turned into the same bed together. Of course this must be expected in a new country, and is a source of amusement rather than of annoyance.—*Marryat's Diary.*

NITRIC ACID IN RAIN WATER.

In the celebrated French scientific periodical, the "Annales de Chimie," there was published some years ago an account of some interesting experiments made by M. Leibig on rain water, with the view of ascertaining its various impurities. Among other foreign matters a perceptible quantity of nitric acid, combined with lime or ammonia, was found in all the specimens of rain water collected during storms. The same was the case with regard to snow and hail. Small traces of iron, manganese, and muriate of soda, are generally found in rain water during thunder-storms. The formation of the nitric acid in rain water is referred by M. Leibig to the agency of the electric fluid in passing through the atmosphere. It is well known that nitric acid and common air are composed of the same elemental gases, oxygen and nitrogen—but of course they are combined in different proportions in the two different substances.

In Number 413 of the Journal, published December 28th last, appeared a paragraph quoted from a newspaper, and entitled "Railway Compensations," referring to the Directors of the Lunatic Asylum of Glasgow. We have been satisfied by documentary evidence, that the statements made in that paragraph are not correct; and we have therefore to express our regret for having added to their publicity.

We may at the same time state, that we some time ago, and with the best intentions, copied a paragraph from a London newspaper, purporting to describe some remarkable cures in deafness, performed by a doctor of medicine whose name was mentioned, and which we are now satisfied had been originally put in circulation as a quackish puff. The very vile practice of which nearly all newspapers are guilty, of inserting paid puffs, renders it extremely difficult to know what is true from what is false, in our public prints. In future, we shall endeavour to be more cautious in quoting any piece of information from them which appears worthy of a wider circulation than their pages afford.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

GOING TO LAW!

PART THE FIRST.—Showing how John Leahy, commonly called Johnny the Giant, *would* go to law.

"WELL, well, John Leahy, will you just stick to the one point, and before you take an oath, explain to me what you want to swear to?"

John Leahy, a tall muscular Irishman, stood before the gentleman who put this question (a good-natured magistrate, Mr Richard Russel, who resided for the shooting and hunting season on his estate called Russel Court, not quite three miles from the ancient city of Limerick); John Leahy stood before the fox-hunting but most peace-loving magistrate, his long grey frieze coat thrown back from his ample chest, his green neckerchief, so loosely tied that the brawny muscles of his neck, heaving and swelling with the impetuosity that sent the red blood rushing to his face, were fully seen; while that face, so powerful, and yet generally so pleasing in its expression, was wrought into painful distortion by exceeding wrath; his nostrils were distended, like those of a war-horse scenting the battle from afar; his large grey eyes were absolutely flashing; his mouth was not only closed, but clenched. And so firmly did he grasp his shillala, in a "fist" that would have served Vulcan as a sledge hammer, that his fingers had become perfectly white from the exertion. He had removed his hat upon entering the magistrate's breakfast room, but in his eagerness had crushed "the bran new beaver" into a most unnatural shape.

Mr Russel was so accustomed to these vehement displays of temper, or whatever they may be called, that he proceeded very quietly to finish his breakfast, regardless of the half-open door, through which five or six anxious faces were seen poking one over the other—all friends and allies of Johnny Leahy's; and regardless also of the widely opened window that was only between five and six feet above the level of the lawn, for every now and then a head popped up, and then as quickly disappeared, anxious to ascertain what was going on within.

John Leahy remained silent after Mr Russel had put his question, not for want of words, but literally because he could not speak, from the quantity and quality of those which arose to his lips, and well-nigh choked his utterance. Mr Russel repeated the question.

"Well, now, let me understand what it is you want to swear?" At last out it came, like a thunderbolt from the angry heavens—

"*Any thing, any thing, by the blessed book! for satisfaction!*"

"Oh!" said the magistrate, upon whom the confession had no effect, "oh! it is I suppose the old story about the quarter of an acre; any thing particularly new?"

"If yer honour will be plazed to hear me, and listen to *rason*, I'll put the rights of it before you at onst; and there's my mother, poor ould craythur, without, and two or three more neighbours, and its ourselves that have been waiting on yer honour since break of day, and got into the house, hoping favour from yer honour, seeing you ought to lane towards *ould* residenters, that have a natural claim on the gintry."

"Hav'nt I often told you," interrupted the magistrate peevishly, "that all this has nothing to do with the justice of the case? Where is Abel Carr?"

"Oh, the little bla'guard (saving yer honour's presence), it's without he is. He thought to make his way in, but I did'nt want yer honour to be put in a passion with his lies—the thief of the world!—so I jist made bould to draw the boult of the hall door."

"Draw the bolt of my house against your neighbour, who has as good a right to justice as yourself?" Mr Russel rang the bell after so saying, and John Leahy, not aware that he had done what was exceedingly improper, exclaimed, "As good a right to justice as me! Oh, mother honey, hear to that! You who lived under his honour's father and grandfather a'most before the world was a world, hear to his honour saying that Abel Carr, the circumvinter, the depopulating vagabone, the fella' who could never count back to his grandfather, the half-withered little leprehawn, that's grow'd up like a musharoon under our noses, the little insinuating bla'guard, stealing my beautiful strame of spring wather, turning it away from my meadow, and laying claim to as beautiful a half acre of bog—not only axing the right of turbary, but wanting the half acre, to the very foundation of the earth—only jist, mother honey, think of his honour's saying that that *scum o' the earth* has as good a right to justice as *me*—his father, his grandfather, his *great-grandfather's* tenant's son, John Leahy!"

"His honour manes no sich thing," said Mrs Leahy, advancing into the room by a series of curtsies; "his honour manes no sich thing as *that*, I'll go bail! not he indeed. Let *me* spake, and I'll lay it out afore him like print. We're ould tenants, yer honour; and setting a case, that yer honour will give Peggy's husband, that *is* to be—but I'm not at that yet. Ye see it come altogether of that vagabone threat of Aby Carr's wife before she was married—she wanted Peggy's batchelor for her own, and the turf bog that is'nt big enough for a" ——

At this moment, and just as Mr Russel was going to desire Mrs Leahy either to come to the point at once or to hold her tongue—neither of which, experience might have taught him, she would do—the servant forced his way through the crowd at the door to answer the bell.

"Unbolt the hall door," said the magistrate; "unbolt the hall door directly, and call to Abel Carr to come in."

"It's not naided—many thanks to yer honour all the same. It's not naided by any manner o' manes," exclaimed a squeaking voice from the open window. "I'm here, yer honour's worship, to the confusion of my inimies, and the establishment of law and justice. I'm here, yer honour!"

And, truly, astride on the window seat, one leg in, and the other out of the window, flourishing his hat above his shaggy crop of yellow hair, was Abel Carr, forming in voice, manner, and appearance, a singular and ludicrous contrast to the Herculean Irishman who complained of his "innovations." Any one with the commonest observation could perceive, that though Abel was but a pigmy to his giant foe, yet the full broad forehead—the blue, cold, almost *cruel* eye that twinkled beneath the overhanging brows of the little man—the firm, inflexible mouth, that could close in its thoughts as if with the seal of death—any one, I say, could see that Abel "had a head," while John Leahy's powerful frame was only surmounted by a handsome "animal developement." Strong passions, rash, daring, were stamped upon a high but narrow brow, over which his rich brown hair curled in profusion. I beg the English reader to understand, that a few years ago no man ever went near a magistrate without being accompanied, at all events to the hall steps, by a tribe of "friends," who either had, or fancied they had, something to do with the affair in question; while others followed because they had nothing to do; thus, two contending factions have frequently met, and not unfrequently "done battle" upon a magistrate's lawn; this has occurred within my own memory; they are better behaved now-a-days, and would wait, at all events, until beyond the entrance gate. Having said so much, it can be easily imagined that when Abel Carr's "friends" saw him waving his hat triumphantly, they set up a yell of delight and defiance, while "John the Giaunt," as he was called, made a plunge towards the window, which caused the worthy Mr Russel to spring from his chair, and to declare, heading his declaration with an oath that would have shaken into atoms the whole bench of Middlesex magistrates, that "if they did not keep the peace, he would give them forty-eight hours in Limorick jail."

"Axing yer honour's worship's pardon," observed Abel Carr, speaking with great rapidity in a thin shrill voice, bringing his other leg into the room, and edging round so as to interpose the worthy magistrate's person between himself and his foe, "axing yer honour's pardon, it's *you* ought to be sint there, or pay a fine—that is, if the swearing of a justice of pace is as sinful as the swearing of a poor man, which in coorse it is not; if it was, yer honour's worship would'nt have rapped out sich a one as that, yer honour!"

The scene was curious. The room was hung round with sporting prints, of various dates and orders of merit. Above the long narrow glass which surmounted the old black marble chimney-piece, were suspended a couple of fowling-pieces, crossed above a couple of swords; and each side of the glass was garnished by what I should call a horse pistol—I mean a large determined pistol, done up with bright steel; not one of the finikin gilt-edged little gentlemen which I see in London, seeming only fit for Cupids to shoot with, but a sturdy, blood-thirsty looking fellow. Not even a good-tempered magistrate in that fire-eating county Limerick would consider himself quite safe without fire-arms in his sitting-room. And the wild group outside, backed by the distant mountains, while the noble Shannon—that most boisterous yet most gracious of rivers, foamed and fretted as it dashed over its native rocks in the foreground—always confirmed my imagination in the belief, that the county Limerick, rich in the bounties of overflowing nature, is still an awkward place in which to pitch a tent, and play at Arcadians. Within the magistrate's room the scene was as wild as without; the furniture seemed well fitted to bear the knocking about of careless guests; the shaggy wolf-dog and the sleek pointer were stretched with a couple of superannuated fox-hounds upon the ample hearth.

John Leahy seemed as though the concentrated anger of half a century had exaggerated his features, and agitated his entire frame; if looks could have destroyed, Abel Carr would have been annihilated; but he had crept round with the stealth of a cat, and the crawl of a reptile, behind Mr Russel's chair. Mrs Leahy's figure and face were a study; the hood of her genuine Irish cloak had fallen from the rich and abundant lace that garnished her lawn cap; her withered arms were thrown forward in the attitude of entreaty, and her features expressed both rage and anxiety. Those of "Johnny the Giaunt's" friends who had remained in some degree outside the breakfast room, had entered when Abel Carr made his descent, and a little in advance of the rude group was Alice Leahy, the plantiff's wife, as lovely a specimen of fair Irish beauty as ever spun at a wheel or plaited a hat. Alice's fair hair was banded beneath a cap of finer texture than that of her mother-in-law; her cloak was of bright scarlet, and a little girl of five or six years old clung to it so as to draw it more than half towards her, leaving the womanly symmetry of her mother's perfect form, which otherwise would have been quite concealed, somewhat exposed. There was no bitterness, no revenge, no strong passion, written on that gentle woman's face. The one expression was interest in her husband, towards whom her eyes were directed; while the child looked with evident terror up to her mother, and then, as if reassured by her gentleness, advanced a little more into the room; not, however, loosing her hold of the cloak.

Mac Manus, who has painted some Irish scenes most capitally, would do admirable justice to such an interior; but I do not know of any living artist who could faithfully set upon canvass the extraordinary beauty of Alice Leahy. Her clear and lovely features were perfect, and, hallowed by an expression of the most

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heavenly purity; it was next to impossible not to wonder who she was, and how she came there, and this feeling would have been increased if her cheeks had been as pale as they were in general; but the agitation of the scene had called into them a rose-like colour. Irish gentlemen, polished as they are when mingling with those in their own sphere of life, are by no means gracious to their inferiors. There are some exceptions, to be sure, but Mr Russel was not one; and yet he bowed to Alice; not the leering bow of a fox-hunter, but the respectful salutation which is man's natural tribute to beauty and virtue. He even asked her to sit down, but she gathered her cloak gracefully round her, and shrinking, as it were, within its folds, drew back her little girl, who had renewed an acquaintance with one of the dogs,* which licked her little fat hands, moving his tail with great dignity, as if to intimate that he did the little maid an honour.

"Stand back every one of ye!" said John to his faction; "have ye no manners? No more manners than to dar to come without invitation into his honour's own room! I'm ashamed of ye, I am, to *dar* to come into his honour's place; stand back, I say, and show that little carroty-headed *spalpeen* a patthern of gen-til-lity; if we are strong in our cause, boys, let us be marciful! Now, yer honour, now that that Omadawn has got his dirty mane-spirited *soul* into yer presince, I should like to tell him a piece of my mind."

"You can do *that* at any other time quite as well," observed the magistrate.

"Only if I had yer honour's glory for a witness."

"I tell you what," said Mr Russel, sternly; "you, John Leahy, commonly called Johnny the Giant, and you, Abel Carr, commonly called Aby the Goldfinch, if you exchange either words or blows within the precincts of my house or domain, I'll commit you both for forty-eight hours to the body of Limerick jail; and what will be worse, I'll confine you both in the same cell, where you may eat each other, like the Kilkenny cats, and a good riddance the country will have of a pair of fools—who are eternally GOING TO LAW."

"Oh, my Lud a'mighty!" exclaimed the old woman, "did any body ever hear the like o' that! His honour a *justice o' peace*, and to see him set agin the law!"

"It is because I am a justice of '*peace*,' as you call it, that I *do* my best to prevent my tenants from going to law. Why, you people can never enter into a lawsuit without committing assault and battery upon each other during its progress, so as to create half a dozen actions out of one. You bring ruin and degradation upon yourselves, and frequently, too frequently, disgrace the records of your country by murder!"

"Oh, bedad, yer honour!" said the Giant, "ye may make yer mind aisy as to *him*: sorra take me if I'd dirty my fingers with such a *grasnaugat* as Abel Carr. The only way I can touch him, sir, is with the arm of the law, and by the holy" ——

"Stop now, gently," said Mr Russel, "no swearing; but if you can come to the point at once, I will hear you, and little Abel shall afterwards tell *his* story; and I must say Aby comes more quickly to the point than you do."

"Aisy for him!" muttered old Mrs Leahy; "he's been at a point all his life—the point of the gallows!"

Mr Russel had resumed his seat with the air of a man determined to be patient; "the Goldfinch" had watched with cat-like observance the words and gestures of the whole company; he now folded his arms and seemed resolved upon patience also, only saying, in a whining tone, "I'm a fair-daling, fair-maning little man, yer honour, wishing to earn a bit of bread for myself, my wife, and five little childre, and never quarrelling with any one except for what's *my own*, yer honour!"

"Hear to that, father of justice!" exclaimed the Giant. "But yer honour sees how paceable I am—(oh, you false-hearted little leprehawn!)—I'm as aisy as a cow in clover—(I'm not done nor begun wid ye yet). There, now, I'll tell ye all—I'll begin at onst at the beginning."

"Ay, do!" groaned the magistrate.

"Well, sir, my great-grandfather's new *lase* is dated, as I daresay yer honour knows, 1722—a ninety-nine years' lase it was—which yer honour had the goodness to renew for three lives and thirty-one years. Sure we're bound to take good care of yer honour, for your own life and Masther Arthur's are first of the three.‡ Well"——

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the gentleman, "I've heard that twenty times, and all about the half acre of bog which Abel Carr says is on his land, and you say is on yours, as if you could ascertain which land was under the bog, fools that you are; and I have besought you over and over again, if you could not agree as to who had a right to it, just quietly to divide it."

"Is it give up me right!" exclaimed John Leahy indignantly, and flinging down his hat and shillala, he dropped suddenly upon his knees, snatched the Prayer-book from off the table, pressed it to his lips, and began, "I, John Leahy, will never cease by day or by night, at home or abroad, rich or poor, houseful or homeless, to have the law, or my vengeance out"——

Before he could proceed farther with his fearful oath, the hand of his beautiful wife was pressed upon his lips. To rush forward, sink upon her knees by his side, encircle his neck with her arm, and close his lips as I have described, was but the work of an instant. "You shan't swear like that," she exclaimed, "and I to the fore. You shan't indeed, John asthore. Cor-a-ma-chree! you wouldn't break the heart of yer poor Ally, John darlint! Sure it is'nt for you to demane yourself like a poor ignorant craythur that knows no better, only flying in the face of the Almighty with an oath, as if you had'nt the courage of a man, John, in yer own brave breast, to keep your promise without that—sure if the law and the justice is on our side, darlint, is'nt that enough? Let *them* take oaths and swear that won't be believed without," she added proudly, while her husband rose with her, half ashamed of his impetuosity. "Let *them* swear whose word is lighter than the down of a thistle in a high wind, but John Leahy's word is the word of an honest man; tell his honour ye'll have yer rights and keep them!—though, God knows," she added, while her voice faltered, "God knows his honour's advice was best—it's better to divide what one has, than"—— She saw the keen eye of the Goldfinch fixed upon her, and she paused; then curtseying to Mr Russel, she added mildly, "I ask yer honour's pardon, but I could'nt help it. He's my husband—and—but I hope yer honour will excuse me; I know yer honour does not like swearing no more than me, if I may make bould to say so."

"Well, plaze yer honour," said John, "I only mane that while I've a shilling in my pocket, a coat on my back, or a straw in my thatch, *I'll have the law*; and if yer honour (*whom I'd rather trouble by day or by night*—on account of the respect I have for yer honour, and me and mine having done so for the last hundred years *and more*—than any other magistrate in the county)—but if yer honour wont listen to rason, and see me righted, and punish that desaver, that has never had the courage to *open his face* since he came into yer honour's house, why, I'll go to Limerick—I'll put myself under the care of 'Turney Botherum. If I starve, I'll have justice—if I die, I'll have *lase!*"

"And the devil give ye good of it," squeaked out the Goldfinch. "Now, if yer honour's glory will listen to me—see that now! if he'll give up the half acre, that, according to a covenant in my uncle Tom's will, was to be mine, if his aunt Biddy on the mother's side died without childre—which she did, poor unhappy cuid craythur"——

"What's that he says?" interrupted the old woman, setting her "talons" in order. "What's that he says about my aunt Biddy?"

"Wisht!" interposed the Giant; "I'm aisy now—jist give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself—go on, if it's plazing to ye, Misther Abel Carr—sir, if you plase?"

"I'd scorn to talk to you, you unedicated bog-trotther!" quoth the Goldfinch.

"Who do you call unedicated?" returned Leahy; "*I* did not get my larning off the pack-saddle of a broken-down exciseman, nor in the office of a dirty 'turney."

"Shame on you both!" interposed the magistrate; "and you, Abel Carr, stick—if it be possible for an Irishman to stick to the one point; do so, in God's name, and say what you propose."

"He has tould yer honour, I suppose, about the strame? Ye understand, it runs through my ground before it comes to his, little as it is; and it was my convanyance to make a ditch across the dawshy strame"——

"He owns to that, yer honour—hear to that; he owns to making the ditch," said the Giant.

"To be sure I do! Sure I've a right to make a ditch on my own land; but this man, as soon as my ditch is finished—in the night-time or day-time, it's all one to him—shovels it down again."

"And you thought to take a dirty advantage of me whin my foot slipt, and smother me in it," added Mr Leahy.

"Oh, heavenly father!" exclaimed the tiny red-headed man, "listen to that, and me trying to get him out, and he so tossicated with the liquor, that *his breath crossing a sunbame would have set the heavens in a blaze*; the Lord above purtect us from drunkards!"

It required all Mr Russel's influence to prevent John Leahy (who might really be called a sober man) from seizing and annihilating the provoking little farmer. The quarrellers had tormented Mr Russel touching this half-acre business at least twenty times, and always with the same result; asking his advice, and following their own. It is odd enough that a people so fond of breaking the law, should be so fond of going to law, and generally end by being dissatisfied with the law's result, and then take it into their own hands. An Englishman, if he is insulted, walks off as quietly to a police-office as if he were going to a funeral, makes his charge, and is, generally speaking, well satisfied with the result. He does not do as a huge Wexford farmer, Jasper Coriah by name, once did. "How have you managed with Lawrence Costello?" he was asked one day.

"Why," said Jasper, "I took the law of him first, and then I bate him just within an inch of his life."

"And what followed?"

"Bedad! he took the law of *me* then, and I was cast."

"Well?"

"Why, then, *I bate him again*." And for this, Jasper added, "he was murdered intirely, for he was bound over to keep the pace for two years, *and was losing the use of his limbs for want of practice*." It is impossible not to laugh at Jasper's perseverance and pugnacity, but it is too true that we often laugh where reflection would make us weep. Whoever would check the spirit of litigation which fills the pockets of the Irish pettifogging attorneys who dwell in county towns, on fair and market days, with crown and half-crown fees, would do almost as much towards the salvation of Ireland, as he who checks the progress of intemperance.

Mr Russel knew perfectly well that in cunning Abel Carr was as much an over-match for John Leahy, as John Leahy was in bodily strength for Abel Carr. He knew that Leahy had embroiled himself for the last year with the crafty Abel, and yet Abel was, in the sight of the country, getting the advantage of his opponent at every hand's turn; working him out of his land, not only on this but on other occasions. It was neither Abel's interest, nor his intention, to suffer any matter pending between them to be clearly understood. He was the sort of person who would bear a beating for the sake of the damages; and Mr Russel knowing this, was anxious that, while he yielded him the free-born right of answering his accuser, that accuser should hold his tongue, for Abel was proud of his knowledge, proud of "his law;" and the magistrate knew that, as John himself said, "if he had rope enough given, he would hang himself." But this giving of rope was what, with all his knowledge, John would not do, and so he foiled the magistrate's kind intention.

John called Abel Carr "the artfulest thief under heaven," and yet he met him, as it were, open mouthed. He knew he had spent all his early days in the chicanery of an attorney's office, yet he ran into law with him with as much avidity as if he had been coursing a hare.

After much stormy discussion—for at every second sentence Mr Russel was obliged to interpose his authority—the magistrate came to the conclusion, that, in addition to the disputed half acre, the Giant charged the Goldfinch with turning a stream he had no right to turn, and for an assault; and the Goldfinch avowed his right to turn the stream, and denied the assault; and upon this there were half-a-dozen of the clan Giant ready to swear it had been made, and half-a-dozen of the clan Goldfinch ready to swear it had not been made. And this tangled net of bog, and stream, and battle, was crossed and recrossed by several webs of minor but not less perplexing import; how Aby Carr's brother Mike had laid a plan of abduction, in which Alice's sister Anne was to have been the victim; how John's brother's boat on the Shannon had a hole knocked through its side by Aby's sister's son; how—but I shall never get to the end of my story at this rate. The worthy magistrate saw it was impossible to unravel their mysteries; the best advice, to make it up amongst themselves, they would not take; and so Mr Russel, his whole morning wasted (but as he was an Irish country gentleman, *that*, in his estimation, did not signify very much), desired them all to go about their business, and trouble him no more. And Abel Carr, well pleased, said he would never have troubled his honour, but for the necessity there was of clearing his character to so good a "jontleman." And John Leahy declared there was no use in going to a landlord, and a magistrate, who had no "laning towards an ould residenter," but that he'd "take the law of the leprehawn, if it left him a beggar on the face of the earth." And it was piteous to see the expression of agony that passed over Alice Leahy's face, as she glanced from her husband to her child.

And now, how were the contending factions to disperse? The women of both begged that his honour's glory would prevent the spillin' of blood, and keep one set prisoners till the other was gone. But Mr Russel, by a skilful manœuvre, dispatched the Giant's friends by the stable entrance, and those of Abel Carr through the hall door, and finished his morning by arranging, in a more satisfactory manner, some trifling disputes amongst some of his humbler neighbours, who had the good sense *not to go to law*.

But his trials for the day were not over. Neither an Englishman nor an Irishman likes to be disturbed immediately after dinner; yet Mr Russel had not finished his second tumbler, when the servant said Mrs Leahy wanted to speak a word with his honour, and would not keep him a minute.

"Is it the young or the old one?" inquired the magistrate. The servant said "it was Alice," and Mr Russel said she must be shown up immediately, and the two young ladies nearly quarrelled as to who had the best right to place a chair for the farmer's sweet wife: a legal question, which papa decided by declaring *both* had the right—the eldest, because she was the eldest; and the youngest, because she was the youngest. As soon as this point was settled, Mrs Leahy was introduced. She sat down, for her trembling limbs appeared scarcely able to sustain her weight; but after resting a few moments, she rose, curtsied, and advanced to the table, upon which she placed her fingers, as if fearful that, unsupported, she could not stand; she then, in the low soft tones of suppressed feeling, apologised for her intrusion, and commenced

* In Ireland a sporting landlord sends out his young dogs "to be nursed" at the farm-houses; and I have seen many recognitions between the peasants and dogs, which, however, I believe the huntsman does not approve of.

† Hedgehog.

‡ Landlords in Ireland frequently use the precaution of having their own lives in "*the lease*."

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in the earnest language of a warm but untutored heart, to ask counsel of Mr Russel, and state her fears and anxieties.

"Plase yer honour, and you, ma'am, who knew me before I knew myself, and you, young ladies, growing up before my eyes in beauty, garden roses that ye are, my husband is gone over to Pether Pendergrast, and the ould woman along with him, and the child—the only blossom left us—asleep, the Lord look down on her! and so I thought I'd make bould to come over and open my mind, on account of the notion John has in his head of going to law. Ye see, yer honour, Pether Pendergrast pushes him on to it; and his mother, living so long on the land, poor woman, it's no wonder she should take on about every blade of grass, and think a dale of every green shamrogue that springs from the sod. It's as good as four year since the first notion took him about law. Yer honour minds the fair that time, and how he was brought in about a bit of a dispute; well, every thing went so much to his mind then, sir, that he unfortunately took a liking to the law; and little Aby Carr urged on his claims to this weary bit of bog, and my trouble is, that through the half acre we shall be broke altogether."

"How do you mean?" inquired Mr Russel; "my agent has said nothing of your husband's being in arrear."

"Thank God, he's not *that*, sir," replied Alice, almost proudly; "we paid the agent up, sir, though some of the cattle, the brindled cow I reared from a calf with my own hand—the same age as little Peggy she was—went with the rest to make up the last gale."

"I should have been told this," said Mr Russel, who, though a magistrate when present, was generally *an absent* Irishman, and knew but little of his estate, except during the hunting season.

"I don't complain of that, yer honour; there's no use crying afther the snow that fell last year; but I *do* complain of the money that goes in law, and, above all, of the time spent about it for nothing. Never a cause in the coort-house of Limerick that comes on, but he's off to hear tried, saying if it does not do him good one time, it may another; and then, yer honour, his people and neighbours, knowing his way, get round him, and he treats them, and"——

"This is very bad indeed," said Mr Russel, for poor Alice's emotion overcame her.

"This is very sad; I thought John was an excellent husband," said Mrs Russel.

"A good husband!—Oh, then, the Lord guide and purtect him, that he is, and always was; never an unkind word did he ever give me; but for all that, he's a man, and will take his own way, though when he gets into any little distress, he's sure to bemoan himself, and say, if he had took my advice he'd not have had that trouble; but sure he does the same thing over again the next minute. There's many idle bad-minded persons going, that don't care a mite what comes of any one, so their own turn's served; and it goes to my heart to see such as my husband put upon by some, and tormented by others, who have nothing betther than him—*but cunning*. I can see through Aby Carr. If my husband gave up that half acre quiet and aisy, it would break his heart. He knows he has a hould over it, and it's just a bare bone of contention. As long as he keeps him in contention about that and the little strame of water, that's good for nothing in the world but the wild birds of the air to drink of, he knows that he must fall into trouble, because he neglects his farming that he does understand, for the law which he does not understand, thank the Almighty! I'd sooner see him—dear as he is, and wrapt up within my heart ever since I heard the first sound of his voice, as the misthress remembers me, a little *colleen* at my mother's door—I'd sooner see him dead—I think I would—than the mean bad thing the law turns many an honest man to."

"You are quite right; but what can I do more than advise him against this going to law which he is so fond of?" inquired Mr Russel. "I never knew a rich man take to law, that he was not made much poorer by it, nor a poor man, that he was not ruined."

"Well," said the wife, with a look of beautiful resignation, "if it must be so, it must, that's all; I'll do my best to prevent it; but if it comes, why, *the worst will be over*—the grace of God is above us all—I'll never reproach him by word or look, and I'll work with him and for him, and for the *bird of my bosom*—work for them—or"—— She could not say REG; the word was stayed in her throat, and instead, she added, "*Travel* with them to the grave."

"Not while we have a house on our estate to shelter you," said Mrs Russel, kindly.

"May the great God bless you for that!" murmured Alice through her tears. The prayer came warm and pure from her heart, and as such was registered in heaven.

"But a poor woman like me," she resumed, endeavouring to smile, "has no right to be troubling the quality with her troubles. Yer honour understands that there isn't a *jookeen** attorney in the town that hasn't given him half-a-crown, or five shillings, or may be seven-and-sixpence worth, of bad advice, either upon this or something else, and called it law; and now he has the notion of going to 'Turney Betherum, who they say any day is as good as a counseller, only he wont do any law, not open his lips, under ten shillings, to the poorest; and though his tongue is as glib as an eel, it 'ill tell no law till he has the bit of yellow goold; and he wont let me go with him, because his people say I tell all, but he takes his mother, and one or two more. Now, the 'turney, if he was as great a lawyer as King Solomon, would never make out the rights of it from John; and to get rid of the trouble of thinking, he'll maybe give an encouraging answer, and that will be worse than ever. So, I had a thought, if yer honour, who knows the 'turney so well, would be so good as to give him an idea of how it really was; maybe HE might get him to give up the weary bit of bog without risking all we have in a lawsuit, for men of my husband's temper *will often take an advice from a stranger that they would not listen to from their own people.*"

Mr Russel could not help admiring the wisdom of Alice Leahy; it was so simply and modestly spoken, and yet replete with the difficult knowledge of human nature—that knowledge which books cannot teach.

"Well," he said, "I will call upon my friend Betherum the first thing to-morrow morning, but you must explain to me exactly how it is. I have heard the half-acre affair six times at least, without being much the wiser." Alice did so, and increased the astonishment of the worthy lady and gentleman by her clearness and perspicuity. Mr Russel renewed his promise of being with the attorney the first thing in the morning; and as she was about to withdraw, he put to her an experimental question, "Mrs Leahy, are you quite right to do this without your husband's knowledge?"

"If yer honour had a relation gone mad, wouldn't you strive to hinder him from doing any harm to himself or another?" He replied, "But my tenant, your husband, is not mad, surely?"

"Plase yer honour, I do not think any man going to law can be in his senses."

"What a sensible as well as a beautiful woman that is!" observed the magistrate, as Alice curtsied herself out of the room.

"So she is, my dear," answered his wife; "do you remember what she said about the obstinacy of all men, and being obliged to regret afterwards that they did not follow their wives' advice?"

"Humph!" said the magistrate. And here we conclude the first part of our story.

* Petty, low, sharp, cunning, pettifogging.

MR MARSHALL'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE MARINE BAROMETER.

It will perhaps be recollected that in our 349th number a short paper was presented, detailing, according to the views of Lieutenant Colonel Reade, the manner in which violent storms and hurricanes usually act in tropical climates, and the laws by which they are regulated. Storms, it was explained, do not advance, as is commonly supposed, in a direct line, but in a circle or parabola like a whirlwind, and by the timely consultation of the marine barometer, may be in a great measure avoided by ships which are liable to be overtaken by them. A confirmation of Colonel Reade's valuable theory is found in a letter from Mr Marshall, formerly commander of one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, which was published nearly fourteen years ago in the journals of the Cape, and transferred a few weeks since into the Athenæum. The following abridged account of Mr Marshall's experience will be read with interest by all who take pleasure in the triumphs of science over ignorance and prejudice.

Mr Marshall strongly recommends commanders of vessels to pay the most pointed attention to the indications of the marine barometer, which never fails, by the fall of the mercury, to indicate an approaching storm. The seaman is thus enabled, by bringing his ship to the wind, and other preparations, to secure to himself the best chance of escaping damage. "Even if at the moment the sky should be cloudless, the atmosphere motionless, and no other indication of a storm throughout the whole visible horizon, than that which this invaluable instrument affords him, still he will take his measures with the same degree of promptitude and energy as though the danger had already commenced; and when the flattering gale springs up to favour his course, he will not be tempted to pursue it through any fallacious notion of shortening the period of his voyage; for if my theory be correct, he may rest assured that the farther he advances, the greater will be the fury of the tempest; that it is a principle of every hurricane to narrow its sphere in proportion to its duration; that wherever the storm commences, there it will soonest terminate; and, consequently, that his easiest way to escape from its fury is to remain as stationary as possible. I should not have dwelt on some of these points, had I not been aware that a notion is but too prevalent among seamen, that scudding before the storm is the shortest way to get out of it; an error which is attended with this additional evil, that those precious moments which intervene between the fall of the quicksilver and the rising of the storm, are expended (perhaps never to be retrieved) in a proceeding which, in my opinion, is fraught with nothing but mischief.

It was in October of the year 1808, that I left Madras on board one of the East India Company's ships [the *Diana*, of which he was commander], with eight others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun ship. On reaching the latitude of 8 degrees south, and the longitude of 88 degrees east, we unfortunately encountered one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was perhaps ever experienced by a ship that did not actually founder. It is impossible to convey to the minds of those who have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea of the fury with which it blew during the three days and nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more a succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of cannon, than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continued breach over the ship, sweeping every thing moveable before it. During nearly the whole of this period, the passengers, officers, and crew, were, without distinction of persons, employed in pumping or baling, cutting away masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to the safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticability of getting into the hold through the body of water always lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of the period was passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay the thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficulty, and occasionally could not be, prevented from swallowing the bilge water as it ascended from the well. And had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of a quantity of this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine-glasses, the probability is, that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve-pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck, causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stove in by their means. Notwithstanding, the fore-mast, mizen-mast, main-top-mast, and bowsprit, were, at the peril of our lives, successively cut away. At the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm.

I have been a witness to many a distressing scene on the ocean, but never in the course of my practice have I been present at one so distressing, at least to my own feelings, as that which I have more immediately under consideration. The scene I am now drawing to a close was one of peculiar excitement, painful feelings, and of heavy responsibility. Well may the Psalmist say, 'These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.' But to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of woe was exhibited which baffled description—a scene sufficiently appalling to rend the stoutest heart in twain, especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for that relief which it was not in his power to afford—even to her, who had the strongest of all claims on him for consolation, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy.

The ship, apparently water-logged, was now observed to be settling fast forward. Every countenance exhibited a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps, than their labours, which, from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigour; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favour, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm; the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by daylight on the following morning all the water was discharged from her." But the vessel now "lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; upon which we trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, fore-mast, mizen-mast, and main-top-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board; the whole of the live stock (with a trifling exception), consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry, were washed overboard, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine chest, and seamen's chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the east was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had at first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, was happily found to be uninjured: we had rice and spirits in abundance. Our spare stock of spars, which was also considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvass, and cordage suffi-

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cient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade-wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favourable. After due deliberation at a meeting of the officers of the ship, and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and, as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favour of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into, with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c., on our arrival at the Cape, which were lost in the storm. L.700 were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes (perhaps an unprecedented act of similar liberality), which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more rigidly fulfilled: however, in spite of these but seldom paralleled exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port, after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it were not the lot of every soul on board. I cannot account for the fact, unless it were owing to the particular frame of mind we had imbibed from our recent deliverance—a frame of mind which philosophy might spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious as we naturally were to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated eleven weeks before under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to be safe at anchor in the bay; the remaining three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four gun ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm; whilst two escaped with but little injury, owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others; thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins, there it will soonest end. During a greater part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay nearly becalmed.

Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself at liberty to draw the following practical inference, namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to; and that, had the three unfortunate ships which foundered in the storm pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too."

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.*

We consider this as one of the most pleasing of Mr Howitt's fast increasing catalogue of productions. First, with regard to its externals, it is an octavo of extra size, and above five hundred pages, beautiful in paper and print, and enriched with about forty most exquisite wood engravings by Samuel Williams. It is the more important to be exact in these matters, as the volume appears to be of the kind designed for presents, and whose fate it is to be fondled in lady's bower, for such we take to be the old reading of a modern drawing-room. Of the places visited, it is proper that we furnish some account. The book opens with Penshurst in Kent, the ancient seat of the Sydneys, endeared on account of Sir Philip—on account of his sister, "Pembroke's mother"—on account of Ben Jonson, and other English worthies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Soon after this follows "Stratford-on-Avon," one of the longest and most elaborate papers in the book. "Combe Abbey" and "Compton Winyates," both in Warwickshire, are the principal old English residences, besides Penshurst, of which Mr Howitt presents any account. He has a long and very good paper on "Hampton Court." A visit to the Great Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst in Lancashire is the subject of a very interesting article. Edge-Hill and Culloden are the only battle-fields adverted to. He has a long but perhaps too purely antiquarian paper on Winchester. Tintagel, the ancient rock-perched sea castle of King Arthur in Cornwall, is strikingly handled, and brings forth some eloquent remarks, which we should be happy to quote. There is also a paper on Staffa and Iona, and one of a more original kind, descriptive of a Highland sacrament at Kilmorack in Inverness-shire, on which, however, we could give some rather odd marginal notes.

The book is one entire and perfect chrysolite of pleasant reading, yet not without gradations of interest, though arising rather from the nature of the subjects than from the mode of treating them, which is uniformly in that style of mingled sentiment and familiar remark which so agreeably characterises Mr Howitt's writings. Of the descriptions of old residences, that of Compton Winyates is decidedly the best, the house being not only a perfect specimen of that Elizabethan kind of mansion known in England by the term "hall," but very singularly situated, and having some uncommon features of decoration. Of the visits to "remarkable places," we think Stratford the best, notwithstanding the previous paper of Washington Irving on the same subject.

In this portion of Mr Howitt's book we find, of course, no new fact in Shakspeare's biography (that, we suppose, is past praying for); but he nevertheless throws some light on the mental history of the man by his local observations. At Shottry, near Stratford, where the house of his wife Anne Hathaway still exists, he discovers some natural objects which Shakspeare has alluded to, and which his commentators have been at a loss to explain—mysteries to Steevens and Malone, but familiar to the fellow-villagers of the poet. He is at some pains to do away with the impressions which Shakspeare's satire has communicated respecting the Lucys of Charlcot, whom he found to have been all along an amiable and every way respectable family. The portrait which he gives of the Sir Thomas who is supposed to have been the original of Justice Shallow, exhibits a head which never *could* have belonged to a man liable to be with truth so described. There is some amusing matter respecting the commercial importance which Shakspeare's fame has conferred on the house in which he was born.

"Opposite to this town-hall is a house occupied by a Mr Reason, who has a sign in front of it, announcing that there is kept a collection of articles which were in the house where the poet was born, and remained there till Mary Homby, the mother of the present Mrs Reason, was obliged to leave it on account of the proprietor raising the rent so much in consequence of the numerous visits to it. She at first gave ten, then twenty, then forty pounds a-year for it; but the tide of visitors increasing, the demand of the landlord still rose with it, till either the man outvalued the income, or the patience of Mary Homby gave way. She gave notice to quit the house, and another person immediately took it. A violent feud arose between the outgoing and the incoming exhibitor. Mary Homby, of course, stripped the house of every article that had been shown as Shakspeare's. But she did not stop there. She deliberately, or perhaps, as will appear probable, rather hastily, took a brush and a pail of whitewash, and washed over all the millions of inscribed names of adoring visitors on the walls! At one fell swoop, out went the illustrious signatures of kings, queens, princes, princesses, ambassadors and ambassadresses, lords, ladies, knights, poets, philosophers, statesmen, tragedians, comedians, bishops, lord chancellors, lord chief justices, privy councillors, senators, and famous orators; all the sweet tribe of duchesses, countesses, baronesses, honourables and dishonourables—out went they altogether, with as little remorse as if Death himself had been wielding the besom of destruction, instead of Mary Homby her whitewash brush.

Mary Homby having executed this sublime extinction of so many dignities, marched out with a lofty sense of the vacuum she left behind, carrying away with her the Albums into the bargain. The new tenant on entering was struck with a speechless consternation! In 'the immortal bard's' own words, all the precious relics had

> Vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> And left not a wreck behind.

Nothing at all but four bare walls! What was to be done? It was still Shakspeare's birth-place, but it was a very naked one indeed—all the imposing relics were gone, and a rival shop was set up with them! She looked upon herself as swindled. She had a higher rent to pay, with a diminished stock, and a formidable rival, and she accordingly raised a loud clamour in the ears of the landlord. The landlord began to bluster with Mary Homby, and claimed the goods as heir-looms—as part and parcel of the property; but the lawyers told him a different story. He then claimed the Albums, and commenced proceedings to recover them, but with no better success. Money was then offered for them, but money could not buy them; so it was absolutely necessary to commence anew with blank walls and blank books. It was a melancholy coming down. Where was the chair called Shakspeare's chair, which had stood in a niche in the room, and the arms of which alone had been sold for twenty-three guineas? Where were those two fine old high-backed chairs which were *said* to be given to Shakspeare by the Earl of Southampton, with the earl's coronet and supporters (animals having an odd look, between lions and men, with big heads) upon them? Where was the little chair of the same kind, called Hamnet's chair—the son of Shakspeare, who died when twelve years old? Where was that precious old lantern made of the glass of the house where Shakspeare died? The bust, taken and coloured accurately from the bust in the church? The portrait of a boy, with a curious high-laced cap on his head and an embroidered doublet, *called* John Hathaway, the brother of Ann Hathaway? The painting said to be done by Shakspeare's nephew, William Shakspeare Hart, representing Shakspeare in the character of Petruchio? The cup, and the knotted walking-stick made from the crab-tree under which he slept in Bidford Fields? Where the various pieces of carving from his bedstead? That old basket-hilted sword which *looked* as though it had lain buried for a century or two on the field of Edge-Hill or Worcester, but which was, in fact, no such thing, but the veritable sword with which Shakspeare performed in Hamlet, and which the Prince Regent had wanted so much to buy in 1815, saying, '*he knew the family very well that gave it to Shakspeare?*' Where was that? Ay, and still more, where was that grand old piece of carving which used to be over the mantel-piece, coloured and gilt, and representing David fighting with Goliath between the adverse armies; and over their heads, on a flying label or garter, this inscription, *said*, and sufficiently testified by the splendour of the verse, to be written by 'the immortal bard' himself?—

> Goliath comes with sword and spear,
> And David with his sling;
> Although Goliath rage and swear,
> Down David doth him bring.
> SAMUEL, xvii. An. Dom. 1606.*

The iron box that held the poet's will; Shakspeare's bench; pieces of his mulberry-tree; the box given to him by the Prince of Castile; a piece of the very matchlock with which he shot the deer; the portraits of Sir John Bernard and his lady Elizabeth, the grandaughter of Shakspeare; the portrait of Charlotte Clopton in her trance; the pedigree, and the will—where were they all? Carried off by the indignant and vindictive Mary Homby, who was too selfish to pay more than L.40 a-year for the house in which so great a genius was born; for all the great names of all the illustrious people, from all quarters of the world, written by the blacklead pencils of every known manufactory, and all these precious relics to boot—such a collection as was never yet seen on this side of Loretto.

But the ravages of this modern Goth and Vandal, Mary Homby, could not be entirely repaired—they might, however, be in some degree mitigated; and as the disconsolate successor ruminated on the means—lo! a most happy and inspired idea occurred to her. Mary Homby had been in a passion, and perhaps she had forgotten to put any size into her whitewash. A brush was instantly applied to the walls—the hope became at once a certainty!—Mary Homby *had* omitted the size, and by gentle and continued friction of the brush, the millions of pencilled names once more appeared in all their original clearness! The relics were at once pronounced—humbug;—new Albums were opened, and the Shakspeare show-room was restored to its ancient value. In fact, this house, which was some years ago purchased of Joan Shakspeare's descendants, the Harts, with other property, for L.250, is now said to be worth L.2000."

In the same article Mr Howitt takes particular notice of Clopton Hall, near Stratford, the residence of the chief family of the district in Shakspeare's time, and apparently as good a specimen as any of the old halls which it is partly the purpose of the book to describe. Respecting this mansion, Mr Howitt prints a letter by a lady of his acquaintance, which conveys the matter in so pithy and so generally interesting a shape, that we are tempted to extract it:—

"I wonder if you know Clopton Hall, about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon. Will you allow me to tell you of a very happy day I once spent there. I was at school in the neighbourhood, and one of my schoolfellows was the daughter of a Mr W——, who then lived at Clopton. Mrs W—— asked a party of the girls to go and spend a long afternoon, and we set off one beautiful autumn day, full of delight and wonder respecting the place we were going to see. We passed through desolate, half-cultivated fields, till we came within sight of the house—a large, heavy, compact, square brick building, of that deep dead red almost approaching to purple. In front was a large formal court, with the massy pillars surmounted with two grim monsters; but the walls of the court were broken down, and the grass grew as rank and wild within the enclosure as in the raised avenue walk down which we had come. The flowers were tangled with nettles, and it was only as we approached the house that we saw the single yellow rose and the Austrian briar trained into something like order round the deep-set diamond-paned windows. We trooped into the hall, with its tesselated marble floor, hung round with strange portraits of people who had been in their graves two hundred years at least; yet the colours were so fresh, and in some instances they were so life-like, that, looking merely at the faces, I almost fancied the originals might be sitting in the parlour beyond. More completely to carry us back, as it were, to the days of the civil wars, there was a sort of military map hung up, well finished with pen and ink, showing the stations of the respective armies, and with old-fashioned writing beneath, the names of the principal towns, setting forth the strength of the garrison, &c. In this hall we were met by our kind hostess, and told we might ramble where we liked, in the house or out of the house, taking care to be in the 'recessed parlour' by tea time. I preferred to wander up the wide shelving oak staircase, with its massy balustrade all crumbling and worm-eaten. The family then residing at the hall did not occupy one-half—no, not one-third of the rooms; and the old-fashioned furniture was undisturbed in the greater part of them. In one of the bedrooms (said to be haunted), and which, with its close pent-up atmosphere and the long shadows of evening creeping on, gave me an 'eerie' feeling, hung a portrait so singularly beautiful! a sweet-looking girl with paly gold hair combed back from her forehead, and falling in wavy ringlets on her neck, and with eyes that 'looked like violets filled with dew,' for there was the glittering of unshed tears before their deep dark blue—and that was the likeness of Charlotte Clopton, about whom there was so fearful a legend told at Stratford church. In the time of some epidemic, the sweating-sickness, or the plague, this young girl had sickened, and to all appearance died. She was buried with fearful haste in the vaults of Clopton chapel, attached to Stratford church, but the sickness was not stayed. In a few days another of the Cloptons died, and him they bore to the ancestral vault; but as they descended the gloomy stairs, they saw, by the torch-light, Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes leaning against the wall; and when they looked nearer, she was indeed dead, but not before, in the

* Visits to Remarkable Places: Old Halls, Battle-Fields, and Scenes illustrative of striking passages in English History and Poetry. By William Howitt, author of "the Rural Life of England," "Boy's Country Book," &c. London, Longman and Company, 1840.

* This was there at the time of Ireland's visit.

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agonies of despair and hunger, she had bitten a piece from her white round shoulder! Of course, she had *walked* ever since. This was 'Charlotte's chamber,' and beyond Charlotte's chamber was a state-chamber, carpeted with the dust of many years, and darkened by the creepers which had covered up the windows, and even forced themselves in luxuriant daring through the broken panes. Beyond, again, there was an old Catholic chapel, with a chaplain's room, which had been walled up and forgotten till within the last few years. I went in on my hands and knees, for the entrance was very low. I recollect little in the chapel; but in the chaplain's room were old, and I should think rare editions of many books, mostly folios. A large yellow-paper copy of Dryden's 'All for Love, or the World Well Lost,' date 1686, caught my eye, and is the only one I particularly remember. Every here and there, as I wandered, I came upon a fresh branch of a staircase, and so numerous were the crooked, half-lighted passages, that I wondered if I could find my way back again. There was a curious carved old chest in one of these passages, and with girlish curiosity I tried to open it; but the lid was too heavy, and I persuaded one of my companions to help me, and when it was opened, what do you think we saw—BONES!—but whether human, whether the remains of the lost bride, we did not stay to see, but ran off in partly feigned and partly real terror.

The last of these deserted rooms that I remember, the last, the most deserted, and the saddest, was the nursery—a nursery without children, without singing voices, without merry chiming footsteps! A nursery hung round with its once inhabitants, bold, gallant boys, and fair, arch-looking girls, and one or two nurses with round, fat babies in their arms. Who were they all? What was their lot in life? Sunshine or storm? or had they been 'loved by the gods, and died young?' The very echoes knew not. Behind the house, in a hollow, now wild, damp, and overgrown with elder-bushes, was a well called Margaret's Well, for there had a maiden of the house of that name drowned herself.

I tried to obtain any information I could as to the family of Clopton of Clopton. They had been decaying ever since the civil wars; had for a generation or two been unable to live in the old house of their fathers, but had toiled in London, or abroad, for a livelihood; and the last of the old family, a bachelor, eccentric, miserly, old, and of most filthy habits, if report said true, had died at Clopton Hall but a few months before, a sort of boarder in Mr W——'s family. He was buried in the gorgeous chapel of the Cloptons in Stratford church, where you see the banners waving, and the armour hung over one or two splendid monuments. Mr W—— had been the old man's solicitor, and completely in his confidence, and to him he left the estate, encumbered and in bad condition. A year or two afterwards, the heir-at-law, a very distant relation living in Ireland, claimed and obtained the estate, on the plea of undue influence, if not of forgery, on Mr W——'s part; and the last I heard of our kind entertainers on that day, was, that they were outlawed, and living at Brussels."

We must conclude; but, before doing so, would express the very great gratification which the following remarks have given us—a gratification in which we are sure every one of our readers will participate:—

"The palace [Hampton Court] has only been fairly thrown open this summer, and for some time the fact was but very little known; yet through spring and summer the resort thither has been constantly increasing; the average number of visitors on Sunday or Monday is now two thousand five hundred, and the amount of them for the month of August was thirty-two thousand!

And how have these swarms of Londoners of all classes behaved? With the exception of some scratches made on the panels of the grand staircase—for the discovery of the perpetrator of which an ominous placard is pasted on the door-post as you enter, offering five pounds reward, but of which slight injury no one can tell the date (the police, who are always on the spot, never having witnessed the doing of it since they were stationed there), I cannot learn that the slightest exhibition of what has been considered the English love of demolition has been made. Never have I seen, at all times that I have been there, a more orderly or more well-pleased throng of people. I happened accidentally to be there on Whit-Monday, when, besides the railway, upwards of a dozen spring-vans, gaily adorned with ribbons and blue and red hangings, had brought there their loads of servants and artisans, all with their sweethearts, and in fine spirits for a day's country frolic; and not less than two thousand people were wandering through the house and gardens, yet nothing could be more decorous than their behaviour. Never, indeed, did I behold a scene which was more beautiful in my eyes, or which more sensibly affected me. Here were thousands of those whose fathers would have far preferred the brutal amusement of bull-baiting or the cock-pit; who would have made holiday at the boxing-ring, or in guzzling beer in the lowest dens of debauch—here were they, scattered in companies and in family groups; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, old people, and children of all ages, strolling through the airy gardens, admiring the flowers, or resting on the benches, or watching the swarming shoals of gold and silver fish in the basin of the central fountain, and feeding them with crumbs of bun amid shouts of childish delight. Here were these poor people, set free from the fret and fume, the dust and sweat and mental and bodily wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, well dressed, amongst their more wealthy neighbours, clean, and jocund from the sense of freedom and social affection, treading walks laid down only for royal feet, listening to the lapse of waters intended only for the ears of greatness and high-born beauty, though all constructed by the money of their forefathers; and here were they enjoying all these more than king or cardinal ever could do, beneath a sunny sky, that seemed to smile upon them as if itself rejoiced at the sight of so much happiness. There, too, through the open windows, you saw the passing crowds of heads of men and women wandering through the rooms intent on the works of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ricci, Giulio Romano, and many another master of the sublime and beautiful; pausing to behold forms of power, and grace, and loveliness, and to mark many a face of man or woman whose names are so bruited in our annals that even the most ignorant must have heard something of them. Here surely was significant indication of a change in the popular mind in the course of one generation, which must furnish an answer to those who ask what has education done for the masses, and most pregnant with matter of buoyant augury for the future. Those who do not see in such a spectacle that the march of intellect, and the walking abroad of the schoolmaster, are something more than things to furnish a joke or a witticism, are blind indeed to the signs of the times, and to the certainty that the speed of sound knowledge amongst the people will yet make this nation more deserving of the epithet of a nation of princes, than ever Rome deserved from the Parthian ambassador. I could not help asking myself, as my eye wandered amid the throng, how much more happiness was now enjoyed in any one day on that ground, than had been enjoyed in a twelvemonth when it was only the resort of kings and nobles, and the scene of most costly masks and banquets. Nothing more than the sight of that happiness was needed to prove the rationality of throwing open such places to diffuse amongst the million at once the truest pleasure and the most refining influences."

EXHIBITIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PARIS, London, and perhaps some other large cities, have for some years enjoyed the advantage of popular exhibitions illustrative of science and the arts. The Adelaide Gallery of the British capital is an example of what we allude to. The value of such exhibitions, taking advantage of the sight-seeing propensity every where prevalent, and turning it to rational and improving objects, is very great; and we think it extremely desirable that something of the kind, on a scale of greater or less magnitude, should be established in every considerable seat of population, more particularly, and in the first place, in Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and afterwards perhaps in a class of smaller towns. We are enabled to give a few hints, both as to the means of getting up such exhibitions, and the chances of their success and usefulness in the larger British cities, in consequence of an experiment which has recently been made in the Scottish capital.

This experiment owed its origin, we believe, and was mainly indebted for its success, to one active and enlightened person, Dr D. B. Reid, lecturer on chemistry—the same gentleman who was employed to heat and ventilate the houses of parliament. Such a circumstance ought, we think, to encourage other active and enlightened persons in the different cities to exert themselves in the like manner. The exhibition was prepared in a suite of rooms, named the Assembly Rooms, which are designed chiefly for balls and concerts, and therefore are not particularly well adapted, with respect to light, for the purpose to which they were now applied. The preparations were also made in a hurried manner, and the exhibition was limited to about ten days, in consequence of the rooms being engaged for a concert which was to take place at the end of that period. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of Edinburgh have rarely expressed themselves more unequivocally pleased with any exhibition than with this, of which we are now to give some description.

A large room on the ground floor, generally used for lumber, was fitted up on this occasion for the exhibition of two modern instruments of a remarkable nature, the hydro-oxygen microscope, and the polariscope, the latter being altogether a novelty in Edinburgh. These were shown and illustrated by Mr E. M. Clarke of London, who had been invited to our capital for the purpose. Two large screens, containing each a disc or white circle of twelve feet diameter, together with a square screen of nearly similar bulk, were erected, for the exhibition of the effects of both instruments. As the hydro-oxygen microscope has been shown in many places, and is comparatively well known, little more need be said than that its wonders consist in the casting of an enlarged shadow from minute objects upon the discs, by means of a very intense white light and a lens. Small insects are thus magnified to the size of the largest animals, and leaves, mosses, and the smallest fractions of plants, become susceptible of the minutest inspection. The lecturer, after showing many natural objects, introduced a small and exquisitely finished glass cameo of Leander in the waters of the Hellespont; and it was interesting to find, that, while the magnification could not in the slightest degree impair the delicacy of a leaf or an insect's wing, it reduced this work of man's ingenuity, exquisite as it appeared before the naked eye, to the coarse appearance of stucco-work! The highest magnifying power exhibited by Mr Clarke, extended, if we heard aright, to twelve thousand times; but the lecturer mentioned that the same instrument had operated on a disc of thirty-two feet, in which case the magnification must have been very much greater, though necessarily less distinct, and with a greater violation of proportions towards the extremities of the figure. The polariscope has been constructed on the same principle as the hydro-oxygen microscope, being designed to present on the discs, and thus make visible to a large audience at once, the beautiful phenomena of the polarisation of light. In this case, three discs are employed, one at each side of the instrument and its demonstrator, and one behind.

Mr Clarke first proceeded to illustrate the simple prismatic phenomena, throwing enlarged shades of the iris upon the discs, and then presenting small circular shades of two colours complementary to each other, which, being made to converge, displayed, in the overlapping part, a perfect white, thus making visible to hundreds at once the fact, so astonishing to the unlearned mind, that the colours are but parts of pure white light. The demonstrator then made equally visible to the large assemblage which filled the room, the phenomena of polarisation, chiefly using for the purpose various pieces of celenite. A shade, for example, from a piece of this mineral first exhibited, on one screen, a particular assemblage of colours, being then under refraction. It was then removed to another screen, and shown under the law of reflection, when every colour was seen to be different from what it had been before. Finally, he removed the shade to a third screen, where it was again under refraction, and it then of course showed the same appearances as in the first. Mr Clarke concluded the exhibition by a display of the chromatic fire cloud upon the ceiling, certainly one of the most startlingly brilliant of all the wonders of chemical science.

In another room on the ground floor, pottery manufacture was seen in operation, as well as glass-blowing and basket-making, the operators in the last instance being blind men from the Edinburgh Asylum. The pottery manufacture seemed to be a very attractive part of the exhibition, as it was visited by great crowds. An electro-magnetic machine, made by Mr Clarke for the Duke of Roxburghe, was shown in the pottery room.

The great hall on the second floor presented a magnificent spectacle, crowded as it was with curious objects of art, many of them imposing to the eye even at a first and distant glance. Such an object was the "model of a proposed restoration of Glasgow Cathedral," executed by Mr G. M. Kemp, the ingenious self-taught artist who planned the monument to be erected to Sir Walter Scott. There is not only wonderful neatness of execution visible in this model, but the artist has also given evidence of fine inventive powers as an architect, in his conception of the parts proposed to be added; for the real cathedral, as is well known, has never yet been completed. The first of the large tables with which the hall was covered, exhibited numerous models of steam-engines, boilers, and fire-engines, from the collection of the Edinburgh School of Arts, and from private individuals. Tables second and third were covered with models of agricultural implements of every imaginable kind. The south wall of the room was covered with portraits and portrait frames. Specimens of the Blind-Asylum work, of spun silk, of loom-woven portraits, of carpets, &c., all from the workshops and warehouses of private merchants, filled up others of the tables. On table seventh were a number of singular works of art from a bazaar in town, including an automaton singing-bird, which leaps from a box, plays a beautiful tune, and disappears again, at the touch of command; a picture-clock, with a miniature railroad in front, and several sets of trains whirling backwards and forwards at speed; and a time-piece with invisible mechanism, the index appearing to move round the centre of a small disc of glass, framed in a ring of gold. Specimens of goods and instruments, illustrating the woollen manufactures of Huddersfield, the flax manufacture of Arbroath, the cotton-spinning of Manchester, the process of stereotyping, and the process of gold-beating—specimens of Scottish and foreign marbles, and of Berlin-iron work—models of the various watch-escapements—formed the contents of other tables in the large hall. The whole of this superb apartment may be said to have been filled with specimens of workmanship, and working machinery, in almost every department of practical science. The utility and intelligibility of the exhibition was greatly increased by the presence of engravers and other workmen, showing the enginery of their respective trades in actual operation.

On a side-table, where beautiful models of ships, light-houses, the Thames Tunnel (from Mr Brunel), &c., were also seen, we found one object of extraordinary interest, a working-model of Ponton's Galvanic Telegraph. By this machine forty-two different signals were communicated from one end of the room to the other, by means of three insulated copper wires. Letters were arranged in view of the spectator, at one end, like the notes of a piano, and it was by acting on these that the intelligence was immediately conveyed. This machine has succeeded perfectly on some occasions of trial. One is now working with success, we believe, on the Great Western Railway. The manner in which the attention of the guardian of the telegraph at one end is drawn to the machine when a communication is about to be made from the other, is ingenious, and worthy of notice. A distinct exertion of galvanic influence is brought to play on a needle at the far end of the wire. The deviation caused in this needle moves a platinum wire kept at a white heat by a spirit-lamp. The motion brings the hot wire in contact with a fine cotton thread attached to a cord by which a pendulum is kept aside from a gong. The thread is burned, the pendulum falls, and strikes the required signal on the gong, to call the telegraph-keeper to his post.

At the upper end of the great hall were some beau-

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tiful specimens of reflectors, with burners and discs of various kinds and colours, presented by the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses. The paraboloidal reflector, similar to that used at the Bell Rock lighthouse, and the catadioptric apparatus of Fresnel, with the annular lens, and great burner such as is in use in the Inchkeith lighthouse, are splendid spectacles. The use of them Dr Reid explained daily at stated hours.

In passing from the large hall into the first or east side-room, the visitor beheld, through magnifying glasses, two magnificent views, stained upon glass, of the Bell Rock lighthouse in a storm, and of the Fall of Babylon, after Martin. Various beautiful models of machinery and objects of art filled the east side-room, and a machine for manufacturing hosiery was seen in operation. The central south room beyond was similarly filled. There were, among other objects of interest, several specimens of photogenic drawings and Daguerreotype plates, and a large collection of interesting skeletons, skulls, and other preparations from the College of Surgeons. In the west side-room the principal object was a Jacquard loom, seen in operation. Mere inspection by the eye cannot enable one to detect or describe the principles on which this remarkable machine is constructed, and we did not enjoy any chance of hearing it explained. It is of very considerable size, and is worked by one man, seated as at the ordinary loom. Beside it were a turning lathe in operation, and specimens of paper in all its stages, from the state of rags to the fine completed article.

Even from this meagre sketch of the collection, those of our readers who have not personally beheld it may form some idea of the rich variety of interesting objects which the scientific men, manufacturers, and mechanicians of Edinburgh, were able to bring forward on this occasion for the inspection of their fellow-citizens. The satisfaction of the public with the exhibition was unequivocally proved by the constant daily increase of the crowds which flocked to see it, and by the general expression of regret at its hurried close. There cannot, we think, be the slightest doubt that a permanent exhibition of the kind in Edinburgh, and consequently in other towns of the same size, would succeed. Of its effects in imparting knowledge to the public at large, in creating a general respect for science and art, and for their professors, in awakening in young minds the faculties fitted for particular pursuits, and guiding them in the early and more arduous part of their career, it would be difficult, we think, to form too high an estimate.*

EMIGRATION—REPORT OF THE POOR-LAW COMMISSIONERS ON THE SUBJECT.

The Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales have commenced issuing an occasional sheet, entitled "An Official Circular," with the view of affording information on topics connected with pauperism, for the use of local functionaries, and generally all who are interested in the administration of the existing Poor-Law. As the first instance of a public board voluntarily publishing its more important transactions, for the public advantage, this unquestionably merits the thanks of the community.

From the first number, purporting to be for the month of January, we extract the following portion of a Report on the state of Emigration, and demand for labourers in the colonies, by Mr Parker, Assistant Commissioner. The subject is at present of considerable importance.

By a Parliamentary paper recently printed, containing reports and correspondence respecting emigration to the colonies, it appears that the average annual emigration from England for the six years preceding 1838, was—

To the British North American Colonies	6,830
United States	26,849
Cape of Good Hope	318
Australian Colonies	2,806
	36,805

And that in 1838 it was—

To the British North American Colonies	1,572
United States	12,566
Cape of Good Hope	292
Australian Colonies	9,746
	24,176

Thus, in the last year, when the Poor-Law Amendment Act had been brought into operation over nearly the whole of England and Wales, notwithstanding the price of provisions had increased twenty per cent., and the demand for labour had become stronger in the colonies, there was less emigration by 14,629 persons than the average of the six preceding years. This difference there is every reason to suppose would have been much greater, had not emigration to the Australian colonies suddenly increased to its present extent, an increase attributable to the bounty now given to the labouring classes proceeding to that part of the British dominions. Previous to 1837, assistance was given to only single females between fifteen and thirty years of age proceeding to Australia; but since then, all persons deemed likely to prove eligible colonists have received gratuitous passages. This aid has naturally operated as an encouragement to labouring people, who may fairly argue, that unless their services are required, the cost of their removal to a colony would not be defrayed from public funds set apart by the colonists for that purpose. The aid so given will account for the sudden increase of the numbers of persons who proceeded to the Australian colonies in 1838, and without which increase, the emigration of the past year would have been insignificant in the extreme, as compared with former years. It is to be regretted that the statistical information supplied in the tables contained in these reports does not supply the actual immigration to the different colonies and to the United States for each year since 1829, similar to the one prepared by the agent for emigration at Quebec. The table relating to Quebec shows conclusively that immigration to that port has materially diminished. In the four years preceding the passing of the Poor-Law Amendment Act (including 1834, the act having been passed after the season for emigration had terminated), there arrived in Quebec from England and Wales 39,821 persons, whilst in the four years after the passing of the act there arrived there 21,825, including upwards of 1000 assisted by parochial funds, which a provision in the Poor-Law Amendment Act, for the first time, made applicable to emigration purposes. It has been frequently asked of witnesses, before committees of the Houses of Parliament, what has become of the surplus labour existing before the Poor-Law Amendment Act passed; and it has been broadly asserted by an influential journal, opposed to the provisions of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, that that surplus has been reduced by shipping off thousands of poor persons to the colonies. The assertion, broadly as it has been made, is nevertheless negatived by the official returns from the United States, where it is presumed no one will say poor-law influence prevails; as well as the British possessions in Asia, Africa, and America. It would be out of place, in a notice of a Parliamentary paper, to discuss the causes of the absorption of the surplus labour apparently existing before the operation of the Poor-Law Amendment Act; yet, from whatever cause the reduction in the number of unemployed labourers may proceed, it cannot fail to be an important consideration in ascertaining the causes, that the reduction has taken place at a time when the demand for the services of the productive classes is more than ever urgent in the colonies.

That the demand for the services of the productive classes has become more urgent in the colonies since the passing of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, is clearly evinced by the reports. Mr Buchanan, adverting to the Canadas, says:—'The great scarcity of labourers, and the high prices of wages which farmers are obliged to pay for the necessary assistance required on their land, continue to weigh heavily on the new settler, who has not sufficient physical aid amongst the members of his own family.' And he further adds, that in the eastern townships good labourers can earn from 40s. to 50s. currency per month, with board and lodging found.

In New South Wales the demand for the services of the labouring classes exists equally as strong, if not more so, than it does in the Canadas. A committee of the legislative council, presided over by the Bishop of Australia, has reported that 'it cannot be assumed that the want of labour in the colony can be supplied by the introduction of a smaller number than 3000 adult males every year—a number which will, allowing the average number of women and children, require the introduction of 12,500 persons annually.' The committee estimate the cost of introducing 12,500 persons to be L.250,000, and without recommending that a loan of L.2,000,000 should be raised, advert to the communications suggesting a loan in such a manner as to lead the governor, Sir G. Gipps, to remark, 'that the members of the committee are not unfavourable to it.' The governor, adverting to the want of labour, says, 'that immigration should be kept up at its present rate, and that if the funds prove insufficient, then recourse should be had to a loan rather than put a stop to it. The committee, in their Report, say:—'As the foundation of every other inquiry, your committee naturally directed their first attention to ascertain, as nearly as in the nature of things might be possible, the actual demand for labour of various descriptions at this time prevailing in the colony. Their own private sources of information had sufficed to satisfy them that such demand was certainly urgent, and the supply highly insufficient to meet it; and that, generally speaking, every resident in the colony who had occasion to employ the services of others, was exposed to difficulties in conducting his pursuits, of whatever nature they might be, as well as in providing for the service of his domestic establishment. But until their inquiries were directed, in the course of this examination, to an actual investigation of individual wants, and of the losses, inconveniences, and disappointments to which entire classes are reduced through inability to obtain the extent of labour which their various operations require, your committee had not a due or distinct conception of the urgency of the prevailing distress.'

In Van Diemen's Land there exists so urgent a demand for female servants, that the governor (Sir J. Franklin) says, 'Not only is social intercourse at present very much restricted, especially in the interior, in consequence of the difficulty felt even by the wealthiest families to obtain female attendants for their children, and the additional domestic duties thereby imposed upon parents, but it has recently been found impossible even to procure in cases of sickness the requisite number of attendants, of sufficiently good character, however deficient in skill.'

In Western Australia (Swan River), a memorandum presented to the governor states, that 'in the present state of the colony there is such a deficiency of labour as to impede its advancement. The prudent portion of the workmen have saved means, and are now in a condition to extend their business, and to hire assistance, if they could procure it; but they cannot venture to undertake works in the existing scarcity of workmen, and the consequent high rate of wages. Under these circumstances the price of every product has risen; improvement is discouraged; capital prevented from finding investment here, must go elsewhere, and the colony is menaced with a return to its former state of unproductiveness, in the midst of every natural convenience for producing abundance. 'The only remedy for these evils is a steady and well-regulated supply of labour from abroad, in proportion to the growth of capital within the settlement.' The council concurred in this, and pledged itself to a limited extent to any future measures tending to procure a supply of labour.

At the Cape of Good Hope, labour is also required, and a scheme to supply it from this country has been suggested in the colony; from which it would appear that some thousands of young people might be annually introduced with benefit to the colony.

Great as the demand is for labour in all these colonies, and tempting as are the inducements held out in the shape of remuneration, and easy as it is to obtain a passage to the Australian colonies, yet it is found that the demand cannot be supplied, because there exists no disposition amongst the labouring classes to emigrate. Before the passing of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, when there was an apparent surplus population, emigration was extensive; now that there exists an urgent demand for the services of the productive classes in the colonies, the number of emigrants has fallen off. In the present year the disposition to emigrate has not strengthened. Within the last few days, a vessel, chartered to convey emigrants gratuitously, has sailed with only two-thirds of its complement of passengers."

The following letter from the Agent-General for emigration was read to the board:—

"2, *Middle Scotland Yard, 29th October* 1839.

Sir—In pursuance to instructions received from Lord John Russell, I have the honour to acquaint you that dispatches have been received from the lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, reporting the successful introduction into that colony of a body of 181 emigrants, who were sent out from Ennis in the county of Clare last summer in the ship 'Waterloo,' through the liberality of Colonel Wyndham.

On arriving at Quebec, the whole of the emigrants proceeded in a body under the charge of Lieutenant Rubridge, to whom Colonel Wyndham had entrusted the care of them, to Cobourg, Upper Canada, where they were all immediately engaged, the men at L.2, 10s. per month, boarded and found, and the women at L.1 per month, boarded and fed.

No sickness or accident of any kind occurred amongst them from the time of their leaving Ireland.

In consequence of these favourable accounts of the result of Colonel Wyndham's liberal efforts in promotion of emigration, Lord John Russell has conveyed to me his desire that the officers of this department should give every advice and facility to landlords who may be desirous of following Colonel Wyndham's example.—I have, &c.

(Signed) T. Frederick Elliot."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

THE DRUIDS.

Interesting as are the ancient superstitions and theological fables of Scandinavia, a notice of which formed the subject of the last paper in this series, British readers cannot but feel a still greater interest in the history of Druidism, the superstition which flourished peculiarly among their own forefathers, the aborigines of the British islands. Druidism was the religion of the ancient Celts or Gauls, and prevailed in France as well as in Britain—every where, indeed, where that ancient race had formed settlements. With the usual tendency of the learned to expend more attention upon words than things, inquirers into the nature of Druidism have cavilled much about the etymology of the word. Either the old British term *dru*, an *oak*, or the word *dry*, signifying a *magician* in the Saxon language, may be set down, it seems to us, as the source of the word Druid. The first is probably the correct etymon, as we find the oak to have been intimately and prominently connected with all the peculiar rites which constituted the Druidical religion.

As far as can be gathered from the statements of Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and others, the Druids not only formed the priesthood of the Celts, but appropriated to themselves all the offices usually discharged, in modern days, by the separate learned professions. "Among the priests of Druidism," says George Chalmers in his Caledonia, "there appear to have been three orders, the Druids (proper), the Vates,

* Since this paper was written, we have accidentally observed, in a Newcastle paper, that an exhibition of the kind described has for some time existed in that enterprising town.

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and the Bards, who severally performed very different functions; the Bards sang, in heroic verse, the brave actions of eminent men; the Vates studied continually, and explained nature, the productions of nature, and the laws; and the Druids, who were of a higher caste, and were disciplined in the forms of an established order, directed the education of youth, officiated in the affairs of religion, and presided in the administration of justice." In consideration of these high and important duties, the members of the Druidical order were exempted from all taxes and burdens, and from military servitude. They were under the government of a single head, the Arch-Druid of his tribe, who was chosen by general election, and was invested with absolute authority. The Druids wore short hair and long beards. Their garments were of remarkable length, and when officiating at the altar, they wore a white surplice. In their hands they commonly carried a long wand, and their arms and necks were decorated with gold chains and bracelets. But the most notable of their ornaments, and that, in truth, in which much of their power was supposed to depend, was an artificial egg, set in gold, and of miraculous virtues. The Druids asserted that every one of these eggs, which they sold, it should be mentioned, to the rich and credulous, was formed by a number of serpents, mysteriously conjoining for its production. When made, it was raised up in the air by the *hissing* of these creatures, and was to be caught in a clean white cloth when falling to the ground. The person who was fortunate enough to catch it, was under the necessity of instantly mounting a swift horse to escape from the angry serpents, which were always desirous to keep the egg. Procured in this way, the egg possessed the property of making the bearer or wearer successful in all disputes, and gained for him the love of all good and great men. Pliny mentions his having seen one of these eggs. He says it was of the size of a small apple, its shell being a "cartilaginous encrustation," full of little cavities, and he adds that "it is the badge of the Druids."

This story of the mystic egg will prepare the reader for learning that the order of the Druids, such as we have described them to be, laid pretensions to miraculous powers, and that the art of magic intermingled largely with their religious system. The open sky was the canopy under which they worshipped. A wood or grove, consecrated by the priests, and fenced in by stones to prevent the entrance of unhallowed feet, constituted the mysterious scene where the rites were performed. In the centre of these groves, which were usually either circular or oblong, there was an open area, encompassed with large oaks, closely set together. Within this large circle were several smaller ones, surrounded with large stones; and near the centre of these smaller circles, were other stones of a prodigious size and convenient height, on which the victims were slain and offered up to the Supreme Being, whom they termed *Esus* or *Hesus*. They considered the oak as the emblem or symbol of this divinity, and chaplets of it were worn both by priests and people in their ceremonies. The fruit of the oak, and especially the mistletoe, was thought to possess a divine virtue, and on the sixth day of the moon it was anxiously looked for on the oak, where it is but rarely found. When found, the Druids prepared every thing for a grateful sacrifice under the oak. Two white bulls were brought and fastened to the tree by the horns, and the Arch-Druid ascended the tree, cropped the mistletoe with his golden knife, and received it in his robe, amid the acclamations of the people. The sacred mistletoe being brought down, the bulls were sacrificed, and the deity invoked to bless his gift, which was held highly valuable in a medicinal and in other points of view.

We know nothing about the Druidical conceptions of a heaven or future state. They believed that one Supreme Being created and governed the world, but they also admitted the existence of a few subsidiary divinities, and among others of Bel or Baal, the god of fire, whose worship was spread over a great part of the earth by the enterprising mariners of Phœnicia. The sacrifices made to Esus, and these minor deities, consisted of animals for the most part; and we find, as in the sacrificial customs of most religions, that the priests took to themselves a tolerable share of all the offerings. After a third part had been burnt, the offerer or offerers received another third to feast on, along with friends; and the remainder went to the Druids. This was no trifling perquisite, as in all cases the finest and most valuable of the flocks and herds were selected for the altar. But it would have been well had the Druidical altars never been turned to a worse purpose than that of fattening the priestly officiators. Beyond a doubt, the Druids pursued the horrible practice of sacrificing human victims. They affected to possess the power of drawing predictions, from the appearance of persons killed at the altar, from the manner in which they fell, the flowing of their blood, and their movements in the mortal agony. To have the fate of a war or a battle foretold, therefore, the kings or chiefs of these days would seldom hesitate, it may be believed, to sacrifice dependents, or other procurable victims, by scores if necessary. The Druids also taught that, in cases of sickness, the afflicted person might be saved by propitiating the angel of death with another victim; another notion evidently calculated to lead to a dreadful abuse of human life on the part of the great. Without such specific causes, however, human lives seem to have been regularly sacrificed, as a propitiation to the gods. Cæsar describes an idol of a most extraordinary and fearful kind, as having been used by the Druids in their sacrifices. This idol was a gigantic figure formed of wicker-work, in the rude likeness of a human being. Its interior was so arranged that every part, body and limbs, could be filled with human victims, men and women; and at the proper moment straw and wood were piled around it, and the prisoned unfortunates perished by a slow and most horrible death in the flames. It is related by the historian, that the persons who thus suffered were chiefly those condemned to death for offences against the laws or religion; but if a sufficient number of persons in this condition could not be procured, the innocent were ruthlessly thrust in, till the idol was filled. The imagination revolts at the idea of such wholesale butchery; and the fearful character of the picture is heightened to the fancy by the circumstance of women, stripped of every portion of their clothing, and painted over the body with the dark blue woad, having assisted in the consummation of these bloody rites. Some authors inform us, that women were more frequently the victims of the Druidical superstitions than men. Young, innocent, and beautiful maidens, we are told, were dragged to the altar or the stake, and their lives offered up as a propitiation to the powers above.

The power of the Druidical order was great among their countrymen, and their influence extended to all matters whatsoever, political as well as religious. This is scarcely to be wondered at, being but a natural sequence of the maxim, that "knowledge is power." To the Druids was exclusively confined all the knowledge then existing among the Celtic nations, and, barbarous as their idolatrous rites show them to have been in some respects, they had certainly made considerable advances in many of the sciences. By Cæsar, an excellent authority on the subject, because a personal observer, and a writer of undoubted veracity, we are informed that the Druids were conversant with arithmetic and geometry, and that they carried the knowledge of these sciences even into the highest branches, speculating often at their meetings upon "the magnitude of the earth, and even of the universe." Regarding astronomy, we are told by the same author that they had many "disquisitions concerning the heavenly bodies and their motions, in which they instructed their disciples;" and it is certain that they divided time in a fixed manner into year and month. The moon and its quarterly periods, which have guided all rude nations in their division of time, seem so peculiarly to have formed the rule of the Druids, that they counted by *nights*, not by days. From some unknown cause, they reckoned their month from the sixth day of the moon, and not from its change. As regarded the science of medicine, the opinions and practice of the Druids were founded on the assumption that all diseases proceeded from the anger of the gods, and that to appease them was to effect or ensure a cure. From this unfortunate belief sprang the baneful custom, already mentioned, of sacrificing one person for the cure or relief of another. According to Pliny, the Druids used a few herbs in medicine, and, in particular, the mistletoe, which they denominated All-heal, from the impression that this sacred substance was endowed with the power of curing all diseases. But every thing depended, according to them, on the mode of use or application. For example, in employing *selago*, a kind of hedge-hyssop, for the cure of sore eyes, the following ceremony was indispensable to its efficacy. The patient was to be clothed in a white robe; to have his feet bare, and washed in pure water; to offer a sacrifice of bread and wine, before he proceeded to cut the herb; and the cutting was to be accomplished by the patient with the right hand enveloped in the skirt of his garment, while the herb was to be held by a hook of some more precious metal than iron. Then the cut herb was to be received in a clean cloth, and applied afterwards. Treated in this way, the herb was infallible. Such a ridiculous ceremonial as this brings to one's mind the saying of Cicero regarding the Roman priesthood and their rites. He said, that he marvelled how they were able to look each other in the face without laughing. The remark may well be applied to the Druidical priests.

The Druids, it has been stated, had the office of instructing youth. This was done in groves, under the sacred branches of the oak. There seems to have been a strong resemblance between the forms of instruction pursued by the Druids, and those adopted by some of the Greek sages. The children of the nobility, and of important families generally, were carried away by the Druids into the most retired and desolate portions of the forests which then covered the British soil, and there kept sometimes for the space of twenty years, undergoing the while a course of discipline as severe as that to which Pythagoras subjected his pupils. The teachers made the young Celts get by heart immense strings of verses, in which the actions of the great men of the race were recorded. In their common course of learning, the Druids are said to have taught their pupils not less than twenty-four thousand such verses. These they would not allow to be written down; a plan which they adopted with regard to the great body of their knowledge, and which had the effect of keeping it almost entirely among themselves. Among other branches of learning taught by the Druids, oratory held a high place. Eloquence was the great instrument by which the Celts were moved, on the field of battle and in the council; and from the various fragments of their speeches, preserved by Roman writers, it is obvious that many of the Celtic kings and chiefs, instructed by the Druids, had carried the rhetorical art to a high pitch of excellence.

After all, however, it was by their pretences to supernatural powers, to the arts of magic and divination, that the Druids arose to such commanding influence over the rude generality of their countrymen. "In Britain (says Pliny) the magic arts are cultivated with such astonishing success, that the Britons seem to be capable of instructing even the Persians themselves in these arts. The Vates, in particular, investigate and display the most sublime secrets of nature, and by auspices and sacrifices they foretell future events." The Druids were indeed so famous in these respects, that even the emperors of Rome sent to consult them about things to come. There can be little doubt that much of this magical repute arose from the possession of a few scientific secrets, which they were careful to keep to themselves. When their fame was once established, moreover, the credulity of mankind readily discovered proofs of their power in the simplest operations of nature. Plutarch relates that an officer, named Demetrius, was sent by one of the Roman emperors to examine some of the islands adjacent to Britain, and that he landed on one inhabited by a few Druids, who were esteemed powerful magicians by their countrymen. Soon after his arrival, the air grew black and troubled, and fiery spouts were seen flashing from all parts of the heavens. Demetrius and his men fled from the island in dismay, convinced that these appearances were caused by their own invasion of the sacred isle; a belief which the Druids took good care to encourage. In such a light may men view a simple storm, when looking at it through the mists of ignorance and credulity.

Even the monuments and temples of the Druids afforded strong additional grounds in support of the belief in their supernatural powers. Now-a-days these remarkable relics, of which many still exist, only give proof of the possession of considerable mechanical skill by the Druids. By far the most extraordinary of these remains are those at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire. This temple, for such almost all antiquaries consider it to have been, consists of two circles, and two ovals, the latter forming the cell or sanctum to the circles, the largest of which measures three hundred feet in circumference. The walls of this temple are composed of huge unconnected stones, standing upright, and computed, some of them, to weigh upwards of seventy tons. The greater number of the stones are flat, and bear the mark of tools, but they are still in an extremely rude state. Some stones have others laid over them, forming a kind of architrave. The longest stones measure about twenty-two feet, and the highest thirteen. "We can hardly suppose (says a writer on this subject) that it was possible to cut these prodigious masses of stone without wedges, or to raise them out of the quarry without levers. But it certainly required still greater knowledge of the mechanical powers, and of the method of applying them, to transport these huge stones from the quarry to the places of their destination; to erect the perpendicular pillars, and to elevate the imposts to the tops of these pillars." Possessing the exclusive knowledge of such mechanical arts, as well as all the science and learning of their race and age, it is no matter of surprise that the order of the Druids should have acquired so much importance among their countrymen, ignorant and superstitious as these were in the main.

It would be a little out of our way to describe at length the other Druidical relics yet extant in Great Britain. *Mona*, or Anglesea as it is now called, was their chief settlement, but it is in North Britain that the Druid monuments are most abundant. They appear either in the shape of circles of upright stones, with or without a sacrificial altar in the centre, or in the shape of cairns, for sepulchral or other purposes. As one example of a Druidical cairn, we may mention that on the moor of Strath-Ardle, in Perthshire, which is a stony mound, ninety yards in circumference, and twenty-five feet high. Such monuments are particularly numerous along the Grampian range. There are also curious stones, called Rocking-stones, supposed to be of Druid origin. In the parish of Kells, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, there is one rocking-stone, called the *Logan* stone, which is about eight or ten tons in weight, and is so nicely balanced upon some protuberances of another stone, that the pressure of a finger can set it in motion. These stones are found both in England and Scotland. Their exact purpose, if they ever had one, cannot now be ascertained, and the same may be said of other relics of a similar kind, believed to be Druidical.

Such as they have now been described, the Druid superstitions were at one time prevalent over a large part of the continent of Europe and the adjacent isles. Their extinction is enveloped in the mystery of the dark ages. Up to a late period, however, some traces of the Druid customs were perceivable among the Scottish Celts, and Dr Jamieson mentions that an old Highlander, so lately as the end of the eighteenth century, was in the habit of always addressing the Deity by the title of the Arch-Druid. Druidism certainly gives us no pleasing idea of the character of our ancestors. In some respects, their superstitions were among the darkest and cruelest that have ever been cherished by man in his rude and pagan condition.

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ABD-EL-KADER.

The Hadji Abd-el-Kader Oulid Mahiddin, who figures in the accounts of the wars of the French in Africa, belongs to a most ancient family of Marabouts, and descends, like his kinsman the Emperor of Morocco, from the Fatimite Caliphs. He was born at Guetna, a sort of seminary near Mascara, on the Hachem territory, where the Marabouts, his ancestors, assembled a number of young men to instruct them in letters, theology, and jurisprudence. Abd-el-Kader was educated as well as an Arab can be by his father, Sidi Mahiddin, who turned to his best account his intelligence and energy. As yet but a boy, not a passage of the Koran perplexed him, and his explanations were readier than those of the ablest commentators. He likewise diligently applied himself to oratory and history, and so successfully, that he is now the most eloquent speaker in his country (an immense advantage among the Arabs), and perfectly acquainted with the annals of his nation. Nor did he neglect the exercises of the body, in which he excels, he being generally reckoned the best horseman in the Barbary states. In short, at the early age of twenty he was distinguished for all the qualities which men like to behold in those whom they place at their head.

Abd-el-Kader is now about thirty-one years old; he is of middling height, somewhat corpulent; his countenance is mild, expressive, and distinguished; his eyes are very fine, his beard thin and dark, and his teeth, which are ill set, are blue spotted; his hands, of which he takes particular care, are extremely fine and delicate; his head is generally somewhat inclined towards the left shoulder; his manners are affable, and most polite, and dignified; he seldom is betrayed into anger, but always keeps a command over himself; in short, to quote the words of an intelligent and impartial French officer of rank, who has been employed upon negociations with the natives almost ever since the occupation of Algiers, "the whole person of the Emir is fascinating, and it is difficult to know and not to like him."

Abd-el-Kader is a man of great bravery, yet his mind is perhaps better adapted to government than to military affairs. Though gifted with great fortitude and perseverance, he has occasionally betrayed some dejection in the arduous circumstances he has had to contend with. His manners are pure, even rigidly so; he has but one wife, whom he most tenderly loves. Three years ago his family consisted only of a daughter, then four or five years old, and of a son, born a few days before the French entered and destroyed Mascara. When in his capital he dwelt with his family in a rather fine house, but which was not the palace. He lived there without any guards, and as a private individual. Every day, at an early hour, he repaired to the palace, or beylick, to transact public business and give audiences. In the evening he returned to his house, and again became a private individual.

Abd-el-Kader is equally unpresuming in his dress, his costume being that of a mere Arab, without any sort of ornament or badge of distinction. If he displays any splendour, it is about his arms and horses. At one time he wore a burnous, the tassels of which were of gold; but one of his brothers-in-law, whom he had appointed Kaid of a powerful tribe, having indulged in that station in a pomp which had excited some discontent, he sent for him, and after censuring his conduct, added, "Follow my example; I am richer and more powerful than you, yet see how I am dressed; I will not even retain those paltry tassels that you see hanging to my burnous." He immediately cut them off, and from that moment has never worn the slightest bit of gold or silver about his person.

Abd-el-Kader is very fond of study, to which he devotes the few hours he can spare from his active life. A little library accompanies him in all his movements. When on any expedition he displays much more of royalty than when in town; he then lives under a superb and convenient tent, in a nook of which, elegantly fitted up, he gives private audiences and attends to state affairs. In the camp he employs his time as follows, when the day is not taken up with military operations:—On reaching his tent, after a day's march, he keeps by him but one servant, and after some minutes devoted to dressing and cleanliness, summons his secretaries and principal officers, in succession, and works with them till four o'clock; he then presents himself at the entrance of his tent, and himself says the public prayers; he next preaches for half an hour, taking care to select a religious text that may naturally lead him to inculcate the notions it suits him to propagate upon war and politics; nobody, however, is obliged to attend his sermons. Some moments after he sits down to table with his chief secretary and a confidential friend, Miloud-Ben-Arach, his brothers, when they are with the army, and the oftener one of his agas. The dishes served up to him are few in number, but good and carefully prepared.

Abd-el-Kader appears to have religious feelings and due notions of Providence, but he is no fanatic. He does not dread discussing religious matters with Christians, and he argues with politeness and without asperity. He is an honest man, and has well-established moral principles; though subtle and cunning, in a diplomatic point of view, he is a faithful observer of his word. Nothing is more foreign to his nature than cruelty; he governs the Arabs with justice and mildness, thereby confuting those who maintain that they can be governed only by terror. Whenever it has been in his power, he has acted with clemency and generosity towards his enemies. Two only have suffered death under his government, and that after due trial—the Gadi of Arzew, and Sidi-el-Gomarez, Sheik of Angad, who was hanged at Mascara, in August 1835.

The conversation of Abd-el-Kader is very animated, and at times witty. In private life he is considered parsimonious, but as a prince he knows full well how and when to be liberal. In financial and commercial matters his notions are most of them erroneous.

The remarkable man whose portrait we have just derived from authentic data, is the most formidable foe that the French have to contend with in their efforts to assert their pretended rights over the vast territory extending from the Mediterranean to the Sa Lara, and from the frontier of Morocco to that of Tunis. Whilst pursuing the object of their ambition at an enormous expense of men and money, and by the alternate employment of force, treachery, extortion, and cruelty, Abd-el-Kader, undaunted by the strides of his powerful neighbours, has gradually risen, by dint of bravery, sagacity, and perseverance, to the possession of no small share of the empire which they would exclusively secure to themselves. Whilst their policy has fluctuated under the influence of systems as various as the administrations formed at Paris, or the many governors-general sent out to Africa, the young emir has steadily pursued his object, and become unto the Arabs a leader and a centre of action—a leader whose talents and gallantry in the field his Gallic enemies have already tried.—*Morning Post.*

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
We rested by the rushing rill—
And lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!
We called the sweet, wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came!
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
We only bade the pretty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes
They need'nt show their bashful faces—
"One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,
Will soon discover where you lie!"
The roguish things were still as death—
They would'nt even breathe a breath.
Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear!
We wandered to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,
That, so delighted, in your face
Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
We peeped into a shady spot,
To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find;—
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue-bell and anemone,
The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers! why don't you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!
You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumes the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young, and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!
For gentle feelings, love, are flowers
That bloom thro' life's most clouded hours!
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
"Can this be May? Can this be May?"

—*Poems by Mrs Osgood [an American Lady].* London, 1837.

MISERIES OF A MUSICAL MISS.

Singing a most pathetic, enchanting song, which you intend shall entrance all present. Conversation, which before had died a natural death, instantly starts into life with renewed vigour. After an ineffectual struggle to make yourself heard, you at length desist.

Practising a beautiful new song, for a party, and hearing it sung by the first Miss who is asked.

A large harp-string breaking in the middle of a splendid fantasia, having no other to replace it.

Having sung a brilliant Italian bravura (as *you* imagine) with great execution and taste, the compliments which are showered on you from a set of earless exquisites, such as, "very pretty!" "what a sweet thing!" "really a pretty little song!"

Playing on a piano out of tune, guiltless of soft notes, half a dozen of the principal being judiciously dumb.

After singing in your best style a very beautiful song, being asked if you ever heard Miss Brown or Mrs Black sing it? The tone of the inquiry leaving no doubt on your mind that it is considered you would be much improved by only *hearing* those ladies.

A Miss (in an unhappy moment) being asked to play a waltz, and having seated herself at the piano, remaining there, a fixture for the evening.

In the middle of a sentimental song, to which all and sundry are listening attentively, the bustling entrance of two servants with tea, coffee, &c., and all that follows.

Hearing a Miss asked to sing, and listening to the mawkish excuses, which last fully a quarter of an hour, such as, "Really I scarcely ever sing," "quite out of practice," "I have such a cold," &c. &c.

Playing an overture, and, in the middle of a brilliant passage, having *two* leaves suddenly turned over by a polite young gentleman, which lands you safely into the middle of the adagio movement.

Being requested to sing after supper, about forty people present, the most of whom are strangers to you. Commencing your song three notes too high, and after shrilly screaming higher than you ever screamed before, you are at length compelled to desist, amidst a suppressed titter, and affectedly kind remonstrances to "go on."

The ineffectual efforts which you make to conceal your mirth, at witnessing a young exquisite accompany himself on the piano, and with his shoulders paying their addresses to his ears, and his eyes doing the same to the ceiling, sing a very slow sentimental ditty, about a broken heart. At length the word farewell (which occupies at least ten minutes) is drawled forth by an effort of nature, as if he and his voice both meant quietly to expire together.

Being obliged (by dint of incessant importunities) to lend a music book, full of rare and beautiful songs, all of which, of course, *then* become quite common amongst your musical acquaintances.

Singing at a party that beautiful song "Farewell, Dearest!" and having got through the first two bars, you are disagreeably surprised by hearing "two by honours" squeaked forth from the far end of the room; however you take courage, and go on. The following accordingly is heard:—

Blessings with thee go (we have the odd trick).
Sunshine be upon (trumps) flowers around (spades).
Thou wert kind (hearts were trumps).
All the world (you played ill);
Fortune felt (the rubber's lost);
Troubled heart (I had *no* hearts).
Dearest (never trump second in hand).
Fare-thee-well (fifteen and sixpence).

Here song and whist both conclude.

LOSS OF LIFE BY CARELESSNESS IN THE USE OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

A return has recently been printed, by order of the House of Commons, of all inquests held by the coroners of England and Wales, during the years 1837 and 1838, in cases where death was found by verdict of the jury to be caused by poison. The return is not so complete as could be wished, but it shows that the number of deaths by poison in 1837 and 1838, was 543, namely, 261 females, and 282 males. The number poisoned by opium, or its preparations, was 186. We are anxious, however, to direct attention to the lamentable fact that nearly one-seventh (72) of the cases of death by poison resulted from the carelessness of mothers and nurses, ignorant of the powerful effects of substances which are only used by medical men in slight doses, and with the utmost caution. The return shows that the deaths of very young children (most of them at the breast) from opium or its preparations, were 52; and from opium or laudanum administered in mistake for other medicine, 20. Narcotic and anodyne drugs are scarcely ever administered to infants by experienced surgeons without accurately calculating the power of the patient, and mothers and nurses ought never to administer medicine of this description excepting under their direction. Mr Browne, the coroner for Nottingham, states that "——'s cordial is given to children to a great extent, and that he has no doubt whatever that many infants are yearly destroyed in that borough, but who, dying off gradually, never come under his notice officially." In recording one of the cases on which he held an inquest, in which death had been caused by an over dose of laudanum, Mr Browne says, "There appeared very great negligence on the part of the person who sold the laudanum. He had not been brought up as a druggist, but had lately taken to the business, and employed two young girls to attend his shop, and sell drugs in his absence. I ascertained personally at the shop, that one of them sold twice as much for a penny as the other." Mr Frampton, the coroner for Dorsetshire, suggests that those who sell poisons should be compelled to register the day and hour of sale, and the name of the purchaser.

The total deaths by arsenic were 184; opium, 42; laudanum, 133; prussic acid, 27; vitriol, 32; corrosive sublimate, 12; oxalic acid, 19; poisons not specified, 14.—*From the Working Man's Almanack and Companion*, 1840.

DIVORCES IN AMERICA.

In the United States, divorces are obtained without expense, and without it being necessary to commit crime, as in England. The party pleads *in forma pauperis* to the State Legislature, and a divorce is granted upon any grounds which may be considered as just and reasonable. Miss Martineau mentions a divorce having been granted to a wife upon the plea of her husband being a gambler; and I was myself told of an instance in which a divorce was granted upon the plea of the husband being such an "*awful swearer*;" and really, if any one heard the swearing in some parts of the western country, he would not be surprised at a religious woman requesting to be separated. I was once on board of a steam-boat on the Mississippi, when a man let off such a volley of execrations, that it was quite painful to hear him. An American who stood by me, as soon as the man had finished, observed, "Well, I'm glad that fellow has nothing to do with the engines; I reckon he'd burst the *biler*."—*Marryat's Diary.*

We observe that the editor of the New York Mirror continues to extract articles from our Journal, not only without acknowledgment, but in a manner calculated to make them appear as the original composition of American writers. For example, a story called the "Coal Carrier," which was written by a lady in Edinburgh for our Journal, has been copied into No. 52, volume 16, of the Mirror, with the name "W. Harrison" appended to it as writer. Such artifices are unworthy of a respectable print.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

GOING TO LAW!

PART THE SECOND.—Showing what John Leahy, commonly called "Johnny the Giant," got by going to law.

AFFECTED by the representations of Alice, Mr Russel visited Attorney Botherum, with the design of interesting him in the case, and recommending Leahy to abandon his proposed legal contest with Abel Carr.

"Rely upon me, I'll do my best," said Botherum, towards the close of a long conversation on the subject, "but you'll see what the result will be; he has been edged on hitherto by those reptiles of the court-house who live by *putrid law;* who don't care how poor the man, so they get the spoil; who are the means one way or other of driving hundreds to the road, or out of the country; who set men fighting about *trancens*; they are nothing, one would think, in the scale of society, but they are *filthy pebbles in the wheel of justice*, that impede its course. He comes full of the *rights* of his case; I *convince* him that he is wrong, and yet he wont believe me; he immediately thinks I have a *motive* in not agreeing with him; he hears that Abel Carr has been with me; I advise him *not* to go to law; he commences his address with, 'knowing how yer honour loves justice;' and he concludes the interview, thinking I am either a knave or a fool! My dear sir, *agree* with a man, he thinks you a miracle of wisdom; *differ* from him, and he turns away with the opinion that you are astonishingly overrated;" and the shrewd attorney pulled down his wig with considerable vehemence.

"You will do your best to put him off this matter," said Mr Russel, rising, "for we are deeply interested about him and his; and as (if the differences are arranged) you will be a loser, I can only say I shall be happy to make it up by placing any little matters I may have in your hands at the next assizes." The attorney bowed low.

"Sir," he answered, "when such men as you go to law, the result is easily anticipated; there is much beautiful practice in a gentleman's lawsuit."

"Leading pretty much to the same result, I fancy," observed the county magistrate, who had smarted more than once; "my poor friend Leahy is likely to be sacrificed by a pitchfork; I should be dispatched by a well-tempered Toledo; there is not much difference in the end. But use your best exertions, however, to get this madness out of Leahy's head, and, believe me, it shall not be forgotten."

"Rely on my doing my best. I will treat him *delicately*," answered the attorney; "not let him see what I intend at first—rush with him *into* it at first, and, if possible, rush with him *out of it* at the last—though I am not sanguine. Carr let drop a hint that he was like all law lovers, in difficulties already."

"Those I can manage for him," said his landlord, "if he does not plunge deeper."

"What sort of a wife has he?" inquired the attorney.

"One of the best and most superior women I ever knew for her station."

"Fond of law?" "No."

"Is *he* fond of her?" "Very!"

"That makes my hope less," said Botherum. "If a good and superior woman can't manage a husband who *loves* her, there is little hope, I fear, for me."

The attorney was right.

More than two years had elapsed since the conversation I have now related took place. Mr Russel had spent the last six months on the continent, and Mr Botherum continued his ordinary course, sidling from his office to the court-house of the good city of Limerick, and from the court-house back again, just as usual; popping his little head up and down as he went along, and saluting his familiars with a "How do do, Jack?" "Good-morrow, Tom," "How are ye, Bill?" "God save ye, Harry," "Mend ye, Ned," and so on; while to his superior clients he moved his hat, or kissed gallantly the tips of his three little fat fingers. The world prospered with him, and he with the world. How far he was able to influence the conduct of Mr Russel's law-loving tenant will be immediately seen.

John Leahy was a wrong-headed man, a man who drove forward without reflecting on consequences; but he was both honest and kind. I hope those who read this story will remember that his great fault was obstinacy; that he would not in reality wrong his neighbour; and that, when he exclaimed before Mr Russel, upon being asked what he would swear to, "Any thing at all, for satisfaction," he neither meant to perjure himself nor to injure even Abel Carr. He used strong language, it is true, but only what Irishmen use when over-excited; he meant he would have law—*and he had it.*

Much bustle and confusion were evident in the immediate vicinity of a well-built farm-house, that—well built and substantial though it was—seemed to have known better days; the windows were broken; the thatch evinced no marks of care; it was brown and uneven; the corn-stands in the rick-yard had no piles of the golden grain upon their exposed crossings. Such a farm should have been able to muster five or six fine cows. There was but one, a miserable rough-coated thing, though of the Ayrshire breed. There were two or three pigs standing or grubbing about, but they were thin, neither fit for living nor dying; the only vigilant-looking animal at liberty about the door was a stern stiff dog, evidently aged, but not less inclined to live and die in the service of his puppyhood, for he shadowed the footsteps of a slight pallid little girl, who would have been called very beautiful if her cheek had been graced by the hue of health. Regardless of the people who passed backwards and forwards, she rambled first into the garden, which, like the rest of the farm, betrayed tokens of great neglect. She pulled a rosebud from one tree, a degenerate pink from a clump that trailed the ground, a sprig of thyme, and a few other simple flowers that might have been called "wild;" and, stopping before some empty bee-stands, tears gathered within the transparent lids of her large grey eyes, and then rolled down her cheeks. The poor dog looked meekly and affectionately in the pale child's face; he did not wag his tail, for his features, if I may venture to call them, expressed a perfect understanding of and sympathy with her sorrows; and at last he seated himself by her side, and placed his rough paw gently on the little arms that were crossed one over the other beneath her throbbing bosom.

"Let me alone, Bran, good fellow; let me alone; let poor little Ally alone. Why should you care for her? Sure she's going away from ye, poor Bran!"

The animal, as if comprehending her words, stood erect on his hind-legs, and commenced licking her cheek. "It's no use," she continued, flinging her arms round his neck; "it's no use, Bran—the farm is gone, and the house is gone, and poor ould Granny is in her grave, and we're going away from Ireland for ever; but I can't part ye, Bran, oh, I can't part ye, ye poor dumb baste, that minded me many a day, and looked afther me, and played with me! Ye'll come with me, Bran—won't you? You wont let me go without you, ye ould darlint of a dog! Maybe," she added, with that quick transition of feeling which is one of the many blessings of childhood, "maybe we'd be happy yet, and find as green fields as these, where, as mother says, *'there'll be no law* to tempt father to ruin again.' Oh, Bran, oh, can ye tell yer poor Ally what ruin is? It seems something that's all over us, and about us. Wag yer tail, Bran, honey, *and don't look in my face with yer breaking heart.* Oh, doggy, doggy, sure it's something any way to have the father and the mother and poor Bran left to little Ally Leahy!"

The girl returned the caresses of the poor dog with interest, but nothing could animate him, or oblige him to express any thing like joy; he hung his head, though his eyes were restless and vigilant; he did not like the bustle and the strangers; his tail, which it was his habit to keep in a perpetual yet quiet motion, was slouched between his legs, as he followed the footsteps of his young mistress, who looked back at him every moment, repeating over and over again the same wail. "Bran, a-cushla, we shall never see that ould tree again." "Bran, a-cushla, we are done with the race across the meadow." "Bran, a-cushla, no more blackberries 'll grow for us on the fairy wreath." "Bran, a-cushla, bid every thing good bye, for if ye come with us, you'll never see *any* of them more!" and so the little simple affectionate child wandered on and on, and over the fields and about the garden, taking leave of every bush and "bohreen," and talking to her silent friend, who sympathised in her afflictions.

Within, there was sorrow more loud; for the fact was, that utter ruin had overtaken one it had long pursued—the law-loving John Leahy. There was nothing peculiar in his case; it is on a par with thousands that have occurred, with the same result. It was to be anticipated that he would scorn the advice of Mr Botherum, however skilfully it might have been bestowed. When his poor wife met him at "the turn of the road," where she was in the habit of watching for him, she hoped a far different termination to his visit; but when he dismounted, and after having thrown the bridle over his arm, declared "he really thought the half of the counthry war mad, to go dancing afther that 'Turney Botherum, that hadn't by a cart-load as much law in him as Mr Garrett, the long 'turney of Mullinabeg," Alice Leahy thought she would have fallen to the earth; her hopes were extinguished; she foresaw the ruin that soon made rapid strides towards their home. Leahy was, as they call it, "cast" in three successive actions with Abel Carr. One misfortune led to another. Nothing could exceed the energy and activity of Alice Leahy as long as her strength remained; but broken spirits induced broken health; every thing about her changed, except her temper, which was greatly tried during her husband's absence; his mother was as eager as her son for "law," for having, as she expressed it, "her rights," and was perpetually upbraiding Alice with "want of spirit." Poor Alice bore it all, and every one wondered how she could. Leahy seemed like a man in a perpetual fever; the bright moonlight and the long heavy starless nights found him alike wakeful; and whenever Alice, with gentle firmness, would endeavour to draw his attention to his domestic wants—to the necessity that must always exist for a perpetual and regular outlay, if a farm is expected to yield its fruits in due season, he would throw far from him every industrious thought, and angrily revert to the necessity for money to carry on "the law," which, *he said*, would preserve his property, and get him justice. At last, bit by bit of the land

"His forefathers tilled"

was parted with to feed the harpies who fatten on the

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misery of human kind, until, at the last, the agent considered it to be *his* duty to save what remained for the benefit of the absent landlord. Had Mr Russel been in Ireland at the time, he would doubtless have softened this last trial; but he was in England or France, or somewhere far away, and requiring all the rents, which had now been long unpaid.

When heavy distress comes upon a man, unless his mind be very highly strung, he will yield to the dangerous and evil advice which, in better times, and with happier feelings, he would have spurned. John Leahy was not strong-minded, and his poor wife's most bitter trial was to see him gradually drawn into the vortex of the discontented. Of such, who so abound in the neighbourhood of Limerick, he was acquainted with many; and Alice's observations led to the belief, that, unless he emigrated, he would become a worn-out and morally ruined man—that his life would be the last sacrifice to "the law." This idea haunted her by day and night; and whenever the remnants of their prosperity were seized, Alice Leahy resolved that the emigration often hinted at, often debated, should take place. The arrival of what she knew *must come*, and that soon, was communicated by the entrance of two of "the neighbours," while she was dressing her child. "The agent's caretaker," they said, "and two or three more with him, were coming; John Leahy must guess for what, but they would stand by their 'ould comrade' to the last; they'd never see him wronged; there were many more of the same miad, to whom he had only to lift up his finger."

John Leahy turned pale as death at this information, but took down and prepared to load an old gun, which, rusty though it seemed, was quite able to do mischief. One of the men ran to secure the pigs in their sty, and the other showed *he* had not come unarmed.

Little Alice screamed, and clung to her trembling mother. For an instant that mother's brow, cheek, throat, were suffused with crimson; she then became white and rigid like a corpse; and her husband, forgetting all but the love of his youth, caught her to his bosom.

"Let 'em do what they like!" he exclaimed, dashing down the gun; "let them do what they like, *now she is dead.*"

"No—no—no—only wait till the breath comes back," murmured Alice; "wait;" and, gulping down some water, she summoned her mental strength, which was great, to aid the little that remained of bodily power. "John Leahy," she said, grasping her husband's arm, and looking in his eyes with the pure and earnest intensity of wedded love; "John Leahy, across that door, now twelve years ago, I came a young bride, a young loving bride, resting my whole heart, and, maybe, too much of the safety of my soul, on you. I have borne you five childre, of which this was the first, and God willed should be the last; the rest are in heaven! Don't look so, John Leahy; have a mite more patience, till my heart beats easier, and I'll go on."

Several of the neighbours now crowded in at the door, although the "distrainers for rent" were not, nor could not be, in sight for nearly half an hour; but the news had spread, and the people are ever ready at a rescue. Several of the young men had stout sticks, and the women, whose most acceptable service in the sight of heaven is that of being peace-makers on earth, had their aprons full of stones. Seeing Alice half kneeling at her husband's feet, while he endeavoured to raise her again to his bosom, they withdrew, and remained outside ready for action. "And now, John," she said, "let me ask you how often I have been wanting in love or duty to you during them years?"

"Never!" he exclaimed, passionately; "never onst, if this hour, as it may be, is my last—never, never onst."

"The past is past; ye can't think but that this place, these walls, that little bed where I watched the dying, as I had done the living hours of our babbys, are all in my heart; but, John Leahy, the memory of *that*, and every thing else, is all we'll have left of it to take to a foreign land, and"——

"Stop, Alice, stay; inside these walls I was born; inside these walls I will die; and let him who dares to put me out, take what he'll get."

"Hurra!" exclaimed the man (James Thurles by name) who had brought the news; "I knew Johnny the Giant had blood in him yet, for all that the law drew out; I knew *that*. Shout, boys and girls, shout! we'll not have a straw of his thatch touched."

The Giant's eyes glittered, and he seized the gun again, but his wife grasped his arm. "Hear me, for the last time, John," she exclaimed; "hear me. Suppose you war left by the landlord in this house, with so little land, with no money, with not so much as the price for seed potatoes, every thing going to rack and ruin, what would you have? what good would it do you? You've neither means nor money to keep us from starving; all we had is gone—gone—in the law! and you would end all by breaking the law, and trying to keep *what isn't your own.*"

"What do you mane by that?" exclaimed John, fiercely; "*not my own!* these walls not my own!"

"Not now when you can't pay for them," she answered calmly.

"Blessed father!" he said, "and is it *you* that send the reproach to my heart!—is it *you* that but just this minute tould me what you war, to show you'd be so no longer!—is it come to this wid ye? But that 'll only make me worse. What have I new to care for!"

"Yer character, John. The worst any could say of ye was, that you war too fond of law!—but if ye keep yer landlord from his own share, who then can say John Leahy's an honest man? The land is his; we cannot pay for it; he never was hard upon us when we tried to pay; but, in spite of his advice, look what you did yourself. Look, John: I have a friend who will give us enough to take us away from the ould place in dacency—enough to take us to another land. No one can say then, this was a rogue's house. In another land we can live and work. What matters our poverty there?—no one will be to the fore to remember our riches. John, *agra!* the landlord bore with us long; he saw the farm going to destruction, and he wasn't like many another, wishful to turn out ould residenthers for new. John, *acourseen!* remember, in this bitther time of trial, remember that the landlord stuck to us longer than we stuck to him."

"*Me*, you mane me!" interrupted the Giant, sullkily.

"Then let it stand so," she said, "and still you know it's the truth. John, rouse up the pride of an honest heart! We may hould out for two or three months, but in the end *we must quit.* We saw *that* before you owned to it the other night. Do not let blood be spilt when you can hinder it. This isn't like a hard landlord," she repeated, gaining strength from justice. "I tell ye, John, I've turned every thing over in my own mind; it can't be helped; give up at onst, bravely. It is brave to resign like a man."

"I can't part the counthry, Alice; it's no use talking; I can't part the counthry," he said, looking round and speaking through his clenched teeth. "I did what you wanted three days ago. I made every inquiry as you wished, but I can't part the counthry—the fields, *the sod* I was born on, or the people!"

"And why should you?" exclaimed James; "aint we all ready to stand by ye to the last? Sorra a windfall of the law shall set foot in it while we stand here." Alice took no notice of these words, but looking at her husband tenderly, and pressing his hand between hers, she replied, "And do you think that *I* do not love the counthry? wouldn't I lay my life down for it? I don't want to lave it because we're prospering in it, but because we should burthen it, like too many others. I love it as much as you, and if you *will* stay, let it be still in peace and honesty. Make no resistance."

"Stay!" he said; "what! stay to see this very house, maybe, the property of Abel Carr! I'd—I'd"——

"Let us go, then; I have more to lave behind than you," said his wife.

"The bones of all belonging to me are in the ould churchyard," he answered, much softened; "but where will mine rest?"

"With mine," was the reply. "But, John, I lave my brothers, my sister, my ould mother, and she I never can see afther we go. They will hear her last prayer, receive her last blessing; and though you know how I love her, I am content to be far away from her at the last moment, *to be with you. My* country is where you are, John. My"——

"We can see them crossing the near hill," interrupted James; "don't be tramped in the briars, John Leahy; we'll all stand by ye."

The Giant's powerful frame quivered like that of a girl in an ague fit. Strong as he was, he trembled, not from fear, but emotion.

"But for the landlord's claim, it would go to such as Abel Carr," whispered Alice, wisely.

"You are right, Alice," replied her husband; "I own it; and now all's gone, I take yer advice. Hide me somewhere," said the heart-broken man; "somewhere that I can't see or hear 'em; let 'em have possession; and then, when all's gone! Oh, Alice, Alice!" he added, as, staggering into the bedroom, he fell on his face upon the bed. "Oh, Alice, to think it should come to this!—I, onst so proud, so independent, so high in myself! Thank the neighbours. But, my God! I cannot let it go—I must"——

"Ally, come here," said Mrs Leahy to her child; "Ally, come here, and keep with yer father; tell him you will live or die with him, beg with him; put yer arms round him, Ally; say the prayer I taught ye; I've strength for it all, John, darlint. May the Almighty bless you!—your peaceableness has given me strength; I'm able for it all, if you'll keep quiet. My husband will be an example to the whole counthry; all will see what he is now; they thought him a disturber of the law; they will find their mistake." She closed the door, paused a moment, and then, as if afraid of a sudden outbreak, turned the key upon it, and removed the gun. "Kind neighbours, and dear friends," she said, advancing to the open door, "my husband and I are for ever obliged to ye for yer kindness; we shall soon be far away from ye, but we shall never forget ye; we know that the agent is acting for the best, in doing his duty for his employer. Boys and girls, just is just, and it's fitter he should have it, than such as ye all know who. We thank ye kindly, but entreat that a finger may not be raised in defiance of these that are coming. We take ye to witness, kind friends, that we offer no opposition; we have no one to blame but ourselves—not even the law my husband thought long ago to get the betther of; for its nature is to take advantage where it can, and we can't expect any thing to go against nature. Thank ye kindly, Mrs Doolan, but let the stones go; a woman's best arms are a prayer and a blessing, and you'll all give us those before we lave ye." There was something so different from any thing the kind-hearted but wrong-headed people expected in all this, something so brave in a weak delicate-looking woman stifling her feelings, and resolving to give up every thing, because it was just to do so, particularly when (according to the opinions of their defenders) they might have repelled the invaders, and fought it out—there was something so unusual in the dignified bearing of the still beautiful Alice, that even Mrs Doolan let the stones she had gathered slide out of her apron on one side, as if ashamed of her intention, while the men still persisted in their entreaties to let them have one fight for her any way before she'd quit them for good and all. They also (as the distrainers were now at the gate) called loudly to John Leahy to come out, but the heartbroken man heard them not, overcome as much by the reason and eloquence of his wife, as by the pent-up but most powerful feelings of his nature.

Ashamed—ruined—the innocent caresses of his child wrought his heart to agony; and pressing the little creature to his bosom, he gave way to those desperate sobs which storm the frame of a strong man, but seldom, perhaps never, more than once in a whole lifetime. John Leahy, stimulated by bad advisers, had refused on more than one occasion to yield possession to the agent, with whom, indeed, he had never been on good terms. If Mr Russel had been in Ireland, though he could not prevail on him to abandon law, he would have preserved his influence over him, and *that* would have prevented much that was painful. As the men advanced, they perfectly understood they were engaged in a service of danger, and were greatly astonished when Mrs Leahy advanced to the gate, and said they might enter. The peasantry could hardly be prevailed on to depart; they clamoured to see the poor farmer, but his wife's presence of mind, and the power which conscious integrity invariably gives to those who otherwise would be powerless, carried her through as trying a scene as it ever fell to the lot of woman to endure. She told them he would thank them to-morrow; the women clung to and embraced her, saying she was fitter for heaven than earth; the men, while they cursed their disappointment, and insulted the distrainers as much as their kindly dread of hurting Alice's feelings permitted, declared she was an angel, and called down blessings on her head; and the necessary officer of the law, a strong but well "battered" specimen of human nature, who had received and returned many a sound drubbing, removed his hat, and waited to think over what was the mildest way of performing his duty. When she had seen the last of their faction depart, when the strong necessity for exertion was over, her woman's heart fainted as it had done before; and one of the men, not so accustomed to scenes of misery as the others, departed without intimating his intention to his companions, to tell the agent how peaceably they had obtained possession, and of the extraordinary conduct of Alice. "It was the finest example set to the counthry," he said, "for years, and surely his honour would be as mild as he could, considering."

Alice found her husband in a state of stupor, and sent her child into the open air, where, poor little maid! she had held such long converse with her dog. Never did distrainers perform their duty with such tardy steps; and the agent, with the trust which Alice Leahy's noble conduct merited, sent word to those he employed, that if they pleased they might remain there for a few days. Leahy went through the form of giving up his house, with a stolid frame, and an eye moveless, and almost rayless. His wife saw, and trembled, for she knew that with a violent temper this appearance was far more dangerous than rage. He then quitted his dwelling, and sat down beneath the shadow of an old tree that grew on the opposite side of the road, and which many a time he had climbed in his childhood. He steadily refused to accept the agent's offer. It was a frightful proof of the growth of evil, for his obstinacy seemed to have returned four fold. He sat down on a wide flat stone, and insisted upon Alice sitting at one side, and his child at the other; he would suffer none other to approach him, and spurned the poor dog even, that crouched to his feet—spurned it away more than once; but the animal still returned, and

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at last softened his sternness by licking away the tears that dropped from his child's eyes on his own hand.

The evening drew towards its close, and the warm kind-hearted people, who have no ungenerous faults, crowded round John and his wife. They brought them share of their provisions—invited them to enter their dwellings—endeavoured to reason with John, who remained fixed as if by a spell, his eyes red from the intensity of the gaze which he fixed upon his cottage. Finding that he was immoveable, they endeavoured to persuade Alice to leave him, and take some repose; but she was too true-hearted for that; and when the child was induced to quit his side, he felt about as a blind man in search of his staff, until Alice deemed it right to recall her. The neighbours hung a blanket over their heads to save them from the night-dew; and at last his head fell on his wife's bosom, and he slept.

Little Alice had been long asleep, but the wife and mother could obtain no repose. She recalled the days of their early love—the days of their prosperity—the entreaties she had used to avert the consequences of litigation—the hardness and perverseness of her husband, who would go through any thing "for satisfaction." The crisis had arrived, a crisis rendered still more painful by the obstinacy of him who at that time was as an oak resting on a reed for support. Although her brothers had promised her the means necessary for emigration, yet the future was as dark as the night-clouds that lowered above their heads. The moon broke through the obscurity, and its beams fell upon her husband's face; she could see huge drops of moisture, the heat-drops of the fevered brain, standing on his brow; he had been the cause of her affliction, the cause of their mutual ruin. She knew it well; and yet in the first beatings of maiden love, in the deep earnestness of matronly duty and devotion, not even when she took her first born from her bosom to place it in its father's arms, not even *then* did she love him so devotedly as at that moment. This knowledge made her draw her husband more closely to her heart, and bless God that had still left her her two treasures. She closed her eyes in thankfulness and prayer, and might have slumbered; but a low sullen growl from Bran arrested her attention. She looked down at the dog, and saw his eyes were turned in the direction of a little dell on the right-hand side; she looked along the line, and discovered at first a palish light, succeeded by a red glare; then spiral tongues of fire ran into the air, and a wild haloo came on the breeze; then the fire brightened, then quenched; then the dull heavy smoke showed like a funeral pall above the light below. She felt her heart sink within her; she could not be mistaken as to the direction of the fire; and she suddenly remembered the words, uttered by one of her neighbours when he saw her resolve to have no disturbance at the farm, "that they'd have revenge somehow." She traced the direction of the flames, and well knew that the fire was the burning of Abel Carr's house. Ripe for mischief, and not content to leave all to the wisdom of HIM who returns the poisoned chalice to the poisoner, some desperate spirits had resolved to "punish" Abel Carr; and their "punishing" would indeed have added to the annals of crime and violence which disgrace the country, but for the interference of the horse-police; they arrived hardly in time to save the life of the wicked man, who had so continually provoked the evil spirit of litigation which dwelt in the Giant's bosom.

The agitation of Alice was extreme, yet she did not dare to awake her husband. The glare of light was fading, when a voice from behind the tree I have mentioned whispered, "We've hot the right nail on the head now, Mrs Leahy, any way." But the words were hardly spoken when a couple of the horse-patrol were heard galloping along the road; they drew up opposite to where the little party sheltered. The close of that sad day saw Alice Leahy arrested with her husband on suspicion of having originated the fire.

They might have charged John Leahy with any crime they pleased; for before the following morning had thoroughly dispelled the shades of night, the unhappy man was enduring the phrensy of a brain fever. Nothing could exceed the interest created throughout the country by this event. Mr Botherum himself stept out of his usual practice on the occasion, and declared "that so convinced was he of the incapability of Alice Leahy's concealing, much less perpetrating such a crime—so convinced was he that though John Leahy might have committed a breach of the law in defending his own house, nothing could have induced him to do the cowardly deed of an incendiary, that he would, if it came to a trial, undertake their defence without professional fee or reward. Irish interest once excited is not satisfied with lip service; the neighbourhood was in a state of fermentation during the few hours the Leahys were incarcerated; the peasantry gloried in the bare idea of effecting a rescue, but it was not needed. There was no evidence against them; the state of the poor fevered man spoke for itself; and when Alice and her unconscious husband were discharged, she, while supporting his head on the car sent to convey them to "a neighbour's house," observed, in the thankful spirit of a true Christian, "that no evil but had good in it. Sure it was a blessing he wasn't right in himself to feel the disgrace such a suspicion would bring on him." Her excellent spirit was not weary of well-doing; she nursed him through that fearful malady with untiring fortitude; she refused to accept the agent's offer, and return, till he was recovered, to their old home. "It would be only breaking her heart entirely," she said, "to go back to and then leave it, which she must do, for they had no means to keep it on;" and though she did not say so, she knew that Mr Russel himself could not afford, even if he had the inclination, to let them have such a house rent free; besides, she remembered, that, owing to her husband's love for law, persisting so obstinately in his course against his landlord's well founded opinion, he had completely worn out his patience, and that he must feel as if a firebrand were quenched when "Johnny the Giant" left the country. Nor would she accept shelter in any of the cottages of her neighbours. The Irish peasantry have suffered so desperately from fever, that they stand in great awe of infection, though it seldom makes them forget the rites of hospitality. Many offered their humble homes, and desired to give "the place" up to her altogether. "Sure the weather, God be praised! was beautiful, barring the drop of rain that never harmed Ireland; and it would do them good to know that the poor man had all they had to give."

Alice Leahy made her husband's bed in a farmer's barn, and watched him there until it pleased God he was able to lift up his heart in thankfulness for his recovery. Tears—calm, gentle, refreshing tears—trickled down his pallid cheeks when he recognised the loving face of his wife bending over his pallet, and though he had not strength to speak, she saw that he knew her—knew his child—knew even poor Bran, who looked with his sad earnest eyes into his master's countenance. She had disposed of the articles of furniture, which Mr Russel, informed of the facts, had ordered to be returned to her, so as to meet his observation on his recovering his consciousness; and he closed his eyes in refreshing slumbers, without apparently reverting to their changed circumstances. Abel Carr, though he knew his unfortunate opponent had nothing more to lose, would have caused him to be arrested for the last law expenses, if he had dared; but there are few instances on record where the hearts of both rich and poor so completely united in admiration of the enduring virtue of a simple unpretending woman, as in the case of Alice Leahy. The poor revelled in the idea that Abel was not only beggared in reputation, but in pocket; and those who wished well to their country took every opportunity of pointing out to those who were fond of going to law, the curious fact of two men, the vanquished and the vanquisher, on the verge of starvation. But for his wife's admirable conduct, Leahy, with many fine natural qualities, would in all human probability have suffered the penalty which awaits crime; and Abel Carr's success, independently of the losses he too had suffered by paying "costs," was sacrificed by the fury of those who, whatever their motive might have been, had no right to judge and execute judgment.

It was a fine summer evening, and John Leahy's health was comparatively restored; the next day he was to leave for ever the land of his fathers. Alice and their child accompanied him midway up a mountain which commanded a view so extensive, that the farm which had once been his seemed but as a patch of very small extent; he shaded his eyes with his hand so as to intercept the rays of the setting sun, and enable him to take a farewell look of all he had known so long and loved so well. Neither husband nor wife spoke, but they both wept bitterly. The sun set gloriously; they waited until he had sunk in the not far distant ocean that was to bear them to another land; and then, while the whistle of the plover and the low of the kine were yet upon the air, they descended together, little Alice and Bran lingering behind—Alice to gather wild-flowers, and seek for a four-leaved shamrogue that was to bring her luck in "furrin parts," and Bran to sniff at every rabbit-hole that was not concealed beneath the prickly furze.

"Alice," said John to his wife, when they were turning into the *bohreen* leading to their place of rest for the night; "Alice, if it had not been for the generosity of your brothers and your friends, I should not have had wherewith to begin life again in another land—and I find you war right; I could not have borne with it here."

"The Lord above is very good!" she answered, though sobbing bitterly.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "if I hear you cry that way, it will break my heart. I know it is my fault—my crime—my ——! If you cannot go without tears and sobs like these, we will remain, although I work as a day-labourer."

"They will be the last," she said, meekly. "I have bid my mother farewell; and she, John, *she* said I did right; she said she was proud of me; and sure *that* is a proud hearing for a child from a parent's lips. You shall not have to reproach *me* with the weakness again."

"*Me* reproach *you* with weakness," he replied; "no, Alice. Even this morning when you war putting in the box the bits o' things that we had for years, and that the goodness of Mr Russel left us, your eyes war dry, and even cheerful, and I wondered at yer strength. I couldn't put up my tools myself. And now, Alice, setting a case that you war not strong-hearted, where would I be?"

"We shall be happy together wherever we are," she said.

"Plaze God," replied her husband. "But, Ally, betwixt ourselves, if I was beginning life again, I'd go to law altogether in a different way to what I ever did before."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed his wife, pained but not surprised at his mind still being clogged by the old leaven, and too thoroughly acquainted with the windings of the human heart to expect the habit of a life to be overcome. "Oh, John, sure you've taken your Bible oath to me, to bear even death before you'd go to law!"

"Ay," he replied, "and for your sake so I would, and you're right, Alice, darlint. Warm blessing of my heart! you are right; and to-morrow, plaze God, the neighbours who will set us on our way, when they see a man onst so prosperous obligated to quit his native counthry, reduced so that but for charity"——

"Hardly charity, John," said his delicate-minded wife. "*Not* charity, sure; the generosity of our own *people** maybe is *bounty*, but not *charity*, John; though, even if it was," she added in a more subdued tone, "betther than us have wanted it and had it, and but for it my heart would never warm to Ireland as I know it will to the last hour of my days. The Lord of heaven, who knows the beating of my heart, and the prayers of my soul, look down upon it!—bless it with peace!—increase its power!—turn its enemies into friends!—make it wise as it is fruitful, and prudent as it is brave! Oh, *lanna machree*, ould Ireland! what keeps yer green hills down and yer people poor? Isn't it the mistakes of the law? But, as I was saying, John, my heart would never warm to Ireland as it now does, if I thought they'd hould their hand back from a fellow-creature in want. And so, John, darlint, call it *charity* if you like; I wont fault the word a second time."

"I'll tell them," resumed John Leahy, "when they see a prosperous man reduced to begging, and forced into exile, I'll tell them *that's what he got by going to law!*"

* Irish relations.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL,

BY N. P. WILLIS.*

THE "Pencillings by the Way," published by Mr N. P. Willis, a few years ago, originally, we believe, in the New York Mirror, and afterwards in a handsome London-made book of three volumes, was one of those productions which many rail at, but all read. The accounts which the author gave of his residence in private houses, and his conversations with eminent persons, were exclaimed against, and justly so as we think, as constituting a very grave breach of propriety; but, nevertheless, the liveliness of the author's style, the truth and force of his descriptions, and the interest generally felt in the persons whose conversations he reported, made his book one of the most amusing which have been published for many years. Mr Willis has again more recently crossed the Atlantic, and resided for some time amongst us; and as his pen is an active one, we have the result which was to have been expected in a production, of which the title has been described above. Were we disposed to dwell upon the analogies between time and space, we should compare the ocean that divides England from America to the centuries that separate generations. An American's account of the mother country appears like the judgment of posterity, and an Englishman's description of the United States seems like glimpses at our great-grandchildren. In both cases "distance lends enchantment to the view," and curiosity checks the spirit of criticism. The Pencillings by the Way, in spite of all drawbacks, were useful in letting us "see ourselves as others see us;" and the Loiterings of Travel are chiefly valuable for setting before us objects so familiar, that they escape our own observation. How true is the picture of that great London thoroughfare, the Strand:—

"You would think London Strand the main artery of the world. I suppose there is no thoroughfare on the face of the earth where the stream of human life runs with a tide so overwhelming. In any other street in the world you catch the eye of the passer-by. In the Strand, no man sees another, except as a solid body, whose contact is to be avoided. You are safe nowhere on the pavement, without the vigilance of your senses. Omnibuses and cabs, drays, carriages, wheelbarrows and porters, beset the street. Newspaper-hawkers, pickpockets, shop-boys, coal-heavers, and a perpetual and selfish crowd, dispute the side-walk. If you venture to look at a print in a shop-window, you arrest the tide of passengers, who immediately walk over you; and if you stop to speak with a friend, who by chance has run his nose against yours, rather than another man's, you impede the way, and are made to understand it by the force of jostling. If you would get into an omnibus, you are quarrelled for by half-a-dozen who catch your eye at once; and after using all your physical strength, and most of your discrimination, you are most probably embarked in the wrong one, and are going at ten miles the hour to Blackwall, when you are bound to Islington."

As a contrast to this most crowded of crowded streets, let us turn to the quietude of Cranbourne Alley.

"I like Cranbourne Alley, because it reminds one of Venice. The half daylight between the high and overhanging roofs, the just audible hum of voices and occupation from the different shops, the shuffling of hasty feet over the smooth flags, and particularly the absence of horses and wheels, make it (in all but the damp air and the softer speech) a fair resemblance to those close passages in the rear of the canals between St Mark's and the Rialto. Then I like studying a pawnbroker's window, and I like ferreting in the old book-stalls that abound here. It is a good lesson in humility to an author to see what he can be bought for in Cranbourne Alley.† Some 'gentle reader' who has paid a guinea and a half for you, has resold you for two-and-sixpence. For three shillings you may have the three volumes 'as good as new,' the shopman showing, by his civility, that he is pleased to be rid of them on these terms. If you would console yourself, however, buy Milton for one-and-sixpence, and credit your vanity with the eighteen-pence of the remainder."

The sight-seers of a bygone age, that is to say, the visitors to London, for the denizens of the metropolis

* London, Longman and Company.

† [This is a mistake; there are neither book-stalls nor pawnbrokers in Cranbourne Alley, though there are several in the neighbourhood.]

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are in nine cases out of ten unconscious of the wonders by which they are surrounded, always included Bedlam in the list of places which they deemed it necessary to visit. Every reader must recollect the exquisite picture of that abode of misery given by our own Mackenzie in the Man of Feeling. It is curious to compare it with Willis's description of the present inmates.

"On the end of a bench in one of the courts, quite apart from the other patients, sat the youth who came up two hundred miles from the country to marry the queen! You will remember the story of his forcing himself into Buckingham Palace. He was a stout sandy-haired sad-looking young man, of perhaps twenty-four; and with his arms crossed, and his eyes on the ground, he sat like a statue, never moving even an eyelash while we were there. There was a very gentleman-like man working at the water-wheel, or rather walking round with his hand on the bar in a gait that would have suited the most finished exquisite of a drawing-room—Mr Davis, who shot (I think) at Lord Londonderry. Then, in an upper room, we saw the Captain Brown who shook his fist in the queen's face when she went to the city, really a most officer-like and handsome fellow; and, in the next room, poor old Hatfield, who shot at George III., and has been in Bedlam forty years—quite sane! He was a gallant dragoon, and his face is seamed with scars got in battle before his crime. He employs himself with writing poetry on the death of his birds and cats, whom he has outlived in prison—all the society he has had in this long and weary imprisonment. He received us very courteously, and called our attention to his favourite canary, showed us his poetry, and all with a sad, mild, subdued resignation, that quite moved me. In the female wards I saw nothing very striking except one very noble-looking woman, who was standing at her grated window entirely absorbed in reading her Bible. Her face expressed the most heart-rending melancholy I had ever witnessed. She had been for years under the terrible belief that she had committed the 'unpardonable sin,' and though quiet all the day, her agony at night becomes terrible. What a comment on a much practised mode of preaching the mild and forgiving religion of our Saviour!

As I was leaving one of the wards, a young woman of nineteen or twenty came up to me with a very polite curtsey, and said, 'Will you be so kind as to have me released from this dreadful place?' 'I am afraid I cannot,' said I. 'Then,' she replied, laying her hand on my arm with a most appealing earnestness, 'perhaps you will on Monday; you know I've nothing to pack.' The matron here interposed, and led her away, but she kept her eye on us until the door closed. She was confined there for the murder of her child."

These specimens will suffice to show the nature of the facts which the Loiterer has recorded in his Travels; he has however interspersed them with many poetic fictions, which, however beautiful, are less interesting than the realities which English life presents to the observation of an intelligent foreigner. We would gladly exchange the poetry and romance of the three volumes for another such picture as that of the Indian Chiefs at the Washington Theatre, and their subsequent interview with Mr Tyrone Power, a portion of which we shall extract for the amusement of our readers.

"The 'dress circle' of the theatre at Power's benefit not long since, was graced by three Indians, in full costume—the chief of the Foxes, the chief of the Toways, and a celebrated warrior of the latter tribe, called the Sioux-killer. The Fox is an old man of apparently fifty, with a heavy aquiline nose, a treacherous eye sharp as an eagle's, and a person rather small in proportion to his head and features. He was dressed in a bright scarlet blanket, and a crown of feathers, with an eagle's plume, standing erect on the top of his head, all dyed in the same deep hue. His face was painted to match, except his lips, which looked of a most ghastly sallow in contrast with his fiery nose, forehead, and cheeks. His tomahawk lay in the hollow of his arm, decked with feathers of the same brilliant colour with the rest of his drapery. Next him sat the Sioux-killer, in a dingy blanket, with a crown made of a quantity of the feathers of a pea-hen, which fell over his face and concealed his features almost entirely. He is very small, but is famous for his personal feats, having among other things walked one hundred and thirty miles in thirty successive hours, and killed three Sioux (hence his name) in one battle with that nation. He is but twenty-three, but very compact and wiry-looking, and his eye glowed through his veil of hen feathers like a coal of fire. Next to the 'Sioux-killer' sat 'White Cloud,' the chief of the Toways; his face was the least warlike of the three, and expressed a good nature and freedom from guile very remarkable in an Indian. He is about twenty-four, has very large features, and a fine erect person, with broad shoulders and chest. He was painted less than the Fox chief, but of nearly the same colour, and carried in the hollow of his arm a small glittering tomahawk, ornamented with blue feathers. His head was encircled with a sort of turban of silver fringed-cloth, with some metallic pendants for ear-rings, and his blanket, not particularly clean or handsome, was partly open on the breast, and disclosed a calico shirt, which was probably sold to him by a trader in the west. They were all very attentive to the play, but the Fox chief and White Cloud departed from the traditionary dignity of Indians, and laughed a great deal at some of Power's fun. The Sioux-killer sat between them as motionless and grim as a marble knight on a tombstone. The next day I had the pleasure of dining with Mr Power, who lived at the same hotel with the Indian delegation; and while at dinner, he received a message from the Toways, expressing a wish to call on him. We were sitting over our wine when White Cloud and the Sioux-killer came in with their interpreter. There were several gentlemen present, one of them in the naval undress uniform, whose face the Sioux-killer scrutinised very sharply. They smiled in bowing to Power, but made very grave inclinations to the rest of us. The chief took his seat, assuming a very erect and dignified attitude, which he preserved immoveable during the interview; but the Sioux-killer drew up his legs, resting them on the round of his chair, and with his head and body bent forward, seemed to forget himself and give his undivided attention to the study of Power and his friend.

Tumblers of champagne were given them, which they drank with great relish, though the Sioux-killer provoked a little ridicule from White Cloud by coughing as he swallowed it. The interpreter was a half breed, between an Indian and a negro, and a most intelligent fellow. He had been reared in the Toway tribe, but had been among the whites a great deal for the last five years, and had picked up English very fairly. He told us that White Cloud was the son of old White Cloud, who died three years since, and that the young chief had acquired entire command over the tribe by his mildness and dignity. He had paid the debts of the Toways to the traders, very much against the will of the tribe; but he commenced by declaring firmly, that he would be just, and had carried his point. He had come to Washington to receive a great deal of money from the sale of the lands of the tribe, and the distribution of it lay entirely in his own power. Only one old warrior had ventured to rise in council, and object to his measures; but when White Cloud spoke, he had dropped his head on his bosom, and submitted. This information, and that which followed, was given in English, of which neither of the Toways understood a word. Mr Power expressed a surprise that the Sioux-killer should have known him in his citizen's dress. The interpreter translated, and the Indian said in answer, 'The dress is very different; but when I see a man's eye, I know him again.'

He then told Power that he wished in the theatre to raise his war-cry, and help him to fight the three bad-looking men who were his enemies (referring to the three bailiffs in a scene in Paddy Carey)."

RIENZI, THE TRIBUNE.

In one of the meanest districts of the city of Rome, a quarter inhabited only by humble mechanics and Jews, was born, in the early years of the fourteenth century, Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, commonly called Cola di Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, or popular magistrates, of Rome. He was the son of an innkeeper and a washerwoman; and in those days, when all the avenues to power and distinction were exclusively occupied by the families of the great, it might have been anticipated that young Rienzi would have passed his life in the obscure and lowly sphere which had witnessed his birth. But his parents, either in consequence of some early promise in the boy, or through some accidental cause, were induced to bestow on him, at the cost of great privations to themselves, the rare gift of a liberal education; and nature had endowed him with the talents necessary to turn his opportunities to advantage. The writings of the ancient historians and orators of his country formed the favourite study of his youth, and in her magnificent monumental remains he saw emblems of her past glory that fired his fancy and nursed in his breast the spark of patriotism.

But the Rome of Rienzi's early day was sadly different from the Rome of elder times. It had long lost the political empire of the world; and even the pontifical power, which had in some measure compensated the loss of imperial rule, had been reft from the city, the Popes having transferred their court and government to Avignon. Rome could only boast, at this era, of a delegated head, an apostolic vicar or viceroy, in whose hands was lodged the ostensible dominion of the city. But the nobles were its true governors; the great families of Colonna, Ursini, and a few others, held the whole authority, virtually, in their hands. Grossly they abused their power, subjecting the citizens to the cruellest oppression and tyranny, outraging systematically the honour of their families, and corrupting at will the course of justice. Such was the condition of Rome in the early years of the fourteenth century.

Young Rienzi saw and deeply deplored the evils of his country. A disinterested desire to relieve it from its oppressors sprang up in his breast, and he began in a remarkable manner to pave the way for the accomplishment of that great end. At accidental meetings of the people, whether in large or small bodies, he allowed his voice to be heard, and took every occasion to recall to the remembrance of his hearers the glories of their ancestry. Alluding to them, he would cry, "Where are now those Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? oh! why was I not born in those happy times?" Being a fluent and energetic speaker, Rienzi speedily became a favourite with the populace, and his addresses to them in the streets grew more and more frequent. Daily he would assemble bands of them around him, and, pointing their attention to the lions, serpents, and other emblematical figures abounding in every part of the city, he would draw comparisons, in an allegorical but not very ambiguous style, between the glorious times which witnessed the erection of these monuments, and the degraded period in which he and his hearers were condemned to live. Growing bolder day by day, he ventured upon open denunciations of the tyranny of the nobles, and inflamed the passions of his audiences by dwelling on the bitter subject of their wrongs. Strange to say, the nobles were blinded enough to be totally insensible to the serious and dangerous tendency of Rienzi's proceedings. Every thing "plebeian" was so utterly despised by them, that many of them actually came in person to listen to his political lectures, looking upon him much in the same light as they did Punchinello, or the common buffoons of the carnival. It is even said that Rienzi, taking a lesson from the elder Brutus, who feigned madness till the hour came for the deliverance of his country, condescended to enter the Colonna palace by invitation, to *amuse* the company with his threats and predictions. The abject state of slavery to which the nobles had reduced the people, could not be more glaringly shown than by such a circumstance as this.

When an embassy was sent from Rome to the papal court of Avignon, Rienzi had acquired influence enough over the people to be appointed one of the thirteen deputies representing the order of the commons. At Avignon, he attracted notice by his bold and ready oratory, and there he also met a congenial spirit in the poet Petrarch. On returning to Rome, Rienzi continued his former practices, but the pressure of poverty for a time chilled his aspiring hopes, and he was absolutely reduced to seek the charity of an hospital. With the appointment of apostolic notary, which yielded him a fair income, his spirit revived, and he recommenced his daring addresses to the people. Still the nobles remained in supine blindness, allowing the orator to ripen the minds of the people for any outbreak. An accident brought on the crisis. Rienzi's brother was assassinated, and the survivor loudly demanded vengeance. But the murderer was protected by the Colonna influence, and Rienzi found his appeals fruitless. From this hour he was resolute in his design of immediately overturning the power of the nobles. It was in the middle of May 1347 that he entered on the first step towards the completion of his object, by assembling on Mount Aventine, at midnight, a body of one hundred citizens favourable to his purpose. "Friends and fellow-citizens," said Rienzi, "the blood of my slaughtered brother cries for vengeance, and would justify a severe retaliation; but it is your wish and mine to procure the inestimable blessings of liberty without involving our country in bloodshed and confusion. The accomplishment of your wishes, the establishment of the *good estate* (the speaker's favourite phrase), is rapidly advancing, if you have only fortitude and forbearance enough to exert the power you possess with spirit, perseverance, and moderation. The strength of our oppressors is imaginary; they are without union, without virtue, without resources." Rienzi ended his harangue by announcing his intention of immediately assembling the people, unarmed, by proclamation, and recommended to his hearers so to demean themselves as "to prove to the world that a few precious drops of Roman blood were still circulating in their veins."

Next day, accordingly, a proclamation was made over the whole city, by sound of trumpet, calling on all the people to assemble before the church of St Angelo on the following evening, to provide for the "restoration of the good estate." The nobles still remained inactive, and seemed totally ignorant of the real character of Rienzi's movements. This supposition is confirmed by the circumstance of the Pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, consenting to be present at the proposed assembly before the church of St Angelo. During the whole of the night preceding that meeting, Rienzi and his friends were occupied in the celebration of masses, in order to propitiate Heaven in favour of their enterprise. When the appointed hour came, an immense crowd had assembled. Not only the whole space before the church, but the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses, and every place which commanded a view of the spot, were covered with spectators, whose numbers it would be difficult to calculate or tell. After a sufficient time had elapsed to stimulate the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, the doors of the church were thrown open, and Rienzi, bare-headed, and dressed in complete armour, presented himself to the crowd, having on his right hand the papal vicar, and behind him the principal conspirators. Four silken banners followed next, carried by men attired in purple and gold. On these banners were emblazoned allegorical figures of Justice, Liberty, and Peace. A procession, accompanied by

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martial music, now commenced, the whole assembled multitude following in the wake. Being gifted by nature with a tall and handsome person, Rienzi played his part nobly and dignifiedly in the pageant, and the admiring populace, ignorant of what was to be done, yet hopeful of good, sent up loud and lengthened shouts of applause. On reaching the Capitol, Rienzi ascended a lofty balcony, from which he addressed the people. Assuming that they were fully masters of the city, he congratulated them on the bloodless victory they had gained. Charmed by his noble appearance and his captivating eloquence, the people raised a shout, exclaiming with one accord, "Rienzi shall be king!"

Meanwhile, the nobles looked on in stupor, yet unconscious whether they were in danger or not. Stephen Colonna brought the matter to a decision. Absent from Rome at the time of this great meeting, he hastened to the city on hearing of it, and when Rienzi sent a messenger to the Colonna palace, its master declared that at his leisure he would cast the mad notary from the windows of the Capitol. On receiving this message, Rienzi rang the great bell, and gave the alarm. A great crowd of citizens rushed to the Colonna palace, and its haughty lord was compelled to fly with precipitation to his country castle of Palaestrina. A general order was issued, commanding all the nobles to follow his example, and they, stunned by the unanimity of this movement, obeyed with haste and in silence.

The author of this remarkable revolution, which freed the Roman citizens at one blow from the presence of all their oppressors, would not assume the title which, in the warmth of their gratitude, the people would have freely accorded to him. He declared that he would not bear an appellation which a Tarquin and a Nero had disgraced. After a time, however, seeing the necessity of having his authority sanctioned in some regular form, he consented to take the title of tribune, which in ancient days indicated a guardian of popular privileges. But the power of Rienzi was really that of a dictator, and it is admitted by all historians, that he at the outset wielded it admirably. He introduced new and excellent laws, reformed the finances, extinguished sanctuaries and such-like privileges, and, in short, established an entirely novel order of things. "A den of robbers (says one historian) was converted to the discipline of a camp or a convent; patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and the stranger." Another historian declares that "in this time the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway."

Rienzi behaved generously, perhaps not wisely, towards the banished nobles. He soon recalled them to the city, exacting only from them an oath of allegiance to the new government and to the church, which he had judiciously taken pains to identify with his own cause. The haughty nobles felt deeply their humiliation, yet fear constrained them into obedience. A simple Roman citizen of the period, speaking of their condition and feelings, says, "Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast, they stood in presence of the tribune with downcast looks; and they trembled, good heavens! how they trembled!" These and other triumphs rendered the head of Rienzi giddy. At no time was he distinguished for cool reason and self-command, and ere he had been elevated a month or two, he grew ridiculous for pride and ostentation. His acts and decrees were headed, "Nicholas, severe and merciful; deliverer of Rome; defender of Italy; friend of mankind, and of liberty, peace, and justice; tribune august!" On public occasions, he clothed himself in a parti-coloured robe of velvet, lined with fur, and embroidered with gold. In his hand he carried a sceptre of shining steel, crowned with a globe and cross of gold. In processions he rode on a pure white horse, the emblem of royalty; the great banner of the republic was held above his head; fifty halberdiers and a troop of horse attended him; his trumpets and tymbals were of massive silver; and at every step of his march handfuls of gold and silver were scattered among the people. His love of pomp, however, was carried to still greater lengths. He caused himself to be created a Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost, under circumstances of splendour unequalled since the days of the empire. On another occasion he had himself crowned with seven crowns of different metals and leaves, representing the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. The degree to which his reason was affected by his elevation, may be conceived by his having the folly to summon before him the two rival emperors of Germany, and Pope Clement, "commanding" the latter, at the same time, to "reside in his diocese of Rome." Unsheathing his maiden sword, also, on the occasion of his knighthood, he "thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, 'And this, too, is mine!'"

All this from the man who, but a few years before, was known to every one to have had but one garment in the world, and to have begged for bread at the gate of a house of charity, was most vexatious, even to his firmest supporters among the people. To the barons it was intolerable, and, forgetting their private feuds, the houses of Colonna, Ursini, and others, conspired to effect the overthrow of the tribune. He obtained information of the plot, and, inviting the heads of it to a banquet, he seized them all and threw them into prison. But he either wished merely to show them his power, or dared not carry his first stern intent into execution; for, after detaining them for a night in mortal fear, and preparing every thing for their execution, he suddenly changed his tone, and became the supplicant for their lives with the council of the people, pledging himself for their obedience and submission thenceforward. Of course, at his word, the barons were liberated, but they were not the men to pardon the deadly alarm into which they had been thrown. Within a few weeks they fled simultaneously to their country estates, raised their vassals, and marched against Rome. The great bell of the Capitol sounded the alarm, and Rienzi had still influence enough to rouse the citizens to resistance. A battle took place within the walls, and the barons were routed. Seven of the house of Colonna fell on that occasion, and the triumphant tribune, who had shown but little military prowess, was inhuman enough to refuse them the honours of burial. The maidens of the family at length interred the bodies of their kinsmen, and their tears, together with the latent respect of the people for that ancient house, stirred up a more general feeling of bitterness against the tribune.

Rienzi did not long enjoy his success over the nobles. The pope, disgusted, like others, by his arrogance, and irritated by the treatment shown to one of his legates, fulminated a bull of excommunication against him, and soon after Count Pepin de Minorbino introduced himself into Rome with one hundred and fifty soldiers, and took possession of it with the greatest ease. It is true that Rienzi, as usual, tolled the great bell of the Capitol for hours together, but no man rose to aid him, and, without a blow being struck, he fell into the hands of Count Pepin. The tribune showed, it is said, great pusillanimity, and abdicated the government, weeping over the ingratitude of his countrymen. He was thrown into the Castle of St Angelo, and was soon as much forgotten, seemingly, as if his short reign of a few months had never taken place.

Count Pepin restored the authority of the aristocracy and the church, conciliating the people, however, at the same time, by the election of a new civic tribune with a degree of nominal power. Things speedily returned to their former condition. The nobles resumed their cruel tyranny over the people, and robberies and assassinations became again frequent, or rather incessant, on Roman ground. For seven years matters remained thus, and the wearied people began to think with regret of the energetic rule of Rienzi, and to remember nothing of him but his virtues. Meanwhile, what had become of the fallen tribune? After a month's durance in St Angelo, he had made his escape in the guise of a monk, and wandered through various cities of Germany, Italy, and other countries, endeavouring to gain the friendship of various princes and potentates. At length he boldly presented himself at the court of the emperor Charles IV., and was sent by that monarch to Avignon, in the condition of a captive. Pope Clement kept him in prison, but on the succession of Pope Innocent, new hopes dawned on the deposed tribune. Lamenting the troublous and disordered state of Rome, Innocent was advised to send Rienzi thither, as being the only man who could restore peace to the disturbed city of St Peter. Rienzi, it may be believed, joyfully accepted the charge. After swearing allegiance to the papal power, he set out for the scene of his glories, his follies, and his fall.

The re-entrance of the senator Rienzi, as he was now styled, into Rome, was a scene of triumph and rejoicing. For a time afterwards, hopes were entertained that he would be a blessing to the city; but these hopes proved fallacious. His own character, we are informed, had undergone a serious change for the worse during his exile. He had become intemperate, suspicious, and cruel, and his once fine face and person now presented a bloated swollen appearance, indicating the grossness of his living. He was now, besides, but a delegated servant of the Pope—scarcely a trusted one. The barons were all more inimical to him than ever; and hence it was, that Rienzi's new reign was a continued scene of tumult during the four months that it lasted. At the end of that time, a disturbance, fomented by the nobles, broke out, and an angry multitude besieged the Capitol, where Rienzi had taken up his abode. The senator was deserted by his guards; yet, in that last hour, he made a vigorous effort to regain his authority. With the banner of liberty in his hand, he presented himself on the balcony to address the people. Had they listened to him, the charm of his eloquence might still have moved them; but the noise drowned his voice, and stones and arrows were directed at his person, and on being struck in the hand, he retired weeping. It was evening ere the rioters forced their way into the building, where they seized their former idol as he attempted to escape in disguise. They dragged him into the street, and for one whole hour he stood in the midst of them, pale, silent, and motionless. There was still a nobility in his aspect which restrained the mob from injuring him. But one individual finally struck him with a dagger, and the charm seemed broken. A thousand blows followed, the most of them borne by a lifeless corpse.

Thus fell Rienzi the tribune, a man of extraordinary endowments and extraordinary fate. Had he been able to endure prosperity, he might have left behind him one of the most glorious names in history. Petrarch, the poet, was his friend, and has expressed high admiration of his character and abilities, as they were developed in his early career.

PHYSICAL AGENTS AFFECTING MAN.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF CITIES.

In the arrangement of the system of the universe, the human being has been obviously left, to a great extent, the creature of circumstances; or, in other words, has been placed under the domination of certain general laws, the operation of which may be so far modified by circumstances, as to render him more or less comfortable and happy in his earthly position. An incalculable amount of evil has resulted in past times from the prevalence of an opposite opinion. That species of piety, which induces man to sit down and fold his hands under the visitation of disease and other varieties of suffering, in the belief that he is thus showing a laudable resignation to the will of heaven, is at once disparaging to the character of the divine being, and at variance with the principles deducible from an observation of his laws, their mode of working, and their consequences. The race of man have been subjected to few evils for which a remedy, partial or complete, has not been provided; and nothing can more perfectly display the benevolence of the Creator, than the fact that such is the case. The world is at last becoming sensible of this great truth. Disease, and other physical evils, are now traced to their true source—the neglect, namely, or violation of the general laws under which man has been placed. This subject well deserves the most minute attention that can be paid to it; and as we have now before us various documents exhibiting the results of practical investigations made into it in Great Britain, some space may be devoted to the consideration of the question in detail, although we have already noticed certain branches of it in a detached manner.

Air and food are the supporters of man's existence, and it is plain that a proper supply of these, as regards quality and quantity, is the great desideratum for the maintenance of his physical well-being. The air we breathe is liable to be affected by causes of two kinds, those which affect its quality, and those which affect its temperature. In both these respects the atmosphere may be so deteriorated, as to be rendered injurious to human health and life, and this is especially the case when both influences operate at once, as they too often do. The aggregation of a multitude of human beings in one spot, is, of all others, the most common cause by which the healthful properties of the air are impaired or destroyed. The establishment of this fact, the examination of the mode in which the noxious influences are exerted, as well as the consideration of the applicability of effective remedies, demand the first place in a discussion of this kind. It seems impossible, even if it were acknowledged to be proper, to prevent mankind from associating in one spot in great numbers; and, therefore, the manner in which they can do this with the greatest safety, or rather with least detriment to themselves, becomes a matter of the deepest importance.

In the First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, an appendix appears, containing accurate statements of the mortality of great towns, when compared with that of country districts. Mr Farr, the able preparer of these statements, drew his calculations from thirty-two metropolitan unions, and twenty-four of the largest towns in England, including Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.; while on the other side he placed the counties of Cornwall, Devon, and others, containing nearly an equal amount of population. The deaths in six months from twelve principal classes of diseases, are contrasted in the following table:—

	In London and 24 other towns, containing a population of 3,553,000.		In rural districts, containing a population of 3,500,000.
Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases,	12,766	—	6,045
Sporadic Diseases.			
Of the nervous system,	7,705	—	3,607
— respiratory organs,	12,619	—	7,847
— organs of circulation,	590	—	309
— digestive organs,	3,476	—	1,832
— urinary organs,	219	—	161
— organs of generation,	460	—	265
— organs of locomotion,	262	—	154
— integumentary system,	62	—	55
Of uncertain seat,	4,396	—	3,730
Age,	2,924	—	3,102
Violent deaths,	1,370	—	929
Not specified,	1,104	—	1,637
Total,	47,953		29,693

This table completely establishes the general fact of the increased mortality in large communities; and when the matter is still more closely inquired into, the immense share which the atmosphere has in causing this augmentation appears with equal clearness. The classes of disease upon which the difference between the mortality of towns and country districts chiefly hinges, are precisely those in which the air is

most influential. In the first three classes of disease, for example, marked in the preceding table, the mortality is shown to have been doubled by the concentration of the population in cities, and the increase is not much less as respects the diseases of the lungs. The deaths from consumption and typhus, diseases that appear to have a peculiar dependence on atmospheric influences, are stated by Mr Farr to have been increased in towns in the respective ratios of 39 and 221 per cent.

On the whole, the results of his observations have led Mr Farr broadly to assert that the "source of the higher mortality is in the insalubrity of the atmosphere." Other causes certainly aid, however, in no inconsiderable degree, in bringing about this general result. But if we think for a moment of the usual effects produced by a dense population on the atmosphere, we shall find strong cause to coincide with the opinion above expressed. Every human being expires about 666 cubic feet of air daily, and the gas so expired, if it were collected in a reservoir, would destroy any animal compelled to inhale it, man himself among the number. Every one will remember the horrible illustration of this truth, afforded by the Black Hole catastrophe at Calcutta, where, out of *one hundred and forty-six* human beings shut up at night in a single close room, only twenty-three came out next morning alive. These persons perished from being made to breathe the same air over and over again. This single cause, then, it is obvious, is in itself capable of producing the most deleterious results. When we add to this the effluvia arising from putrifying substances, animal and vegetable; the emanations from streets, stanks, and sewers; the products of combustion, and the smoke of fires, both of which are in themselves poisonous; with all the thousand noxious exhalations which man's habits and occupations assemble around him; we shall find city air, in its unmitigated impurity, to be a thing which people might well fly from with terror and dismay. In the open country, all exhalations of this destructive nature speedily mix with the currents of the atmosphere, and are diffused so as to be perfectly harmless. But instead of one inhabitant to the square mile, which is about the density of the population in the plains of Asia, "locate (says the Report already quoted) 200,000 individuals upon a square mile, as soldiers in a camp, and the poison will be concentrated 200,000 fold; intersect the space in every direction by 10,000 high walls, which overhang the narrow streets, shut out the sunlight, and intercept the movements of the atmosphere; let the rejected vegetables, the offal of slaughtered animals, the filth produced in every way, decay in the houses and courts, or stagnate in the wet streets; bury the dead in the midst of the living; and the atmosphere will be an active poison, which will destroy, as it did in London formerly, and as it does in Constantinople now, 5 [and a fractional part] per cent. of the inhabitants annually, and generate, when the temperature is high, recurring plagues, in which a fourth part of the entire population will perish."

But notwithstanding all this formidable array of anti-salubrious agencies, to which a city atmosphere is exposed, observation and experience give us the comforting assurance, that health will be little more impaired upon one than upon a hundred square miles, if proper means (and these means are at command) be employed for supplying the two hundred thousand dwellers thereon with pure air, and for removing the principal sources of poisonous exhalations. To a certain extent, this is done in almost every great city. Those parts of them, at least, which are of modern construction, enjoy many provisions, pointed out by experience, which obviate the tendency to insalubrity in the atmosphere; and the beneficial consequences of these provisions appear most strikingly, when the state of health in these quarters is compared with that in the old districts, where the wide streets, the free household ventilation, the plenteous supply of water, and the well-constructed sewers, that form the essential sources of advantage in the modern divisions, unfortunately do not exist. The mean annual mortality, in a variety of the districts of London, is stated as follows:—

ANNUAL DEATHS AMONG 1000 FEMALES IN

Whitechapel,	39	Kensington,	22
Shoreditch,	32	St Pancras,	20
Bermondsey,	30	London City,	20
Holborn,	29	Camberwell,	18
St George, Southwark,	27	Hackney,	18
Strand,	25	St George, Hanover Square,	17¾
Stepney,	24		

It is to be observed here, that some of the new suburban districts are not less unhealthy than the closest old ones. This has been clearly traced to the undrained marshes and other similar nuisances to which the comparative paucity of inhabitants exposes the suburbs. But in every case, it may safely be averred, the mortality is in exact proportion to the condition of the district as regards ventilation and cleanliness. We have before us, for example, Dr Southwood Smith's report on Whitechapel, a region fatally prominent in the preceding table. Describing parts of this district, he uses the following language:—"In Baker's alley the houses are dark, gloomy, and extremely filthy. Between the wall and the houses there is a gutter, in which is always present a quantity of stagnant fluid full of all sorts of putrifying matter, the effluvia from which are most offensive, and the sense of closeness extreme." In this same alley the interior arrangements of the houses are so defective, that "the stench is abominable" and incessant. Here "the fever (a recent complaint) was extremely mortal, and raged in almost every house." Of other parts of Whitechapel, Dr S. Smith gives a similar account. "In Johnson's-change there is no drainage of any kind, a great accumulation of filth, and the sense of closeness is stifling." Here a cess-pool overflowed recently, and was left unheeded. "In the house *next* the cess-pool a malignant fever broke out after this, and extended to almost every house in the courts." The whole district of Whitechapel, in truth, was in a very bad condition, and, in consequence, "fever raged dreadfully in the whole of this district, six persons of a family being frequently ill together, all in one room, and four in one bed."

At the present moment, it is our wish simply to exhibit the consequences of local insalubrity in the atmosphere, without referring to the concurring influence of other causes, such as personal and moral habits, &c., which will be alluded to in another place. From an accurate examination of all the districts of London, Drs Arnot and Kay found disease to be generated and fostered by the subjoined circumstances, all of them of the kind now under consideration. 1. Imperfection or want of sewers and drains in the parish or district. 2. The existence of uncovered or stagnant drains or ditches, containing vegetable and animal matter in a state of decomposition. 3. Open stagnant pools of water rendered putrid by the admixture of animal or vegetable substances. 4. Undrained marshland. 5. Accumulations of refuse, either thrown from the houses, or otherwise collected in the streets, courts, and lanes. 6. Lodgement of filth in large cess-pools and privies, in situations where the inhabitants are exposed to the exhalations. 7. The situation of slaughter-houses in densely peopled districts, among narrow streets, and the defective regulation of these establishments. 8. The state of some of the public burial-grounds, in thickly peopled districts. 9. The want of ventilation in narrow alleys and close courts inhabited by the working-classes.

In the Fourth and Fifth Annual Reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, Drs Arnot and Kay, by a specific reference to the state of health in the various districts of London, exhibit individually, and in detail, the destructive nature of each of the nuisances now enumerated. In almost all of them, it will be noticed, the cause of the noxiousness is the evaporation of *putrescent animal and vegetable matter*. On this point Dr Southwood Smith remarks, that it has now been demonstrated, by "direct experiment," that, in certain situations in which the air is loaded with exhalations from marshes and stagnant pools, the matter they convey is poisonous, and "consists of animal and vegetable substances in a high state of putrescency. If a quantity of air in which such exhalations are present be collected, the vapour may be condensed by cold and other agents; a residue is obtained, which, on examination, is found to be putrescent animal or vegetable matter. This matter constitutes a deadly poison. A minute quantity of it, applied to an animal previously in sound health, destroys life, with the most intense symptoms of malignant fever. If, for example, ten or twelve drops of a fluid containing this highly putrid matter be injected into the jugular vein of a dog, the animal is seized with acute fever; all the ordinary symptoms speedily follow; and in a short time the dog is actually seized with the *black vomit*, identical in the nature of the matter evacuated with that thrown up by a person labouring under the yellow fever (that disease so fatally prevalent on the marshy coasts of a hot clime). By varying the intensity and the dose of the poison thus obtained, it is possible to produce fever of almost any type, and endowed with almost any degree of mortal power." In marshy, boggy grounds, the poison is chiefly of a vegetable character; in cities it is principally animal in its nature, or contains a mixture of both. In either case, were it not for the radiation of caloric from the earth which rarifies the lower air and carries it upwards, aided by that *force of diffusion*, as it has been termed, which a benevolent power has bestowed on all gaseous bodies, the effects of these putrescent exhalations would be fatal beyond conception; as it is, there can be no doubt that the varied diseases affecting those who breathe the tainted air are merely the result of the varied nature and intensity of the poison, acting on different constitutions and under different circumstances. "But it would be a most inadequate view of the pernicious agency of the poison, if it were supposed to be restricted to the diseases commonly produced by its direct operation. It is a matter of constant observation, that, even when not present in sufficient intensity to produce fever, this poison, by disturbing the function of some organ or set of organs, and thereby weakening the general system, acts as a powerful predisposing cause of some of the most common and fatal maladies to which the human body is subject." Diseases of the digestive organs, and diseases of the lungs, form a large proportion of our annual mortality. As for the latter class of maladies, it is obvious that vitiated air must further and foster them to an excessive degree; and "no one who lives (says Dr S. Smith) in a marshy or malarian district, is ever for a single hour free from some disease of the digestive organs."

We have now sufficiently established the fact of the great mortality arising from the respiration of vitiated air, and explained the nature of the poison generated so abundantly in and around large cities. If further proof were wanted, reference might be made to other cities besides London. In Edinburgh, the attention of the public has been recently directed to the pernicious effects of the system of irrigating lands in the vicinity with the filthy fluid refuse of the city, as it passes on its way to the sea. It has been distinctly proved, by the testimony of numerous persons, professional and otherwise, that the dwellings in the neighbourhood of these foul stanks are rendered extremely unhealthy, low fevers and various other diseases being the result to the occupants. Other cases might be pointed out, but it would be, we believe, a work of supererogation; and the question with us should now be—the evil being admitted—how is it to be remedied? Drs Kay and Arnot give the following directions upon this important subject, and we would press them as strongly as possible on the public attention. "The means of removing completely the noxious animal and vegetable matters brought to or produced in cities, evidently are:—

1. A perfect system of sufficiently sloping drains or sewers, by which, from every house and street, all fluid refuse shall quickly depart by the action of gravitation alone; the streets, alleys, courts, &c., being moreover well paved, so that the refuse may be easily distinguished and detached.

2. A plentiful supply of water to dilute and carry off all such refuse, and to allow of sufficient washing of streets, houses, clothes, and persons.

3. An effective service of scavengers to remove regularly the rubbish and impurities which water cannot carry away, and fit receptacles for such matters until removed.

4. Free ventilation by wide streets, open alleys, and well-constructed houses, to dilute and carry away all hurtful aëriform matters.

5. Keeping as distant as possible from the people the practice of all the arts and processes capable of producing malaria or tainting the air. Hence the situation of cattle-markets, slaughter-houses, cow-houses, tripe-shops, gas-factories, burying-grounds, and the like, should be determined by competent authorities.

6. Preventing the great crowding of the lodging houses of the poor."

The greater number of these suggestions are capable of being carried into practice with ease by any community, particularly if the work be pursued step by step. The alteration of existing streets and alleys built upon a crowded and injurious plan, could not be effected, certainly, excepting by very slow degrees, yet every opportunity of amendment of this kind ought to be seized. Those suggestions that refer to the construction of sewers, the cleansing of streets by an effective body of scavengers, and the supply of water, might be followed up at once in those cities where they are required, and most assuredly public funds could never be more judiciously expended. In the closes and common stairs of the Scottish metropolis, a most complete change of affairs is needed. As much putrid matter, animal and vegetable, is lodged about one of these as might disseminate poison through a whole neighbourhood; and what that poison can do, Dr Smith has told us. These are the things which render such a disease as typhus terrible, and make cities suffer from it to the extent of 122 per cent. above the ratio of its fatality in the country. With open streets, clean and well paved, with close and properly acting sewers, with abundance of water, and a few other provisions, plague or pestilence would find it difficult to effect a lodgement.

The condition of *individual houses*, their manner of ventilation, and the state of the atmosphere within them, will form the subject of a succeeding paper.

A TRAVELLER BELOW GROUND.

When Mr Bruce of Kinnaird returned from his many years' absence in Barbary and Abyssinia, to his country mansion on the carse of Falkirk, he was greatly dissatisfied with the way in which his collieries had been wrought. After some stormy disputes with the individuals who had leased them, he agreed to submit the matter to a committee of experienced coal-engineers, who accordingly met at Kinnaird, inspected the mines, and used every endeavour to form an impartial judgment. Conversing one day with these gentlemen, he challenged something which one of them said respecting the condition of the mines; whereupon the engineer said that, if Mr Bruce was not afraid, he might go down and satisfy himself on the point by personal investigation. The word "afraid" startled the ear of the traveller, whose commanding figure and bold demeanour had been the chief means of bringing him unscathed through so many dangers. "Afraid!" said he, in his magnificent way: "sir, do you think I would be afraid to go down into my own mines?" He immediately proposed to go down with them next day, and they as eagerly took him at his word, determined to punish him a little for the unreasonable way in which he had disputed many of their statements. "He speaks of Nubian sands," quoth one to another that evening; "we'll show him something worse to-morrow, if I am not mistaken." Next day, accordingly, the illustrious traveller appeared at the mouth of the pit, and after investing his dignified person in the coarse clothes proper to the occasion, down he went, along with his corps of engineers. The strata are not there very thick at the best, and many of the wastes were considerably *crushed* or fallen in. It was therefore by no means pleasant walking through Mr Bruce's mines. Nevertheless, as had been concerted amongst them, on they went, up one waste, down another, leading the unfortunate Abyssinian such a dance as never traveller danced before,

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either on the surface or beneath it, and all the time pretending to demonstrate to him the results at which they had arrived. Sometimes the party would be stooping in a rectangular form; sometimes they would be wading up to the knees in coal mud; sometimes they would be reduced, for a quarter of a mile together, to crawl on their hands and knees, also in deep mud. At one place the engineers passed through an aperture barely wide enough for themselves, who were men of moderate size, but which was evidently too narrow for Bruce. When they had passed, they said they were afraid it would be difficult for him to get through; but he was too proud to own himself defeated—tried the aperture, and fairly stuck in it. They had to pull him out by the head and shoulders; and a sore pull it was. Thus they led him about, he evidently sinking with fatigue and disgust, but never uttering a word of complaint, and they, of course, greatly enjoying his distress, till towards dinner-time, when at length they brought him back to the bottom of the pit, the only place where he could stand upright. The figure which he now cut—one tall mass of black mud and rags—is not to be described. Nevertheless, up to the very last moment he maintained his usual composure, and the only remark he now made, that seemed to denote his feelings, was, that he did not think the wastes had been so dirty. It may be supposed that next day he showed himself a good deal more ready than he had formerly been to admit the conclusions to which experience and observation had brought his scientific advisers.

REMARKABLE CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BRADFORD THE INNKEEPER.*

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore a respectable character. Mr Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a considerable sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen, being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in an adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awoke his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying and in pain, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from which the groans had seemed to come. The door being ajar, they saw a light in the room. They entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand, and a knife in the other! The man seemed as much petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the appearance of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but with such apparent indications of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing his mittimus, "Mr Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This remarkable affair became a topic of conversation to the whole country. Bradford was condemned by the general voice of every company. In the midst of all this predetermination, came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial; he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of the two gentlemen. They testified to the finding Mr Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife, and that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody. They stated, that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that, but a few minutes preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before; he had heard a noise; he suspected that some villany was transacting; he struck a light, snatched up the knife, the only weapon at hand to defend himself, and entered the room of the deceased. He averred that the terrors he betrayed were merely the feelings natural to innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding so horrid a scene. The defence, however, could not but be considered as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence so strong, so far as it went. There was little need for comment from the judge in summing up the evidence; no room appeared for extenuation, and the prisoner was declared guilty by the jury without their even leaving the box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring that he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder, of Mr Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by the footman of Mr Hayes; and the assassin, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and then escaped back to his own room. This could scarcely have been effected, as after-circumstances showed, more than two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this information to a remorse of conscience on the part of the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) when laid on a bed of sickness. It was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It were to be wished that this account could close here, but there is more to be told. Bradford, though innocent of the murder, and not even privy to it, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr Hayes had declared at supper, as to the having a sum of money about him; and he went to the chamber of the deceased with the same dreadful intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement on beholding himself anticipated in the crime. He could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which means both his hands and the weapon became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after sentence, but who, it is extremely probable, would not believe them at the time.

Besides the graver lesson to be drawn from this extraordinary case, in which we behold the simple intention of crime so signally and wonderfully punished, these events furnish a striking warning against the careless, and, it may be, vain display of money or other property in strange places. To heedlessness on this score, the unfortunate Mr Hayes fell a victim. The temptation, we have seen, proved too strong for two persons out of the few who heard his ill-timed disclosure.

BRUNELL'S CASE.

In the year 1742, another case of a very remarkable nature occurred near Hull. A gentleman travelling to that place was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles from the town, by a single highwayman, with a mask on his face, who robbed the traveller of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off by a different path, full speed, and the gentleman, frightened, but not injured except in purse, pursued his journey. It was growing late, however, and being naturally much agitated by what had passed, he rode only two miles farther, and stopt at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related, to several persons present, the fact of his having been robbed; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark, and that every guinea in the purse taken from him was thus marked. Hence he hoped that the robber would yet be detected. Supper being ready, he retired. He had not long finished his supper, when Mr Brunell came into the parlour where he was, and after the usual inquiries of landlords as to the guest's satisfaction with his meal, observed, "Sir, I understand you have been robbed, not far hence, this evening." "I have, sir," was the reply. "And your money was marked!" continued the landlord. "It was," said the traveller. "A circumstance has arisen," resumed Mr Brunell, "which leads me to think that I can point out the robber. Pray, at what time in the evening were you stopped?" "It was just setting in to be dark," replied the traveller. "The time confirms my suspicions," said the landlord; and he then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money, and so very extravagant, that he (the landlord) had been surprised at it, and had determined to part with him, his conduct being every way suspicious; that long before dark that day, he had sent out Jennings to change a guinea for him; that the man had only come back since the arrival of the traveller, saying he could not get change; and that, seeing Jennings to be in liquor, he had sent him off to bed, determining to discharge him in the morning. Mr Brunell continued to say, that when the guinea was brought back to him, it struck him that it was not the same which he had sent out for change, there being on the returned one a mark, which he was very sure was not upon the other; but that he should probably have thought no more of the matter, Jennings having frequently had gold in his pocket of late, had not the people in the kitchen told him what the traveller had related respecting the robbery, and the circumstance of the guineas being marked. He (Mr Brunell) had not been present when this relation was made, and unluckily before he heard of it from the people in the kitchen, he had paid away the guinea to a man who lived at some distance, and who had now gone home. "The circumstance, however," said the landlord in conclusion, "struck me so very strongly, that I could not refrain, as an honest man, from coming and giving you information of it."

Mr Brunell was duly thanked for his candid disclosure. There appeared from it the strongest reason for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any others of the marked guineas should be found, and the gentleman could identify them, there would then remain no doubt in the matter. It was now agreed to go up to his room; Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse, containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became certainty; for the gentleman declared the purse and guineas to be identically those of which he had been robbed. Assistance was called; Jennings was awakened, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly, but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and next day taken before a justice of the peace. The gentleman and Mr Brunell deposed to the facts upon oath, and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence which could not be credited, was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong seemed the case against him, that most of the man's friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected, and, when arraigned, pled not guilty. The prosecutor swore to the fact of the robbery; though, as the thing took place in the dusk, and the highwayman was in a mask, he could not swear to the person of the prisoner, but thought him of the same stature nearly as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, when they were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse, positively, and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief; and he testified to their having been taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The prisoner's master, Mr Brunell, deposed as to the sending of Jennings for the change of a guinea, and to the waiter's having brought back to him a marked one, in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the discovery of the purse and guineas on the prisoner. To consummate the proof, the man to whom Mr Brunell had paid the guinea, as mentioned, came forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the evening of the robbery from the prisoner's master, in payment of a debt; and the traveller, or prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked guineas taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

The judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by this strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence, without going out of court brought in a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some little time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up till the very moment of his execution.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged himself to have been guilty of many highway robberies, but owned himself to have committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered.

The account which Brunell gave was, that after robbing the traveller, he had got home before him by swifter riding and by a nearer way. That he found a man at home waiting for him, to whom he owed a little bill, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the twenty guineas which he had just obtained by the robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the facts, and of the guineas being marked. He became dreadfully alarmed. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again; and as the affair of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become publicly known, he saw nothing before him but detection, disgrace, and death. In this dilemma, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the money in the waiter's pocket. The rest of the story the reader knows.

* This case, the reader will remark, is not unlike, in some points, that of Thomas Harris, in No. 182.

TROPICAL DELIGHTS.

Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The bete rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes, get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old, British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

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THE DEPUTY.

[From Pictures of the French, drawn by Themselves.]

Auguste was elected, two years ago, Deputy for the arrondissement of * * *.

On his arrival in Paris he called upon me. He was almost afraid of what he had dared to undertake. The formidable honour, once obtained, preyed on his mind. He was nervous and agitated, and looked up to me for advice; he seemed to be as giddy as if suddenly conveyed to the top of a lofty monument. I tried to compose him as well as I could, not daring to laugh at his terrors; for symptoms of gratified vanity shone through his fear, making it manifest that he was not a little proud of his dignity.

He frequently repeated his calls for some time after, anxious to consult with me about his line of conduct; but it was not long ere he offered me his patronage.

A complete change, certainly rapid, if not sudden, came over my friend's manners. He speedily got rid of his natural timidity, I had almost said, his modesty; and I was never more struck by the powerful effect of the elective mandate, than when I saw how quickly it enlarged the intellectual faculties of my honourable friend, his talent for observation, his foresight, and, above all, his ability as a leader. A month had not yet elapsed, and I no longer recognised in Auguste the same man I had shortly before seen so frightened by his new duties, and so anxious to discharge them creditably. Auguste had already acquired perfect self-confidence. On his first visits, he had spoken with great humility of what he wished to obtain from government for his native district; soon afterwards, he expatiated with energy on sundry improvements required in his department. Now, the interest and happiness of France were uppermost in his thoughts, and views and projects embracing the whole world often engrossed his mind. It is right to add, that these extended views of general politics effectually banished from his memory his pledges to forward and support the local interests of his constituents, as he used to call the elective body of his district.

[From less to more, Auguste shakes off his conscientiousness, forgets his legislatorial duty, and becomes a dangler at the levées and drawing-rooms of the great. His friend now calls upon him.]

Auguste seemed to me to be threatened by some terrible crisis; he was gloomy, and evidently preoccupied; his whole appearance betrayed his inward agitation. He had received letters from the country; his constituents were disappointed with him, and vexed to look in vain for the report of his speeches. Many questioned his abilities, while others ascribed his silence to the unsteadiness of his political opinions. There was no means to avoid it: the time was come when he must speak. He was rather disappointed to find a troublesome duty interfere with his charming arrangements for his Parisian life. A bill closely affecting the local interests of his constituency was about to come under discussion. Nothing could justify his silence on such a question: and he came to the determination of making his maiden speech.

The composition of Auguste's extempore speech took him three days. In order to make himself perfectly its master, he recited it several times with and without the manuscript to the chairs in his apartment. The next day, Auguste, prepared for all contingencies, ascended the rostrum, and delivered his speech without any hesitation, and most accurately. Nobody paid the least attention to it; the Chamber was very thin, the president had just taken the chair, and my honourable friend was only listened to by a few ladies, whom he had favoured with tickets for the grand occasion, and were, with myself, the only persons in the secret of the forthcoming début.

I felt anxious to know the sensations of the new orator, rather expecting an ostentatious display. To my great surprise, Auguste was humble and diffident. He confessed that the rostrum had seemed to him raised to an extraordinary elevation; that at first he felt giddy, his tongue was tied, his mouth parched, and without the assistance of the *eau sucrée* he would have been unable to utter a syllable.

Delivered under the most unfavourable circumstances, Auguste's speech was one of those to which reporters invariably apply the following stock phrase:—"The Honourable Deputy spoke in a very low tone of voice, which failed to reach us in the gallery." But I, foreseeing this, had taken measures accordingly. Assisted by Auguste, I had prepared four copies of the extempore speech, and sent them to the leading newspapers; and in the evening we went round to revise the proofs, and insert at the conclusion of the most striking paragraphs the sympathetic words, "Hear! hear!" "Profound sensation," and "General applause." We ventured to alter a few words, escaped in the warmth of the discussion; and a paragraph or two added after the debate, gave relief to the weak points of the speech. Such are the precautions constantly taken by every Deputy careful of his reputation as a speaker, and ours secured for Auguste the well-earned congratulations of his constituents.

Numerous and flattering were the felicitations he received. He was the true protector of his district, the saviour of his country, and the glory of France. Every letter teemed with praise, which was accompanied in every instance by a request, a commission, a petition, or the demand for some favour. Each constituent had a wish to express, certain hopes to reveal, some expectations to hint. The Deputy was become on a sudden the guardian angel of his district, but it was not intended to leave him in the quiet enjoyment of a sinecure. He had purchases to make for the ladies of his neighbourhood—books, millinery, jewellery, chins, and furniture; he had to advocate every claim; to support all rights, old and new, past, present, and future; to foster all complaints; to countenance all pretensions, and all petty, insatiable ambitions. Two or three schoolboys were entrusted to his care: he was to go and see them often at college, and to send for and amuse them on holidays; and was actually to be responsible for the faults of four or five law and medical students, whose conduct he was commissioned to inspect. Nor was this all. His arrondissement had numerous claims on the budget, and instructed him to sue the government for grants of money, books, pictures, and statues. They set forth their claims to new bridges and new roads; they had valleys to fill up, mountains to level, and rivers to divert from their course; they wanted a regiment to enliven their principal towns, &c. &c. &c. Auguste was unable to stand it. Heaps of letters were brought him by every post, and incessant were the demands made upon his purse.

The character of guardian angel of a country district is not maintained without a world of trouble. Auguste's door was besieged every morning by crowds of eager applicants. He had countless letters of introduction to write, and all his time was taken up by innumerable visitors. He was the natural comforter of all the misfortunes of his department. An unceasing call was made upon his cash-box, for loans or for charity. In the Chamber he was assailed by fresh importunities. Some came up from the country on purpose to see and hear him, and for them he could do no less than procure tickets of admission to the Chambers, and to view the public monuments. He was, moreover, expected to devote a few hours a-day to do the honours of Paris to his constituents, and to introduce at least the leading men amongst them to the minister.

Meanwhile, in the midst of these tribulations, honours came to console him: he was invited to court. He now began to think much of himself, and to consider whether some high office of state would not suit him. After having so often exerted his influence in the service of others, he felt that he had some right not entirely to forget his own interest. Without any very strong political bias, and free from unjust prejudices, Auguste never displayed a stern hostility to power; but when he entered public life, he wisely determined to avoid any engagement that would hazard his independence. I cannot affirm whether any change has since taken place in his convictions; but he lately told me, that if those fierce opponents who are always combating men in power, had more opportunities to see them at less distance, they would undoubtedly be less severe.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

In Burns's "Epistle to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard," which appears among his poetical productions, the following lines occur:—

On fasten-een we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',
An' there was muckle fun an' jokin',
Ye needna doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At *sang about*.

There was *ae sang* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

The following is Lapraik's song here referred to, as slightly altered and improved by Burns:—

When I upon thy bosom lean
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith—
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and tak' my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

SLAVE TRAFFIC IN THE EAST.

The Papuas, a people of the Molluccan Archipelago, are very jealous of foreigners, and their principal trade is in slaves. In no part of the world is this odious traffic carried to greater excess. "The price given for a slave on the coast is usually two pieces of white calico, valued at from eight to ten Spanish dollars; from sixty to seventy rupees (five or six pounds sterling) being obtained by the traders for them at Bali, and other places in that direction. Natives worthy of belief have assured me, that if a Papua of the coast is struck by a desire to obtain any articles brought by the foreign trader, for which he has no productions to give in exchange, he will not hesitate to barter one or two of his children for them; and if his own are not at hand, he will ask the loan of those of his neighbour, promising to give his own in exchange when they come to hand—this request being rarely refused. This appeared to me to be almost incredible; but the most trustworthy natives bore unanimous evidence to its truth. The mountaineers themselves sometimes sell their children also. In other places, I have known parents sell their children when their maintenance became too heavy a burden for them to bear, without heeding whether they would ever see them again." Such a total absence of feeling certainly brings these savage people below the level of dumb animals!—*Kolff's Voyages.*

THE SPOTTED FLY-CATCHER.

We extract the following anecdotic sketch of this creature from a communication made to the Kendal Natural History Society, and published lately in the Kendal Mercury:—

"A pair of small birds (the spotted fly-catcher of Bewick) built their nest lately in a corner of my bedroom window. I happened to see them when they were about beginning their little structure; but my attention was withdrawn for two or three days, and when I looked again it was finished, so that I unfortunately lost the opportunity (so seldom afforded) of witnessing the mode of building of those tiny architects. So soon, however, as the young were hatched, did these indefatigable birds feed them with flies of different descriptions, from five or six o'clock in the morning until ten at night; and often so quickly as every minute or half minute. The male as well as the female took part in this labour of love: for they were frequently both present at the nest at the same time; though, from their similarity of plumage, they are not easily distinguished. There were five young ones, and when a fly was brought, it was deposited in one of the gaping mouths, without hesitation, though I regret I could not ascertain the method by which they contrived not to cram one too much, while another was left wanting, for the little cormorants were all ready to swallow when the food came. Whether each of the parents had its own part of the offspring to attend to, or however it was managed, I have little doubt they made an equitable distribution, and that no pets or pampered nestlings were allowed in this feathered household. I once took notice of three of them being fed in succession. A small white-winged butterfly was brought to the young, but not having been previously killed, instead of being swallowed, it was making its escape with what speed it could muster, but was pounced upon and seized before it had got a foot from the nest. Another time, the hen (as I took it) had fed her young one, but before she flew away, the cock came and sat down, when, without ceremony, she took the food from his bill, and gave it to one of the nestlings herself, as if, like a good mother, she had some doubt of her helpmate's sound discretion in the matter. She would often, after having delivered her fly, stay awhile and look around on her little family, as if to indulge a mother's fondness, or perhaps for the purpose of clearing away the excrement, which was done with wonderful dexterity the moment it was ejected. And it was curious I could never see any thing come from the young, except when one of the old birds was there to remove it. When the young were feathered, and had increased in size, they were a good deal incommoded for want of room in the nest. Indeed, they filled it above the brim; and it was amusing to see two or three of these little creatures clambering over and sitting on the backs of the others; yet, although the nest was placed close to the edge of the window sill, such was their instinct of self-preservation, they took care not to fall from it, which would have been almost instant destruction. After they had left the nest, they sat near it in a row, for two or three days, on the outside of the window, where the old ones fed them as usual. They did not take their final departure all together, at the same time; on one day, two went away; on the day following, another; and the remaining two on the next. It appears as if they had immediately removed to some distance, as I have never since been able to get a sight of my little fly-catchers. The last disappeared on the 1st of July. Perhaps I ought to mention, that in order to witness the goings-on in the nest, unobserved myself, I heaped up a pile of books and newspapers to form a screen, through an opening in which I could view the nest and its inhabitants.

I noticed one circumstance so remarkable, that I must not forget to mention it. The nest was sheltered from the rays of the forenoon and noontide sun by a projection of a part of the house; but when he came round to three or four o'clock in the afternoon on a clear day, his warm beams shone right against the corner where the nest was placed, to the great distress of the poor little nestlings. (The old birds had evidently not foreseen this, for the inconvenience would have been nearly prevented, had they built in the other corner of the window.) One warm afternoon, the young ones were panting with open bills from the great heat; and judge my surprise and pleasure to see one of the old birds (the female, I supposed) seated on the sunward side of the nest, and stretching over them with wings a little extended, to shield and protect them, and apparently, from her open mouth, suffering as much or more than themselves! Here she would continue till the sun got lower. I observed them for at least three sunny afternoons; and when the young were suffering from the heat, one of the old birds was never absent, sitting at the nest side, if not to shelter, to lean over with open bill, as if, at least, to sympathise with her distressed brood!

In respect to this beautiful trait in the character of these little birds, shielding their young from the burning rays of the sun, I have certainly read of something of the same kind related of the swallow or martin, though I do not recollect where. It is undoubtedly a very striking circumstance, but I shall not comment upon it. Yet one thing may be remarked. It is clear they could perceive the distress of their young; they could infer the cause, and they took the most effectual means in their power to ward off the inconvenience. The more intimately we are acquainted with the habits of the inferior animals, the more shall we be convinced of the surprising degree of intelligence conferred upon them by their Great Creator, whether we choose to call it instinct or reason."

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JUSTICE IN BYGONE TIMES.

JUSTICE is now administered in this island with so much care and impartiality on the part of the judges, that, among all the complaints of the age, we never hear the slightest insinuation against the honour of our courts of law. The case was not always so. Little more than two hundred years have elapsed since even the illustrious Bacon was degraded from his office of Lord Chancellor for taking bribes. The custom of making new-year presents to judges was then recognised as one inferring no dishonour either in the giver or the receiver. We have not much information on this subject regarding the English courts of law, but some curious particulars have lately fallen under our attention, with respect to the course of justice in our own northern soil.* Of these we propose to give a condensed view: most readers will, we think, be amused with them, and it will be generally matter of surprise that judicial corruption so recently flourished amongst us.

For the last three hundred years the supreme administration of law in Scotland has, as must be generally known, rested in the *Court of Session*, a tribunal composed till very lately of fifteen judges (now thirteen), some of whom hear causes in the first instance (called outer-house procedure), while others hear them in the second and final instance (called inner-house procedure). This court, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, is described by Buchanan as extremely arbitrary, and by a nearly contemporary historian (Johnston) as infamous for its dishonesty. An advocate or barrister is described by the latter writer as taking money from his clients, and dividing it among the judges for their votes. At this time we find the chancellor (Lord Fyvie) superintending the lawsuits of a friend, and writing to him the way and manner in which he proposed they should be conducted. But the strongest evidence of the corruption of "the lords" is afforded by an act of 1579, prohibiting them "be thame selffis or be their wiffis or servandes, to tak in ony time cuming, *buddis, brybes, gudes or geir*, fra quhatever persone or persons presentlie havand, or that heirefter sall happyne to have, *any actionis or causis pursewit befoir thame*, aither fra the persewer or defender," under pain of confiscation. Had not bribery been common amongst the judges, such an act as this could never have been passed.

In the curious history of the family of Somerville there is a very remarkable anecdote illustrative of the course of justice at that period. Lord Somerville and his kinsman Somerville of Cambusnethan had long carried on a litigation. The former was at length advised to use certain means for the advancement of his cause with the Regent Morton, it being then customary for the sovereign to preside in the court. Accordingly, having one evening caused his agents to prepare all the required papers, he went next morning to the palace, and being admitted to the Regent, informed him of the cause, and entreated him to order it to be called that forenoon. He then took out his purse, as if to give a few pieces to the pages or servants, and slipping it down upon the table, hurriedly left the presence-chamber. The earl cried several times after him, "My lord, you have left your purse," but he had no wish to stop. At length, when he was at the outer porch, a servant overtook him with a request that he would go back to breakfast with the regent. He did so, was kindly treated, and soon after was taken by Morton in his coach to the court-room in the city. "Cambusnethan, by accident, as the coach passed, was standing at Niddry's Wynd head, and having inquired who was in it with the regent, he was answered, 'None but Lord Somerville and Lord Boyd;' upon which he struck his breast, and said, 'This day my cause is lost!' and indeed it proved so." By twelve o'clock that day, Lord Somerville had gained a cause which had been hanging in suspense for years.

In those days, both civil and criminal procedure was conducted in much the same spirit as a suit at war. When a great noble was to be tried for some monstrous murder or treason, he appeared at the bar with as many of his retainers, and as many of his friends and their retainers, as he could muster, and justice only had its course if the government chanced to be the strongest, which often was not the case. It was considered dishonourable not to countenance a friend in troubles of this kind, however black might be his moral guilt. The trial of Bothwell for the assassination of Darnley is a noted example of a criminal outbraving his judges and jury. Relationship, friendly connection, solicitation of friends, and direct bribes, were admitted and recognised influences to which the civil judge was expected to give way. If a difficulty were found in inducing a judge to vote against his conscience, he might at least perhaps be induced by some of those considerations to absent himself, so as to allow the case to go in the desired way. If we are to judge by the story of Christie's Will, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, even force would be sometimes resorted to, to cause the absence of a judge. The Earl of Traquair, having a law-suit which was expected to turn upon the voice of the president (Gibson of Durie), hired Christie's Will, the last of the Border freebooters (it was about 1630) to kidnap that judge. The man accordingly seized his lordship one day as he was riding on the Sands near Leith, and carried him off, muffled up and hoodwinked, to a tower in Annandale, where he kept him immured for several months. The president was given up for dead; another was appointed in his place; and the cause went in favour of Traquair. The freebooter then muffled up the judge once more, and, carrying him back to Leith, set him down on the very same spot where he had originally seized him. This is a strange story, but there is good reason for believing it to be in the main true. What makes the circumstance the more remarkable, Traquair was a man who held high state offices under Charles I., being at one time lord treasurer, and at another commissioner, or representative of the king, in parliament.

It is a general tradition in Scotland, that the English judges whom Cromwell sent down to administer the law in Scotland, for the first time made the people acquainted with impartiality of judgment. It is added, that after the Restoration, when native lords were again put upon the bench, some one in presence of the President Gilmour, lauding the late English judges for the equity of their proceedings, his lordship angrily remarked, "De'il thank them—a wheen kinless loons!" That is, No thanks to them; a set of fellows without relations in the country, and who consequently had no one to please by their decisions.

After the Restoration, there was no longer direct bribing, but other abuses still flourished. The judges were tampered with by private solicitation. Decisions went in favour of the man of most personal or family influence. The following anecdote of the reign of Charles II. rests on excellent authority: "A Scotch gentleman having entreated the Earl of Rochester to speak to the Duke of Lauderdale upon the account of a business that seemed to be supported by a clear and undoubted right, his lordship very obligingly promised to do his utmost endeavours to engage the duke to stand his friend in a concern so just and reasonable as his was; and, accordingly, having conferred with his grace about the matter, the duke made him this very odd return, that, though he questioned not the right of the gentleman he recommended to him, yet he could not promise him an helping hand, and far less success in business, if he knew not first the man, whom perhaps his lordship had some reason to conceal, 'because,' said he to the earl, 'if your lordship were as well acquainted with the customs of Scotland as I am, you had undoubtedly known this among others—*Show me the man, and I shall show you the law*,' giving him to understand that the law in Scotland could protect no man, if either his purse were empty, or his adversaries great men, or supported by great ones."*

One peculiar means of favouring a particular party was then in the power of the presiding judge: he could call a cause when he pleased. Thus he would watch till one or more judges who took the opposite view to his own were out of the way, either in attendance on other duties, or from illness, and then calling the cause, would decide it according to his predilection. Even the first President Dalrymple, afterwards Viscount Stair, one of the most eminent men whom the Scottish law-courts have ever produced, condescended to favour a party in this way. An act, enjoining the calling of causes according to their place in a regular roll, was passed in the reign of Charles II.; but the practice was not enforced till the days of President Forbes, sixty years later. We have a remarkable illustration of the partiality of the bench, in a circumstance which took place about the time of the Revolution. During the pleadings in a case between Mr Pitilloch, an advocate, and Mr Aytoun of Inchdairnie, the former applied the term *briber* to Lord Harcarse, a judge seated at the moment on the bench, and who was father-in-law to the opposite party. The man was imprisoned for contempt; but this is not the point. Not long after, in this same cause, Lord Harcarse went down to the bar in his gown, and pleaded for his son-in-law Aytoun!

About that period, a curious indirect means of influencing the judges began to be notorious. Each lord had a dependent or favourite, generally some young relative practising in the court, through whom it was understood that he could be prepossessed with a favourable view of any cause. This functionary was called a *Peat* or *Pate*, from a circumstance thus related in Wilkes's North Briton:—"One of the former judges of the Court of Session, of the first character, knowledge, and application to business, had a son at the bar, whose name was Patrick; and when the suitors came about, soliciting his favour, his question was, 'Have you consulted *Pat*?' If the answer was affirmative, the usual reply of his lordship was, 'I'll inquire of *Pat* about it; I'll take care of your cause; go home and mind your business.' The judge, in that case, was even as good as his word, for, while his brother judges were robing, he would tell them what pains his son had taken, and what trouble he had put himself to, by his directions, in order to find out the real circumstances of the dispute; and as no one on the bench would be so unmannerly as to question the veracity of the son, or the judgment of the father, the decree always went according to the information of *Pat*. At the present era, in case a judge has no son at the bar, his nearest relation (and he is sure to have one there) officiates in that station. But, as it frequently happens, if there are *Pats* employed on each side, the judges differ, and the greatest interest—that is, the longest purse—is sure to carry it." There is a rhyme of the latter part of the seventeenth century, satirising the three sons of George first Earl of Melville:—

"Three brave sons and all gallant statesmen,
There's Crooked Son, and Wicked Son, the third son is a *Pateman*,
And if your purse be full enough, it will end all debate, man."

This Pateman was James Melville of Balgarvie: his two elder brothers were successively Earls of Melville. There is another, satirical poem of the same era, entitled "Robert Cook's Petition to the Lords of Session against the Peats." It is curious and humorous; but

* "Anecdotes of the Early Administration of Justice in Scotland;" being a paper in the curious miscellany entitled "The Court of Session Garland. Edinburgh, Thomas Stevenson, 1839."

* A Moral Discourse on the Power of Interest. By David Abercromby, M.D. London, 1691. p. 60.

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in such matters one does not know how much to believe. The writer, after stating

"That he's likely to starve unless he's made a peat,"

wishes to know

"Whose peat he must be:
The President's[1] he cannot, because he has *three*.
And for my lord Hatton,[2] his son now Sir John
By all is declared to be peattle patron.
It's true my lord Register[3] at first did appear
A vacant place to have, but your petitioner doth fear,
For no other end did his brother of late
His ensign's place sell, but to be made a *pate*.
Old Nevoy[4] by all is judged such a sot,
That his *peatship* could ne'er be thought worth a groat;
Yet John Hay of Murie, his *peaty* as I hear,
By virtue of his daughter, makes thousands a-year
Newbyth[5] heretofore went snips with the *peats*,
But, having discovered them all to be cheats,
Resolves for the future his son Willie Baird
Should be *peat* for his house, as well as young la', &c.
My lord Newton,[6] a body that gladly would live,
Is ready to take whate'er men would give, &c.
Who wisely considers when *peat* to himself,
He avoids all danger in parting the pelf."

He then concludes his petition with craving

"To be a peat to some peat,
Or in Pittenweem's language to make his peat's meat."

At the Union, a strong sense of the partiality of the Court of Session pervaded the public mind in Scotland, and it was in consequence of this feeling that an appeal to the House of Lords was then established. In a pamphlet of that time, in which the appeal was ably contended for, the absolute power hitherto enjoyed by the Court of Session was said to have filled the nation with discontent. "What shall they think," says this writer, "of the absolute power, who observe that men take not ordinarily their measures according to the justice or injustice of their suits, but their *influence and interests with the lords*, adhering to the old compend of the Scots law, *Show me the man, and I'll show you the law*." From this time, moreover, the national feelings to which the evil was in some measure to be traced, began to decline. Formerly, Scotland was a small, secluded country, of little population, and yet always placed in competition with a powerful and populous one. Hence, an intense self-love, like that which animates Holland at this day, took possession of it. Accustomed to look at every thing through the spectacles of national prepossession, and to defend every thing Scotch without the least regard to its real merits, it is not wonderful that men became affected by still narrower considerations, that they loved their own relatives too well to do justice upon them, and would stand by a friend not only in promoting his legitimate welfare, but in wreaking out his worst passions. It was not with them "God defend the right," but "God defend the good Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong." But during the last century, when Scotland had become almost an integral part of another country, these prejudices gradually gave way. Public morality improving at the same time from the operation of other causes, partiality of judgment on the bench was gradually extinguished.

We bring the subject to a conclusion by a quotation from the Court of Session Garland:—"Even so far down as 1737, traces of the ancient evil may be found. Thus, in some very curious letters which passed between William Foulis, Esq., of Woodhall, and his agent Thomas Gibson of Dury, there is evidence that private influence could even then be resorted to. The agent writes to his client, in reference to a pending lawsuit (23d November 1735):—'I have spoke to Strachan and several of the lords, who are all surprised Sir F(rancis Kinloch)[7] should stand that plea. By Lord St Clair's advice, Mrs Kinloch is to wait on Lady Cairnie to-morrow, to cause her ask the favour of Lady St Clair to solicit Lady Betty Elphingston and Lady Dun. My lord promises to back his lady, and to ply both their lords, also Leven and his cousin Murkle.[8] He is your good friend, and wishes success; he is jealous Mrs Mackie will side with her cousin Beatie. St Clair says, *Leven[9] has only once gone wrong upon his hand since he was a Lord of Session*. Mrs Kinloch has been with Miss Pringle, Newhall. Young Doctor Pringle is *a good agent there*, and discourses Lord Newhall[10] *strongly on the law of nature*,' &c.

Again, upon the 23d of January 1737, he writes:—'I can assure you that when Lord Primrose left this town, he staid all that day with Lord J(ustice) C(lerk),[11] and went to Andrew Bromfield at night, and went off post next morning; and what made him despair of getting any thing done was, that it has been so long delayed, after promising so frankly, when he knew the one could cause the other trot to him like a penny-dog, when he pleased. But there's another hindrance: I suspect much Penty[1] has not been in town as yet, and I fancy it's by him the other must be managed. The Ld. J(ustice) C(lerk) is frank enough, but the other two are —— clippies. I met with Bavelaw and Mr Wm. Tuesday last. I could not persuade the last to go to a wine-house, so away we went to an aquavity-house, where I told Mr Wm. what had passed, as I had done before that to Bavelaw. They seemed to agree nothing could be done just now, but to know why Lord Drummore[2] dissuaded bringing in the plea last winter. *I have desired Lord Haining to speak*, but only expect his answer against Tuesday or Wednesday.'

It is not our intention to pursue these remarks further, although we believe that judicial corruption continued long after the Union. We might adduce Lord President Forbes as a witness on this point, who, one of the most upright lawyers himself, did not take any pains to conceal his contempt for many of his brethren. A favourite toast of his is said to have been —'here's to such of the judges as don't deserve the gallows.'[3] Latterly, the complaint against the judges was not so much for corrupt dealing, with the view of enriching themselves or their 'pet' lawyer, but for weak prejudices and feelings, which but ill accorded with the high office they filled.

These abuses, the recapitulation of which may amuse and instruct, are now only matter of history—the spots that once sullied the garments of justice are effaced, and the old compend, 'Show me the man, and I'll show you the law,' is out of date."

PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER.[4]

I WAS born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighbourhood of Montelemart, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skilful in my trade, and, having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful, that I became a great favourite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favour.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's rounds, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humoured raillery, that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say, "This is our man." The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. "Perourou,"[5] said one, "you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it, we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us." Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: "The ten persons whom you see before you," said he, "are all engravers and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St Dominic there lives a picture-merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl herself gave to my suit? 'Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?'

Her charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all," continued the speaker, "and we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We therefore have resolved to show this disdainful girl, that she has not indeed been born to the honour of being the wife of an engraver. Now, will you (addressing me) venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who to attain perfection wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?" "Yes," answered I, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; "I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hairdressers, &c., brought my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture dealer in St Dominic Street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind, he sent me word one morning that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and, for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to every thing else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, every thing I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fête in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an impostor, but, heaven is my witness, I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her, when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought, if she truly loved me, she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty. We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief. The silly crowd

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[1] Lord Stair.
[2] Mr Charles Maitland, afterwards Earl of Lauderdale.
[3] Sir Archibald Primrose.
[4] Sir David Nevoy, admitted a judge in 1661.
[5] Sir John Baird, made a judge in 1684.
[6] Sir David Falconer. This gentleman was grandfather to David Hume by the mother's side.
[7] He died 2d March 1747. His grandfather was an Edinburgh clothier, who, acquiring considerable wealth, became Dean of Guild, and subsequently Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott used to tell an anecdote of one of the family who set up as a man of fashion, and who being present at a meeting of the freeholders of Haddington, took occasion to rally an old gentleman who was there upon the antique cut of his garments, remarking that he was very much delighted with their elegance and fashion. "Deed, my man (was the reply), *so you ought*, for they were made by your grandfather."
[8] John Sinclair of Murkle, appointed a Lord of Session in 1733.
[9] Alexander Leslie, advocate, succeeded his nephew as fifth Earl of Leven, and fourth Earl of Melville, in 1729. He was named a Lord of Session and took his seat on the bench on the 11th of July 1734. He died 2d February 1754.
[10] Sir Walter Pringle of Newhall, raised to the bench in 1718.
[11] Andrew Fletcher of Milton was appointed, on the resignation of James Erskine of Grange, Lord Justice-Clerk, and took his on the bench 21st June 1735.

[1] Probably Gibson of Pentland.
[2] Hew Dalrymple of Drummore, appointed a Lord of Session in 1726.
[3] A story is told of one of the judges of the old school, which, if correct, indicates, that not quite a century since there still did exist some of the old leaven. It is said that a law-suit had for some time depended between the magistrates of a certain circuit town and some neighbouring proprietor, which had been brought to a termination unfavourable to the wishes of the former, by the admirable management of one of the judges. This eminent person, who happened to be a justiciary judge, had occasion officially to visit the town in question, where he was received with becoming gratitude and attention by the gratified magistrates. At a feast—whether given by the judge or his clients we forgot—the magistrates gravely thanked the learned lord for his kind exertions, and trusted he would continue his patronage. My lord smiled and bowed, and looked particularly amiable; presuming on his good nature and complacent demeanour, one of the number ventured to hint, that his lordship's services might again be required, as they, emboldened by their former success, had commenced another new suit, and he was humbly requested to carry them through with that case also. "Na, na, I canna do that," exclaimed my lord. "Why?" exclaimed all the astonished magistrates, amazed probably at what they conceived to be a most uncalled-for scruple of conscience. "Because," rejoined the judge, "you're too late; I've already given my promise to the opposite party."
[4] In addition to the extraordinary and intrinsic interest which attaches to the above story of real life in France, and which we abridge from the original narrative, it possesses the additional attraction of having afforded the groundwork of a very popular piece, by one of our most distinguished modern English authors. That gentleman has himself made an admission of this fact. We shall not anticipate the interest of the story, by the mention of names at present. Perourou, or the Bellows-Mender, relates his own history.
[5] Perourou is a name familiarly given to bellows-menders in Lyons, probably from their mode of crying in the streets.

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around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for Montelemart, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised, and acting as couriers to our magnificent equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than even I had anticipated. The engravers made the equipage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora, was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her, "No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honour to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!" Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied; but the engravers entered the coach, and, like the shifting of a scene in a theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them!

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment that her frenzied eye met mine, "Monster!" she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame, and remorse, which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, and the poor young victim of my villany, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I then passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She, she alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predominant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely darkened all the prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish? That night was a punishment that would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, I was told; and, indeed, to my surprise she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground, and spoke not. "You have deceived me," said she; "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of with calmness."

Alas, these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the causes of my exaltation and my fall. They wrote to me that "my acquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; that they wished not to carry their revenge too far; and that they would supply me with money and every thing necessary for entering into some business, and ensuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora." The other letter was from Aurora. "Some remains of pity," she said, "which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you that I am now in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chains in which you have bound your victim."

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's, but could learn nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my mean condition, had been the urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created a great sensation. I lived unknown, however, and obscure, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily, and without trouble to me, augmented it greatly. Meanwhile, the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could only be done by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was court-house more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared, and rivetted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrunk into a corner, like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce, without desiring to inflict that punishment which she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would at once have gained her suit, had not one man arisen to speak for me. It was one of the engravers, the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me; he praised my character, he showed and confessed how I had been tempted, and how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Aurora. "Yes, madam," said he, "the laws may declare that you are *not* his wife, but you *have been* the wife of his bosom. The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you. But a stain may be cast on another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?" The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed, "No, no!" and her tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis de Rouperen) was declared valid, it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyons, where I heard my name branded every where with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a feigned name. I entered into business, and, more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with an ardour which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favoured me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. At times, however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair. I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power very materially to serve a banker in Lyons, who pressed me much to pay him a visit. After much uneasiness and anxiety, I resolved to accept the invitation. Once more I entered Lyons, and on this occasion with an equipage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker, on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her reserved propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child—her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity soon afterwards of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the poor much-spoken-of bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily, however, he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy for me at least to obtain a sight of my wife. Ere an hour passed away, my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld, with emotions unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent-parlour, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, now twenty-three years of age, seemed to me more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapped myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I observed an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at my friend and myself for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and throw myself, with my child in my arms, at the feet of my pale and trembling wife. "Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed, in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! Oh, pardon! pardon!" The child clasped her knees, and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered, and her eye was fixed, as if in stupor, upon me; but a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me; but your child pleads too powerfully. Aurora is yours."

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for my past offences could ever make me deserving of. One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of mention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country house for her near Lyons. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fête for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers, who were the original cause of all that had passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness, which, under the agency of a wonder-working providence, they had been the means of conferring upon her.

[Our readers, at least many of them, will have detected in this story the foundation of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," one of the most popular of our modern dramatic pieces.]

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS AND THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.

THE invasion of the Romans, which took place shortly before the commencement of the Christian era, had some influence, doubtless, in effacing the mythological system of the Druids, and in establishing a new order of things in the island. By the Romans, however, the country was not, properly speaking, colonised; they only occupied it as a military station important to them from its position and other circumstances. Very different was the case with respect to the successors of the Romans in the occupation and dominion of the south of Britain. These new invaders were the Anglo-Saxons, a race whose blood, language, and institutions, became so extensively and intimately intermixed with those of the former population, as almost to blot out all traces of the original Celtic peculiarities, and to create a new people, with new characters, customs, and laws.

The Anglo-Saxons were a branch of the great race which emigrated at an early period into central Europe from Asia, and which has received the various names of Scythian, Gothic, and German or Teutonic. The Saxon branch settled several centuries before the Christian era, to the west of the mouth of the Elbe, occupying also the islands of Heligoland, Busen, and others in that estuary. The name of Saxon is supposed to be derived from the word Sakai-suna, signifying sons of the Sakai or Sacae, a great and primitive branch of the Scythian stock. About the birth of Christ, the Saxons had become an important and spreading people, devoted to maritime affairs. Other neighbouring Teutonic tribes, and particularly two called the Angles and Jutes, formed an alliance with the Saxons, and augmented their strength. The Angles, destined to give a permanent name to the south of Britain and its people, were so called from the district of Anglen in which they lived, and which corresponded in site with the modern duchy of Sleswick. Feeling their power, these united tribes began to make excursions by land and sea, which terrified the Romans in the third and fourth centuries. In that period the Saxons spread from the Elbe to the Rhine. It was in the middle of the fifth century that they invaded Britain, which was at that time independent, the preceding conquerors having retired shortly before. In about a century afterwards, the whole of England, so called from the kingdoms of the Angles, had fallen into their hands, Wales excepted; and the conquerors had established eight separate kingdoms, usually called the heptarchy, but which should be named the octarchy. These kingdoms existed nearly to the time of Alfred, who reigned alone in England, and died at the close of the ninth century.

The settlement of the Anglo-Saxons introduced a new order of superstitions into Britain. Like the Scandinavians of the north, they deduced their descent from Odin, whom they worshipped along with Thor, Friga, or Freya, and other imaginary deities of the Gothic people. This savage mythology they brought with them to England, where it dispossessed the equally barbarous religion of the Druids, and existed for a short time till it disappeared before the advances of Christianity. Besides reverencing the prime gods of their idolatry, they worshipped idols emblematic of the sun, moon, earth, and various seasons and circumstances. In particular, they sacrificed to one goddess called Eostre, in the month of April, and her name still expresses the festival of Easter in the Christian church. In token of devotional feelings towards the sun, they solemnised a festival to that luminary on the day in December in which the days began to lengthen, a log of wood being burnt on the occasion as an emblem of returning light and heat. From this ancient practice, therefore, may be traced the custom of burning the Yule-log at Christmas, which is still continued among other observances of the olden time in various parts of England.

It is learned from legendary poems, which formed the only literature of the Anglo-Saxons, that they believed the world and all created things would ultimately be destroyed by fire, but that the just would be resuscitated, and enjoy existence in some new form. Strange to say, however, Odin and most of the good deities were to fall before the wicked ones, in attempting to resist this general destruction of earthly things. In one of the most ancient of these poems, the day of final doom is spoken of in the fol-

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lowing impassioned verses. Hrynn, Muspell, Loke, the giants, and the wolf, are the evil spirits with whom Odin fights :—

The giant Hryan rides from the east.
The sea swells.
The serpent that surrounds the world
Turns himself with gigantic might.
The snake moves the seas.
The eagle clamours:
It tears the dead with its beak.
The ship of nails is loosened.
It floats from the east.
The sons of Muspell come
Along the deep:
Loke governs them.
The raging people press on.
What occurs among the gods?
What among the Elfi?
The world of the giants resounds.
The gods are in council.
The dwarfs groan
Before their stone doors.
They know the paths of the rocks.
Do you know what is happening?
Surtur is coming from the south
With Fire, his companion:
Like the sun shines his sword:
The sword of the god of slaughter.
The rocks threaten destruction.
The giantesses are wandering.
Men tread the path of Hela.
The heavens are cleft asunder.
Then to Hlina
Will come a second grief,
When Odin goes forth
To battle with the wolf.
And the slayer of Bela:
The fair one with Surtur,
Then will fall,
The husband of Freya.
Thor will kill the great serpent.
All mankind
Will disappear from the world.
The sun darkens.
The sea overwhelms the earth.
The peaceful stars
Vanish from the sky.
Fire rages:
To the end of all things,
The ascending flame
Plays on the heavens.
Then will be seen again
A green world come up
Out of the sea.
There the just people will dwell,
And for endless days
Enjoy pleasure.

We may learn from these lines, were other authority wanting, that among the Anglo-Saxon superstitions was included a belief in giants, dwarfs, and elves, all of a spiritual order, but partaking in some degree of human attributes and feelings. In the term *elfi* or *elves*, we have one of the earliest traces on record of those ideal fairy tribes who afterwards figured in the familiar superstitions of the British islands. The Gothic nations, of whom the Anglo-Saxons were a branch, had various orders of elves, who were understood to haunt the fields, the woods, mountains, and waters, and received denominations accordingly, as field-elfin, dun-elfin, &c. Whether this varied race of spirits originated in the east, whence so many superstitions spread into ancient Europe, is not satisfactorily known, although it is probable that they did, and were of the same genus as the *peri* of the Persians, a being not dissimilar in character to our fay or fairy. Both in the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon superstitions, elves formed an important order of beings, not unlike in character the demi-gods, naïads, driads, and other imaginary spirits of the Greek and Roman mythologies, and like them exerted a certain influence over human affairs.

Besides a belief in these mysterious elfin tribes, the Anglo-Saxons brought with them to England the still darker and more dangerous doctrines of witchcraft and divination, before which the reasoning powers of the people quailed, and all intellectual advancement was impeded. The general introduction of Christianity about the year 600, abolished, as a matter of course, the more gross pagan observances, but failed to extirpate the familiar and less obvious superstitions of the people. Witchcraft, wizardry, magic, divination, preparations of charms, and other mystic follies having no foundation in truth, continued to flourish, although opposed both by the more intelligent clergy and the kings. It is from the statutes, indeed, which Alfred, Canute, and other monarchs, passed for the prevention of magical practices, that we chiefly know their nature and extent. *Wiglaer*, a wizard, and *wicca*, a witch, are persons severely denounced. Penalties are enjoined if any one should destroy another by wiccecraeft. They appear to have used philtres, for it is declared a crime in any one to use witchcraft, or potions to produce another's love. Canute enjoins his people not to worship fire or floods, wells or stones, or any sort of tree; not to frame death-spells, either by lot or otherwise; and not to effect any thing by phantoms. Wizards, we also learn, pretended to the power of letting loose tempests, and controlling the visible operations of nature.

"Their prognostics (says Mr Sharon Turner, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons) from the sun and moon, from thunder, and from dreams, were so numerous, as to display and perpetuate a most lamentable debility of mind. Every day of every month was catalogued as a propitious or unpropitious day for certain transactions. We have Anglo-Saxon treatises which contain rules for discovering the future fortune and disposition of a child from the day of his nativity. One day was useful for all things; another, though good to tame animals, was baleful to sow seeds; another favourable to let blood; and so on." A few specimens from the statements of the Anglo-Saxon writers themselves on these subjects, may amuse the reader :—"On the first night of the moon, go to the king, and ask what you like. [If we may guess from his statutes, Canute, at least, would have ordered the asker a sound whipping for his credulous folly.] If it thunder in the evening, some great person is born. If new year's day be on a Monday, it will be a grim and confounding winter. When you see a bee fast in a briar, wish what you please, and it will not fail you." Dreams were to the Anglo-Saxons a great source of prognostics. They had their regular interpretations and applications, and served instead of the lessons of experience, or deductions of reason, in governing the affairs and actions of those who trusted in them. How far they were qualified to answer such a purpose, may be imagined from the following specimens :—"Whatever we dream on the first night of the old (waning) moon will become joyful to us. If a man dream that he hath a burning candle in his hand, it is a sign of good."

If any thing were required to show us how deeply such superstitions had become rooted in the minds of the Anglo-Saxon people, the desired proof would be afforded by the fact that these are the very fancies which prevail among the illiterate part of their descendants at this day. In reading such dream-interpretations as the above, which refer to a period more than one thousand years back, one would imagine that he had before him the silly almanacks and "books of fate" which lie in the window-nooks of the peasantry at this day. This feature in the Saxon character, when viewed seriously, must be regarded as a most unfortunate one, "having tended to keep their minds in the dreary bondage of ignorance and absurdity," and materially impeded the free exercise of reason, and the growth of knowledge.

Like most rude nations, the Anglo-Saxons regarded all diseases as the inflictions of malignant spirits. Hence their medical science consisted in the use of charms and incantations—a spell to remove a spell. The venerable Bede, who was born in 673, and from whom much of our knowledge regarding this part of English history is derived, tells us that the people, in times of disease, resorted to the "erring medicaments of idolatry, as if to restrain God's chastisements by the incantations, phylacteries, or any other secret of the demoniacal arts." In some respects, the Anglo-Saxons seem to have had notions of disease scarcely more enlightened than those of the poor negro of modern days, who begs a written scrap of paper from the white traveller, under the impression that it will prevent or cure all his ills. Such would certainly be quite as efficacious as the following piece of semi-Latin rigmarole, which formed the Anglo-Saxon charm to cure a *fever* :—

"In nomine dni nri Ihu Xpi tera tera tera testis contera taberna gise ges mande leis bois eis andies mandies moab leb lebes Dns ds adjutor sit illi ill eax filiax artifex sum."

Some of the words here, such as "Dns ds," which are obviously contractions of "dominus deus" (Lord God), would lead us to believe the whole to be a prayer to the Deity; but there are other words, again, such as "andies mandies," which are not interpretable by our poor Latinity, and which incline us to suppose that the drawer up of the charm had been much in the situation of some of our European travellers, who, in making out African paper-charms, put down the day of the month, or their own names, or whatever most readily occurred to them. Even where the Anglo-Saxons knew and practised more rational modes of cure for disease, their value was almost destroyed, in consequence of the superstitious folly which governed their use. Venesection, for example, was often employed; but then it was hurtful to bleed, according to an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, on the 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 9th, 11th, 15th, 17th, and 20th days of the month, and equally so, excepting at *certain hours*, on the 10th, 13th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 28th days. Did ever folly exceed this? A man seized with apoplexy on the night of the first day of the month, would be left unrelieved till the morning of the fourth, when the favourable hour for bleeding came round. The following recipe, which was designed for the cure of gout, affords a specimen of the medical knowledge of those days :—"Take the herb datulus (tuberose isis). Take the heads of it, and dry them very much, and take thereof a penny-weight and a half, and the pear-tree and roman-bark, and cummin, and a fourth part of laurel-berries, and of the other herbs half a penny weight of each, and six pepper-corns, and grind all to dust, and put two egg-shells full of wine. This is true leech-craft. Give it to the man to drink till he is well."

The introduction of Christianity, as has been mentioned, failed to dissipate the familiar superstitions of the English; a circumstance which can excite no surprise, as no pains were taken to enlighten the understandings of the people, or make them acquainted with the true causes of natural phenomena. We accordingly find, that from the seventh till the sixteenth century, the belief in demons, spirits, lubber-fiends, and elves, of every shade and character, prevailed without intermission, and with no further challenge from the clergy than as being individually manifestations of the devil, on whom now the whole load of superstition was based. One goblin, in particular, formed the theme of innumerable legends. What was his name originally in continental Europe, whence he emigrated with the Anglo-Saxons, is of little consequence; in England he became known by the title of Father Rush, from a belief that he had on one occasion personated a monk or friar, and, to serve his own malignant purposes, had in that capacity long imposed on a religious brotherhood; afterwards, this appellation went out of repute, and he was popularly known and feared by the familiar name of Robin Goodfellow, and performed many useful services in the rural districts of England. It is not a little strange that both monks and clergy sanctioned these fancies, and increased their number by the propagation of legends, which we venture to say could not now receive the approbation of a single individual, lay or clerical, in England. Of these it is only necessary to mention the absurd stories which were fabricated and circulated respecting Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in the year 988. When a boy, he is stated to have studied theology so sedulously as to reduce him to the point of death, when he was suddenly restored by some divine medicine sent to him by an angel in a storm. So extraordinary a circumstance could not but demand grateful thanksgivings, and Dunstan started from his bed, and ran with full speed towards the church. Satan met him in the way, surrounded with numerous black dogs, and endeavoured to defeat his pious intention. But Dunstan was not to be overcome; he instantly prayed for ability, and was enabled to cudgel the devil and his black dogs so effectually, that they left him, and the angel together; the latter of whom, finding the church door fastened, took up the pious youth in his arms, and conveyed him to his devotions through the roof. Another time the devil attempted to intrude himself upon St Dunstan's studies in his laboratory, but the saint speedily punished his impertinence, by taking from the fire his tongs, which were red hot, and with them seized the nose of the fiend, who was thereupon glad to make his escape. It is lamentable to think how such vain imaginations should have so long weighed upon the understandings of the people, and engrafted a habitual dread of the supernatural, which till this day exerts an influence over the untutored mind.

DOMESTIC GREENHOUSES:

FURTHER INFORMATION RESPECTING THEM.

An article on "Domestic Greenhouses," which appeared in the 375th number of the Journal, will be in the recollection of most of our readers. The sketch which we were able to afford of this very remarkable botanical repository, has, it appears, led several individuals to attempt something of the kind within their dwelling-houses, which have been less or more successful. Some more information, however, of a more explicit kind, is desired on the subject, and we willingly afford it, as far as in our power.

Any person, whether inhabiting the most humble or the most splendid dwelling, provided it be freely exposed to the sun's light, has it in his power to rear and cultivate a miscellaneous collection of plants, to enjoy the beauty of their appearance, and to watch their progress through all the stages of their growth, at an expense so insignificant as to be within the means of every man in very moderate circumstances. To do this he must provide an apparatus, consisting of a box, with a glass case over it, of a size according to his desires and means, from the capacity of a small trunk to that of an ordinary closet. We shall suppose he wishes one of a small size, to stand at a window in an apartment of limited dimensions. Procure a strong wooden box, three feet in length, one and a half feet in breadth, and nine or ten inches deep; no top is wanted; it should be painted, or otherwise prepared to resist damp. Two small holes for corks are to be made in the bottom. The ledges should be covered with lead or zinc, and slope inwards. Over the box is placed a glass case, resembling a garden forcing-frame in shape; it should measure 18 inches high up to the sloping top, and then the top or roof should slope inwards on all sides, to meet in the centre. This case must be framed with lead or zinc, whichever be the metal employed for the ledges of the box. (Difference of metal may cause a galvanic action injurious to the plants.) When great elegance and durability are required, brass is used, and the box is made of mahogany. The case must be made to fit with nicety upon the ledges of the box, and in such a way that moisture will flow down the inside of the case into the box. The case should have a door on one side, to open and shut at pleasure, but also to fit as nicely as possible; there must, in short, be no crevices to permit a free interchange of air betwixt the room and the interior of the case. The glass panes in the case should be fitted with care, and the putty well painted, to preserve it from the action of the moisture. The finer the glass is, the better will be the view of the

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plants. When we add, that the box, with its glass cover, are to be placed on a four-footed stand or low table, in front of a window which is exposed to the sun during several hours of the day, the entire fabric of the apparatus has been described.

We now come to the preparation for the plants. Lay the bottom of the box with pieces of broken earthenware, to a depth of two inches, as an open subsoil. Next, lay a stratum of turfy loam an inch deep, and fill in the remainder of the space with good soil, mixed with a portion of peaty loam and sand. The artificial garden-plot is now ready to receive the plants. Set these in the usual manner, and then shower over them with a watering-pot from three to four gallons of water, till the soil be pretty well saturated, and the liquid runs off by the two openings in the bottom. When this is done, cork up the holes, place the case on the box, and the operation will be finished.

A question will here readily occur—what species of plants are best adapted for these domestic greenhouses? We are fortunately enabled to answer this inquiry by referring to a learned paper on the subject by Mr Ellis, which was read to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, January 13, 1839, and afterwards published in the Gardener's Magazine, vol. xv., and also as a separate pamphlet. According to this gentleman's statement, the plants most suitable are "those which partake largely of a cellular structure, and possess a succulent character, and especially those which have fleshy leaves; whilst, on the contrary, the continued humidity is unfavourable to the developement of flowers of most exogenous plants, except such as naturally grow in moist and shady situations." Plants, therefore, which have to grow and bloom in cavernous and moist situations, or at least in moist and warm climates, are best adapted for these cases. However, within this class of vegetables there are many beautiful and highly luxuriant plants, which it would afford no small pleasure to contemplate. The following is a list of plants from various countries, which were set in a box under Mr Ellis's directions, and examined from nine to twelve months afterwards:—

Botanical Names.	Country.	Remarks.
Chamærops humilis	Italy, Sicily, Spain	Increased 1-4th its original size
Gentiana verna	England	Flowered, but no difference in size
Adiantum Capillus Veneris	England	Increased 1-8th
Primula farinosa	Scotland	Flowered; atmosphere rather damp for it
scotica	Scotland	Flowered; atmosphere rather damp for it
Verbascum Myconi	Scotland	Increased 1-8th
Androsace villosa	Scotland	Flowered; not very healthy
Chamærops Palmetto	Carolina	Increased 1-3d
Dionæa Muscipula	Carolina	Made 1-8th
Sarracenia purpurea	Carolina	Increased 4 times its original size
Spigæa repens	Carolina	Increased one-half
Testudinaria elephantipes	Cape of Good Hope	Made a shoot 10 inches long
Aloe retusa	Cape of Good Hope	Made 1-3d, shewing flower spikes
Rhododendron chrysanthum	Siberia	Increased one-half
Chamæcistus	Austria	Increased 1-6d
Cycas revoluta	China	Increased 1-9th
Nepenthes distillatoria	Ceylon	Increased 2-3ds
Cypripedium venustum	Nepal	Increased 1-5th
insigne	Nepal	Increased 1-4th
Agave geminiflora	Mexico	Increased 1-3d
**Goodyera discolor*	Mexico	No perceptible difference
**Echinocactus multiplex*	Mexico	Increased one-half
**peruviana*	Mexico	Increased one-half
myriacantha	Mexico	Increased one-half
**formosa*	Mexico	Increased 1-3d
O'ttoni	Mexico	Increased 1-4th
candida	Mexico	Increased one-half
Epiphyllum truncatum	Brasil	Increased 2-3ds
Cereus flagelliformis	Peru	Increased one-half
Lycopodium stoloniferum	Cuba	Very luxuriant

Those marked thus * are growing in fancy pots, and suspended from the roof of the plant-case.

In our former paper it was mentioned, that the plants, after the first preparation, require little or no care; the case need only be opened for the removal of dead leaves, or for a little trimming when required. Plants in open flower-pots are exposed to the vicissitudes of change of climate, and require constant watering; but the plants in these cases seem to be independent of any change of temperature in the air, and water themselves. The moisture rises by the sun's influence from the moistened earth, cherishes the leaves of the plants in its aërial condition, and during the cool of night falls to the earth again like rain or dew. In this manner there is a constant succession of rising and falling of moisture, in imitation of the great processes of nature, daily going on in the fields around us. The plant-case is a little world in itself, in which vegetation is supported solely by the resources originally communicated to it.

Not the least remarkable part in the economy of the case, is the preservation of atmospheric purity. To all who reflect for the first time on this subject, it will seem incomprehensible how the plants can possibly thrive and blossom without the occasional interchange of fresh air with the atmosphere. This certainly does appear extraordinary, yet it is ascertained by experiment that no such reinvigoration is requisite; to account for the phenomenon, it will be necessary to explain the constitution of atmospheric air, and the means adopted by nature for its purification.

Air consists of three gases in close mechanical union—nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, in the proportion of about 79 of nitrogen, 20 oxygen, and 1 of carbonic acid, in 100 parts of pure air. In this mixed composition, the essential element for the support of respiration in both animals and plants, and also for combustion, is the oxygen, the nitrogen being little else than a diluent to modify the strength of the oxygen. By the process of respiration, oxygen is consumed, and in its stead carbonic acid, which is a foul poisonous air, is emitted. The vast quantity of oxygen consumed daily by animals, including mankind, and the corresponding amount of carbonic acid produced, would speedily poison the atmosphere, if nature had not provided means for purifying it, as ample as those for its deterioration. It was long believed by men of science that plants possessed the power of exuding oxygen, and so formed a prime agent for restoring vitiated air to purity. Later investigations, chiefly by French chemists, have made it evident that plants have no such power, unless when placed under the influence of the sun's rays, or, in other words, that solar light is the grand cleanser of the atmosphere, and without which both plants and animals languish and die. With respect to plants in particular, it is ascertained, that, while inhaling oxygen and expiring carbonic acid, their leaves possess the remarkable property, in conjunction with the sun's light, of re-transforming the carbonic acid into oxygen. At night, when the light of day has departed, the expired carbonic acid may be detected in the neighbourhood of plants, and hence one cause of injury to health by breathing night-air; but when the morning sun again bursts upon the scene, a great chemical process commences in the atmosphere—the carbonic acid is decomposed, oxygen is evolved, and all nature rejoices in a re-creation of its appropriate nourishment.

The alternate action of vitiation and purification is emphatically described as follows by Mr Ellis, in the pamphlet before us:—"Under a bright sunshine, the two processes by which carbonic acid is alternately formed and decomposed, go on simultaneously; and their necessary operation, in as far as regards the condition of the air, is that of counteracting each other. Hence, though both may be continually exercised in favourable circumstances, the effects of neither on the atmosphere can be ascertained by ordinary means; and, consequently, though in the experiments of De Saussure with common air, the production and decomposition of carbonic acid by plants in sunshine must have been continually going on, yet in all the analyses which he made, the air was found unchanged, either in purity or volume; in other words, the processes of formation and decomposition of this acid gas exactly counterbalanced each other.

Of the two processes which have been now described (continues our authority), each may be considered as in its nature and purpose quite distinct from the other; hence their effects may be readily distinguished; neither do they necessarily interfere, when actually working together. The first or deteriorating process, in which oxygen gas is consumed, goes on at all times and in all circumstances when vegetation is active. It requires always a suitable temperature in which to display itself; and when that temperature falls below a certain point, which is very variable in regard to different plants, the process is more or less completely suspended, again to be renewed when the temperature shall again return. This conversion of oxygen into carbonic acid is as necessary to the evolution of the seed as to the growth of the plant, and is all that is required for germination; but the plant requires something more, for, if light be excluded, vegetation proceeds imperfectly, and the plant does not then acquire its proper colour, and other active properties which it ought to have. The chief organs by which the consumption of oxygen gas is effected, are the leaves, and its purpose, in great part at least, seems to be that of producing some necessary change in the sap during its transmission through those organs, on its way from the vessels of the wood to those of the inner bark, whereby it may be rendered fit for the purposes of nutrition and growth. In its nature and object, therefore, as well as in the specific change which it produces in the air, this process closely resembles the function of respiration in animals, and may thus with propriety be deemed a physiological process. The second, or purifying process, in which oxygen gas is evolved, differs in all respects from that which has just been described. It is in a great measure independent of temperature; at least it proceeds in temperatures too low to support vegetation, provided light be present, an agent not required for germination, nor essential to vegetable developement. The organs by which this process acts on the air are, as before, the leaves; not, however, by changing the qualities of the sap in the vessels of those organs, but by producing changes in the chromule, or colourable matter, in their cells, to which it imparts colour and other active properties. In doing this, it does not convert the oxygen gas of the air into carbonic acid, but, by decomposing that acid gas, restores to the air the identical portion of oxygen of which the former process had deprived it. The former process, carried on by the agency of the oxygen gas of the air, was essential to living action, and affected the well-being of the whole plant; that exercised by the agency of light is not necessary to life, is local, not general in its operation, and is capable of proceeding in circumstances and under conditions incompatible with living action. By withdrawing the air altogether, or depriving it of oxygen gas, vegetation soon ceases through the whole plant; but the exclusion of light from any part of the plant affects that part only; and even the total exclusion of that agent only deprives the plant of certain properties necessary to its perfection, but not essential to its life. These differences in the processes by which oxygen gas is alternately consumed and evolved, during the vegetation of plants in sunshine, are so manifest, both in their nature and effects, as to satisfy the ascription of a name to the latter process distinct from that given to the former. It might, perhaps, be denominated the chemical process, in contradistinction to that named physiological.

It would contribute much, we think, to simplify our inquiries concerning vegetation, to bear in mind these distinctions: to consider the one process as accomplished by the agency of the air, and essential to the life and growth of the plant; the other, as subordinate, depending on the agency of light, and though necessary to the perfection of vegetation, yet not essential to its existence. In this manner each process may be followed out separately, both in regard to its immediate effects and remoter consequences, without clashing with the other; and the apparently discordant and even contradictory phenomena which on a first view they seem to exhibit, may be reconciled, and considered, not less in theory than in fact, as conspiring together to form one harmonious and perfect whole."

After these explanations, little need be added respecting the supply of pure air to domestic greenhouses. The deterioration of the atmosphere in the case is daily counteracted by an opposite process of purification, so that amidst the vicissitudes of perpetual change, the air is maintained in a state of nearly uniform composition and purity, and serves over and over again for all the purposes of vegetation. It may, however, be stated, to prevent misconception, that the more pure the air of the apartment, the plants will have the better chance of thriving, because there must necessarily be an interchange to some extent betwixt the air of the room and the case, in consequence of the daily expansion from heat, and nightly condensation from cold. This interchange will be effected by the minute crevices in the apparatus, and therefore requires no special provision.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY A. OPIE.

GEORGE CANNING.

I was never so fortunate as to be in company with this celebrated man, but at a very early period of his life and mine, he was brought by circumstances under my admiring observation. An aunt of his, the wife of a Norfolk clergyman, who was afterwards Dean of H——, resided in N——, and when Canning was at Eton, he used to spend part of his holidays at her house. He also visited there sometimes while he was at the university.

While he was paying a visit during the long vacation, there was a benefit concert given at the assembly rooms, to which I was chaperoned by an old lady of my acquaintance. Till the middle of the first act we were able to *hear* and enjoy the music; but then, our attention was disturbed by the entrance of Canning's aunt, himself, and a large party staying at her house, who, all of them, *unfortunately*, placed themselves before us, because, instead of listening to the concert, they conversed as loudly as if nothing was going on.

This conduct was very trying to my companion, and I should have been equally annoyed by it, had not a friend whispered in my ear that the young man near me was the *Eton boy* who had so much distinguished himself at that school, and some of whose poetry I had seen and admired. I was therefore more interested in examining his countenance than in listening to the performance; I was pleased to hear the tone of his voice, though it was exerted during a violin concerto.

But my patience was at length worn out, and I partook of the displeasure of my chaperon. At last, when Canning had been more than usually vociferous, she gave him a smart stroke on the shoulder with her fan, and when he turned round, astonished at the blow, she shook her head at him with a reproachful look. He understood the reproof, but instead of resenting it, he bowed his head in silence, gracefully and respectfully, and became an attentive listener; nay, he evidently reproved the talkativeness of his companions; while the old lady was so delighted with his penitence, that she could not help whispering in my ear, "There, child! you see he is a gentleman, and how handsome he is!"

But the rightly-feeling and well-bred young man did not think he had made proper amends yet for his rudeness; and as soon as the act concluded, he rose, and, turning about to my aged friend, said with an ingenuous blush on his cheek, "I am very sorry, madam, that I interrupted your pleasure just now, and

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am really ashamed of myself; pray excuse me; indeed I will not offend again." The lady received his apology graciously, and he faithfully kept his promise. Often when we were together did my friend and I talk over this proof of good feeling, which was the more remarkable in a youth conscious as he then was of having recently distinguished himself; but I was then too young to appreciate it as thoroughly as I have done since. The observation of a long life has now convinced me that the rarest of all qualities is a virtuous consideration of the rights of others in *little things*—and, at that time at least, Canning possessed this quality. He felt that, by his ill-timed noise, he had violated the right of the lady in question, and of the audience in general, to hear the music, which they had come to enjoy; and as soon as he was conscious of his error, he was candid and generous enough to own it, to apologise for it, and to discontinue it.

To persons in general this anecdote may appear not worth relating, but it has always seemed to me indicative of a kindness of heart, which, when combined, as it was in him, with splendid talents, seemed a pledge of future greatness. I know not, however, whether the same unselfish regard to the minor rights of others distinguished his career through life; and, probably, it could not have done so *undeviatingly*, because the course of the ambitious man must run counter to such regard. It is not at all likely that he should be eminent for that benevolent self-denial—that attention to others' feelings and interests in *little things*, which contribute to the happiness of private life, and constitute the *gracefulness* of private character—that unobtrusive, but important charm, in which the public philanthropist is often so painfully deficient; for how often does one see in the eloquent asserter of the rights of nations and of men, the petted, spoiled, selfish despot of his own fireside!

But if George Canning was ever led, by the acrimony of debate, and the collision of party resentments, into using language which was at variance with his good feelings, I fully believe that, on the whole, he was as amiable in private as he was distinguished in public life, and that he never really lost that kind-heartedness which I have ventured to commemorate.

Some years elapsed before I saw him again, for, though I became intimately acquainted with his aunt and her family, he never visited at the house when I was her guest, and at an early period of my life the L——s quitted N——. But I saw him soon after he obtained a seat in Parliament, and when the Pitt administration had won the young orator from his early political associates, and ranked him among their eloquent adherents.

At the time to which I allude, he was standing on Windsor Terrace, bareheaded, his cheek evidently flushed with pleasurable emotion, and listening to George III., who, with the queen and the rest of the royal family, was taking his usual Sabbath evening walk, to the delight of those who were able to visit the Terrace on these occasions. The king and queen stopt some time in conversation with the already distinguished member, who more than shared my attention with his royal master, though I own there were some drawbacks to the pleasure which I experienced in seeing him again.

The *last* time I saw him was in the hall of Buckingham House, when the queen and the regent held their levees there, and he had just left the presence-chamber. With what magical rapidity our thoughts fly back from time that IS, to time that WAS! and then, as rapidly returning, increase the interest of the PRESENT, by forcing back on it the memories of the PAST! It was with interest thus increased that I now beheld the celebrated man before me! I saw him in my mind's eye in the concert-room at N——, then on the Terrace at Windsor, and now I beheld him a distinguished statesman in the palace of his sovereign!

He was still in the prime of life, but his magnificent forehead was become bald; the bloom of youth had left his cheek, the fire of his full eye was in some measure dimmed, and there were untimely marks of age on his expansive brow! Yet I recognised in middle life the same character of face and feature which had interested me in the youthful student. But how different was now his bearing! How different the character of his person altogether!

There was a dignity in his mien, a loftiness in the carriage of his head, which a consciousness of his importance in society would naturally give. At the same time, I thought there was a slight expression of sadness piercing through his smile. Perhaps he was beginning to see the hollowness of the idols whom he had adored, to feel the emptiness of worldly distinctions, and to experience the many thorns that line the pillow of the statesman! Yet he was the favoured child of prosperous ambition! His talents had raised him to the highest offices in the state; his eloquence was the delight of his friends and the terror of his enemies; he had formed a high and happy connection in marriage; he was admired even by his opponents, and warmly beloved by all who enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy. But, doubtless, the corroding cares attendant on a public station, and a sense of its awful responsibility, were then preparing to fasten on his heart, and gradually destroy the functions of life. Methought, as I gazed on him, I did not behold so happy a man as he whom I had first seen in the concert-room at N——, and on the Terrace at Windsor! Yet perhaps he would have been unwilling to own that I was right.

Stormy grew the political horizon in the years that followed, though, on the whole, he may be said, to use his own words, to have "weathered the storm," for at the period of his untimely death he seemed to have nearly overcome every prejudice against him; and when he fell, a worn-out victim to his public duties, an universal lamentation and an universal plaudit attended his exit.

Among the mourners, I can sincerely say that I was one, and rarely do I now pass his statue without breathing a sigh to his memory, while I am tempted to parody the epitaph on a bard of former days, and exclaim, "Oh! *rare* George Canning!"

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.*

THE British public had been so much gratified and amused by the humorous history of the "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," that the announcement of a new forthcoming work from the pen of the same author naturally created a very general sensation in the reading world. This work has just appeared, and our more remote readers may expect from us some account of its character and contents. "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western" is the attractive title which the writer has in this instance chosen, and it is one which gives a hint of the plan of the work. It consists of a series of epistles, supposed to have been written by the various personages assembled on board of the Great Western steamer, during one of its recent trips from Bristol to New York.

Truth compels us to say, that in some respects this work has rather disappointed us, and that certain portions of it appear to us unlikely to increase the reputation gained for the author by his first production. For example, the dedication and preface, both somewhat lengthy, seem to us to be altogether in bad taste. What could induce the author, in composing a work of light literature like this, to step so far out of his way as to make the initial parts of his volume the vehicle of bitter political sneers and satire, is more than we can comprehend. The general tone and tenor, also, of the letters composing the work, seem to us somewhat unfortunate. We think well enough of human nature to believe that out of the large list of passengers on board the Great Western, or British Queen, on any given occasion, there will be found some few, at least, who are neither fools nor rascals. The imaginary writers of all the epistles, or nearly all, in the "Letter-Bag," are persons of one or other of these characters.

While candidly pointing out what appear to us to be the faults of this work, we at the same time admit with pleasure, that many of the letters are well spiced with unexceptionable fun. Perhaps one of the best is No. 15, entitled a "Letter from an Old Hand." His account of his fellow-passengers, and their converse, is as follows:—

"The company usually consists of young officers joining regiments—talk, Gibraltar, Cape, Halifax, Horse Guards, promotion, and sporting; of naval men—talk, insults to flag, foreign stations, crack frigates, round sterns, old admiral; of speculators—talk, cotton, tobacco, flour; of provincials—talk, Durham, Head, Colborne, Poulett Thompson; of travellers—talk, Mississippi, Niagara, Mahone Bay; of women—talk, headache, amusements, and nonsense about Byron; of Yankees—talk, Loco-Focos, go-ahead, dollars; of manufacturers—talk, steam, factors, and machinery; of blockheads—who chatter like monkeys about every thing. The incidents are common to all; fall on the deck—wet through—very sick—bad wine—cold dinner—rough weather—shipped a sea, and a tureen of soup—spoke a ship, but could not hear—saw a whale, but so far off, only a black line—feel sulky. There is nothing, therefore, to tell you but what has been told a thousand times, and never was worth telling once, but there are a *few maxims worth knowing.*"

The "old hand," whom the rubs of the world have hardened not a little, then communicates to his correspondent these few notice-worthy maxims:—

"MAXIMS OF AN OLD STAGER.—Call steward; inquire the number of your cabin; he will tell you No. 1, perhaps. 'Ah, very true, steward; here is half a sovereign to begin with; don't forget *it is* No. 1. This is the beginning of the voyage, I shall not forget the end of it.' He never does lose sight of No. 1, and you continue to be No. 1, ever after; best dish at dinner, by accident, is always placed before you, best attendance behind you, and so on.—*I always do this.* If you are to have a chum, take a young one, and you can have your own way by breaking him yourself.—*I always do.* If the berths are over each other, let the young fellow climb, and do you take the lowest one; it is better he should break his neck than you.—*I always do.* All the luggage not required for immediate use is marked 'below.' Don't mark yours at all, and you have it all in your own cabin, where you know where to find it when you want it. It is not then squeezed to death by a hundred tons of trunks. If you have not room in your cabin for it all, hint to your young chum he has too much baggage, and some of it must go 'below.'—*I always do.* Never speak to a child, or you can't get clear of the nasty little lap-dog thing ever afterwards.—*I never do.* Always judge your fellow passengers to be the opposite of what they strive to appear to be. For instance, a military man is not quarrelsome, for no man doubts his courage; a snob is. A clergyman is not over strait-laced, for his piety is not questioned; but a cheat is. A lawyer is not apt to be argumentative; but an actor is. A woman that is all smiles and graces, is a vixen at heart; snakes fascinate. A stranger that is obsequious and over-civil without apparent cause, is treacherous; cats that purr are apt to bite and scratch. Pride is one thing, assumption is another; the latter must always get the cold shoulder, for whoever shows it is no gentleman; men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not. The only man who really is what he appears to be, *is*—a gentleman.—*I always judge thus.* Keep no money in your pockets; when your clothes are brushed in the morning, it is apt—ahem—to fall out.—*I never do.* At table see what wine the captain drinks; it is not the worst.—*I always do.* Never discuss religion or politics with those who hold opinions opposite to yours; they are subjects that heat in handling until they burn your fingers. Never talk learnedly on topics you know; it makes people afraid of you. Never talk on subjects you don't know; it makes people despise you. Never argue; no man is worth the trouble of convincing; and the better you reason, the more obstinate people become. Never pun on a man's words; it is as bad as spitting in his face; in short, whenever practicable, let others perform, and do you look on. A seat in the dress-circle is preferable to a part in the play.—*This is my rule.* Be always civil, and no one will wish to be rude to you; be ceremonious, and people cannot if they would. Impertinence seldom honours you with a visit without an invitation; at least—*I always find it so.* Never play at cards. Some people know too little for your temper, and others too much for your pocket.—*I never do.*"

This wisdom is of a very worldly order; but if useful any where, such a species of knowledge is so, certainly, on board of a crowded packet. Among the other letters, the one which amused us most was the epistle of Cato Mignionette, the black steward, who corresponds with a friend in the Union, named Lavender. Cato goes through his duties with a good deal of the stoicism of his Roman namesake. "Steward here, and steward dere, and steward ebery where; well, I say, 'Coming, sir,' but I takes care neber to come to none at all; and when dey is tired of calling, dey come ob demselves to me, and find out to de last it would be ebery bit as good for em to hab come at fust and sabe dere wind to cool dere soup wid." "As to the men passengers," he says, "I always let dem shift for demselves, for dere isn't werry few of dem is real superfine gentlemens, but jist refidge a leetle varnished over de surface like, all pretence. Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when dam um dere isn't hardly one of em know him by name even. One buccra say, 'Steward, I can't drink dis wine; it is werry poor stuff: what de debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis; he no fit to drink at all! Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman.' Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud, ebery body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack um lip and say, 'Ah, dat is de wine; always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship.' 'Hush,' I say, 'massa; not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat ere wine, and I keep um for you, for I sees you know de good wine when you sees um, which is more nor most gentlemen does.' Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr Labender." The ladies he treats more leniently. "I makes sception," he says, "of de ladies; de dear critturs I do lub em, and likes to tend on em, dey is so helpless, poor tings! But one ting I must say, and dat is, de white ladies do lub werry stif grog, werry stif indeed. Mr Labender, you ab no notion of it, no more den a child. 'Steward, a leetle, werry leetle weak brandy and water, but mind and let um be werry weak.' 'Yes, ma'am,' I say, and away I goes to mix it. Poor leetle tings! knows werry well what werry weak means—it means half and half, jist as I likes um myself. Well, when I takes it to de lady, she make a face like de cabbage leaf, all puckery puckery, wrinckely wrinckely, and arter eber so leetle of a swig at it, she gives um back again to me. 'Oh, steward,' she say, 'how could you! dat is too strong; put in a leetle drop more water; dat is a good steward.' Well, I knows what dat means too; so I goes back and puts in one glass brandy more, and two lumps of de sugar more, and stir um up well wid de spoon, and gib um a little nutmeg for de flavour. 'Try dat,' marm, I say; 'see how you like um; I most fear um too weak now.' 'No, steward,' she say, and she smile werry sweet, de leetle dear; 'dat will do werry well; dat just right now—always take care to mix my brandy and water weak, for I isn't used to have um strong, and um gets into my head.' 'Yes, marm,' I say; 'now I knows your gage, I fit you exactly to a T, marm.' De dear leetle critture, de grog he do warm em hearts, and brighten de eye, and make em werry good-natured."

One more specimen of Cato's letter may be given without any chance of tiring:—"T'oder day I sell some small ting to de outlandish Jew, who no speak werry good English; and I goes into his cabin, and I

* By the Author of Sam Slick. London, R. Bentley.

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say, 'Our voyage over now, him pilot on board; so you fork out, massa, if you please.' Well, he stand like a shy horse. 'What dat you say?' say he. 'You fork out now, massa!' say I. Den he goes round, and he bolt de door, and den he say, 'I give you one sovereign, steward, if you no mention it. 'Oh,' I say, 'I nebber mention um, master; nebber fear; and I 's werry much obliged to you, sir, werry much indeed.' Den he say, 'Here is de forks,' and he gave me back three silver forks; 'I took um by mistake,' he say, 'and I hope you no mention um.' Oh, ho, says I to myself, is dat de way de cat jumps! Now I see how de land lay. I come Jew over you, my boy; my turn come now. 'Four sovereigns more, massa, and steward he keep mum; and if you no pay de money, I go bring captain, passenger, and ebery one.' Well, him sovereign break um heart a'most, but he show him out for all that before I go; one—two—three—four—five sovereigns. 'All's right now, massa,' say I; 'dat is what I calls forking out.' Jist as I turns for to go, he say, 'How you know I ab um, steward? any body tell you?' 'Oh, massa,' I say, 'I knew de tief so far as I see him. When I clap eyes on you fust, by gosh I knew you for one of dem rascals. No mistake, massa; face nebber tell um lie—he always speaky de truth.'" This beats any thing in the Roman Cato's policy; but we grudge Mr Slick's putting the story into a name, which does not represent an individual, but a nation, and that one which we systematically use ungenerously.

Upon the whole, a perusal of the "Letter-Bag of the Great Western" leads us to conclude, that the peculiar style of the "Sayings and Doings of Slick" is that in which the author is most fitted to shine; in other words, that his forte lies in the humorous display of Nova-Scotian and Yankee peculiarities, and in the skilful use and exposition of Transatlantic oddities of thought and language. In that field he seems at home, and naturally so; and we hope that he will soon enter on it again, which he may do with the confident assurance of gathering thence a far richer harvest of fame than will accrue to him from such attempts as the present one.

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

In the Dublin University Magazine for February, among other articles of interest there appears a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person, after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin; it then proceeds to state, that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of King James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a pedlar; how, while on the way, he had an interview with General Sarsefield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before Captain Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give one a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland.

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal; "unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here where you are."

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me, with a strong light from an opposite window. As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. "I think, my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?" "I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap, your worship." "Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. "I promise you, I think no good of you; throw back your hair, and let me see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir."

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred; he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper, "Hardress Fitzgerald?" "Yes," said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you." "You are a desperate villain, sir," said Captain Oliver; "a rebel and a murderer. Hollo there, guard, seize him." As the soldiers entered, I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. "Secure the papers," shouted the captain, and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the butt of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but, at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber or rather cell in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit placed high in the wall admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to more animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the door of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening ere the moon arose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. "He shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog; shot to-night, and hung to-morrow; hung at the bridge-head; hung, until his bones drop asunder!"

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise, the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts the wildest and the most hideous flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the sweon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened, and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake, fellow?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself; get upon thy legs." His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son." There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key, "Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin; but if you go to any of your gammon, before two hours are passed you will have as many holes in your carcase as a target." "Name your conditions," said I; "and if they consist with honour, I will never baulk at the offer."

"Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by Captain Oliver's orders; the carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Well, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to head-quarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humour him a little, and when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan, surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man thus completely crippled and without a weapon." "I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier. "When you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case; walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride with Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again and again, until he is *finished*—and I trust to your honour to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles!—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. "Now for the weapon," said I. "I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he, "but if well handled it will do as well as the best Toledo; it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall, and my hands together under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. "How's this?" said I inwardly. "Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy." As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his ample military cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

"Hardress Eitzgerald," he began at length, "are you awake? Stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say."

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound.

"Well," said I, "what would you of me? is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor. What do you want of me?"

"As to your punishment, sir," said he, "your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels."

"And if I do this I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?" Oliver bowed.

"Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power?" "In that case," replied he coolly, "before half an hour you shall be a corpse."

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"Then, God have mercy on your soul," said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point unfortunately struck the cuirass, near the neck, and, glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if any thing rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon, which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done; the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard-room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "How soon, captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner dispatched?" "In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice. The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

"Is all right?" said he, eagerly. "Ay," said I; "which horse am I to mount?" He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "Who goes there?—stand and give the word." Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on; so did also the soldier who accompanied me. The sentinel fired.

"Hurrah!" I shouted; "try it again, my boy," and away we went at a gallop, which bade fair to distance every thing like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however; for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed, crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade, "Lower your body; lie flat over the saddle; the fellow is going to fire." I had hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and my dispatch. I rode on at a gallop. Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more I crossed Thomond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

THE WAGES OF BRITISH AND GERMAN WEAVERS COMPARED.

Operatives employed in the cotton, silk, woollen, and other manufactures, are apt to imagine that their rate of wages depends merely on the caprice of employers; indeed, many have publicly avowed as much. We have at present no wish to combat this opinion by any exposition of the principles which regulate the rate of wages, but to call the attention of workmen to one very important circumstance which seems to escape their notice—this is the rate of wages in those continental countries which are now attempting to compete with Britain in manufacturing industry. For instance, a large share of our manufactures are exported for the use of foreign consumers. These consumers have hitherto paid prices which enable our employers to give a certain rate of wages; but these consumers are gradually limiting their orders for British goods, because they can get the same kind of articles cheaper elsewhere. And why cheaper? Because these articles are manufactured by artisans who work at a half or third of the amount of wages paid in this country. Thus, British artisans are brought into direct competition with their continental brethren.

To descend to particulars, let us take the case of an English and a German hand-loom cotton-weaver. The Englishman, with all his skill and perseverance, and probably toiling twelve hours a-day, cannot earn more than six shillings per week; a sum very inadequate for supporting an able-bodied man and his family, considering the high price of food and other necessaries of life. Still, miserable as is this weekly pittance, it is about three times more than is earned by the German or Saxon weaver, at the same kind of work. "It is stated on the best authority (says Mr Porter*), that, in October 1837, a man (in Saxony) employed very diligently from Monday morning until Saturday night, from five o'clock in the morning until dusk, and even at times with a lamp, his wife assisting him in finishing and taking home the work, could not probably earn more than 20 groshen (2s. 6d. sterling, a groshen being 1½d.) per week, and that another man, who had three children aged twelve years and upwards, all working at the loom as well as himself, with his wife employed doing up the work, could not earn in the whole more than 1 dollar 8 groshen (5s. 4d.) weekly."

Making every allowance for the greater cheapness of food in Saxony than in England, it is certain that the Saxon workmen subsist on the most wretched fare, their diet being almost exclusively of vegetables, and to a limited extent. But neither the quality nor the amount of their physical comforts affects the present question. The thing we have to look to is their wages. It is evident, that, from the necessity of their situation, they work for about 2s. or 2s. 6d. a-week, which is from a half to a third of the weaver's wage in this country; consequently, those who employ them are enabled to undersell the British manufacturer to the amount of that saving. It is no doubt exceedingly hard that the rate of wages in Saxony should thus force down the wages of British operatives to starvation point; but how is the evil to be remedied? We possess no power to compel Saxon weavers to take higher wages, nor to prevent Saxon manufacturers from underselling us.

Hitherto, Britain has successfully competed with continental nations solely from its superior skill and capital, chiefly the latter; but continental nations, during a twenty-five years' peace, have discovered the trick of British success, as we may call it. In Saxony, to which we have above referred, joint-stock companies were formed in 1837, for the purpose of investing capital in machinery, and are now proceeding to the accomplishment of their objects. It may be some years before these and other newly formed establishments on the continent can thoroughly compete with the well-regulated concerns of Britain; but there is no reason why such an event should not occur some time or other. This is a contingency (already in part realised) which it behoves both British operatives and capitalists to look boldly in the face; and we agree with the authority already quoted, that "there appears to be but one course open to us in order to avert the evil—that of still further liberalising our commercial system, and especially of lessening the cost of the prime necessaries of life, by abolishing all restrictions on the importation of food."

* Progress of the Nation, by G. R. Porter. 2 vols. 1838.

MANUFACTURED PICTURES.

Mr Winstanley, of Liverpool, in the course of a lecture on portrait painting, recently delivered by him at the Royal Institution of that town, related an anecdote which may enlighten as well as interest the patrons of old pictures. The high character of Mr Winstanley secures him from the suspicion that he has at all exaggerated the statement; but we believe there are many persons who could relate stories equally striking and equally true. It is notorious that in England there are hundreds of Titians, Vandykes, and Raphaels, the canvass for which was manufactured in the nineteenth century; the impositions practised upon English buyers on the continent are so notorious as to have become proverbial; and of the eight thousand works by foreign masters annually imported into this country, perhaps it would not be too much to say, ninety-nine out of every hundred are forgeries. Yet noblemen and gentlemen will be cheated with their eyes open, and very frequently crowd their rooms with base imitations, when, for half the sum they have expended, they might have procured good and true works by accomplished artists, and at the same time have had the proud and happy knowledge that they had contributed to advance the glory of their country, and the interest of its men of genius. We quote the anecdote related by Mr Winstanley, as one of the most circumstantial and best authenticated that has ever been recorded:—He exhibited to the audience a small picture, which, from the peculiar costume, the cut of the beard, and the expanse of forehead, looked like a portrait of Shakspeare. It was also finished in a style, and had an appearance of age and mellowness, that would incline almost any person to believe it a genuine picture. Some years ago, a friend in London wrote to him giving information that he had picked up from some noteless vender of heterogeneous articles, a portrait of Shakspeare, an undoubted original. Mr Winstanley saw the picture, approved of it, and became its proprietor. It was the identical picture which was then before the audience. He showed it to several persons of eminent taste, who all pronounced it an original picture, and set upon it a high value, though they attributed it to different masters. He was offered very large sums of money for it, which, however, he refused, on the very proper principle, that if it were an original portrait of Shakspeare, such a rarity was inestimable, and if it were not, he had no right to take any such amount for it as was tendered. To set the matter at rest, he took the picture to London, where he called upon an individual whom he found repairing a portrait of Nell Gwynne. This person informed him, in his peculiar way, that he had made many portraits of Shakspeare, and he had no doubt he could tell him something respecting the one in question. The moment the picture was placed before him, he said, "Oh, that is my old friend." On being pressed for an explanation, he said that it had been made by a pupil of his—a person whom he had taught to manufacture portraits of Shakspeare. It was one of a pair of old pictures of an ancient gentleman and lady of the Elizabethan age. From the costume and features they thought it might be made to look very like Shakspeare. Accordingly, under his direction his pupil heightened the forehead, altered the hair and beard, and put in a few touches, which made the old man into a Shakspeare. This sort of deception Mr Winstanley assured the assembly had not been uncommon; and thus a picture for which he might have had five hundred guineas, turned out to be worthless.—*Art-Union.*

CONSCIENCE.

Locke has demonstrated that we have neither innate ideas nor innate principles, and he was obliged to demonstrate it too much at length, because at the time the contrary was universally believed. From hence it evidently follows that we have the utmost possible necessity that good principles should be lodged in our heads, when we come to use the faculty of understanding. Locke cites the example of savages who kill and eat their neighbours without the slightest remorse of conscience, and of well-educated Christian soldiers, who, in a town taken by assault, pillage, slay, and ravish, not only without remorse, but with the utmost pleasure, with honour and glory, with the applause of all their comrades. It results from all this, that we have no other conscience than that with which we are inspired by time, by example, by our temperament, and by our reflections. Man is not born with any principle, but with the faculty of receiving all. His temperament will render him inclined to cruelty or to kindness; his understanding will, in time, enable him to comprehend that the square of twelve is one hundred and forty-four, that he ought not to do to others that which he does not wish to be done to himself: but he will not of himself comprehend these truths in his infancy—he will not understand the first, and he will not feel the second.

A young savage who is hungry, and to whom his father shall give a slice of another savage to eat, will require the same the next day, without imagining that he ought not to treat his neighbour otherwise than he would wish to be treated himself. He does mechanically, invincibly, exactly, the reverse of what this eternal truth teaches. Nature has provided for this horror. She has given to man the disposition to pity, and the ability to comprehend the truth. These two gifts of God are the foundations of civilised society. They have caused that there should be so few anthropophagi, they have rendered life somewhat tolerable in civilised countries. Fathers and mothers give their children an education which soon renders them sociable, and that education gives them conscience.

Pure religion and pure morality imparted at an early age, so form human nature, that from about seven years of age till sixteen or seventeen, no bad action is committed without the reproof of conscience. Then succeed the violent passions which combat the conscience, and sometimes extinguish it. During this conflict, the persons tormented by the storm consult on some occasions with other men, as in their sickness they consult those who appear to be in health. It is this which produces casuists—that is, persons who decide cases of conscience. One of the wisest of casuists is Cicero. In his book *De Officiis*—that is, on the Duties of Man—he examines the most delicate points, but long before him Zoroaster had appeared to regulate the conscience by the best of precepts—"Being in doubt whether an action be good or bad, abstain from it."—*Translated from the French by Zac.—From a newspaper.*

A HABIT IN THE ENGLISH MIND.

There is a decided tendency in the English mind to ask what may be the consequences of a proposition, before inquiring into its validity; as if it were possible, by a bare act of human volition, to make that which is, a nonentity—or that which is not, a reality. In the instance of geology, the habit (for it is but a habit) has been productive of the most mischievous results, and has covered some very worthy and respectable writers with a ridicule, which has reflected on the national character in the eyes of scientific Europe.—*Athenæum, Oct.* 12.

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SELF-HELPFULNESS.

SOME people, in all but the most familiar circumstances, are remarkably helpless. They can do nothing for themselves, if it lies the least out of their ordinary track. If the driving of a nail, or the tying or untying of a knot, were to save them from some great disaster, they could not do it. Though a stitch in time were to save not nine only, but nine thousand, or the whole garment, they could not execute it. They are, in short, handless or helpless people. To be thus helpless is surely a great misfortune, for it must expose the bulk of those who are so characterised, to a great number of casualties of a distressing kind in the course of life, must often subject them to expense and loss which might be spared, and, besides all that, have perhaps a worse effect in producing languid, unprompt, and indolent habits. It is a very different thing to be self-helpful. One who has the happiness to be so, gets readily and agreeably through hundreds of difficulties which embarrass others. In extraordinary circumstances, such as shipwreck may bring to the door of any one, he may even be enabled by this readiness of hand to save his own life or the lives of his companions. But, probably, the best effect is that sprightliness in act and thought, which the custom of applying one's self to all sorts of useful purposes almost necessarily engenders. From the very consciousness of being able to do many things, and to serve one's self on a great variety of possible occasions, a confidence arises which may serve to carry a man on vigorously through life, even though his numerous little talents may not be at any time much called into exercise.

It appears to us that most persons might be made much more self-helpful than they are, if, in education, advantage were taken of an obvious feature in the juvenile character. It must have been observed by all how invariably children, when left to themselves, engage in some kind of *work*, either in imitation of some craft which they have seen practised by their seniors, or, quite as possibly, some labour such as it never entered into the heads of their elders to conceive. It cannot be for nothing that so broad a natural feature exists; it must be for some important end; and may we not reasonably suppose that that end is, that human beings may become, in the first place, acquainted with all the ways and needs of this world, and in the second, able to help themselves with respect to all those ways and needs? If this be a true inference, it follows that, in the bringing up of children, we ought to train them to a great variety of employments, and to act in a great variety of circumstances, as well as to con their lessons, and practise moral rules. Such training becomes more particularly necessary as a part of systematic education, in certain situations. It is more necessary in a city than in the country, and in an orphan hospital or workhouse than in a common school. In the country, children have opportunities of learning many things unknown in towns; and the children attending common schools are not so cut off from the world as those of a charity establishment generally are. In the case of the latter, it is particularly necessary. The ordinary life of such children, immured in the walls of a workhouse where they see nothing but a house and a courtyard, is absolutely deadening to the faculties, unless something be learned besides reading.

It has been partly with these views that a number of the patrons of improved education have of late years advocated *the introduction of common arts and trades into schools*. The introduction of common arts and trades is not all that is necessary to bring us into harmony with nature on this point; but it is an important and readily practicable part of what is necessary; and we propose, on the present occasion, to give it some consideration.

Perhaps the best thing we can do in the first place, is to present some account of a few of the institutions into which industrial education, as it may be termed, has been introduced. One notable example of a village school of industry exists at Lindfield, on the road from Brighton to London—a place where, a few years ago, the peasantry were in a very marked state of ignorance, and which was indeed selected on that very account by a benevolent gentleman as a proper field for an experiment in this kind of education. Mr William Allen, in building this school, and putting it into operation, had to overcome much opposition even from those he designed to benefit. The poor people, unaccustomed to see persons act from other than selfish motives, conceived it to be intended as a great kidnapping establishment, and beheld it of course with horror. When it was finished, a very few children were with great difficulty induced to attend it. By dint of perseverance this number was gradually increased. To pursue a very interesting account of the establishment given by Mr Frederick Hill in his work on Education: "The few who did come began in a short time to take home with them sundry pence which they had earned in plaiting straw, making baskets, &c.—arts they were learning at school. The boys began to patch their clothes and mend their shoes, without their parents having to pay a penny for the work. Little by little the poor ignorant creatures became assured that there was nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, much practical good to be derived from sending their children to the school; and that, strange and incredible as it might seem, the London 'gemman' was really come among them as a friend and benefactor.

A breach being thus fairly made in the mud-bank of prejudice, it was not long before the whole mass gave way. In short, the scheme proved so completely successful, that at the time we visited the school, almost every child whose parents lived within a distance of three miles was entered as a pupil, the total number on the list being no less than 300; though, from the frequent calls made upon the children for assistance in the fields, and from the bad state of the roads in certain seasons, the number in actual attendance did not exceed 150. About 100 of the children form an infant-school, their ages varying from a year and a half to seven years. For these a distinct part of the building and a separate playground are provided. The remaining 200 are divided according to sex, the boys' rooms and play-ground being apart from those of the girls. The children are at school eight hours each day, three being employed in manual labour, and five in the ordinary school exercises. There is a provision for a diversity of tastes in the classes of industry; indeed, the most unbounded liberality is manifest in all the arrangements. Some are employed as shoemakers, others as tailors, and others again at plaiting, basket-making, weaving, printing, gardening, or farming. The children work very cheerfully, and, as we expected, are found to like the classes of industry better than 'school.' We say we *expected* to find this the case; for until the ordinary plans of instruction in reading, arithmetic, &c., are much improved, and the exercise made more intellectual and interesting, we fear that children will take but little pleasure in their school lessons. The first employment to which the little workers are put is plaiting straw. When they are *au fait* at this, which is generally at the end of a few months, they are promoted to some other craft; the one of highest dignity being that of the printer. Before leaving the school, a child will often become tolerably expert in three or four trades. Those who work on the farm have each the sole care of a plot of land measuring one-eighth part of an acre, and each is required to do his own digging, sowing, manuring, and reaping. An intelligent husbandman, however, is always on the ground to teach those who are at fault. The plots of land were all in clean and nice order; and from the variety of produce—oats, turnips, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, and cabbages—the whole had a curious and amusing appearance, reminding one of the quilted counterpanes of former years.

We found the system of *matayer* rent in use, each boy being allowed one-half of the produce for himself, the other half being paid for the use of the land, the wear and tear of tools, &c. One lad, twelve years old, had in this way received no less a sum than twenty-three shillings and sixpence as his share of the crop of the preceding year; and we were told that such earnings were by no means uncommon. Of course the practical knowledge to be acquired on a miniature farm of this kind would not be sufficient in itself to fit a boy for the cultivation of land upon that large scale on which alone it can be tilled to the greatest advantage; still he will have learned much that will be of direct use to him on a farm of any size; and, what is far more important, he will have acquired habits of industry, intelligent observation, and forethought: and thus prepared, he will learn as much in a few months, as the dull and ignorant boy, whose only training has been in the hovel or at the plough, will acquire in as many years."

We here see proof of the beneficial results which may arise from a school of industry even in a rural situation. Let us now turn to an instance of industrial education in an hospital where a great number of children are kept apart from the world. We select the account given in the report of the National School Society, of the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, established by government for the maintenance and education of the distressed children of non-commissioned officers and soldiers:—"There are at present about 600 boys in this school, being half the number under instruction during the time of the late war. The children vary in age from five and six to fourteen years, and are not employed in works of industry until the age of eleven: little more than three years (at five hours a-day in summer, or four hours a-day in winter) can therefore be devoted to learning any trade; and in this short period the boys only work on alternate days, the rest of their time being spent in the school;—yet they make every article of clothing required for their own use.

Rather less than a hundred boys work as tailors; fifty each day alternately: about the same number are employed in a similar manner, as shoemakers, capmakers, and in covering and repairing their old schoolbooks; besides which, there are two sets or companies of knitters and of shirt-makers, and others who are engaged as porters, gardeners, in kitchen-work, &c. &c. Every thing is done by those who work at the trades except the cutting-out. This branch, requiring more experience, is managed by the old regimental shoemakers, tailors, &c., who, with aged sergeants and corporals, and their wives, manage the concerns of the institution. The system of monitors and teachers to overlook the other boys at work is generally adopted; while, in addition to the various branches of industry mentioned, the school furnishes a company of drummers and fifers, and an excellent band of music; the players necessarily devoting a considerable part of their time to the practice of their instruments.

The materials for the shoes, purchased by contract, amount to about 2*s.* 3*d.* a pair; the shoemaking tools, about 3*s.* a set to supply each boy. The stouter children are preferred for the work; and the subdivisions of their labour are of the following kind:—1st, the easiest for the youngest, closing; 2d, the next for the middle set of children, repairing and mending; 3d, the highest for the oldest, making the new shoes. But all the children learn to work at every part of the shoe, and are sufficient adepts, not merely to supply their own institution, but to make whatever shoes are wanted for the Clergy Orphan School, Saint John's Wood Road. In this manner about 25 new pairs of shoes are made, and 140 pairs mended, in the course of each week." We learn from another source that

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there are defects in the arrangements of this establishment—as, that the children are sometimes on particular exigencies kept away from school in order to work, and that they are allowed no share of their earnings, and thus do not obtain "that lesson of providence which might be inculcated by a savings' bank." Nevertheless, the Royal Military Asylum is allowed to be "an evidence that a greater degree of progress may be made in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in other branches of learning, than is attained in the great majority of schools, and yet that the boys may be taught music, gymnastic exercises, and various useful trades; thus improving their health, increasing their means of enjoyment, and promoting their future interests, much more effectually than by the prevailing methods."*

Industrial education is practised with marked success in various institutions for the reform of young criminals, as in the Brenton Asylum at Hackney Wick, and the Warwick County Asylum; in several for the refuge of destitute persons, as in that at Hoxton, and the Guernsey Hospital; and in various schools for orphan and pauper children under the New Poor-Law Act, of which that at Norwood is a most interesting example.† It is not as an *improvement*, which may or may not be adopted, that industrial education is here to be advocated: it is called for as something *absolutely necessary*, to counteract an inherent tendency of all asylums for the maintenance and education of children to become monastic institutions. The children are kept apart from external nature, from human society, and from many or most of the common operations of life. They come out as helpless nearly as they went in. Industrial education presents itself as almost the only conceivable means of fitting such children for entering the world in any thing like the same condition as other children. It is not essential that any one child be made a proficient in any one art: the great end is to make them generally acquainted with the arts of life, and to prepare them by habits of industry for earning their own bread when they grow up. From the attention which the Poor-Law Commissioners are giving to the subject, we have no doubt that in a short time we shall see the whole of the forty-five thousand orphan and pauper children of England educated in this wholesome manner. In the late reports of the Commissioners there are some excellent hints thrown out. Different arrangements are recommended for different districts. It is suggested, that in an agricultural district there ought to be a large garden which the children should be taught to cultivate, in order to become acquainted with those duties which they will probably be called to perform when they are sent out into the world. They should also be taught to erect sheds or outhouses, to make wheelbarrows and other simple utensils, and to fashion desks and forms for the school. Thus, as farm-servants, they will be able to execute a number of little jobs in carpentry which would otherwise require the interference of the proper tradesman. To enable them to contribute to their own personal comfort and that of their household, without an expenditure of their earnings, they should be taught to make and mend their own clothes and shoes, to plait straw hats, to make straw mattrasses, and whitewash walls. In a manufacturing district the employments should bear a similar relation to the trades of the neighbourhood; and in or near a seaport, the arts connected with maritime life should be taught. Such, in brief, are the views of the Commissioners respecting the boys: they recommend that the girls should be trained to the household duties of cooking, cleaning, and washing clothes, sewing and knitting, by having to perform those duties as far as required in the workhouse. It is worthy of remark, that in the Mary-le-bonne charity for girls, this plan has been for many years acted upon with excellent results. There the girls are accustomed to make their own beds, to clean their own knives, forks, and shoes, and to be scrupulously clean in their dress. "Their chief employment is needle-work; but they are employed in rotation to scour the school-rooms, the play-rooms, and the washing-rooms, the tables, forms, and stairs, as well as to prepare and remove the meals of the rest of the scholars, and to wait upon the domestic superintendant and officers."‡ The reporter of these circumstances adds, and we fully concur in his sentiments—"The value of charities of this description is too obvious to require particular comment. By establishing *good habits*, they doubtless accomplish more than can ever be effected by mere precept; and they not only tend to make useful servants, but provident, neat, and intelligent wives and mothers. If it were possible to engraft some part of such a system on the national and other schools, these advantages would become generally diffused, and the consequence would be a great increase in the comfort of the houses of the poor, and an accompanying contentment, productive of the best results on the character, among young married men of the working-classes, whom the extravagance or mismanagement of untidy and ignorant partners often drives to ale-houses, and other resorts of idleness and dissipation."

It is to be remarked, to the honour of the superintendants of the National Schools, that industrial education *has been* introduced into many of them. It is also worthy of notice, that, ever since 1753, Logan's Charity at Hull has held forth an example of an industrial school for girls. It was founded for the purpose of rearing girls, the children of poor people of good character, to be servants. "Each girl remains three years at the school, and is accustomed to knit and to sew, and in her turn to wash, and do all the work of the house. They receive twenty shillings on leaving the school, 'for fitting them with necessaries for service;' and as an inducement to a perseverance in good conduct afterwards, a small marriage portion is given to those who apply for it, and bring proofs that they have conducted themselves well in their places. Although for the twenty years ending in 1822 there were never fewer than twenty girls in this school, it is remarkable that only eight or ten out of the whole number had applied in that time for the marriage portion (about L.6)."*

The teaching of arts and trades in schools is not alone desirable as a means of creating habits of industry, and producing a general self-helpfulness; it may also be advocated on other grounds.

If worked out as it ought to be, not as a long-protracted toil, but only as a variation of ordinary school tasks, it could not fail to have a beneficial effect on the health of children, and even to quicken their advances in other departments of education. In a school of industry we might expect to see a lively spring of mind constantly kept up. All would be cheerfulness and alacrity. It might indeed be fairly argued that some arrangement of the kind is absolutely necessary in order to bring common school education into a conformity with natural institutions. Even when grown up, we can neither exclusively exercise our bodies nor our minds, without detriment to the system. An alternation of physical with mental exercise is indispensable to health of both body and mind. Much more is this the case in youth, when the animal system is generally much more developed than the mental. It is therefore eminently necessary at that period of life that mental labour should not be pushed too far, and that a large measure of exercise for the body should be allowed. The children of the cottage and farm may have their proper share of such exercise, without regulation or system, but not so the great bulk of town children, and more particularly those who spend their whole days in hospitals, workhouses, and asylums. There the introduction of industrial education is loudly called for, as almost the only readily available means of keeping the pupils in a natural and consequently sound condition.

In teaching field and garden work in schools of industry, an excellent opportunity would be afforded of diffusing among the peasantry and the class of small farmers improved ideas as to their own common labours. The great bulk of these classes in England know nothing more of their arts than was known in the days of Henry VII., and the productive powers of the country are consequently far from being fully drawn forth. At a village school which had a garden or little farm attached to it, the rising generation might be brought to see and understand the value of improved modes of tillage, including all the mysteries of draining, fencing, the proper use of lime, the economising and right application of manure, and the rotation of crops. It might even be possible to explain the chemical characters of soils and the principles of vegetable physiology. By no other means could the prejudices of the small farming class be so easily got over, or their minds be stimulated to realise the full value of the soil they cultivate. It is scarcely necessary to remind improving landlords that the tenants, as a body, are as fixed to the soil as themselves; if the present men or their children cannot be improved, there is no hope of increasing rents. But the men may be improved by the right means. Village schools and county colleges for teaching agricultural operations on enlightened principles, would in a few years greatly increase the production and the rents of the English soil.

It is also a consideration not unworthy of being attended to, that the British are now eminently a colonising people. Annually not fewer than a hundred thousand persons leave our soil to settle in distant waste lands, where each requires to know something of almost every art under the sun. Many men, who in early life never thought they should deem it prudent to emigrate, find at length that it is so; and they pass accordingly into the wilderness, with habits and feelings perhaps fitted only for refined life. For such persons, what a safeguard from extreme personal hardship there would be in that general self-helpfulness, which a course of training in a school of industry would have given them! The slightest possible acquaintance with the arts of the husbandman, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the blacksmith, would then be worth more to them than the highest literary honours won at Cambridge. Even for the purpose alone of preparing our citizens against this juncture, which may be the fate of any one amongst us, we would say it was worth while that all should receive some measure of industrial education.

One of the most plausible objections to the schemes of modern times for extending education to all classes, and making that education of a good kind, is, that such improved education must tend to make the children of the poor too nice or fine for common labour, and inspire them with wishes for higher employments which have already a sufficient number of candidates. It has even been stated in a work by no means disposed to give ready ear to any clamour against extended education,* that in England too many of the boys taught in charity schools "have aspired to be clerks or shopmen, and too many of the girls to be governesses, ladies'-maids, or nurse-maids." As far as this may be the case, it is certainly an evil; but it is one, we would hope, rather characteristic of an imperfect state of education, than certain to arise from *every* effort to communicate knowledge to the children of the humbler classes. Were the ordinary routine of a school mixed up with light work of various kinds, such as children delight to perform when left to themselves, they would grow up, we are persuaded, with healthier notions as to labour in general, and in most cases, probably, an aptitude and liking for some art fitted to support them—at the same time that their intellects were drawn forth, strengthened, and informed, and their moral feelings duly cultivated, so as to fit them for being better members of society than the ignorant and untrained, under any circumstances, can ever be expected to be. There is nothing, in reality, incompatible in intelligence and pureness of mind on the one hand, and the most rigid attention to a range of humble duties on the other. It is only necessary to make the education given to the humble have a respect to honest but humble callings, instead of mere ambitious walks. At the same time, let no obstacle be thrown in the way of rising talent, where such actually exists, but on the contrary every liberal provision be made for facilitating its naturally upward progress.

We must now draw these remarks to a conclusion. If they carry any conviction with them, we hope that that conviction will not be unproductive of the only good consequence that can arise from it, the extension of industrial education. Should they fail to convince, the fault must be in the feebleness of the advocate, for the principle itself appears to us beyond dispute. We would hope, however, to learn that they have not only produced conviction, but promoted in some small measure the increase of schools of industry.

A TALE OF COUNTRY-TOWN LIFE.

[From "Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners," by Miss Leslie.]†

MR MILSTEAD, a clergyman, who to the most sincere piety united a cultivated mind, a benevolent heart, and a cheerful and liberal disposition, had been recently appointed to a church in one of the small towns of a certain Atlantic section of the Union, that shall be nameless. His wife was a young and beautiful woman, whose character harmonised in every respect with his own. They had no children; they were good managers, and Mr Milstead soon found that his salary would not only afford them all they wanted, but that it would leave them something to give away. They became very popular with the congregation, for Mr Milstead, though indefatigable in administering to the spiritual wants of his flock, was never unmindful of their temporal happiness, and his judicious and amiable wife went hand in hand with him in every thing.

They had not been long established in Tamerton, when Mr and Mrs Milstead observed with regret, that though the inhabitants showed the best possible disposition to be on intimate terms with the minister and his lady, there was little sociability or familiarity among themselves. The society of Tamerton had gradually divided into numerous circles, some of these circles being so small as to comprise but one or two families. For instance, Mrs Gutheridge, the most wealthy woman of the place, revolved entirely in her own orbit. She was the childless widow of Zephaniah Pelatiah Gutheridge, who had for several successive sessions filled the office of speaker in the senate of the state legislature, an office that suited him exactly, as he had never been known to speak in the house, and very rarely out of it.

Mr Gutheridge had long been the chief man of Tamerton, and his widow now reigned in his stead: alone in her glory, and occupant of the broadest, the longest, and the tallest white frame domicile in the

* "Some Account of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea." Second Publication of the Central Society of Education. P. 190.

† See "A Day at Norwood," Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 398.

‡ Quarterly Journal of Education, i. 287.

* Quarterly Journal of Education, i. p. 285-6.

* Quarterly Journal of Education, i. 280.

† Philadelphia, 1835. Miss Leslie is a clever and popular American authoress, of whose writings we feel pleasure in presenting the above specimen.

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village. She was originally from the city, and of a very genteel family, her grandfather having made his fortune, quitted bricklaying, and turned gentleman long before he was superannuated. Her father had not contaminated his hands by putting them to any trade whatever, having, after he left college, attended to no other business than the care of preserving his life, by studying to guard himself from all possible maladies and accidents. Therefore he died of no particular disease, at the age of thirty-four.

Mrs Gutheridge was a large woman, with a majestic figure. She had an aquiline nose, immense black eyes, and a prominent mouth, with very good teeth. After she became a widow, she preferred remaining at Tamerton to removing to the city, for, like Cæsar, she thought it better to be first in a village than second at Rome. She had, however, a sovereign contempt for every man, woman, and child in the neighbourhood, with the exception of the clergyman and his wife, whom she tolerated, because she had heard that in England the aristocracy make a point of upholding the church, and she professed to be aristocratic in all her ways.

With the assistance of her maid, she spent an hour every day in attiring herself for her solitary dinner, and she sat down alone to her sumptuous table, "all drest up in rich array." This she called self-respect. Her abigail reported that Mrs Gutheridge had a set of night curls for sleeping in, and that her night-caps were far superior to any day-caps that had ever appeared in Tamerton.

She rarely walked beyond her own grounds, but she rode out in her carriage every afternoon. She was seldom seen at full length, except on Sunday morning, when she proceeded up the middle aisle of the church, swinging a magnificent reticule, and followed by her black man, carrying two magnificent books. Her pew was richly lined and carpeted, and it was surrounded by curtains through which she could peep, without being exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, for of that class she considered the whole congregation. She reminded Mr Milstead of the sovereign of one of the Asiatic Islands, who always kept his own name a profound secret, lest it should be profaned by the utterance of his subjects.

Mrs Gutheridge being unquestionably at the head (or rather over the head) of Tamerton society, the next position was occupied by the families of two lawyers, and the third circle consisted of three physicians: for, except in Philadelphia, lawyers are generally supposed to rank as doctors, but in the city of brotherly love, that point is still contested. With regard to the medical fraternity of Tamerton, it might be said in the words of Shelty, that "every man shook his own hand," for they never met in amity, and were seldom on speaking terms. Dr Drainblood referred every disease to the head; Dr Famishem deduced "all the ills that flesh is heir to" from the state of the stomach; and Dr Juste Milieu (who was a Frenchman) maintained a strict neutrality; keeping half way between the two theories, doing neither good nor harm to his patients, and incurring the contempt and reprobation of both his fellow-practitioners.

In the fourth circle were the store-keepers: and they found it convenient to be tolerably friendly. Next came the tavern-keepers, who were rivals and foemen. The mechanics all took precedence of each other; there being no reason why a carpenter should vail his bonnet to a wheelwright, why a shoemaker should do reverence to a tailor, or why a butcher should succumb to a baker. As to the clerks, milliners, and mantuamakers, they got in where they could.

Such was the state of society in the village of Tamerton, when Mr and Mrs Milstead first removed thither. They soon discovered the position of affairs by visiting round among the congregation; and when the pastor and his lady invited company to their own house, they always perceived that they had given some dissatisfaction by not assorting the guests according to rank.

Mrs Gutheridge kept herself entirely *hors de combat*, and showed no other civility to Mr and Mrs Milstead, than that of coming in her carriage to leave at their door two cards printed in gold.

Mr Milstead took occasion in one of his sermons to deprecate the sin of pride and arrogance, which he justly represented as being specially absurd and inconvenient in a small community, every member of which was a citizen of a republic. His discourse was eloquent and impressive, and it was heard with due attention. Yet the only effect it produced was, that none of the congregation took his admonitions to themselves, but all hoped that their neighbours would. However, Mr Milstead gained in popularity, and he came to the conclusion that it was best to spare any further exhortation, and to endeavour by some indirect means to win the people of Tamerton into habits of more sociability. Though a few individuals made some pretensions to literary taste, Mr Milstead had observed in the majority of his congregation a lamentable want of interest in every thing connected with that subject. He now thought of attempting the establishment of periodical reading-parties, with the double view of alluring the members into a relish for book knowledge and book amusement, and of bringing the families together at least once a-week, so that the points on which they founded their foolish notions of reserve and exclusiveness, might be insensibly worn away by frequent collision.

Mrs Milstead heartily concurred in the plan, and her husband drew up proposals for the reading parties, in which it was suggested that one should take place every Wednesday, commencing at the house of the pastor, the hour of assembling to be seven in the evening. The parties were of course to be held by housekeepers only, with the privilege of inviting whom they pleased. It was very properly intimated that these meetings should be attended with no more trouble and expense than was sufficient to insure the comfort of the guests, that the refreshments should be of the simplest description, and that the costume of the ladies should be the same that they would wear if spending the evening with only their own families.

Mr Milstead went round to all the respectable houses in the town, and presented his paper of proposals for the reading parties. He would have thought it scarcely worth while to apply to Mrs Gutheridge, but he had understood that she sometimes did extraordinary things when her rigid system of non-intercourse pressed so hard upon her own comfort, that human nature (even such as hers) could endure it no longer.

When Mr Milstead was ushered into the presence, he found Mrs Gutheridge spread out in a large fauteuil, with her feet on a great square cushion. Over the mantelpiece was an immense mirror, so fixed that as she sat before the fire she could survey herself from head to foot, and this was her usual occupation. Her morning dress was as elegant as a close gown and cap could possibly be. Beside her stood a table with a splendid work-basket, a splendid writing-case, and a splendid book, all which articles held their places as sinecures.

She received Mr Milstead as graciously as her natural haughtiness would allow, and surprised him by promising to attend the first reading party, as it was to be at his house. Mr Milstead then went round to the members of the congregation whom he knew to have "the appliances and means" of receiving company. He explained the purport of his project with so much good sense and good humour, that he found no great difficulty in enlisting as many as he wished. It is true that there was considerable curiosity to know to whom he had already applied, and who were the persons that had agreed to join the reading society, but Mr Milstead had tact enough and influence enough to overrule all objections.

On the following Wednesday evening, Mrs Milstead's largest room was ready for the accommodation of her guests. A table with a reading-lamp was placed in the centre of the floor. On it lay several books by the best modern authors, and a few numbers of the latest periodicals.

The company assembled within a quarter past seven. Dr Drainblood and Dr Famishem had both excused themselves, it being impossible for them to sit down together in the same room. Dr Juste Milieu had promised to attend "with all proper felicity," and he kept his word.

As soon as the female part of the guests were disengaged from their cloaks, hoods, and India-rubber shoes, and had taken their seats, it was proposed that the business of the evening should commence, but Mrs Milstead suggested the propriety of waiting for the arrival of Mrs Gutheridge. Upon this the ladies with one accord broke out into loud invectives against Mrs Gutheridge "and all her airs." Preposterous and incredible anecdotes were related of her pride and her insolence, and a general conspiracy was organised for the purpose of treating her "as if she were no better than themselves," and letting her know "that they considered her company no honour."

The confusion of tongues was suddenly interrupted by the stopping of a carriage at the gate, and the sound of steps letting down. The ladies, who in the excitement of discussing Mrs Gutheridge had all left their seats, now scrambled back to them, and the great woman of the village made her appearance, like Queen Anne, in jewels and black velvet.

Mr and Mrs Milstead advanced to meet her, but she stopped short, and looked amazed that the fauteuil had not been left vacant for her. It was occupied by Mrs Parley Utley, one of the shertest, the thinnest, the dowdiest, and the most insignificant-looking of all the ladies of Tamerton, and on this evening she appeared but little better than usual. Her hair had been scratched up under a cap that had neither shape nor feature; her gown was of the worst possible fit (the belt had slipped several inches below the waist), and her muslin collar was yellow, rumpled, and pinned awry. She often acknowledged herself to be negligent in her dress, but still she believed that, somehow, she always looked well. The man that had married this woman was really in all other transactions a very sensible and judicious sort of person, but somehow, he had, since the first year, been much addicted to long journeys and long absences from home.

Mrs Parley Utley, having rallied from the confusion into which the arrival of Mrs Gutheridge had thrown her, sat conspicuously rocking herself in the arm-chair, and whispering to her friend Miss Fixby, "Who's afraid? Who cares for her?"

Mr Milstead having conducted Mrs Gutheridge to a seat on the opposite side of the fire, there were a few moments of uncomfortable silence, which was interrupted by Mrs Parley Utley speaking out to her in a pert, quick voice, "How do you do, Mrs Gutheridge? I suppose you found the walking very bad this evening, as the snow is beginning to thaw." Mrs Gutheridge turned her large black eyes full upon her, and gave the little woman a demolishing look. Then addressing her reply to Mr Milstead, she uttered in her usual deep, slow tone, that was always meant to be very impressive, "I never walk of an evening, and rarely in the day-time; I have too much self-respect."

"Don't you find your front parlour very cold?" continued Mrs Utley; "facing the north, as I believe it is." Mrs Gutheridge again turned to Mr Milstead, "There is no reason why I should allow either of my parlours to be cold; I should be wanting to myself if I did."

"I think I did not see you at church last Sunday," pursued Mrs Utley; "had you a cold?" "Are you talking to me, madam?" replied Mrs Gutheridge, fixing on her a look still more appalling than the last. Mrs Parley Utley shrunk back into her shell, ceased rocking, and having brought her knitting, she sought refuge among the ladies that surrounded a work-table, in another part of the room.

With the exception of Mrs Milstead, none of the female part of the company made any further attempt on Mrs Gutheridge. She was too rude and too repelling even to be flattered or fawned upon. Still, though they "felt the iron enter their souls," all were glad to suffer under her, that they might afterwards boast of the honour of "having met Mrs Gutheridge in company."

There was one person, however, who came to the reading party with a determination that no rebuff on her side should check his attention to the wealthy widow, whom, as yet, he had seen only at a distance. This was Mr Timmings, first and last teller in the bank of Tamerton; a little, thin, light-complexioned, small-featured old bachelor, verging on fifty-five, very spruce in his dress, and very much of a lady's man. He was supposed to be looking out for a rich wife, a blessing which he had no doubt his numerous attractions would eventually procure him. He had in the course of his life been in business in most of the chief cities of the Atlantic states, and had performed four bankruptcies; beginning at Boston, and proceeding down regularly along the seaboard, till he had failed successively in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Happy to find that he had met Mrs Gutheridge face to face, and yet lived, Mr Timmings was emboldened to locate himself permanently in the vicinity of her chair, and occasionally to address her with a few complimentary words. It is true that she deigned no reply; but she did not otherwise insult him, and that was something.

Mr Milstead now prepared to open the session, and for that purpose placed himself at the reading-table, and took up a book, when Mr Timmings stopped him hastily by saying, "Mr Milstead—sir—perhaps, sir—in all probability there is something that Mrs Gutheridge would particularly prefer. Pray, madam, may I presume, would you have the goodness to mention what piece you would especially recommend? Mr Milstead, of course you will be guided by Mrs Gutheridge's taste."

Mr Milstead half closed the volume, for after this appeal he could do no less than wait for the mandate of the lady. Mrs Gutheridge paused a moment, but as she really knew nothing of books, she prudently and haughtily replied, addressing herself to Mr Milstead, "Go on, sir. It is of course a matter of perfect indifference to me. I should be wanting to myself if I took any interest in these things."

Mr Milstead coloured, and the cheeks of his wife were suffused in sympathy; however, he recovered in a moment, and again opened the book, which was the Western Souvenir; a little work highly creditable to the taste and genius of our brethren beyond the mountains. He selected Judge Hall's simple and thrilling tale of the Indian Hater, and read it with so much effect as completely to enchain the attention of most of his auditors; only, that in the fine passage where the backwoodsman describes with such agonised feeling the destruction of his whole family, Mrs Neckgusset in a loud whisper asked Mrs Hemmings across the work-table for the loan of a spool, No. 42, and Mrs Scratchgather lamented audibly the present scarcity of three-threaded sewing-cotton.

Mrs Milstead read next, and she chose Irving's beautiful and affecting story of the Widow and her Son, which drew tears from the eyes of many of the audience. To be sure, Mrs Milstead had to stop short in the heart-rending description of the burial of the poor young sailor, and to wait till a commotion at the work-table had subsided; Mrs Puckerseam having dropped her thimble, and her companions all rising at her request and moving back their chairs to give her an immediate opportunity of seeking it on the carpet. However, the thimble was recovered, and order restored; the tale was concluded, and those who were capable of feeling it as they ought, were somewhat annoyed at the pert voice of Mr Timmings, saying, "Quite pathetic!" and at Mrs Parley Utley foolishly observing, "I declare we shall all be solemnised."

"I vote," said Mr Timmings, "that we now have something lively, something to brighten the eyes and bring out the smiles of the ladies, unless, indeed, Mrs Gutheridge prefers pieces of a serious cast."

Mr Chetwin, the schoolmaster, a sensible man and an excellent reader, said gaily, "I will give you something that I think you will find diverting." And with much spirit and humour he read Paulding's admirable account of the night in a steam-boat, when he was so much incommoded by the presence of an inveterate snorer.

A moment before Mr Chetwin began, Dr Juste Milieu made his appearance, having been detained during the early part of the evening by visiting a far-off patient. He took his seat between the reading-table and Mrs Gutheridge, and was much struck by the immoveable gravity of her countenance. At the first laugh, he could not forbear saying to her in his imperfect English, "You keep your serious!" regarding her with a look of unfeigned surprise. Mr Chetwin read on, and another peal of laughter again directed the French doctor's attention towards Mrs Gutheridge, and still he saw the same determined rigidity of muscle. "You keep your serious

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still," he exclaimed in amazement, and then murmured to himself, "C'est inconcévable!"

Mrs Gutteridge fixed on the French doctor one of her looks of annihilation, but he now only regarded her as an object of professional study, and as such, he gazed on her face with a curiosity that nothing could repel. She slowly arose, and pompously advancing towards Mr and Mrs Milstead, coldly took leave of them. "It is yet quite early, madam," said Mrs Milstead, in some surprise. "Will you not wait till your carriage can be sent for?" asked Mr Milstead. "I shall be too happy to run up to your house and have it brought for you," volunteered Mr Timmings; "I beg you will honour me by commanding my services in every thing." "I want them not," replied Mrs Gutteridge; "wherever I go, I always keep my carriage waiting, that I may depart whenever I please; I suppose it is still at the door."

She stopped a moment in the hall to put on her cloak; Mr Milstead attended her to the gate, and Mr Timmings ran beside her. When assisting her to the carriage, he touched her arm with his hand, which she shook off, and then turning to Mr Milstead (who said something implying his fear that she had not found the reading party agreeable), she replied, "No, sir; after that person was permitted to read aloud, in the presence of a lady, a ridiculous story about a man snoring in a steam-boat, I should have been wanting to myself had I staid. Much that was offensive to me has taken place this evening. For yourself and Mrs Milstead, I know not that I can accuse you of any improper intentions. But, as it is, I cannot consistently with the respect that is due to myself again run the risk of coming in contact with the people that seem likely to frequent these reading parties." After this tirade, which was delivered with one foot on the step of the carriage, she took her seat, coldly bowed to Mr Milstead, and ordered her servant to shut the door.

"Mr Milstead," said Timmings, as they returned to the house, "this is really very unfortunate—quite a contretemps; positively a most lamentable circumstance."

"Not at all," replied Mr Milstead. "Yes, sir, it is," reiterated Timmings, warmly. "To seriously offend Mrs Gutteridge is not a thing of so little consequence as you seem to suppose. Now, to affront Parley Utley's wife, I own would be nothing, and could not deserve a second thought. But the widow Gutteridge of Eaglebury Hall. Really, Mr Milstead, I am surprised at you."

"For what?" asked Mr Milstead, smiling. "For permitting, in your house, the reading of a piece that was likely to shock the refinement of such a lady as Mrs Gutteridge."

"Pho!" returned Mr Milstead; "I never supposed that she had any refinement. Her pride and insolence afford no evidence of it. But, after all, the story is an excellent one, and no woman, with even a moderate degree of intellect, could possibly take exception to it. However, I am expressing myself with too much warmth. In alluding to Mrs Gutteridge, I should rather say, 'Alas! poor human nature!' for most sincerely do I consider her an object of compassion."

When the two gentlemen returned to the parlour, they heard the tongues of all the ladies going at once, and found the whole female part of the company standing round the fire, and talking of Mrs Gutteridge in no very gentle terms; and Mr Timmings could not even gain one assent to his assertion, that "it was merely her manner, and that she was certainly a splendid woman."

Refreshments were now handed round, and Mrs Buttercrumb, who was something of a gourmand, wondered that Mrs Gutteridge had not staid for them. "Oh! you need not suppose that she would have condescended to taste them, even if she had staid," remarked Mrs Parley Utley. "Proud people always behave as if they thought nothing fit to eat in any house but their own."

Before the company broke up, Mrs Parley Utley invited them all to meet at her house on the following Wednesday, by which time she promised them that her husband (who was, as usual, absent on business) would certainly be at home.

Accordingly, on the next Wednesday evening, the reading party assembled at Mrs Utley's. Mr Parley Utley had not yet returned; his wife declaring, in the simplicity of her folly, that she was not at all disappointed, as whenever he went from home he always enjoyed himself so much that he never knew when to get back again. This no one could possibly doubt who was acquainted with Mrs Utley as a wife, mother, and housekeeper. In the latter capacity she was especially deficient; for though she spent, or rather wasted, more money than any woman in the village, yet such was her indolence and mismanagement that every thing in her establishment betokened discomfort. Like all bad housewives, she always had bad servants, and frequently no servants at all. As a set-off to these manifold failings, she possessed the redeeming qualities of a smiling manner, a good temper, and a disposition to make herself agreeable to every body that treated her with civility.

On the appointed evening, she received her company with a very pleasant countenance, apologising for the badness of the fire, which had not been replenished in due season; and for the disorder of the room, her children having, as she said, turned every thing topsy turvy. Her children were eight in number, and all were present except the baby, and one that was almost a baby; the six elder ones having been promised by their mother that they should sit up to the party. They were all palpably dirty and dowdy, therefore Mrs Utley need not have taken the trouble to inform the company that "somehow her children were never fit to be seen." Several of them on the entrance of Mr and Mrs Milstead, who were the first arrivals, called out, "Ma, has the party begun now?"

We need not specify that the children were very troublesome and extremely inconvenient all the evening. Mrs Utley, in her good-nature, had invited a large proportion of honorary members, and many of them were persons whom Mr Milstead was surprised to meet at any thing denominated a reading party.

"I suppose," said one of the ladies, "we are not to expect the honour of Mrs Gutteridge's company this evening."

Mrs Parley Utley then proposed commencing the duties of the evening, and took her seat at the reading-table. She selected from a magazine a weak, insipid, unmeaning tale, called "The Unheard Of," a fair specimen of the thousand and one stories of Italy, that are scattered through the periodicals, and are descriptive of murderous noblemen, sentimental cottagers, diabolical monks, and graceful robbers. Though the time of the narrative was in the thirteenth century, and the scene in Calabria Ulterior, the author had prudently avoided giving names at full length, the monk being incog. all through, and not discovered even at the denouement; and the other characters were designated as Il Marchese F——, Il Contessa D——, Giulietta M——, Giovanni D——, &c.

While Mrs Utley was favouring the company with this story, her son Johnny swung on the back of her chair, trying to overset her; and her youngest girl rolled on the floor at her foot, pulling off and on her mother's shoes. The room was lighted with candles, as Mrs Utley said that her lamps were out of order, as usual; and one of the amusements of her boy Billy was to snuff the candles incessantly, and scatter the snuff all about. The other children dispersed themselves among the company, performing various feats of annoyance. [After a few more readings, the children were finally pacified by some handfuls of almonds and raisins prepared for supper, and then went to sleep beneath the table.]

Mrs Gutteridge appeared no more at these assemblages, and Mr Timmings dropped off after the second. Gradually the original plan became perverted, and the avowed purpose of the meetings sank into a matter of minor consideration.

The Scrapefield family, the least opulent of the reading society, had their refreshments in the most expensive style, to show that they were not poor; handing round in abundance jellies, ice-creams, wine, liqueurs, and plum cake. After this, their example was followed, and it was thought expedient that at every meeting the entertainment, as they called it, should be more and more sumptuous.

The Miss Dodcombs, having returned from town with great accessions to their wardrobes, sported ball-dresses at one of the parties, and from that night all the young ladies came in thin frocks, bare necks, and flowers, and the elder ones appeared in their best silks, and got new dress caps.

At the close of one of the reading evenings, Mr Hopkins proposed an extempore cotillon. This was eagerly acceded to by all the young people. There was no piano, but Miss Skreakington and Mr Quobly volunteered to sing for the dancers, the one performing treble, the other enacting bass. The vocalists proceeded steadily through all the varieties of "La la lalla, la la lay. La lalla lalla, la la lay. Lally lally lally, lally lally lay," &c., till Mr Milstead disturbed their gravity by remarking, that he admired the cotillon very much, particularly the words.

At the next assembly there was visible impatience in the lady of the house and the young people to get the reading party over as soon as possible. Only three or four of the guests were asked to read, and hints were given, that in the choice of pieces brevity was desirable. As soon as they had gotten through, the centre table was moved into a corner, the carpet was rolled away (the tacks having been extracted, and the floor prepared in the morning), most of the chairs were carried out of the room, the fire was nearly extinguished, the scraping of a fiddle was heard in the entry, and black Cæsar, the village Paganini, was ushered into the parlour, and enthroned on a high stool near the door. Cotillons were then the order of the night.

From that time the reading parties were only so in name; none but Mr and Mrs Milstead being invited to read after the host or hostess had made a beginning. They were virtually converted into dancing assemblies, with the usual concomitants of ball-dresses and ball refreshments. Having been the first proposers of the parties, Mr and Mrs Milstead were unwilling to withdraw from them entirely till the season was over, but they now rarely staid more than an hour.

At length the spring set in, and as the pastor and his lady were going home from the last party, Mrs Milstead lamented that the ostensible object of the meetings should have been so strangely lost sight of, deducing the cause from the incontrovertible fact, that but few of the congregation were capable of deriving much pleasure from any thing connected with books.

"True, my dear," replied Mr Milstead, "but, after all, one of our chief designs has been successfully accomplished. These parties have certainly been the means of putting the families on a more sociable footing, and inducing a more friendly state of feeling towards each other. If the younger members of the company did not take as much interest in the reading as they might have done, they probably found those meetings very much to their satisfaction in other respects. You know we have observed indications of at least half a dozen courtships, possible, probable, and positive. Nay, I have already been bespoken, in my clerical capacity, by no less than three couple. To say the truth, I had little hope of improving the literary taste of my congregation, but I rejoice to have done some good, though indirectly, in breaking down the ridiculous barriers which they had absurdly set up against each other."

A few days after the final reading party, a note arrived for Mr Milstead just as he quitted the breakfast table. He read it with a smile, then put it up, and took his hat to go out. His wife inquired from whom the note came. He replied, "You shall know very shortly, but it concludes with an injunction of secrecy, which for the present must be complied with." He then left the house, and walked up the main street. In little more than half an hour he returned, and he had scarcely entered the front door when the sound of wheels induced Mrs Milstead to raise her eyes to the window. She saw the carriage of Mrs Gutteridge drive rapidly past, with trunks behind and curtains up, and in it, side by side, sat the lady and Mr Timmings.

"What can this mean!" exclaimed Mrs Milstead; "Mrs Gutteridge going to town and Mr Timmings with her!"

"And he will return with her also," said Mr Milstead, "for I have just converted her into Mrs Timmings!!"

A CONVERSATION WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The following paper is a correct and unpretending transcript of a conversation which took place, December 17, 1824, between Sir Walter Scott and a young person who was then engaged in writing a work respecting the less conspicuous and remarkable antiquities of the Scottish capital. The conversation took place in the course of a walk through the streets of Edinburgh; and the present report of it was hastily jotted down immediately after, by the younger interlocutor, in the hope of some of the anecdotes told by Sir Walter proving of service as material for the little book he was then engaged in writing—the design which he believed Sir Walter to have in view in relating at least the greater part of them. This hope was not realised, and they are now for the first time, with some revision, laid before the public. As authentic memoranda of many of the most curious juvenile reminiscences of the great tale-teller of our age, it is thought that they may have some interest in the eyes of the public.]

YESTERDAY I sent a letter to Sir Walter Scott, informing him that I had discovered a curious box in the possession of a Mrs ——, a respectable widow in Drummond Street, whose father-in-law, a teacher, residing in Blyth's Close, Castle Hill, had taken it, about eighty years ago, from the wall behind the niche in the chapel of Mary of Lorraine, situated in that now obscure alley. Sir Walter sent me a note, intimating that, as "a passion for little old boxes and cabinets was one of the sins that most easily beset him," he should take it as a favour if I could obtain for him a sight of the curiosity I had described, or pilot him to the residence of its proprietor. My reply, next morning, contained an appointment for my meeting him at the Parliament House at one o'clock, in order to conduct him to Mrs ——'s.

I attended punctually at the hour, and had the pleasure of finding him waiting for me at the door of the Parliament House. He immediately accepted my arm [his lameness at this period of his life made him glad of such support], and we set off for Drummond Street. As we went, I told him every other particular I knew respecting the box, the circumstances of its discovery, and those of the individuals who had since possessed it. One of these circumstances respecting the lady's father-in-law, who had found the box, I may here note down: it was, that several Highland officers, while residing in Edinburgh in 1745, had taken private instructions from him, in order to remedy as far as might be the original defects of their education. This drew from Sir Walter a great number of observations. * * We soon arrived at the house, where I introduced Sir Walter to Mrs ——, and, the box being produced, he inspected it with a great deal of attention. [It was of thin iron plate, about six inches in length, and had a semi-cylindrical top, with a flap for locking, much like a travelling trunk. The supposition was, that it had been used for keeping the jewellery of the queen's chaplain.] Mrs ——, a warm-hearted simple Scotchwoman, quite overjoyed with the honour of the visit, offered the box to Sir Walter as a present, mentioning that, though, for family reasons, she had a great regard for it, she was happy to part with it to one who would have so much pleasure in possessing and taking care of it. Sir Walter was not prepared for this kindness, and spoke mutteringly of the propriety of giving fair value for any such gift, or at least giving something to the poor on the occasion. However, he did not press this point, but, giving the lady his kind thanks, left the house, after promising to send for the box in the evening. When on the stair, a thought struck him, and he paused on his stick to express it, that the handsomest return he could make to such a person for her kindness would be a good engraving of his portrait, in a neat frame, and he requested of me the favour of getting such a thing prepared and sent to Mrs ——, which I readily undertook to do.*

As we walked along the South Bridge, he mentioned that he was to call at the studio of Mr Joseph, the sculptor, in Windsor Street, but, this being a new part of the town, he was totally ignorant of its whereabouts. I was glad, for the sake of prolonging the conversation, to offer to be his guide, and, my services

* The box is now amongst the curiosities preserved in the smaller room at Abbotsford, where, however, its history seems to be unknown.

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being accepted, we took that direction. As we proceeded across the Old Town, he told me a great number of anecdotes respecting it. There was a house, he said, at the foot of Hyndford's Close in the High Street, which in his young days was inhabited by his maternal grandfather Dr Rutherford. The house contiguous to this had originally belonged to the same proprietor; but in the course of time it had come to be sold, but with a strange reservation, of the nature of what is called by Scottish law a *servitude*. The stair of the house latterly possessed by his grandfather being very narrow, it was stipulated, that when any person died in that house, the coffin should be carried by a private door (usually shut up) into the next house, and taken down to the street through the stair belonging to that tenement, which chanced to be of sufficient width. In his uncle's house, he said, he had spent many of the happiest days of his boyhood, and got many a Christmas and New-Year's gift from his venerable relatives. As the house is nearer the High School than his father's was, he used always to come here in the forenoon from his classes to get his luncheon. The High School boys in his young days were very wild. He remembers a terrible affair they had in consequence of one of them having been hurt by a low female as he was passing homewards up Blackfriars' Wynd, then the principal access from the school to the centre of the town, and a notable nest of women of that character. Infuriated by the conduct of the woman, the boys proceeded in mass to the wynd, and demolished the whole of the windows and a good many of the doors of the place, ere any one could appear in behalf of peace and order. At length the Town Guard rushed upon the scene of riot, and seized some dozen of the more active boys, and dispersed the rest. Sir Walter, too young to take part in the fray, obtained refuge under the stall and petticoats of an ancient apple-woman, who was happy to afford him the desired shelter, from good will to the cause of the boys against "the limmers," as she designated her neighbours. We then spoke of the high spirit exhibited on various memorable occasions by the boys of this distinguished seminary in former times; for which Sir Walter accounted in part by remarking, that formerly the pupils remained at the school to a much maturer age than now, so that many of them were rather wild youths than frolicsome boys. He alluded particularly to the barring-out or rebellion of 1598, when a bailie of the city, by name John Macmoran, approaching to lecture them into obedience, was shot through the brain with a pistol bullet, fired out of one of the windows. When Sir Walter first went to the school, the building of those days still existed, and the boys pointed out what they called the *Bailie's Window*, being that through which the shot had been directed. I mentioned that the bailie, as appeared from Maitland's History of Edinburgh, had been buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard, and that some years ago a skull being dug up in that cemetery, with a round hole in it, it was supposed to be that of the unfortunate magistrate. He said he had heard it stated traditionally that the unlucky boy who fired the shot was named Sinclair; he was a son of the chancellor of Orkney, too powerful a man to make it convenient that his son should be dealt with according to the full rigour of law. The boy was accordingly smuggled quietly out of the way. Another stripling, named Campbell, who had been deeply implicated in the riot, fled to Macleod's country in the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left a generation of Campbells, one of whom, a great-grandson of the rioter, received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in 1746, and treated him with great kindness. [It may here be remarked, that Charles was not entertained by any gentleman of this name in Skye; but he was most hospitably treated by one Donald Campbell, a tenant of the Laird of Macleod in the Isle of Glass, one of the remoter Hebrides; and probably this was the person meant by Sir Walter.]

He now adverted to the character of the head master of his day, Dr Adam, who had been at an earlier period his father's preceptor, as he had since been his son's, thus teaching three generations. This good man, said Sir Walter, was a great stickler for old fashions, and could not bear to see a boy exhibit any thing like backsliding from the cocked hat, wide-skirted coat, breeches with stockings, and buckles in the shoes, which gave so old-gentlemanly an air to the youth of the last century. Dr Adam used to lecture his class frequently on the propriety of adhering to the old costume, and sometimes said in an austere and impressive voice, "If you see a boy with a round hat, tied shoes, and a short coat like a groom, that is a bad boy:—mark that boy in after life, and you will see how he will turn out!" I spoke of the last words of this ancient master on his deathbed, which, I said, had always struck me as involving something mystic and sublime—"It grows dark, boys—you may go." It seemed to me a sort of description of the approach of death, and might almost be taken as a communication from, at least, the confines of the other world. Sir Walter, who never seemed to be at a loss for a story of his own wherewith to *cap* a friend's, mentioned the case of a dying person who had a candle placed before him, and made a signal when he lost the power of seeing it.

Our approach to the head of Leith Walk gave a new turn to the conversation. Remarking on the fine spacious street before us, he said, that in his boyhood, when it was merely a bad road, he had passed along it in a coach with his mother and a friend of hers, a gentleman with whom she was on some ceremony. Suddenly, taking advantage of a brief pause in the conversation of his two companions, he said, "Mamma, I should not be surprised if this road were yet to have houses built along it, all the way from Edinburgh to Leith, so that these towns will be joined in one." His mother said he was a very forward boy, and bade him be quiet; and when they got home, she took him apart, and gave him a serious lecture on the bad habit he had of uttering sallies of nonsense in company. "For instance," she said, "what could be more absurd than your remark to-day in the coach! To think of Edinburgh and Leith ever being joined together—such a thing, you should know, never can take place." And here, said Sir Walter, gaily, we see the phenomenon accomplished. [In reality, this must be regarded as a remarkable illustration of the thoughtful sagacity which seems to have distinguished Scott in his earliest years.]

Our next topic, by some chance, was Sir Walter's late Highland piper, John of Skye, who, he said, had made a voyage to China, and had brought him as a present the stick he now carried, being the stalk of a tea-tree. He playfully went over John's character, his wanderings, his long faithful services, and his unfortunate temper, which was the cause of his being discharged. "The truth is," said my companion, "the character of the Highland piper is just that of the turkey-cock." John was insufferably proud, and became quite unamenable to the domestic regulations of Abbotsford. A direct act of disobedience to Mr Laidlaw at last led to Sir Walter parting with him. The voyage to China had somewhat tamed him, and he would now have gladly resumed his former service; but that was not to be thought of. I said I recollected hearing an anecdote of John from the late Mr Alexander Campbell, to the effect that, contrary to express orders, he had come from Abbotsford to Edinburgh to attend the competition of Highland bagpipers, thinking he should do so without being detected, when, just as he stepped on the stage [the scene being the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal], the first person who met his gaze was his master sitting in one of the boxes! Sir Walter acknowledged that the anecdote was strictly true.

We were now at Mr Joseph's door, where we found, on inquiry, that the master sculptor was not at home. We walked in, and were soon attended by a foreman, to whom Sir W. expressed a desire of seeing a copy which had been made by Mr J. of "his own unworthy head;" and we were then conducted to the studio at the back of the house. In going along, we passed first a bust of Sir Henry Moncrieff [an eminent Scotch divine], and then one of Mr Fergusson of Raith, on seeing which Sir Walter instantly said, "My handsome schoolfellow, Fergusson." Finally, we came to Sir Walter's own bust, which represents him in his serious and poetical mood, as Chantrey's does in his comic and conversational aspect. The expression is that which he is described in "Peter's Letters" as wearing, when he pronounces the verses,

> It fell about the Lammas tide,
> When the Englishmen won their hay,
> That Earl Douglas he would ride
> Into England to fetch a prey, &c.

[This bust is now at Prestonhall, in the county of Edinburgh, the beautiful mansion of Mr Burn Callander.] After Sir Walter had transacted some money business with the foreman, we took our departure, and returned towards the centre of the town. I spoke of a curious old manuscript diary lately discovered, the composition of a judge of the Court of Session, and which opened with an account of the great fire of the Parliament Square in the year 1700. This led to a conversation about city conflagrations. He told me that at the fire of a large house in the Lawnmarket in 1771, his father and uncle had been very active in working the engines. His uncle, to favour this labour, took off his coat, and gave it to a poor woman, a bystander, to be kept for him, not recollecting that he had sixty pounds in one of its pockets. To his great surprise, the coat was returned to him next morning, with the money untouched in the pocket, a letter in the other pocket having led the poor woman to a knowledge of the owner. I reminded Sir Walter that that fire had burnt out Mr Hume of Ninewells, who occupied the *fifth flat*. This led to remarks on Mr Hume's younger brother, the celebrated philosopher, of whom Sir Walter seemed inclined to think without asperity. He said he believed that Hume was the most amiable man that ever breathed, and after all wrote his essays chiefly as exercises in metaphysical acumen.

The conversation somehow turned to Bruntsfield Links,* and Sir Walter mentioned that in his youth there was a stone near the west end of that piece of ground, which was pointed out as marking the scene of an unfortunate duel which took place, in the reign of James VI., between one Stephen Brownsfield or Bruntfield, and a gentleman named Carmichael, and which was followed up by consequences recalling to mind the celebrated story of the Cid. Brownsfield, though a tall and powerful man compared with his adversary, was killed on the spot. The widow had three sons rising into manhood, all of whom she brought up with the duty of revenging their father's death deeply impressed on their minds. The eldest, as soon as he reached a certain age, and had acquired a competent skill in arms, challenged Carmichael, and was killed. The mother, not in the least turned from her purpose, took equal care in preparing the second for the same task; but he also fell under the sword of Carmichael. The only effect of this repetition of calamity was to cause the lady to take still greater care in fitting her third and sole remaining son for the deadly encounter. She sent him abroad to study the use of arms in the schools of France and Italy, but with the injunction not to remain there any longer than was necessary to make him a perfect combatant. He returned accordingly, one of the most finished swordsmen of his time; and having obtained the permission of the king, a solemn combat took place between him and Carmichael, in lists erected upon Cramond Island, in the Firth of Forth, and in presence of an immense concourse of people. On this occasion the vengeful spirit of the mother was at length gratified.† Sir Walter then spoke of (I think) Bruntsfield House, the seat of Sir George Warrender, Bart., near the head of Bruntsfield Links, and mentioned that not long ago a chamber was discovered in that old mansion, which was not previously known to exist. In the course of some repairs, a builder observed that there was a certain space in the outside of the house, which was not accounted for in the internal accommodations. Curiosity being awakened on this point, the man proceeded to *sound* some of the inner walls and partitions, and soon ascertained that there was a room in that part of the house, unprovided with a door. A part of the wall was broken down, and a room accordingly was found. It was a bedroom, and, strange to say, exactly provided in all respects as if a gentleman had been about to sleep in it for the night, the bed being *made down*, night-clothes laid out, and the toilette suitably arranged. The whole was in the taste of a long bygone age. Sir Walter made the remark that many circumstances occurred in the days of our ancestors which might make a Scottish gentleman change his mind with regard to the place in which he was to pass the night.

The conversation then passed to Sir William Dick, an eminent merchant in Edinburgh, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and at one time provost of the city, but who was ruined by lending large sums of money (it is said L.30,000 in all) to the Covenanters, to enable them to maintain their armies against Charles I., and who died miserably in prison at Westminster in the time of Cromwell. Sir Walter said he had seen an exceedingly rare life of this gentleman, and had offered ten guineas for it, but in vain. It contained two prints, representing Sir William in his various circumstances of the height of mercantile grandeur and the extremity of distress. In one, he is seen superbly attired and mounted, surrounded by his guards, riding down to Leith to see his ships unloaded. In the other, he is sitting in jail at Westminster, in deep dejection, and deprived of all the comforts of life. Sir Walter also said, that in his youth a window used to be pointed out in what was called Sir William Dick's house in the Lawnmarket, as that from which he had, in open day, poured forth the large supply of dollars which were to be sent to pay the Scottish army on Dunse Law.‡ Another of his family, in the ensuing age, was more fortunate. Up to that time no regulation had ever been made for carrying away the refuse which was constantly accumulating on the streets of the Scottish capital. The possibility of improving land by manure was a thing rather dreamt of by a few visionaries, such as those who now dream about so many things, than a truth acknowledged and acted upon. Accordingly, as far as the streets of Edinburgh were ever cleaned at all, it was at the expense of the city. At length, about the year 1685, this Sir William Dick, being a long-headed considerate man, and then at the head of the magistracy, ventured on making a proposal for relieving the city from all expense on account of its refuse. "'Some fanciful sort of people,'§ said he, 'say that dung is of use in land, though for my part I do not believe a word of the matter. However, if you will permit me to free the city of the nuisance at my own expense, I will make a trial of it.' The proposal was readily agreed to by the town-council, who granted Sir William the right to clean the streets for a considerable term of years; and the lands of Pres-

* A common adjacent to Edinburgh.

† This anecdote became the foundation of a tale which appeared in the fourth number of the present publication.

‡ Scott alludes to this window in "the Heart of Mid-Lothian."

§ These are as nearly as possible the words used by Scott in relating the anecdote.

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tonfield soon began to attest what a slie loon the provost was."

We had now arrived at the office of the Oil-Gas Company in St Andrew Square, and, Sir Walter having some business to transact there [he was president of the society], I parted with him, greatly delighted with a conversation which has added so pleasingly to my stock of old-world anecdote.

Edinburgh, Dec. 17, 1824.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

OYSTERS.

The oyster is a species of shell-fish known to every one, and in very general estimation as a light article of diet, or rather as an appetising whet to more solid feeding. This has long been the case in the civilised world; for we learn from history that the Greeks and Romans held these shell-fish in high repute. Oysters are abundant in most of the seas of the globe. They are found in beds or banks near the shore, and particularly in rocky and sandy situations, or at the mouth of streams. It is thought that the mildness produced in the water by the influx of fresh currents is agreeable to them, and favourable to their increase. In such positions, accordingly, they are found in greatest numbers, and of the best quality, as regards bulk, flavour, and nutritiousness.

The appearance of oysters is too familiar to require particular description. Within an uncommonly coarse bivalve shell resides the animal, the body of which is of a round flattish form, composed chiefly of a whitish jelly-like substance, in which scarcely any appearance of structure can be traced by the naked eye. The most conspicuous feature of the oyster is the part called the beard, which extends about half way round the edge of the body, and is, in reality, the *bronchiæ* or gills of the animal, the mouth being also placed there. The shell of the living oyster is usually found very tightly closed, although the animal has the power of opening it to a certain extent. It was long imagined that oysters possessed no means of locomotion, but this is now ascertained to be a mistake. A French naturalist has discovered that oysters which locate in deep situations are in the habit of propelling themselves to short distances, by forcibly ejecting water from their shells, the reaction so caused being a means of self-movement. If oysters of this kind be placed in situations which are liable to be left dry by the recess of the tides, they will perish by ejecting the water, when left without the means of procuring a new supply. Oysters, however, that are accustomed to lie on beaches left dry daily by the tides, do not resort to this process of advancement, being apparently aware of its danger.

Oysters spawn chiefly about the close of spring, when the sun begins in some measure to warm the waters of the ocean; and what they then throw out consists of small naked oysters, completely formed. Each of these secretes its shell, and expands to a full sized oyster in the space, it is believed, of about three years. They are then fit for food. The sea generally removes the light spawn to a short distance from the parent, but it is quite common to find twenty small ones sticking close to the shell of the old one. Some writers speak of male and female oysters, but Professor Beckmann, who paid considerable attention to the subject, considers this idea as erroneous. However this may be, it is certain that oysters are very prolific, and increase rapidly in numbers. Before the year 1700, no oysters were known to exist in the Straits of Menai, the narrow channel separating Anglesey from Caernarvonshire. About that time, however, some person threw into these straits nearly a hundred oysters, and by the year 1712 they had multiplied so greatly as to yield abundant work for the fisherman. Ever since that period, they have been found in the same place in great plenty.

Oysters are leanest at the time of spawning, and on this account fishing for them at that time is forbidden in Britain and other countries where prudent regulations prevail. The months whose names contain an *r*, as some quaint-thoughted person has discovered, are those in which oyster-banks are fished on the British coasts. In May, June, July, and August, they are left undisturbed.* The mode in which oysters are taken from the sea differs in various places, and must be determined in a great degree, indeed, by the character of the sea-bed in the locality where the bank is placed. Uneven rocky ground cannot be fished in the same manner as places that are level and sandy, or clayey. In some situations, a box bound with iron, and open at one end, is dragged along the oyster-bank, and from time to time drawn up and emptied. Other fishers have rakes, with about twenty strong pikes, blunt and curved, and nearly ten inches long, which are fastened to a long elastic pole. The fishermen, seated in their boat, draw this rake over the bottom, and thus collect the oysters, which, on being raised to the surface, are retained in their place by a board fixed over the rake. But the most common method of oyster-fishing is by *dredging* with nets. The net in this case is very strong, being sometimes made with leather thongs, and is drawn along the ground as in the preceding instances. It is kept open by means of a heavy iron frame, which rakes up the oysters, and admits of their entering the net. In some places the tide recedes so far that the oysters can be picked up with the hand, and in other quarters, where the water is shallow and clear, the fishermen pick off the oysters from the bank by using a pair of long pincers or tongs. This last plan has the advantage of enabling them to select the large full-grown animals, leaving the young for another season. Most fishermen, however, who use the net or rake, have the prudence to pick off the small oysters adhering to the shells of the older ones, and throw them back into the water.

It is a circumstance known to all who are connected with oyster-fishing, that the quality of this species of shell-fish depends greatly on the nature of the bed of the sea at the point where the bank lies. An experienced fisherman or connoisseur can at once tell, by the taste and flavour, whether an oyster has been taken from a rocky, a clayey, or a sandy bottom. Where the ground is calcareous, they are tender and friable; where it consists of rock, they are more solid and heavy; where the channel is marly or clayey, they are softer, and contain more animal gluten; and on a slimy bottom they are more rich and oily. The rock-oysters, generally speaking, are largest and plumpest, and are distinguished by thin and almost transparent shells. This conjunction of characters is natural and intelligible. In calcareous ground, for example, the particles of food which the animal absorbs must be largely mixed with calcareous matter, which will be again excreted and go to swell the shell, without increasing the bulk of the body. In rocky situations, such will not be the case; the food, not being calcareous, will remain to increase the animal's size, while the shell must be thin for want of calcareous matter.

The oysters of the British coasts have long been admitted to be the best procurable in Europe. The Romans paid great prices for them, although it is not likely that they would then be taken to Italy in a very fresh state. Of the British coasts, the districts most famous for their oysters are the shores of Kent and Essex. Those found near Milton in Kent, and usually called the "native" oysters, are perhaps the very best; they are small, round, plump, and white, with thin shells, which are easily opened. The oysters found in the river Coln, on which stands the town of Colchester, in Essex, are also of excellent quality, and are renowned over the whole island. Marlow has made them classical by causing Justice Greedy, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," to say that he had nothing to speak of this morning before breakfast, except a barrel of Colchester oysters. The Coln, near that town, forms a great many arms and creeks exceedingly well suited for the formation of oyster-banks. The Dorsetshire oysters rank next in estimation to those of Essex. Those of Pool, especially, hold a high reputation, as do those also of Feversham in Kent, of the Isle of Wight, and of Tenby on the coast of South Wales. Vast quantities are carried to the Continent from the Kentish coasts. Several hundred vessels were at one time employed annually in this trade alone. In London, during the proper season, the trade in oysters is very considerable, both for exportation into the country and native consumption. The dealers bestow great pains in preserving and feeding the oysters in tubs, containing an infusion of salt water with a little oatmeal. At the shops of these tradesmen, which are usually fitted up like coffee-rooms, with private boxes for company, oysters, lobsters, shrimps, and other fish, are served up in a tasteful manner to customers. A common price for good oysters at these establishments is 8d. or 9d. per dozen. To be in perfection, the oyster should be eaten within one or two minutes of being opened. No true lover of the article in London has the oysters sent in an opened state to his house; at lunch, supper, or any other occasion, an oysterman attends to open them at a side table, and they are swallowed from the shell while alive, or the instant after they are killed.

One cause for the better thriving of oyster-banks at the mouth of rivers than any where else, has already been mentioned. It is probable that the slime brought down by rivers materially aids in feeding the oyster. The support of the animal comes entirely from the minute particles of nutritive matter, animal or vegetable, which the sea floats to the open lips of its shell. The oyster, like other animals, is not without its enemies. The worst of these foes is an eel-formed fish of small size, called by Linnæus *ophidion imberbe*, and by the common people the *five-fingered* fish. It is often found in the inside of oyster-shells, curled up like a ring, and sailors assert that it eats the former and proper tenant of the abode. On this account English fishermen recommend all persons who are anxious for the preservation of oyster-banks to lay violent hands on this five-fingered fish whenever it comes in their way. There are other enemies of the oyster, which attack its very shell, and make their way through it. These are worms of various kinds. Sometimes the shell of the oyster is found quite gnawed through, and the intruder lodged inside, feeding on the body of the harmless and unresisting proprietor. Small mussels are also apt to attach themselves to the upper or convex shell of the oyster, and for no good purpose to the inmate. The under shell is flat, and the animal always lies on it.

Besides those on the English shores, oyster-banks are common on the northern coasts of the island, and on the coasts of Ireland. The Scottish capital has been till a recent period plentifully supplied with good oysters from the Firth of Forth, in its immediate vicinity. Nearly opposite to Leith, there was a large depôt of them, formed around or near the islet of Inchkeith. Local poets speak with rapture of the delicious *caller* [that is, fresh] *oysters* which were to be had in Edinburgh for evening festivities. From mismanagement, or some other cause, the Edinburgh oysters have greatly degenerated in quality, and the town has consequently lost one of its objects of attraction. Dublin is supplied from Arklow, a little to the east, and oysters are conveyed thence to artificial beds, near the capital, on the northern side. At Sutton, Polebeg, and Dalkey, places but a short way from Dublin, additional supplies are procured for the tables of the Irish metropolitans.

On the continent of Europe, oyster-banks are also abundant. On the coast of Normandy, near Caen, there is a single bank six miles long by one mile in breadth. The fishing of Normandy is productive of a very large revenue to the inhabitants. At the mouth of the Seine, the oysters, though comparatively few in number, are of the finest quality. Of course these are carried up for the Parisian gourmands. The estimation in which oysters are held by the highest ranks in France may be guessed from the pun which the people made upon the name of one of their late sovereigns, Louis XVIII., who was held to be specially fond of good living. *Eighteen* is in their language *dix-huit*, which word is pronounced exactly like *des huitres*. By adopting the latter reading, the French made out their king to be "Louis *of the oysters*," a name which his known tastes gave point to. Medoc, a place at the mouth of the Gironde, is the Colchester of France, as regards oysters. The estuaries of the Rhone and the Loire are also famous for their banks.

The Dutch have various banks on the coasts of Zealand, but these cannot supply the national demand, and many ship-loads are taken over yearly from England, and pitted on the shores of Holland. There are exceedingly large and rich oyster-banks on the shores of the duchy of Holstein, and of Jutland. The Danish king has also extensive fishing-grounds, called the Royal Oyster-beds, on the western coast of the duchy of Sleswick, amounting in number to more than fifty, the majority of which are under a mile in length. From these, two or three thousand barrels may be drawn yearly. The lessee of these beds is forbidden, under the strictest penalties, to lift any others but those which are full grown and three years old. Sweden has comparatively few beds on its coasts, but these few are large and productive. They lie chiefly near Stromstad and Udewalla. The countries, again, in the south of Europe, lying on the Mediterranean Sea, are well supplied with oysters, that sheet of water being more prolific of shell-fish than any other on the surface of the globe. Perhaps the most noted part of its whole circumference, as regards oysters, is the Gulf of Tarento. There they are produced in immense numbers, and of the finest quality. Formerly, Italy had a rich oyster-field in the Lucrine Lake, which covered a great part of Campania; but in the year 1538 this lake was filled up, and turned into a mere pond, by an earthquake.

Both in the Atlantic and Pacific seas, as well as in the Indian Ocean, oyster-banks are plentiful, and there the fishery assumes a new and higher degree of importance, in consequence of the pearls which are found in a particular variety of oysters, which is abundant in these latitudes. Pearls are sometimes found even in the oysters of the European coasts, but the pearl oyster fishing is chiefly confined, at present, to the southern seas. It constitutes an extensive and lucrative traffic on the Ceylon coasts and in the Persian Gulf. The substance called pearl is supposed to be an excrescence, originating in disease. In No. 226 of this periodical, however, an account of the pearl fishing was given, which renders it unnecessary to enter into details here.

We have now glanced at the oyster-trade over the whole world. A good hint, it seems to us, may be given, or taken, from the information here presented, and for which we are chiefly indebted to a short treatise by the late Professor Beckmann. The case of the oyster-bank so rapidly established in the Straits of Menai, is the point to which we particularly allude. Could the same thing not be done, to great advantage, on many parts of our coasts, with the pearl oyster? Or would it not be an object of importance, in many districts, to have a good bank even of the common edible oyster formed? Several hundreds of the finest Persian or Ceylon pearl-oysters might be brought home, at very little expense, and kept alive by the way in casks, with very little trouble. Some of our smaller port-towns, such as Berwick, which can never rise to great commercial eminence, from defect of natural position, and which, with an augmenting population,

* The London oyster season begins on the 4th of August, and ends on the 12th of May.

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feels severely the want of an increasing trade, might pursue such a business as that of pearl-fishing with the highest advantage. There appears to be no obstacle to such a plan, unless that in our cold waters some other means than diving would require to be resorted to.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

MODERN FICTIONS OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

The introduction of Christianity among the Goths of northern Europe had naturally the same influence in abolishing the dark and gloomy fictions of their primitive mythology, as it has been shown to have exercised in the case of the Anglo-Saxons, an offshoot from the same great race. But, as appeared also in that instance, the great religious change alluded to could not at once extricate the people from the intellectual darkness in which they were plunged, or prevent the growth and spread of a host of familiar superstitions, not so gloomy in their character, but as wild and fanciful as those which the followers of Odin brought from their native plains of Asia. Nowhere, indeed, in the whole world, has this order of superstitions, which, for want of a better term, have been called *familiar*, prevailed so extensively, or flourished so luxuriantly, as among the German and Scandinavian nations, from the era of the introduction of Christianity up almost till the present hour.

The people of Northern Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and the northern islands, who were originally followers of Odin, adopted in later times very nearly the same class of familiar superstitions, though the names of their spirits and supernatural beings are sometimes found to differ. These names are amazingly numerous. Dwarfs (of various descriptions, white, brown, and black), Trolls (or Trows, the same nearly as Dwarfs), Elves (Elfs and Elf-maids), Nisses, Kobolds, Necks, Nixes, Mermen and Mermaids, are but a few of the supernatural beings who flourish in the popular creed of the countries alluded to. The Northmen hold the opinion that all these beings were originally subjected by greater powers, and were doomed in consequence to take up certain assigned abodes and duties. The Dwarfs, or hill-trolls, were appointed to the hills; the Elves, to the groves and trees; the Hill-people, to the caves; and the Mermen, Mermaids, and Necks (or River-spirits), to the seas, lakes, and rivers; and so on.*

The Dwarfs or Trolls are the race most universally believed in, with the exception, perhaps, of the Elves or Elfi. The families or nations of the Trolls live in splendid mansions, in the interior of hills, or under level ground. Their figure is represented as being extremely slight and deformed. They dress variously, but have usually grey jackets, with pointed red caps. Sometimes they wear *mist-caps*, as they are called, which render them invisible. Trolls are not held to be malignant beings, and have often had friendly intercourse with mankind. Out of the immense chests of gold which they possess, they are said often to have bestowed fortunes on people who have had the luck to please them. But, upon the whole, the Trolls are rather disagreeable neighbours, having an inveterate propensity to pilfering, which they sometimes carry to the extent of kidnapping women and children. Fortunately there are various ways of banishing, from any particular spot, these little gentlemen with the humps, long noses, and high red-caps. Drums, bells, and, above all, church-bells, are things they cannot endure. These noises drive them off immediately, and in such a humour, that they generally seek to revenge themselves upon the inhabitants of the place they have left. In "The Fairy Mythology," a clever little book published two years ago, and which gives us much information on these subjects, we find the following account of a Troll's revenge. A Troll had once been forced away from the village of Kund, in Zealand, by the church-bells, and having seen, at the place to which he removed, a person belonging to Kund, "'Will you just be so kind,' said the Troll, 'as to take a letter for me back to Kund?' The man said, of course, he had no objection. The Troll then thrust the letter into his pocket, and charged him strictly not to take it out till he came to Kund church, and then to throw it over the churchyard wall, and the person for whom it was intended would get it." On reaching Zealand, the man sat down in a meadow to rest himself, and, remembering the letter, "felt a great desire to look at it, at least. So he took it out of his pocket, and sat a while with it in his hands, when suddenly there began to dribble a little water out of the seal. The letter now unfolded itself, and the water came out faster and faster, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man was enabled to save his life, for the malicious Troll had enclosed an *entire lake* in the letter. The Troll, it is plain, had thought to avenge himself on Kund church, by destroying it in this manner; but heaven so ordered it, that the lake chanced to run out in the great meadow where it now flows." Such was the origin of Tüs Lake, and such the issue of a Troll's revenge.

In Germany, the Trolls receive commonly the name of Dwarfs, but their character and habits, under both appellations, are much the same. Sometimes, like the Brownies of Scotland, the Dwarfs assist workmen, either openly or otherwise. On one occasion, they used to come frequently, says the story, to visit a band of field labourers in the hay-making season. Sometimes they would assist the workmen, but more commonly preferred to seat themselves in a cluster upon the branch of a maple-tree, overlooking the field. "But some mischief-loving people came one night and sawed the branch nearly through. The unsuspecting Dwarfs, as usual, sat down on it in the morning; the branch snapt in two, and the Dwarfs were thrown to the ground. When the people laughed at this, they became greatly incensed, and cried out,

> 'O how is heaven so high,
> And perfidy so great!
> Here to-day and never more!'

And being people of their word, they never were seen again."

The Elves of the north do both good and evil to mankind; or rather there are Good Elves, and Evil Elves, who respectively comport themselves in a way correspondent with these epithets. The former are a race of minute beings, ever dancing on the grass, or lurking under the leaves of trees or the cups of flowers, frolicsome as the breeze, and musical as its murmur among the summer boughs. Like the Fairies of Scotland, the Elves are held to live in a state of mingled hope and doubt as to their chance of ultimate redemption. They have kings and queens, and ride in stately coaches, with gorgeous trappings. The little circles of green grass, which are called with us fairy-rings, are the elf-rings of the north, and are the spots where the Elves foot it merrily by night. There is one remarkable peculiarity in the *Danish* Elle-women, or female Elves. The Elle-woman is fair and captivating, and plays beautiful music to attract young men; but let these beware of her, for she, though a fair woman in her front aspect, is *hollow* in the back, like a dough-trough. This the Elle-women endeavour to hide, but if the sign of the cross be made, they must turn round, and their strange deformity is seen. So runs the tradition of the Danes. The malicious Elves live underground, beneath the houses of mankind, and the inhabitants above, according to their cleanliness or good behaviour, are objects of liking or dislike to the subterranean residents. It is curious that the Irish at this very day give a similar habitation to their fairies, and hold the same opinions respecting them, in almost every particular.

The Nis of the modern Scandinavians is the Brownie of Scotland, the Kobold of Germany, and probably the Friar Rush or Robin Goodfellow of England, a useful drudging spirit, to whom Milton alludes, when he makes his rustic

> "Tell how the drudging Goblin swate,
> To earn his cream bowl duly set;
> When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
> That ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lies him down the lubber-fiend,
> And stretched out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock of matin rings."

This is an admirable picture of the friendly house-spirit of all countries, and without whom no farm-house, it was at one time supposed, could thrive. Alluding to this circumstance, the Fairy historian already quoted observes, "Well is it for the maids and the men when they are in favour with the Nis. They may go to their beds and give themselves no trouble about their work, and yet in the morning the maids will find the kitchen swept up, and water brought in, and the men will find the horses in the stable well cleaned and curried, and perhaps a supply of corn cribbed for them from their neighbours' barns." The origin of the idea of the Nis or house-spirit is pretty intelligible. In the rude and troublous times of all countries, or during the days of religious persecution, persons in hiding would naturally seek shelter in rural districts, from such as knew them or favoured their cause. But this shelter could not be granted openly, and hence those who received it would be under the necessity of remaining in concealment by day, and could only come out at night to procure food. To repay the hospitality of their resetter, it is naturally to be supposed that they would be willing to do such work for him as could be done under the circumstances. The consumption of food, and the noise of working, would be laid to the door of the Nisses, and the secret be maintained. In Scotland, in very recent times, a case really occurred in which religious sufferers played the part of Brownie in this manner; the tradition afforded to the Ettrick Shepherd the foundation of his well-known tale, "the Brownie of Bodsbeck."

Many are the stories told of the Nis and the Kobold. They are as annoying in the character of enemies as they are agreeable in the capacity of friends, and when they once attach themselves to a household, either for good or evil, it is scarcely possible to get quit of them. There is a Jutland story (told also in Ireland and many other countries), of a man who was annoyed by the presence of a mischievous Nis in his dwelling, and who resolved to quit it for another. Every thing was packed, accordingly, and put on carts for removal; and the good man was inwardly congratulating himself on his approaching liberation from his late pest, when, just before moving, he chanced to turn to the back part of one of the carts, and there saw the Nis sitting quietly and coolly in one of the empty tubs. The poor man's countenance fell sadly, and more so when the Nis popped his head out of the tub, and cried, "Ha! we are moving to-day, farmer!" According to one version of the story, the farmer, seeing the case to be hopeless, ordered the carts to be unloaded, and went quietly back to his house, after which time the tricky Nis became a good friend. In telling a similar story of their Kobold, the Germans say that, before departing with his furniture, the farmer set fire to the barn, in order to burn the tricky "lubber-fiend," and was just driving off, when to his mortification he saw the Kobold behind him on the cart, crying, "It was time for *us* to come out, farmer—it was time for *us* to come out!" The cool and determined association of fates and fortunes, indicated by the *us* of the Kobold, is most amusing!

The Nis, however, is a most useful fellow when he likes, as has been mentioned. Every thing thrives under his vigilant eye. He steals fodder for his host's cattle at all hands; and, according to the stories told of him, he seems often to have shown himself familiarly to those about him. In this intercourse he revenged affronts or injuries very seriously. For example, while a Jutland Nis was one day amusing himself with running up and down the loft of the cow-house, and practising gymnastics, seemingly, for the good of his health, one of his legs slipped through a hole, and a boy below took a hay-fork and gave the Nis a smart rap over the shin of the pendent limb. The boy went into the house laughing, and being asked the cause, he replied, "Oh, I got such a blow at Nis to-day, and gave him such a swanking rap with my fork when he put his leg through the loft!" "No," cried Nis outside of the window, "you gave me three blows, for the fork was three-pronged; but see if I don't pay you for it, my lad." The Nis kept his word. Next night, while the boy slept, the Nis lifted him out of bed, and going out of doors, commenced a novel game at ball by tossing the lad over the house, and catching him again ere he fell, by running to the other side. This pleasant recreation the Nis kept up till he got tired, and then let the boy fall into a great pool, setting up a shout at the same time, which brought out all the people to be witnesses of his revenge.* The Nis is described as being like the Dwarf in appearance, but as possessing immense strength.

The Neck, a Scandinavian spirit, and called Nökke by the Danes, is said to sit frequently on the surface of the water, in the shape of a boy with golden ringlets, and a red cap, or as a handsome youth, shaped below like a fish. It is curious that in all countries and in all ages mankind have attributed fine musical powers to all the imaginary beings with whom they have peopled the sea, probably because the original belief in many of them may have sprung from the accidental transmission of music over water by night, when, as is well known, the effect is beautiful. The superstition of the Neck is connected in an interesting manner with our faith. The spirit is said to play exquisitely on a golden harp, and it is stated that he will teach the art to any one who will present him with a black lamb, and promise him redemption, the fear of losing which makes him continually melancholy. In Sweden it is related that two boys were sitting near a river, when a Neck came to the surface and played sweetly to them. One of the boys said, "What is the use of your sitting there and playing? You will never be saved." The Neck flung away his harp, wept sorely, and disappeared. On going home, the boys told this to their father, who was a clergyman, and he told them to go back and console the Neck with hopes of salvation. The children went back, and said to the spirit, who had re-appeared, and was still weeping, "Neck, do not grieve so; our father says that *your* Redeemer liveth also." The Neck resumed his harp, and rewarded the promise-bringers with sweet playing till the sun was gone down.

Mermen and Mermaids are of northern creation, and in the north they are still firmly believed in, up to this hour. It is needless to describe the Mermaid. Every one, from the time of Horace downwards, knows that creature to be

> "A handsome woman with a fish's tail."

Combing their long yellow hair with a golden comb, they sit breast-high in the sea, singing sweetly, but are dangerous to approach, for their beauty and music entice the unwary into an element which brings death to man. It is supposed that the notion of the existence of Mermaids and Mermen originated in the resemblance which a certain species of seals, when partially seen in the water, bear to the upper part of the human body.

This list by no means comprehends all the fanciful beings with whom the German and northern nations have peopled the air, the earth, and the sea; but the majority of those not noticed are merely modifications, as it were, of the classes which have been described. It would be superfluous to remark gravely on the absurdity of these superstitions, which can affect no mind, however partially enlightened, otherwise than to a smile. It is curious, however, to trace them to the natural circumstances out of which the ignorant and wondering peasantry originally formed them—to find, for instance, works which cunning persons had probably executed during the night for their own ends,

* The term "Old Nick," a name given in modern times to the devil, is derived from the Neck or Nix of the Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons.

* Fairy Mythology.

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attributed next morning to spirits of good or evil disposition, and circles of greener grass which had been produced by a simple scorching of the ground where electricity had passed into the earth, ascribed to the wheeling dances of the elves. The clown and the philosopher both seek for the reasons of things, for this is an invariable tendency of human nature; but the difference between the two lies *here*—that the clown rests satisfied with some vague suggestion of his fancy, while the philosopher takes nothing for certain till accurate observation and just logic have proved it.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

In an article on the French and English schools of medicine in the Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xviii., the following observations, which are sufficiently humiliating to our national pride, occur:—

"We cannot look at the mass of facts which our colleagues in France are constantly adding to the stock of medical truths which we already possess, without feeling a strong sense of our own humiliation. There is not a debateable question, from the most simple in the Materia Medica to the most complex organ of the human frame, which is not in Paris made the subject of the most patient and persevering investigation, and tested by the strictest rules of inductive philosophy, by men, too, whose disposition and talents for observation entitle them to the fullest confidence. It is there only that medicine is viewed on the high grounds of science, apart from those of worldly interest, and where alone we can look with confidence for its further advancement. Not but there are amongst ourselves many persevering and ardent inquirers after useful practical truths, but their field of observation is so limited, and the facts they present are consequently so few, that they seldom carry with them all the conviction which they merit. Science, as an eminent living philosopher says, is but an assemblage of truths, proved by reason, ascertained by observation, or perceived by the mind, and combined under one common character. When opportunities are not afforded for such a desirable object, it is evident that all our conclusions must be liable to great uncertainty.

The discovery of the circulation [of the blood] which Harvey made in 1617, one of the first great attempts to unravel the mystery of human life and organisation, and Jenner's memorable one of vaccination, are among the few prominent facts which distinguish us as original thinkers. * * * With the exception of Baillie's book on morbid anatomy, which appeared in 1793, and which was in England the first effort, on a systematic scale, to verify disease by *post mortem* appearances, there is nothing in this country that can bear any comparison with the valuable pathological works which are daily, we might almost say hourly, issuing from the French press. * * * The French school have taken up the subject with that philanthropy which characterises their conduct when the welfare of our species is concerned; with them every department of the healing art is cultivated with a zeal which is measured by its importance to the well-being of humanity. The names of Corvisart, Bichat, Laennec, Andral, Louis, Dupuytren, Richerand, with many others, will be honoured as long as human nature stands in need of medicine.

Comparative anatomy, upon which Cuvier has shed such lustre, is another subject on which we are immeasurably behind our Gallic neighbours. Were we to estimate its importance by the attention bestowed upon it by the profession generally in this country, we should be inclined to think that it was altogether unconnected with human physiology. To view it in this light would argue a very limited acquaintance with its real uses. There is scarcely a fact in physiology which has not either been suggested by it, or finally established by an appeal to it. Throughout Cuvier's works we have the most enlightened views of elevated physiology, and there we see how medicine may extend her ideas on the subject of disease. Let us pause for a moment or two on the gigantic labours of this extraordinary man, which must include almost every thing, from the cold jelly of the polypus to the megatherium of Paraguay. Upon the most trivial indication, as that of a phalanx [finger or toe bone], he reconstructs animals, discovers movement in articulation; in the former, he again detects habits; in these regimen, and in regimen general disposition. In 1801 he announced to the world twenty-three distinct species of animals, of which there is not one now to be found on our globe; and in his work on Osteology he places before us those animals which the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, exhibited in their public games or battles. By his observations on the fossil remains in the basin of Paris, he shows us the successive revolutions which occurred in the physical world. He passed through two worlds, one denizened with the mollusca of sweet water, the other with marine animals, after which he came to a third, occupied by tortoises and crocodiles, in layers of soft water. * * * No other country presents such opportunities of extending the knowledge of comparative anatomy as England, connected as she is by commerce or colonisation with almost all the habitable world, and yet we have availed ourselves but little of the endless sources of information around us."

We have no room for further quotation, and conclude with only a single remark, which in justice the reviewer should have employed. The deficiencies of which our medical men are accused, arise from no want of mental activity, but from certain habits connected with our social condition. The engrossing pursuit of wealth is a formidable barrier to high scientific advancement, but much more so is the storm of sectarian and party prejudice to which the country has for ages been delivered up. This storm, which Harvey and Jenner equally encountered, would have been directed against Cuvier had he dared to make known his discoveries among us; and at this moment those who humbly follow in his views in Britain are the objects of ceaseless persecution. Is there any wonder that our country ranks so low in the history of scientific discovery?

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

VANITY OF RICHES.

By Cowley, 1618-1667.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband* thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! thou needs must meddling be
In business that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, which must in autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day;—

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud),
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel brav'ry wears;
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep:
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;—
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

* A great economist.

DOCTOR DOBBS AND HIS NAG NOBBS.

[The power of the extravagant in creating mirth is amply attested by such books as the Adventures of Baron Munchausen. The following, which we find in an old scrap-book, seems to us as amusing an example of the outrageous as we have ever chanced to light upon.]

Doctor Daniel Dobbs, of Doncaster, had a nag that was called Nobbs. One day, in the middle of winter, the doctor having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before it was dark, rode poor Nobbs very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the doctor fastened Nobbs by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlour, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened that in the morning the doctor's dairy-maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler, and the dairy-maid having been called away to milk her cows, she had carelessly left the door of the brewhouse open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor Nobbs, who had been hard rode, and now stood in the cold extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts he got loose from the rail, and repairing to the brewhouse, he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it he fell down dead drunk. The doctor's man coming home, ran into the yard to convey Nobbs to the stable; not finding him at the rail, he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground, cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlour, where the doctor was sitting with Mrs Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor Nobby's decease. The doctor and Mrs Dobbs were both good-natured people, and of course were much concerned; but as the doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that Nobbs should, without delay, be flayed, and that his skin should be taken the next morning to the currier.

The doctor's man accordingly set to work; poor Nobbs was dragged to the dunghill, his skin was stripped off, and he was left to be eaten by the hounds. He had not, however, lain long before the novelty of his situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer which he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close by the parlour. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot bowl of brandy punch. No sooner had Nobbs whinnied, than Mrs Dobbs turned pale, and exclaimed, "Doctor Dobbs! as sure as I live that is Nobbs's voice; I know him by his whinny!" "My dear," said the doctor, "it is Nobbs's whinny sure enough; but, poor thing, he is dead, and has been flayed." He had hardly said this before Nobbs whinnied again. Up jumps the doctor, takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard; the first thing he saw was Nobbs himself without his skin. The doctor summoned all his servants, ordered six sheep to be killed, and clapped their skins upon poor Nobbs. To make a long story short, Nobbs recovered, and did his work as well as ever. The sheep skins stuck fast, and answered his purpose as well as his own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the wool grew rapidly; and when the shearing season came, the doctor had Nobbs sheared. Every year he gave the doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his back, you know, as much as six sheep; and as long as Nobbs lived, all the doctor's stockings, and all Mrs Dobbs's flannel petticoats, were made of his wool.

NOTES ON ALEXANDRIA.

Of the modern sights of Alexandria, the Naval Arsenal is the most worthy of notice, not alone on account of the magnificent scale of the establishment, but from the degree of perfection to which, in the short time it has been in existence, its different departments have been brought. Some long ranges of handsome stone buildings, standing at a convenient distance from the docks, contain the storehouses and workshops of the various departments. On the ground-floor are those of the blacksmiths, carpenters, shipwrights, coopers, pump and block makers, &c., and also the store-rooms for heavy articles, such as iron and timber. Above are warehouses for lighter stores—canvas, bunting, clothing, mathematical and nautical instruments, and other articles of equipment; as also workshops for sail-makers, tailors, &c., school-rooms, offices, and printing presses. A rope-walk occupies the entire length of one of these buildings, and is a thousand feet long. The stores contain every thing necessary for a ship's equipment, even including furniture for the officers' cabins, which are fitted up, to the most trivial articles, at the expense of the viceroy. I was not a little surprised to find that his highness's munificence extended even to the supply of clothes and *hair brushes* for the officers' cabins. Most of the small articles that are of foreign manufacture are procured from France, and their supply has very much the appearance of a *job*—notoriously that of hair-brushes for a people who keep their heads close shaved—but the cotton sail-cloth, and stuffs for the sailors' clothing, the bunting, serges, &c., are of Egyptian manufacture. Very few things are English, and of these bar-iron was the only article that figured conspicuously. In the storehouses I noticed some brass swivel guns, of about a pound calibre: a few were English, but the greater part were of native workmanship. They were all fitted with percussion locks. The number of men employed in the Arsenal amounts to three thousand. I was rather startled on receiving this information; but, on counting upwards of fifty men at work in the pump-room, and seventy tailors plying the needle in another apartment, I became convinced of its correctness. The workmen, with very few exceptions, are natives of the country, and their work, considering the age at which they commenced learning their respective trades, and the short time they have been employed at them, is surprisingly good. The foremen are mostly foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians, and Maltese. The director of the establishment and naval architect (Cerisy Bey) is a native of France. The pay of a foreman is about two shillings and three pence per diem; that of a workman varies according to the degree of proficiency which he has attained—from *one penny farthing to sevenpence*. Such as are on the lowest rate of pay receive, however, an allowance of food in addition. These are scanty pittances, when compared with the wages of artificers in other countries, but by no means so in a land where meat is but seldom eaten, and in which all the articles considered by the natives as *the necessaries of life* are to be obtained for a mere trifle. The price of labour varies in the Delta from twenty paras to a piastre (2¾d.) a-day, the higher rate being usually given near the sea-coast, that is to say, in the vicinity of the rice grounds, where the work is harder and the price of provisions greater. Some idea may be formed of their means of keeping life and soul together on this slender pittance, by the following memorandum of the sums paid by us in the Delta in our character of English travellers—namely, fowls, 1½ piastre each; ducks, 1½; four large French rolls, 1 piastre; twenty-four eggs, 1 piastre; two okes of dates (about six pounds English), 1 piastre.—*Captain Scott's Rambles.*

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

On the subject of wasting or destroying the fruits of the earth, Dr Paley remarks:—From reason and revelation, it appears that God intended the fruits of the earth for man's support; but as he did not intend any waste or misapplication of those productions, such acts are, like others more expressly mentioned, wrong, as contrary to God's will. Hence the conversion of corn fields into parks for deer, or covers for foxes; the non-cultivation of lands, by parties in possession, or the refusal to let them to those who will cultivate them; the destruction or waste of food, with the view to increase the price of stocks on hand; the expending on dogs and horses the sustenance of man, or the conversion of grain into ardent spirits; these, and, in short, all acts by which the food of man is diminished, either in quantity or quality, are sinful, as opposed to God's desire for the happiness of his creatures.—*Paley's Moral Philosophy.*

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THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING A DOG.

THERE is in the first place the extremely agreeable state into which one is every now and then put by personal contact with the dog, whose kindness, leading him to a very familiar intercourse, causes your clothes to be sometimes embroidered in the herring-bone fashion with his hairs, and sometimes curiously marked with the impressions of his soiled paws. It is also very pleasant, if he is a water-dog, to be occasionally besprinkled with the contents of his shaggy coat, as he shakes himself convulsively by your side on coming out of his favourite element. How interesting, too, when the poor animal, in the spirit of sincere friendship, comes up unexpectedly, and thrusts a nose as cold as his heart is warm, into your half-closed hand, as it hangs beside your chair! There are some people who at first start under this application; but habit soon reconciles them to it, as it proverbially will to any thing. We shall suppose the dog to be well bred for domestic existence on the more important points. This is generally considered desirable. But still enough of nature will be apt to remain about him, to remind the company from time to time in the most agreeable manner, that a dog is after all still a dog.

The love that man or woman bears to dog is honourable to man or woman; but the course of this love, like that of the much-berhymed passion which man and woman bear for each other, is one which I have never found from tale or history, or any sort of experience or observation, to run smooth. Love in all its shapes implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love. It is so eminently with respect to dogs. You may love your dog; but unhappily, and in despite of the proverb, no other body does. On the contrary, all other people wonder what you can see in the animal to regard it so tenderly, and whenever an opportunity occurs, they will not be averse from letting it feel how much they despise and loathe it. Many a secret kick and tramp on toes does the poor creature get from friend and servant; many a time is he defrauded of his due aliment down stairs. Trifles light as air are brought to his door as great offences, and often is he accused of things of which he is entirely innocent. Rarely indeed does he experience either justice or kindness from any body but yourself. The very neighbours are in a conspiracy against him. If he but howls a little in the court-yard or street by night—merely following his poetical propensity for baying the moon—then have you civil-angry messages in next morning on all hands, remonstrating against what they spitefully call the annoyance. If, in the merest good nature, he leaps up upon a nursemaid, as she parades the street with her interesting charge in the forenoon, then, as soon as papa comes home to dinner, may you look for a peremptory note from that gentleman, representing the fact in the most alarming light (the maid having exaggerated it to mamma, and mamma having in her turn exaggerated it to papa), and demanding no less than that your innocent favourite shall be chained up a prisoner for life, as otherwise the complainant will feel it necessary, "for the sake of his family," to take legal steps. The police authorities, too, are serious enemies to dogs. Every summer they take it into their heads that the creatures are on the point of turning mad, and out comes an order, commanding that every one of them shall be muzzled, under pain of being apprehended and poisoned. This is nothing, of course, but an emanation of that spite which all men bear towards all dogs which do not belong to themselves.

The inconveniences entailed upon you by your affection are particularly felt when you and your dog take a walk. In the course of your stroll you come to a pleasant garden or park open to the public, and which you therefore enter; but lo, immediately within the gate you behold the malicious placard, "No Dogs Admitted—All found within the enclosures will be shot." You have therefore either to deny yourself the pleasure of walking over the grounds, on which you had set your heart, or to resolve upon having it under all risk of the destruction of your dumb friend. Choosing the safer course, you pursue your walk, and your dog being young and excursive, he is every moment over the enclosures at one side of the road or the other, and scouring through the adjacent fields, where should he find a fleck of sheep, he is instantly in the midst of them, barking like mad. The sheep disperse in consternation; the dog pursues; and the shepherd, after a phrensied endeavour to protect his charge, comes up breathing fire and darts at you, as if *you* were to blame. Some cursory remarks are made on both sides, and you are glad in the end if you can get yourself and dog away without a bodily collision of some kind with the incensed barbarian. As you go along, Roger meets many others of his own species, belonging to other gentlemen who are taking walks. With some he is very friendly, and all passes off agreeably. In other cases, he and the other quadruped, being much about a size, and feeling some instinctive mutual hatred, draw up opposite to each other two yards off, look suspiciously and angrily for a minute, then declining a little each to a different side, go stiffly past each other, keeping their bodies as straight onward as possible, each murmuring exactly the same amount of wrath and defiance, each looking by the tail of his eye at the other with exactly the same glare of deadly enmity, and then pass on at an exactly corresponding pace, till, reaching two hillocks about a hundred yards apart, they let each other know by a subdued bark and an intense scraping of the earth, that, if it had not been more for one thing than another, each would have respectively put an end to his opponent for ever. It is well when they content themselves thus; but sometimes a worry will take place. Then, seeing the beloved of your heart in the death-gripes with another dog evidently large enough to devour him, you rush to the rescue. The other gentleman, under the same feelings, does the same. Having fortunately a stick, you commence using it with all your force and strength on the back of the other gentleman's dog. The other gentleman, having an umbrella, immediately begins to use it with all his force and strength in belabouring Roger. Over they go, over and over in the mud, tearing each other like wild-cats, and still whenever an opportunity occurs, you insinuate a thwack upon the head or rump of the other gentleman's dog; the other gentleman in like manner putting in a lick whenever he can upon Roger. This goes on like a whirlwind for a minute or two, you and t'other gemman looking all the while like two blacksmiths alternating their strokes on the anvil, but far too eagerly engaged upon the dogs ever to think for a moment of each other. At length poor Roger gets yelpingly and discomfitedly away, and you suddenly find yourself planted right opposite a furious military-looking gentleman, who meets your own wrathful face with one quite as wrathful, and seems, in fact, on the point of commencing a not less envenomed combat with yourself. "Your dog began, sir!" "No, sir; it was yours!" "It was yours, sir. My dog never attacks any one." "I say it was yours, sir!" These and such like phrases are exchanged; and it is well if the affair ends by your passing each other much in the same growling, but mutually respectful way, as the dogs in the former case. Do not be surprised, however, if you should find yourself two mornings after planted once more opposite to the military-looking gentleman, with a pistol in your hand, he having the like weapon in his, while a friend, far more concerned for your honour than you are yourself, stands a little aside, prepared to say, "Make ready—present—fire!"

The attendance of your affectionate Roger is apt to be not less troublesome when you go to make a call. Perhaps, with this intention, you leave him at home, or think you are doing so; but the good faithful creature is so attached, and so fond of a walk, that ten to one he is at your heels before you have got to the end of the street. Poor fellow! what can you do but take him with you? The Dorlings are kind friendly people, particularly Mrs Dorling: they will not take it amiss if I bring in honest Roger. So to the door of the Dorlings you go, and finding Mrs D. at home, you are ushered into the drawing-room. To do you justice, you would not have allowed Roger to come in with you, if the day had been wet, and the streets dirty; but the day being dry, and the streets clean, you can see no harm he can do. You have altogether forgotten that Mrs Dorling keeps a cat—a favourite Tom, almost as large as Roger himself, and who always sits on the hearth-rug, an object of great veneration to the family, and the wonder of visitors. The moment, then, that you enter the room, Roger and Tom become mutually aware of each other's presence. Tom gets up his back and his tail, jumps upon the sofa, and spits and screams like one possessed. Roger, good innocent creature, makes no manifestation of hostility whatever; but Mrs Dorling is nevertheless alarmed in the extremest degree, and, in her phrensied fear, gets upon the sofa also, and, making an adroit use of her nether garments, smothers up Tom under a shield more manifold than that of Ajax, deliriously shouting and crying at the same time to you to take away that frightful monster. You instantly seize Roger, and, taking him down stairs (poor fellow, he goes as meekly as a lamb), you put him gently out at the door, and then return by yourself to apologise for the disturbance. Mrs Dorling, a really kind and friendly woman, receives your apologies with a rueful suavity, which marks only too truly how much she has been discomposed, and for some minutes Tom gets much more of her conversation than you. At length, all irritation is smoothed away, and the conversation begins to get into a pleasant strain, when you begin, through the subsiding storm, to hear an impetuous scratching at the outer door, accompanied by a short impatient yelp and whine, such being the mode which worthy Roger has adopted of making the inmates aware that he regrets being separated from his master. Mrs Dorling evidently has heard it too, and a shade of anxiety passes over her face, which you have no difficulty in tracing to a freshly laid coat of mahogany colour, which you remember observing on the door between the ringing of the bell and the coming of the servant, and which you thought remarkably well executed. You instantly, of course, descend again, and getting Roger confined in an outhouse or cellar, think you have at length secured peace. But scarcely has the conversation been well resumed, when you hear such a burst of yelping and howling as might awake the dead; this being the remonstrance which the affectionate creature thinks proper to make against your cruelty in locking him up. You now see the day is against you. It may chance that you are in love with Miss Leonora Dorling, and had it in your mind to sound Mrs D. on the subject. The opportunity may be otherwise excellent. No matter. The game is up. Off you must go, to relieve Roger from his confinement, and Mrs Dorling from an annoyance such as even her good nature can scarcely speak of in civil terms.

Dogs are but dogs, and it is canine as well as human to err. Roger was originally a good moral dog, or at the utmost never was known in his early days to steal more than a bone. But keeping bad company is ruinous to both quadrupeds and bipeds. He has the misfortune to become acquainted with a dog of rather wild character in the neighbouring street, and begins to be a good deal out at night. You are at first in no fear for his youthful innocence, but by and bye you apprehend that all is not right. You observe that, in the mornings, after any of his nocturnal rambles, he has a remarkably worn-out debauched look, and is not so ready for his walk on those forenoons as usual. You fear he is a misled dog, but you cannot imagine

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in what way he has been misled. At length, some fine morning, the awful fact comes out. Roger is discovered to have acquired from his wicked companion an unhappy tendency to chase and worry the sheep in a neighbouring park. He and his companion were this morning detected at their unhallowed sport, with eight dead sheep strewed around them, and other two just expiring in their hands. Being marked and recognised as your dog, and traced home to his quarters, there can be no doubt of his guilt. You are of course expected to pay for the ten sheep worried this morning, as well as for all those which have been worried during the past two months; and you are further called upon to surrender him as a malefactor, that the laws of his country may be executed upon him. It is vain to remonstrate. It is clear he is guilty. Affection has many struggles, and you attribute the whole mischief to his wicked friend. But there is no remedy, no alternative. The most you can do for the unfortunate victim of bad company is to pay a policeman half-a-guinea, that he may not be hanged ignominiously or cruelly, but put out of existence in a scientific way, by means of prussic acid. And so ends the story of your dearly beloved Roger, leaving you full of Byronic reflections on the wringing of tender affections, and deeply impressed with the maxim of the noble poet, that love and woe are one thing.

A number of minor evils beset the gentle heart that indulges in an attachment to a dog. For example, no whitened floor can long be kept clean where he is. He walks unthinkingly across large washings, and lies down with wet and dirty sides upon the lambs'-wool mat at the parlour door. Newly raked garden-ground assumes under his feet an appearance which a geologist might prize, if the soil were a clay of the secondary formation, and he an undescribed genus of the Pachydermata, but which (the circumstances being as they are) the gardener is apt to take very testily. On one account and another, he is scolded, complained of, and absolutely ill used, every hour of the day; which you naturally feel to be just the same thing as if you were scolded, complained of, and absolutely ill used yourself. The sufferings which a man thus endures out of affection for a poor dumb animal, that only can wag its tail in his face and lick his hands occasionally, are altogether quite remarkable. It presents both the affections and the patience of our nature in a striking point of view. Upon a review of the whole case, we feel inclined to say that, if men manifested the same resignation under unavoidable calamities and annoyances which they exhibit under the self-imposed torture of keeping a dog, they would be more angels than men.

EXPERIENCES OF EARTHQUAKES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Earthquakes are not frequent in our island; but neither are they very rare. Every few years they are felt in some part of the country, more generally in the north than the south. No one of great violence or destructiveness has occurred within the reach of history; but if there be any truth in Mr Lyell's surmise that a liability to these tremors may shift about over the face of the earth, and after being long absent from a country, take possession of it again, it is not impossible that our soil (so much of it being volcanic) may once more become the scene of dreadful calamities of this kind, while they gradually cease to affect South America, Southern Italy, and other districts, where for ages they have been exhibited on a tremendous scale.

The latter part of the past year, and the beginning of the present, have been remarkable for the number and violence of earthquakes in Great Britain. For a fortnight in the middle of October, slight tremors were felt at Comrie, a village in Perthshire which enjoys the unenviable distinction of more frequently experiencing earthquakes than any other place in the British islands: it is situated in the vale of the Earn, just within the frontier of the Grampian mountains. On the evening of the 23d of October, about a quarter past ten o'clock, an unusually violent shock took place here, and spread away in different directions, chiefly to the east. It was felt over a great part of the island, but nowhere so violently as at Comrie and the adjacent districts. A reporter at Monzie, a gentleman's seat a few miles from Comrie, thus describes what was experienced at that place and its neighbourhood:—"At thirteen minutes past ten in the evening we heard a sound like that of a numerous body of cavalry approaching at full gallop along a grassy sward. When this had continued a few seconds, we felt two or more abrupt concussions, as if a solid mass of earth had struck against a body more ponderous than itself, and *rebounded*. The rattling of furniture combined with the subterranean thunder, and the reeling of what we had hitherto deemed *terra firma*, communicated at this moment a feeling of the terrific that must have made the stoutest heart quail. The sound passed off as before, far to the east, carrying fear into other districts. In a number of houses the bells rang; one house of three stories, situated in Crieff, has been rent from the chimney-top half way down the gable; and we have heard that a number of corn-stacks have been thrown down. At Comrie the consternation was such that the people ran out of their houses, and, late as was the hour, many assembled for prayer in the secession meeting-house, where religious exercises were continued until three in the morning. There was a second shock at twenty minutes to eleven, and a third somewhat later, but both inferior to the first." At Perth the shock was felt for nearly a minute, and was so violent that the room in which the editor of the Perth Advertiser was writing seemed "as if it were about to tumble about his ears." At Ballater, in Aberdeenshire, within the range of the Grampians, but nearly a hundred miles from Comrie, "it commenced tremulously, and gradually increasing, terminated abruptly. Chairs, stools, bottles and glasses, rattled furiously, but nothing was overturned. The duration might have been about five seconds; the sensation was as if the movement had been from west to east." These are the principal places near the Grampians from which we have seen reports. As we recede from that range of mountains, we find the motion described as less and less violent. At Aberdeen it "was not of that energetic and irregular character which usually distinguishes volcanic action, but of a gentle kind, producing a horizontal movement, not unlike the rolling of a vessel in an easy sea-way." At Inverness it was felt slightly and produced no serious effect. At Montrose, also, it was slight. In Edinburgh it was felt chiefly in the low parts of the northern suburbs, but so slightly that many persons living there did not remark it. There seems to have been more motion in the peninsular district comprehending Fife and Clackmannan. At Cupar "the tremulous motions were continued for sixty or seventy seconds. No subterranean sound accompanied the convulsions, which seemed to pass eastward in rapid succession, at first with considerable violence, and a disagreeable complex motion, but which gradually subsided to a slight horizontal rocking that gradually died away. Houses shook, windows rattled sharply, loose pieces of plaster fell from the walls, and light articles of furniture were moved in their places."* The report from Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, is an interesting one, both for its minuteness and on account of the situation of the village under the Ochils, a range of hills nearly connected with the Grampians. "Last night I had gone to my bedroom a little before ten o'clock, and was sitting reading with my face to the south. The house stands quite detached from other buildings, and faces the west. About ten o'clock I felt a sudden shock, accompanied with a loud and uncommon sound, the house strongly undulating in a west and east direction. I felt myself moved in the same direction, and the furniture in my room and the windows shook very much. I was not afraid, but felt singularly confused; the noise was as if within the house, and similar (though much louder) to the drawing a heavy table forcibly along the floor. Some of the inmates of the house had gone to bed, but they were so alarmed that they instantly arose and ran to the lobby, not knowing what the consequences might be. I resumed my reading, and about half-past ten o'clock there was a momentary shock, attended with noise, but not nearly so loud as the former; yet it is remarkable that the sensation was much more unpleasant than the former, which lasted about four seconds. Many people here, who had no idea of an earthquake, conceived their houses were falling, as the furniture, bottles, and dishes, were shaken, and some articles suspended from the walls fell down. After the second shock I went to sleep, but upon inquiry this morning I found there had been another shock, comparatively slight, at twelve o'clock, and another of these shocks was felt last night at eight o'clock." It was generally remarked that most people who were in bed at the time when they felt the principal shock of this evening, started from their places of repose, even before they knew it was an earthquake, as if through an instinctive tendency. A gentleman who remembers the earthquake of 1801, assures us that the same remark was made on that occasion.

By far the most remarkable proof of the force of this earthquake which has been recorded, was the bursting of a great dam formed on Cringate Muir in Stirlingshire, for the supply of water to the manufactories on the Carron. This reservoir was surveyed and considered as perfectly secure by two of the most ingenious men of our country, Mr Smith of Deanston and Mr Thom of Rothsay; but it nevertheless gave way under the shock, producing great damage to property in the vale below. At Blairingone, a tremor which took place at five in the morning, elsewhere unnoticed, shook down the sides of a pit, and buried three working men, who were with great difficulty extricated. Some remarkable results have since been observed—"A small tract of boggy land in Morayshire, which, during the winter seasons of at least the last hundred years, has been invariably more than half under water, has remained dry ever since; and several wells in the neighbourhood of Inverness, which derive their springs from fissures in the old red sandstone of the district, are only now [January 1840] slowly beginning to yield part of their wonted supply."*

The weather on the day and night of this earthquake is universally described as having been rainy. "At Kincardine in Monteith [this place is not far from Comrie], the atmosphere to the south was observed to be in great commotion, resembling the commencement of a hurricane." When the subsequent and lesser shocks were felt during the night, "there was, as before, a very glowing and varied light, and a tint of glowing yellow pervaded the atmosphere." A singular fact was observed in Edinburgh during the ensuing five or six days, namely, that the barometer stood at the height of 30¼ inches, or *Set Fair*, although there was rain every day, and often in heavy showers.

On Sunday the 19th January 1840, about half past three in the afternoon, another earthquake was felt in Perthshire, particularly in the vale of the Earn. The sound was also heard in the Carse of Gowrie. A party of ladies and gentlemen, on a terrace walk overhanging that fine plain from the north, heard what one of them has described to us as "a low underground appalling sort of noise, which came as if from the west"—the direction of Strathearn. In a few minutes they heard the same again.

We pass over a number of minor tremors which have occurred during the last twenty-four years, and take up the remarkable earthquake of 1816. The summer of this year was noted for desolating rains and hail-storms, the effects of which were felt in the scarcity of grain during the ensuing season. It was observed, that during the prevalence of the severer weather the barometer did not afford its usual correct indications, the mercury frequently rising immediately before heavy rain, and falling upon the approach of fair weather. The earthquake which took place on the evening of the 13th of August, about ten minutes before eleven o'clock, was felt throughout the greater part of Scotland, but evidently was strongest in a tract extending from western Ross-shire, through eastern Inverness-shire, and so on through the province of Moray—the direction being from W. N. W. to E. S. E. Directly to the north and south of Inverness, it was comparatively slight, but yet was perceptible to many in Edinburgh and Glasgow. At no considerable seat of population was its action nearly so intense as at Inverness. The streets of that town had been emptied of the inhabitants, most of whom had retired to bed, when suddenly the percussion took place. "I could think of nothing," says a gentleman residing there, "that could give so good an idea of what we felt, as that of a person being seated on the back of a horse, when he suddenly and violently shakes himself." A noise like distant thunder was heard. The tremor lasted for about twenty seconds, or, in the opinion of some, nearly a minute. The force was sufficient to throw some persons out of bed. All others who had gone to rest instantly sprang from their places of repose, and, with little ceremony as to clothing, joined the crowds who had rushed into the streets, which immediately became a scene of wild and unusual terror, no one knowing but that a second shock was instantly to bury them under the ruins of their houses. Under this apprehension, many hurried, ill prepared as they were, out of town, and spent the greater part of the night in the fields. It was found that already great damage had been done to the buildings. Many were rent from top to bottom; great numbers of chimney tops had been shaken down. From a stalk of chimneys on the Mason Lodge, a coping-stone weighing fifty or sixty pounds was thrown to the other side of the street, a distance of not less than twenty yards—a fact strikingly showing the extent of the vibration. It was remarkable that the newer houses suffered more dilapidation than the older. Amidst the crashing of falling stones and tiles, and the shrieks and lamentations of alarmed women, one curious circumstance was not observed in the town, but was noticed by three gentlemen who were approaching it from the westward: the great bell tolled twice. In the morning another important fact became known, namely, that the beautiful steeple which had recently been attached to the county jail had suffered a twist at the distance of a few feet from the top. The spire was there of octagonal shape, and the twist, which was from the east towards the north, was to the extent of about a sixteenth of the whole circumference, the angle of the removed part being turned to the centre of the adjacent *face* in that direction. The present writer speaks of this result from personal observation, for in 1826 he saw the steeple in the condition described; it has since been repaired. Most of the stones detached from the chimney tops were thrown in the same direction, and it was from this fact that the inference was drawn that the direction of the motion in the first instance was from north-west to south-east, for, such being the case, loose parts at the top of a tall building would naturally be left behind, or thrown in the contrary direction. Some gentlemen who had been in the West Indies, where earthquakes are frequent, remarked of this shock, that it was smarter than any they had ever known in that part of the world.

At Cromarty a huge fragment of rock was disengaged from a precipice, and the gable wall of a newly

* The Witness (Edinburgh newspaper), January 22, 1840.

* The Herald (newspaper).

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built house was rent diagonally from top to bottom. Farther to the north, three arches, which had recently been built as part of a roadway across a small arm of the sea in the county of Sutherland, were thrown down. To the east of Inverness, in the line of the tremor, the effects were not much less severe than in that town itself. At Relugas House, on the river Findhorn, at Auldearn, and at Forres, the shaking and noise were frightful. Furniture moved, house bells were set a-ringing, and kitchen utensils rattled on the walls. A man who was walking at the time amongst the mountains near Lochindorb, "was first alarmed by a sudden and tremendous noise of a rushing wind, which came sweeping up the hills like a roar of water: this was instantly followed by a rumbling noise, and the *ground was sensibly heaved up and down under his feet.*" At Peterhead the rumbling noise was heard, and many people thought it arose from thieves breaking into their houses. A family in that town observed that the clock in their stair *earned* twice before striking eleven. The shock was violent at Aberdeen, and a second one, of a slighter nature, was there felt at half past eleven. The same motion and the same noise were observed at Montrose, where great alarm was excited, many leaping from bed in the apprehension that their houses were about to fall upon them. Near the town, two excise officers were on the watch for smugglers, whom they expected to approach in a certain direction. They had lain down on the ground, and when the shock took place, one of them leapt up, calling to his companion, "There they are! I feel the ground shaking under their horses' feet!"

No meteorological appearances of any importance were observed on the evening of this earthquake. The night was calm and mild. It is, however, a circumstance too important to be overlooked, that on the 7th of August an eruption of Vesuvius took place.

In a retrospective view of British earthquakes, no other we believe of any importance occurs till we get back to that of 1801. This occurred on the 7th of September, at six o'clock in the morning, and was felt over a large part of Scotland, but particularly at Crieff and Comrie. In Edinburgh, where it was observed in the New Town, but not in the Old, the sensation within doors was as if the house had been gently lifted upwards, and then shaken violently in a direction from north to south. Some hours afterwards, a house in the Old Town sank so much as to require being condemned by the magistrates, and the gable of an old barn near the city fell in upon some reapers, two of whom it crushed to death. In 1799, on the 17th of January and 24th of February, earthquakes were felt at Comrie and its neighbourhood. The same place was visited in like manner in 1792, and at several times throughout the latter part of 1789. On one occasion, late in the year last mentioned, the ice on a piece of water near Lawers House was shivered to atoms—an effect which we have nowhere else seen observed. On the 30th of September, in the same year, a tremendous earthquake occurred at Borgo di San Sepolchro in Italy, swallowing up many houses and destroying many lives: it is said that "on the same day three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at the house of Parson's Green, on the north side of the [volcanic] hill of Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh."* Four days before, a shock had been felt in the county of Wilts. On the 8th of July 1788, an earthquake was felt in the Isle of Man, and on the same day the sea at Dunbar suddenly receded.

On the 12th of September 1784, the water of Loch Tay receded from the two ends, and rose in a great wave in the middle, after which it flowed towards the lateral shores, rising high above its usual level. This was repeated every day for a week, with less and less force. It is very remarkable that this summer and autumn were remarkable for earthquakes in different parts of the world. On the 18th of July, one occurred on the borders of Armenia, where it nearly destroyed the city of Ezerghan, and caused the loss of six thousand lives. On the 14th and 15th of August there were severe shocks in Iceland; and on the 15th of October, an earthquake took place at Grenoble. During the tremendous earthquakes of Calabria in 1782, the barometer in Scotland sank within the tenth of an inch of the bottom of the scale, and the waters of many of the Highland lakes were much agitated.

We have not, however, any proofs of sympathy between our own island and remote countries so strong as those which were afforded on the dreadful 1st of November 1755. That day, at a little after nine o'clock, the city of Lisbon was nearly swallowed up by one of the most violent land-convulsions on record. On the same morning, at a time (half past nine) which appears to have been exactly identical, when the difference of longitude is allowed for, the waters of Lochlomond suddenly rose upon its banks, so high as to carry a boat at one place forty yards into the land; and, then receding, was in five minutes as low as it ever is remarked to be in dry summers. In five minutes more, it rose again as rapidly as before, and then again receded. Thus it went on for an hour longer, but always rising less each time. Loch Katrine, Loch Long (an arm of the sea), and Loch Ness, were all agitated in the same way. On the same day, Pibley Dam or Pond, in Derbyshire, swelled in like manner towards one end, and then receded. The highest rise in Lochlomond above the former level was two feet six inches, but a wave eight feet high rushed against one end of Pibley Dam.

Perhaps no good end would be served by going further into the history of British earth-tremors. Enough has been done to show that we are by no means exempt from this class of physical calamities, though fortunately far from the seats of their greatest violence. The general result of our inquiries is, that Perthshire and the neighbouring districts are much more visited by earthquakes than any other part of the empire, the little village of Comrie being, as it were, the metropolis of the country in this respect. Volcanic hills are thickly strewed over this tract, the action of which has long ceased to be apparent on the surface. It is probable, however, from the frequency of these concussions, that in the north of Scotland subterranean fire resides at a less distance beneath than in other parts of the island.

* Scots Magazine, 1818, p. 845.

SEBASTIAN CABOT, THE NAVIGATOR.

It has been a frequent subject of regret, that the name of a comparatively unimportant voyager, Amerigo Vespucci, should have been prominently and indelibly associated with the New World, in place of that of the earliest traverser of the Atlantic, and greatest of all maritime discoverers, Christopher Columbus. But a double injustice has been done here, although few are aware of it. If the name of any other man but Columbus ought to have been bestowed on the great Transatlantic continents, it was not that of Amerigo Vespucci, but of Sebastian Cabot, the first voyager, indisputably, who landed upon the continent of America. It is well known that Columbus, in his first two voyages, did not penetrate beyond the islands of the Mexican Gulf. On the occasion of his third voyage, he certainly reached the American continent; but in the interval Sebastian Cabot had anticipated him in the accomplishment of that honourable feat. The fact, as here stated, has lately been established beyond dispute by the investigation of original documents, previously neglected or misinterpreted.

Sebastian Cabot was an Englishman by birth. His father, John Cabot or Cabota, was a native of Venice, who had come to England to "follow the trade of merchandise," and had settled in Bristol, where, about the year 1475, Sebastian, the second of three sons, was born. As this youth sprang up into manhood, the subject of maritime discovery became the all-engrossing one throughout the civilised world. The voyages of the Portuguese to the East, and of Columbus to the West, had opened up a new and most brilliant field for the operation of the spirit of enterprise, and one, besides, which held out such hopes of gain as might well dazzle the imaginations alike of prince and private adventurer. Sebastian Cabot was precisely in that position of life to be peculiarly acted upon by such motives. His father seems to have acquired very considerable wealth by commerce, and had consequently the command of shipping to a certain extent. At the early age of four, Sebastian first went to sea, being taken by his father on a voyage to Venice, from which city they returned, after a short stay, to England. In 1493, Columbus came back from his first voyage across the Atlantic, and the news of his discovery spread rapidly over Europe, awakening, to an amazing degree, the feelings which have been described. Sebastian Cabot has given an account of the impression made on his own enthusiastic mind at the time. A conversation of his, reported in Hakluyt's Voyages, contains these words:—"When newes were brought that *Don Christopher Colones Genoese* had discovered the coasts of India, whereof was great talke in all the court of King Henry VII., who then raigned, insomuch that all men with great admiration affirmed it to be a thing more divine than humane, to saile by the west into the east, where spices growe, by a way never knowen before, by this fame and report there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing. And understanding, by reason of the sphere, that if I should saile by way of the north-west, I should by a shorter tract come into India, I thereupon caused the king to be advertised of my desire, who immediately commanded two caravels to be furnished with all things appertaining to the voyage."

By the date of a patent granted by Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, we find that this enterprise was finally resolved upon in March 1496. Although the name of the father was included in this patent, and although successive modern writers upon maritime adventure have given praise to John Cabot as a great discoverer, there is no good authority for supposing that any one of the Cabots, excepting Sebastian, had an actual personal share in the conduct of the voyages that followed the acquirement of the patent; though, being parties to it, and sharers in the fitting out of these expeditions, their names are usually associated with his in the history of maritime discovery. Sebastian sailed from Bristol in the spring of 1497. He directed his course to Iceland, with the intention of breaking the length of the voyage by a halt there. From Iceland he pursued his voyage into the great western seas, and on the 24th of June came in sight of Labrador, or, in other words, of the continent of North America. In consequence of various erroneous translations and interpretations of old authorities, foreign and domestic, the majority of modern writers have held the land thus discovered to be Newfoundland, and have consequently deprived Cabot of the honour of first landing on the American continent; but a Memoir of Cabot, published in 1831, clearly shows the injustice which has thus been committed. Among the numerous proofs there adduced, it is unnecessary to mention any others than that of the new patent granted in the following year, 1498, which distinctly and repeatedly alludes to the separate discovery of "land and isles" in the voyage of the preceding year; and that of a very old and nearly contemporary map, existing in the king's library, which marks the continent of Labrador as "land discovered by John and Sebastian Cabote in 1497." Now, as Columbus did not sail upon his third voyage till the 30th of May 1498, and as Amerigo Vespucci sailed from Spain no earlier than the 20th of May 1499, the first discovery of the continent of America must be held to be the work of Sebastian Cabot.

From the scanty accounts that exist respecting this voyage of Sebastian Cabot, we can only learn that he was compelled, after reaching the latitude of 67 degrees and a half, and penetrating into Hudson's Bay, to discontinue his researches and return to England. This was done much against the wish of the youthful commander, who imagined, and not without good cause, that he had entered on the waters leading directly by the north-west to India. But the discontent of his men rose to such a pitch that necessity forced him to yield to their wishes for a return.

Sebastian brought home, therefore, only the important information, that a huge body of hitherto unknown land, with various islands, lay in the western way to India. So little was then understood of the true bulk and figure of the world, that Cabot, when he first saw Labrador, imagined that it must be *Cathay*, or India itself, but the cold sterile character of the country seems to have undeceived him. Undeterred by the comparatively unproductive character of his voyage, he immediately applied for a new patent to enable him to resume the enterprise. This patent was granted, and bore date February 3, 1498, being again directed to John Cabot and his sons. John Cabot died immediately afterwards, but this did not prevent Sebastian from at once setting out, accompanied by a crew of three hundred men. The particulars of this voyage are given obscurely. Several authors state that he endeavoured to colonise a portion of the northern coasts of America, but found it impossible to effect his purpose on account of the cold. He then passed along the coast to the south as far as the 38th degree of latitude, and returned, after what length of absence we do not know, to the shores of England. Though our records of this, as well as of his other voyages, are miserably defective, there can be no doubt that his reports were of great value in their day. They afforded landmarks to future voyagers, showed them points to run for, and took away from them that awful feeling of uncertainty which must ever press on mariners entering great unknown seas.

We have no existing account of Cabot's pursuits or employments for a number of years after his return from his second voyage. We first hear of him again in the year 1512, as having then been induced to accept of offers of employment from Ferdinand of Spain. He was treated by that monarch with high consideration, was made a member of the Council of the Indies, and received the appointment of commander of an expedition destined for the discovery of the North-West Passage. But while things were in full preparation for this enterprise, Ferdinand died, and his successor did not follow up his views. Sebastian Cabot, still eager for employment, came once more to England, and in 1517 was placed at the head of a new expedition, the precise object of which is not well known. The unfortunate loss, at a later period, of all Cabot's papers and maps, leaves us in uncertainty with respect to the fate of this enterprise also. We only know for certain that all Cabot's purposes were frustrated by mutinies and disobedience among his sailors. "If the mariners would then have been ruled (says one old English writer), and followed their pilot's mind, the lands of the West Indies, from whence all the gold cometh, would have been ours."

The character of Cabot seems only to have been raised still higher by this expedition. Spain appears to have become jealous of the benefit which might accrue from his after-services to England, as we find him again invited to Spain in 1518, and bearing there, for some years, the honourable office of pilot-major. In 1526, he took the command of a fleet of four ships, fitted out partly by merchants and partly at the public expense, for the prosecution of trade with the Moluccs islands, which had been ceded at that time to Spain. This expedition was, in some respects, unfortunate from its very outset. Cabot was thwarted in every possible manner by those who were concerned with him in the enterprise, the Spaniards being jealous of him as a stranger and foreigner; and, accordingly, on the expedition crossing the Atlantic and touching

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at Brazil, a mutiny broke out against the commander, at the head of which were two brothers of the name of Rojas, and one Martin Mendez. Cabot acted on the occasion with a degree of energy which secured the future peace of the expedition. Though alone, and among strangers, he instantly seized the ring-leaders, and placing them in a boat, put them ashore, where they were soon after picked up by a Portuguese vessel. This has been called a cruel act, but it was one of those pieces of severity rendered indispensable by a proper regard both to private and public interests. Having lost one of his vessels by shipwreck, Cabot deemed it imprudent to attempt the fulfilment of the original objects of the enterprise. He pursued his way southwards, and discovered the great river La Plata, on the banks of which he built forts, and where he had much intercourse with the natives, "an infinite people (says an old writer), who with admiration came running daily to the shippes." Sebastian examined the rivers and coasts hereabout with great attention, and inquired closely into the regions where the precious metals were most abundant. He spent about four years here in all, and in the interim transmitted ample accounts of his discoveries to Spain. These accounts led to the mighty expeditions by which the Spaniards afterwards acquired the dominion of the greater part of South America. Unlike his successors, Pizarro and Cortez, Cabot had only one important quarrel with the natives during his stay. It was an accidental one, and led to the destruction of twenty-five of his own men, and three hundred of the natives.

It is to be regretted that we possess so few particulars of this voyage, in which Sebastian Cabot undoubtedly exhibited all the qualities of a great captain and discoverer. He returned to Spain in 1531, and resuming his office of pilot-major, lived in Seville in great honour and repute for many years afterwards. In Ramusio's Voyages, a high tribute is paid to him, by one who had seen him, and who "found him a most gentle and courteous person, who treated me with great kindness, and showed me a great many things; and, among the rest, a great map of the world, on which the several voyages of the Portuguese and Spaniards were laid down." He is also praised as a very "valiant man," and "one that could make cardes for the sea with his owne hand." He is said, moreover, to have been "preferred above all other pilots that saile to the West Indies." What particular voyages, besides those already pointed out, were made by Cabot after 1531, we are unable to say. Certain it is, that he left Spain in 1548, and returned to England, being apparently desirous to lay his bones in his native land. His high character and importance may be estimated by the fact, that the Spanish ambassador soon after made an importunate demand that "Sebastian Cabot, Grand Pilot of the Emperor's Indies, might be sent back to Spain, as a very necessary man for the emperor, whose servant he was, and had a pension from." But the generous and enlightened young king, Edward VI., not only declined to comply with the request, but bestowed on Cabot many personal marks of favour, together with a pension of two hundred and fifty marks (L.166, 13s. 6d.), a very liberal allowance in those days. The veteran navigator was also appointed to some general superintendence of the maritime affairs of the country, under the title of Grand Pilot, or some such name. Nothing seems to have been done by the English, after this period, in the way of naval enterprise, without his sanction, and to him Britain was indebted for the opening of a new outlet of trade, which has been an important source of income ever since. In order to remedy the depressed state of the national commerce, Cabot strongly recommended an expedition to be sent to the extreme north of Europe, to form a commercial union with Russia. This was done, and, in consequence, a great Russian company was established, of which Cabot was named governor for life. The whale and Newfoundland fisheries were in some measure indebted for their existence to this company, and "hence (says Campbell, in his Lives of the Admirals) Sebastian Cabot may be said, with strict justice, to be the author of our maritime strength, and to have opened the way to those improvements which have rendered us so great, so eminent, so flourishing a people." In addition to these services, it is known that Cabot was the first who pointed out the variation of the needle. He explained the whole subject publicly to Edward VI.

Sebastian Cabot died about the year 1557, but the place where he died, and the spot where he lies, are alike unknown. We have some accounts, however, of his deathbed from his friend Richard Eden, and find that the ruling passion of his life kept its hold to the last. In the half-sensible moments of his final hour, he talked flightily of a divine revelation having been made to him respecting a new and sure method of finding the longitude, but which he was not permitted, he said, to disclose. "The spirit of the dying man (says a writer in the American Review) was hovering, like a sea-bird, over that ocean which had been the scene of his dangers, and the field from which he had reaped his harvest of glory; and the stirring music of its billows fell with vivid distinctness upon that inner ear, whose perception grew more acute, as the outward organ ceased by degrees to exercise its functions."

This intrepid navigator has received scant measure of justice from historians, whether countrymen or foreigners. A succession of errors, all tending to deprive him of his merited laurels, and even directly to injure his fair fame, has been perpetuated in maritime history respecting him, through the misinterpretation or neglect of the original authorities. In the Memoir published in 1831, these mistakes were for the first time pointed out and rectified, and the name of Sebastian Cabot will henceforth, we hope, take the high and honourable place that it is entitled to among the great early navigators of the civilised world.

FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE MEDICAL CHARITIES OF SHEFFIELD.

Our readers will perhaps remember a few remarks which appeared in the 357th number of the Journal (Dec. 1, 1838), on the subject of Dispensaries. It was pointed out that these institutions, while of course doing much good, are also doing some evil, in as far as, by the liberality with which their benefits are, it may almost be said, pressed on the attention of the poorer classes, they are teaching many to resort to charity who are not necessitous, and thus are diminishing that self-respect and spirit of independence which form so valuable an element in human character. We also took the opportunity of describing a mode of obtaining medical attendance and medicine, without these bad results, by small weekly contributions from the poorer classes themselves—a plan which is said to have been tried with the best effects in Coventry and Derby. In a volume which has recently been published by a medical gentleman of Sheffield, we find some facts which throw light upon this question, and of which we shall therefore endeavour to lay a condensed view before the reader, premising that, in the conclusion, we mean to draw inferences from the facts, somewhat different from those drawn by the author.

The book is professedly the composition of an officer of the two medical charities of Sheffield, the Infirmary and Dispensary. He sets out by stating very broadly as his opinion, that the character of the working-classes in Sheffield is at present undergoing a certain degree of deterioration, in consequence of so many charities, and particularly medical charities, being thrown open to them, the self-respect connected with independence being thus gradually worn away, and with it the virtues which have never yet been found to exist without it. The Infirmary, we are told, was established for the benefit of the poor and needful of all nations; but it never, our author argues, could have been designed for those who are able otherwise to obtain the desired aid. Now, however, the fact of being an operative is held as a sufficient claim. "The artisan never dreams of the possibility of rejection on the ground of being in full and regular employment, and being amply remunerated for his labour. He applies now as naturally to the charity when he is sick, as to the tailor for the repair of his clothes, with this difference, that he would be perfectly astonished were any one to hint at the propriety of paying for the favours conferred by the former." Our author argues against the following classes, at least, having any right to the benefits of the institution—Single men in employment—married men with only young and small families—men with several children but high wages—men who have several sons and apprentices working along with them—servants in situations. All of these persons, excepting the last, must be able to provide medical attendance for themselves, if they economise their resources. He presents a hundred cases of applications, being those within the few weeks before the time when he was writing, and out of these he shows that there were fifteen young single men, all of whom but two had been in employment till the time of their illness, twelve at well-paid crafts, and one as a labourer. Eleven cases were of married persons without children, and thirty-two applicants were married, with only one or two children. In some of the latter instances, "the only child is a daughter eighteen or twenty years of age, who has never been allowed to go out to place, or to learn any business; in others a son apprenticed to his father, and both in regular employment. In one instance, where the wife was the patient, the daughter was in a warehouse, and the son, a youth of fourteen years of age, was a day scholar in a respectable private academy in the town. The husband had received regularly twenty-four shillings a-week for the last twenty years. Many of the thirty-two cases are even more flagrant instances of impositions on the charity."

Certainly in the whole number of applicants for relief, as far as our author has described them, we do not find that proportion of persons likely to be in necessitous circumstances, which might be expected. To support his views, he brings the testimony of the house-surgeon, who, in answer to queries put to him, says—"The character and appearance of the patients generally are very different from what they were fifteen or twenty years ago. The patients are much more respectably dressed, and in better circumstances. Many now, not from inability to walk, are conveyed to the house in hackney coaches. * * They apply for much more trivial ailments than formerly." The author speaks of females who come to the institution in elegant cloaks, shawls, and clogs. Not one half of the applicants have the appearance of indigence. "The frequency with which they apply for very trifling ailments, such as slight symptoms of indigestion, coughs, or occasional pain, or, indeed, for the removal of disease which just perceptibly mars the beauty of the face or neck, is evidence that their situation in life is very remote from those circumstances which entitle them to the sympathy of the benevolent. *The really poor never apply for the relief of slight and unimportant complaints.*" Afterwards he adds—"In evidence of the trifling nature of many of the medical cases, we may state that one-half are often cured in ten days, and two-thirds in three weeks."

The results of his inquiries at the Dispensary are nearly the same. The great bulk of the applicants are either themselves artisans in the receipt of good wages, or the connections of such persons. They come in respectable apparel, and, when visited at their homes by the medical men, are found to possess every appearance of domestic comfort. Recommendations from subscribers to the institution are necessary to procure admission; but these are given, in seven cases out of ten, by persons who have no knowledge of the circumstances of the applicants. "A gentleman who, from his position in society, is often applied to, informs us that he always refuses, unless the individual bring a letter from his employer, stating that he is a necessitous object; and though promising to give a recommendation on this condition, *not one in twenty returns to receive it.*"

Facts still more remarkable are brought out by our physician. "The distresses of a community," he says, meaning such a community as that of Sheffield, "will be admitted to bear a strict relation to the state of trade. When this is extremely depressed, many hands are thrown out of employment. When the trade is good, the demand for labour is great; wages advance, and the blessings of plenty are universally experienced. The amount of misery or destitution cannot be the same in these very different circumstances. It cannot be a fixed quantity floating in society. The idea is preposterous; and yet, if the registered demand for charity be any criterion of the misery existing, there is indeed a quantity subject to scarcely any variation whatever.

From Midsummer 1835 to Midsummer 1836, between which periods trade was better in this town than it had been known for years, the number of patients admitted on the books of the Infirmary was 3126.

From Midsummer 1836 to Midsummer 1837, between which periods the trade was exceedingly depressed, the number was 3431, being an increase only of 305 patients.

Between the former periods the number of patients on the books of the Dispensary was 2888.

Between the latter periods, that is, from July 1836 to July 1837, the number was 2575, being less by 313 patients.

According to these returns there were *eight patients more during a prosperous state of trade, recipients of medical charity, than during the severe depression of it.*"

He elsewhere states that healthy seasons are marked by no diminution of the number of applicants. "We hesitate not to assert that, during the last twelve months, there has been less disease in this town and neighbourhood than has been known for many years, and yet during this period the demands on medical charities have increased."

Our author ends by suggesting a number of new regulations for the purpose of restricting the benefits of the medical charities to the really poor, for whom alone they were designed. We fear, however, that he has not allowed himself to see to the bottom of the evil. On reading his book, two considerations arise in our minds. First, in what measure is this great resort of respectable artisans to charities to be attributed to the unreasonable charges made by medical practitioners from working-men, when they are called in upon an independent footing? Second, to what extent may it be owing to the impression which has of late years, justly or unjustly, been prevailing in the minds of the operative classes, that the capitalled and employing class have an undue advantage over them, and are therefore doing no more than justice in making large and systematic eleemosynary allowances in behalf of the employed? The second of these queries is one which we are forbidden to discuss in this paper; but we may make the remark that, if the fact be so to any extent, it is much to be lamented, as even a right obtained in a mendicant way must be demoralising. With regard to the first query, we feel more at liberty.

We have been at some pains to ascertain the charges usually made to working-men in England for medicine and medical attendance; and though the returns to our inquiries have been various, we fear there is too little reason to doubt that these charges in general are such as must act as a constant temptation to the

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working-classes to resort to medical charities. We shall first lay before our readers the following extracts from a letter with which we have been favoured by a provincial physician eminent in the literature and science of his profession :—

"My experience of upwards of twenty years leads me to assert that the labouring classes generally are unable to pay private medical practitioners for illnesses in their families, if of any severity or extent of duration. This is true with scarcely any qualification with the whole class of day-labourers and farm-labourers, who earn from eight to twelve or thirteen shillings a-week. Men of superior rank, such as artisans in good employment, who may earn twenty or thirty shillings, *if they have families*, can hardly pay the doctors' bills, unless they are men of very uncommon prudence, or have singularly healthy homes or singularly liberal doctors. The general custom in England (until lately the universal custom) is for 'general practitioners,' as they are called—that is, the sole doctors of the lower and middle classes—to charge nothing for *attendance* (unless they pay visits in the country at some distance from their homes, when they charge 2s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s., according to the distance), but for *medicines supplied;* but the price put on medicines is always calculated so as to include virtually the charge for attendance. Thus, if an apothecary visits an artisan or labourer, he sends him perhaps a bottle of physic, worth possibly a halfpenny or a penny, or it may be twopence or even threepence, and charges him 3s., 3s. 6d., or certainly 2s. or 2s. 6d. This may last two or three days according to circumstances, so that the cost to the patient will be 1s., 1s. 6d., or 2s. per day. Suppose the man's illness lasts but a few weeks, the bill will be certainly 10s., 20s., 30s., or in longer illnesses several pounds." Our correspondent then relates the particular case of the brother-in-law of his housemaid, a jobbing day-labourer, realising at the time 12s. 6d. per week, paying L.9 of house rent besides poor-rates, and having a wife and child. This man, falling sick, was attended by a general practitioner between the 16th December and the 8th January, being little more than three weeks. The doctor's bill, which has been transmitted to us, shows a succession of charges for pills, draughts, and mixtures, at 2s. and 3s. each, mingled with some blisters and leeches; and the whole amount is L.4, 5s. —a sum evidently far beyond the means of such a man, but which he nevertheless paid by taking some money out of the savings' bank, and economising severely during the year ensuing upon the illness. The worst of it was, that at January 8, when he had thus incurred a ruinous charge, he was not half cured, but had then after all to resort to the medical charities. Another case was that of a foreman to a printer, receiving 30s. per week. "Last year, or the year before, he had some illness in his family, and the doctor's bills at the year's end amounted to L.15, *which he could not pay.* I would therefore say," continues our correspondent, "that the labouring classes are inevitably forced in sickness, either to obtain medical relief from charities (hospitals, dispensaries, or the parish), or to involve themselves in debt to the doctor, or to ruin themselves by paying him, or, finally, to leave their sickness to the kind care of Nature. I admit that medical charities are not unattended with evils. A good many, who might, by prudence, save a little money for the day of sickness, do not do so: some, even, who can well afford to pay the doctor, obtain relief; but, as things now stand, I am convinced that without dispensaries and parish doctors, the labouring classes and artisans could not get on at all. I am sorry to say that, from the constitution of the profession in this country, the *pure spirit of trade* prevails largely among the medical men, and this will be the case until two changes are brought about—1, a better education (preliminary more particularly), to enlarge the mind; 2, the charging for *prescribing* only, and not for medicines. The only thing that can in any way mitigate the present evil of dependence as to medical relief, is the establishment of medical clubs on good principles (such as proposed by the Poor-Law Commissioners) among the poor. This has been done to a trifling extent of late years; but I blush to say, that the great obstacle to such institutions has lain, and lies, *with the medical profession!*"

Another of our correspondents, a young Scotch physician settled in London, represents, on the other hand, that the doctors' bills are very frequently left unpaid, and that a vast deal is done by the profession gratuitously among the humbler classes, from the mere spirit of benevolence. This may quite well be, and yet the system upon the whole may be such as to press severely on those who are willing and able to pay reasonably. If the prudent and honest man can only obtain independent medical attendance by the sacrifice of the little sum he has been able to put into a savings' bank, he has but little encouragement to make the attempt to save. If he is obliged from absolute poverty to leave a large bill altogether unpaid, he is degraded in his own esteem, and rises from his sick-bed a worse member of society than he lay down. Between the demoralisation thus produced, and that which arises from the direct resort to medical charities, we see little difference. It may at the same time be true that the system is not a good one upon the whole for the medical men; but if this be the case, why should they oppose the introduction of a better? Why should they not come to some arrangement for charging the operative classes according to their actual circumstances, so that the independence of these men would be as much preserved with respect to the doctor as to the baker? If some very moderate *fixed* charges were made by the general practitioners, and that for advice or attendance, instead of for medicine, a working man would know whether he could afford to call a doctor or not; he would be encouraged to make provision against sickness; he would have the agreeable and honour-sustaining sense of preserving his independence; and the medical men, on the other hand, would probably be as well off with small charges which all or nearly all paid, as they can be with high charges which only a few can meet. The expedient of medical clubs is still better, because there the payment is actually stored up while the working man and his family are in health: it is an expedient invested with all the respectable qualities of life-assurance. We cannot conclude without again cordially recommending the general establishment of such institutions throughout England, as the measure the best calculated at once to obtain justice for the practitioner, and to protect the independence of the people.

SLEEP-WALKING.

No phenomenon in the human economy is calculated to excite so much surprise as that called Somnambulism, or Sleep-Walking. If sleep be the intermediate state betwixt wakeful life and death, somnambulism is a condition intermediate betwixt sleep and wakefulness. In perfect sleep, all the organs or faculties composing the mind, together with the external senses and the powers of voluntary motion, are in a state of rest or torpor. Dreaming is a slight approach to wakefulness, seeing that some of the cerebral organs are then in a state of activity, while others are quiescent. In dreaming, the external senses may or may not be in a state of activity. Some people, for example, can be led to dream of particular subjects by the talk of others placed near them when sleeping; while other dreamers are totally insensible to all sounds emitted within the range of their organs of hearing. In ordinary dreaming, too, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belabouring. Often, also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud.

All these partial demonstrations of activity in the external senses, and in the powers of voluntary motion, form an approach to that remarkable state termed somnambulism, in which all or nearly all of the senses, and of the muscles of the body, are frequently in perfect activity, the torpor of a part of the cerebral organs being the only feature rendering the condition different from that of waking life. The degrees in which the preceding characteristics are observable in somnambulism, vary, as is natural, in different cases, and the causes of this, as well as of the condition itself, are well and forcibly explained by Mr Macnish, in his Anatomy of Sleep. "If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognisance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing." In other cases, for the reasons given, we both walk and see, and in a third variety, we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way, the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

These brief explanations may aid in preventing the reader from being puzzled by the philosophy of this curious condition of the bodily system, or from being disposed to discredit the cases related. The simplest and perhaps least surprising cases are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse. The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism. In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches farther, and he would have passed through or at least struck a window. But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration. The following case is related by Smellie, in his Philosophy of Natural History:—"Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reside some time in a farmer's house. Mr Baird, my landlord, had a servant maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family, that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise in her sleep. A few nights afterwards, one of Mr Baird's sons awaked me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived, Mr and Mrs Baird, one of their sons, and a servant maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. We began immediately to converse. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

I knew that one of the farmer's servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers; and therefore I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and in the most peremptory manner forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs Baird in the harshest terms; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and therefore changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable. At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavoured to throw herself over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one-half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful catastrophe. She was again prevailed upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her. This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and not by any design to deceive. I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately, to my astonishment, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, 'Sarah! Sarah!' By this operation Sarah awoke. She stared with amazement, looked round, and asked how so many people came to be in her apartment at so unseasonable an hour! After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation? She replied, that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, who was every moment on the point of goring her."

In the preceding case there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked. As will be shown afterwards, this is a phenomenon which has recently thrown quite a novel interest over somnambulism, and made it a subject of greater importance.

The somnambulist in Smellie's case had not apparently the perfect power of vision. She did not or could not recognise the persons about her, yet she saw a window, and would have leapt through it, knowing that a passage was practicable. The true condition of the vision in somnambulism is indeed the point most difficult to comprehend. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast. "About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the re-

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venue boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up, but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up." The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority, Dr Benjamin Franklin. The doctor relates, that on one occasion, while bathing in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated on his back in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch testified to him.

Sometimes, in the case of a person liable to somnambulism, it is possible to direct the thoughts of the dreamer to any given subject, by acting on the external senses. Smellie, the writer already quoted, gives the subjoined instance:—"Mr Thomas Parkinson, then a student of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, was accustomed to talk and answer questions in his sleep. This fact was known to his companions. To amuse ourselves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was asleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity. We whispered her name repeatedly in his ear. He soon began to toss about his hands, and to speak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and recollected. His imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was stationed under the lady's window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and speaking to him as she had so often done on former occasions. At last he became impatient, started up, laid hold of books, shoes, and every thing he could easily grasp. Thinking his mistress was asleep, he threw these articles against the opposite wall of his chamber. By what he said, we learnt that his imaginary scene lay in a street, and that he was darting the books and shoes at the lady's window, in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear; and after tiring himself with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without wakening. His eyes were nearly shut; and although he freely conversed with us, he did not seem to perceive that any person was present with him. Next day we told him what had happened; but he said that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his mistress."

It is consistent with our own knowledge, that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulism. Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore's soldiers, many of whom, in the disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet to go on, step by step, with their waking companions. Many tradesmen have been known to get up by night and work for a time at their usual employments, without being at all aware in the morning of what they had done. Gall mentions a miller who did this. One of the most extraordinary cases of this order, however, is that of a student of divinity at Bourdeaux, who was accustomed to rise in the night-time, and to read and write *without the use of his eyes*. This case is stated in the French Encyclopedie, under the word *Noctambule*, and is attested by the Archbishop of Bourdeaux. This prelate, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing, but he read and wrote with equal facility and equal accuracy as before. Macnish, who repeats this story, does not mention the fact of the eyes not being used, though this is the most marvellous feature in the case. The reading may not have been aloud, and may only have been apparent. But as for the writing accurately without the use of the eyes, this was certainly a feat which few waking persons could have accomplished. In addition to these cases, many others might be gathered, and particularly from Mr Macnish's Anatomy of Sleep; but that book is so accessible that it is enough to refer to it for further information. We shall only mention one other case which is there given. It is that of Dr Blacklock, who "on one occasion rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done." Being blind, his family would have the more difficulty in discovering his unusual condition.

Somnambulism, it was stated at the close of the farm-servant's case, had of late years assumed a new and more interesting aspect. This has arisen from the discovery (if it be allowable to call it a discovery) that animal magnetism is capable of inducing a peculiar state of somnambulism, and that, during the continuance of that state, sensation or sensibility is destroyed. It has been seen that Smellie found the farm maid-servant to have lost sensibility in her arms. This is a statement corroborative of the account given of magnetic somnambulism. Taking advantage of this absence of sensibility, surgeons, it is said, have performed upon magnetic somnambulists the most severe and painful curative operations, without inflicting on the parties a moment's suffering of the slightest kind. The patient's mind, meanwhile, seems in a perfectly sound and active state, but without the power of remembering any thing that passed in the unmagnetised state. A Parisian lady, aged sixty-four, who had a cancerous breast, was magnetised, and it was found that somnambulism could be induced. In her waking state she was deeply averse from an operation, but in her magnetised state it was proposed to her, and she consented at once. The breast was operated upon, and cut off without the slightest seeming pain to her. On waking, she was, it may be believed, much surprised. This case, it has been alleged, is but one of several, where the like has been done, and some of the most respectable medical men of Paris have borne witness to the truth, or at least apparent truth, of these allegations.* On this score alone, animal magnetism seems worthy of a full and fair inquiry. It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, if we could arrive at means by which all the painful operations to which the human body is rendered liable by disease or accident, could be performed without suffering to those who undergo them.

Somnambulism, or the tendency to it, most commonly arises from causes not apparent or discoverable. Where it occurs in persons not accustomed to exhibit any such propensity, some disorder of the digestive functions may be suspected, and the restoration of these functions to a healthy state may put a stop to the practice. But in confirmed cases nothing can be done but to lock the doors, bar the windows, and keep dangerous objects or instruments out of the way, or a cord may be affixed to the bed-post and the arm of the sleep-walker. As a general rule, the somnambulist should be taken to bed before being waked.

SPECULATIONS ON WORDS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Salt, Sound, Tyrant, Propound.—Changes are constantly making in language; and the same tendencies which produce the alterations in the speech of the educated, often produce the alterations in the speech of the uneducated, so that the same principle which is applied by the educated to certain words, is often applied by the uneducated to *other* words, and these are considered *corruptions* of language, and vulgarities. Thus, we all say *sound*, but we do not all say *gownd*; only the uneducated say it. We all say *tyrant*, but we do not all say *chest* (for the game of *chess*); only the uneducated say it. Yet *d* is added in *gownd* on the same principle as in *sound*, and *t* in *chest* on the same principle as in *tyrant*; and *d* in *sound* and *t* in *tyrant* have no more right there than in *gownd* or *chest*. In *tyrannise, tyrannical*, there is no *t*: *tyrana* is the German, *tyrannus* the Latin.† In *sonorous* there is no *d*. Now, Chaucer wrote *soorne* for *sound*; but he also wrote *laund* for *lawn*. The thing is now reversed.

This seems capricious, but it is not more so than people's talking nowadays. We often hear, for example, *clift* for *cliff*, and perhaps from the same person *fon* for *fond*: We have in English some words with and without the *t* or *d*. Thus,

Graff - -	Graft.
Loan - -	Land.
Fell is *fell-monger*	Felt.
Kin - -	Kind.
Sieve - -	Sift.
Cool - -	Cold.

Now, compare the German and English list which follows:

Germ.—Donner - -	Thunder.
Morass - -	Morast.—*Germ.*
Germ.—Lehnen - -	Lend.
Germ.—Sieben - -	Sift.
Sin - -	Sünde.—*Germ.*
Hip - -	Hüfte.—*Germ.*
Thick - -	Dicht.—*Germ.*
Sap - -	Saft.—*Germ.*
Lay (*a song*) -	Lied.—*Germ.*

Propound, compound, expound, have acquired the *d* in the same way.

Spelling influenced by a false etymology. Sovereign, foreign, waits, &c.—There are a great number of words in English, and probably in other languages, which have been spelt in a particular way from a mistaken notion of their derivation. For example, *sovereign* was by Milton always spelt *soveran*, and this is its proper form (through the French *souverain* from the Low Latin *superanus* or *superaneus*, one set *over* others). But people thought it had some connection with the verb to *reign*, and hence it became *sovereign*. So perhaps *foreign*, which was formerly spelt *forein* (through the French *forain* from the Latin *foraneus*, out of doors). Perhaps this was confounded with *reign*. So the word *island* people imagine to be compounded of *isle* and *land*. Now, in point of fact, *isle*, which is a contraction of the Latin *insula* (French île), has nothing to do with *island*, which is the German *eiland* and Saxon *ealond*, and belonging to quite a separate family of words. So again the word *waits*, the name given to the nightly minstrels who itinerate at Christmas time, is commonly pronounced *wakes*. People find that the *waits* wake them; therefore they call them *wakes*. Now, it is very curious that the word *waits* is connected with *wake*, but in another way. *Watch, wake*, and the German *wachten*, are the same, and a *wachter* or watcher is a *wait*, a person who *watches* or keeps *awake* all night; so that the *waits* are in fact *wakes*, not because they keep *us* awake, but because they keep awake *themselves*. Webster, in his American-English or Anglo-American Dictionary, says that the word *waits* is not used; we suppose he *means* not used in America.

Gone, Done, Borne.—In these words the regularity of the formation is obscured by the spelling. Just as we have *shaven, broken, driven*, &c., so from *go, do, bear*, we have *go-en, do-en, bor-en*, the *e* having been displaced in the forms *go-ne, do-ne, bor-ne*. Our participles formerly had the prefix *y* corresponding to the German *ge*; thus *yborn*, whence we now have *born*, but the Germans still *ge-bor-en*. So *ygone-gegangen, ydone-gethan, ydriven-getrieben*. And this *ge* is pronounced *ye* in some parts of Germany, but wrongly. In the word *yclept* or *ycleped*, the participle of *clepe* "to call," the old form is preserved. The phrase *star-y-pointing*, used by Milton, is obviously wrong and falsely formed; the *y* was prefixed, not to the present, but to the past participle.

Lay, Lie; Drop, Droop, &c.—In English, as in many other languages, we have from the same root two sets of verbs, one set transitive, the other intransitive. In Latin these are numerous, and in English perhaps more so than is commonly supposed. Compare

Fell, Fall.	Lay, Lie.
Drop, Droop.	
Set, Sit (and Set).	Raise (and Rouse), Rise.

On exactly the same principle the London shopkeepers speak of *dining* their men. One of them might say, on engaging a man, "I will dine you, but I shall not be able to sleep you." To dine and to sleep a person are phrases formed analogically, though they are not yet in the language of books. Words of this class are numerous in German. Compare

Legen (to Lay),	Liegien (to Lie).
Setzen (to Set),	Sessen (to Sit).
Trinken (to Drink),	Tränken (to give to Drink).

The common mistake of using *lay* for *lie* and *laid* for *lay* is one of the vilest vulgarisms.

Other ways, Otherwise.—People often confound these words *ways* and *wise*, *no ways*, and *nowise*, &c. *Ways*, however, is not the same word as *wise*. *Wise* is only another form of *guise*, and is the same as the German *weise* "manner." "In no wise" means "in no guise" or fashion or manner.

Less, Worse, Chief, Ere, More, Former, First.—Several words are used as comparatives in English which are not so in form; and some are so which do not look so. *Less* and *worse* are used as comparatives, but they are positives, and the real comparatives are *lessor* and *worser*, which the pragmatical school of English critics would reject altogether. Lord Brougham has done a great deal to revive these and some other old forms. *Chief*, again, the same Lindley Murray school would rob of its comparative and superlative, *chiefer* and *chiefest*; and the adverb *most chiefly*. These also Lord Brougham has revived in his writings and speeches. On the other hand, *ere* and *more*, although they are not commonly looked on as comparatives, are so. *Ere* we have not in the positive; the Germans, however, have *ehe*, comparative, *eher*. We have comparative, *ere*, and superlative, *erst*.

More is the comparative of *mo*, which is often used by Spenser and other old writers—Mo, mo-er (more), mo-st. The comparative and superlative of some words are made by *more* and *most* added to the word; thus, pos. *fore*, comp. *for-mer* (fore-more), sup. *fore-most*. *First* is a corruption of *for-est* from *fore*.

Abbreviations.—It is the tendency of language to abbreviate as time goes on. Yet an early period of a language will often exhibit contractions, which a later and more polished period will not tolerate. It is so in English. For example, old writers used *nathless* as a contracted form of *nevertheless*; but now it is not allowed. So the word *them* was often contracted to *'em* even in books, as in the Miscellanies of John Norris (of Bemerton), 8th edit. p. 149, "our designs about *'em*," which is now considered vulgar. Again, the contracted forms *tho', can't, don't, 'tis, 'twill*, which occur frequently in writers of that date, 1600–1700, are instances of the same thing. The participles, also, were generally spelt without the *e*, as *help'd, reckon'd, concern'd, pull'd, sus'd*, &c., which would not be spelt so now in prose. In Fell's Life of Hammond, which we have referred to before, *laid* is spelt (p. 61, 2d. edit.) *lai'd*, instead of *laid*. It might be difficult to say *why* we spell played as we do and not *plaid*, like *laid*. It is curious to notice that it is not so. We do not think it desirable to restore the apostrophes: they look ugly and save no time; but such a word

* Colquhoun on Animal Magnetism. 2 vols.

† The Scotch say *tyerss*, laying the accent on the first syllable. —Ed.

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as *stopt* we see no reason why we should write *stopp'd* or *stopped*, any more than why *wept* should be written *wepped*. So *whipt*, *stript*, &c. Mr Julius Charles Hare would write *publisht*, *looks*, *wisht*, *talkt*, &c.; and certainly, in so doing, we should only be restoring the old method of writing them.

THE ASS AND THE TREASURE,

AN ARABIAN TALE.

[The ass, in Europe, is a by-word for all that is dull, obstinate, and stupid. Very different is the case in the East; and not unnaturally so, seeing that the animal, under the more genial skies of oriental latitudes, is as remarkable for docility, activity, and swiftness, as well as for elegance of form, as its European congener is for tardiness of step and meanness of aspect. The Egyptian Arabs give the ass the precedence over all other four-footed creatures for intelligence and sagacity, and their story-tellers bring forward as many stories in support of this opinion as would have kept Scheherezade from the block or the bowstring for another month or two. Our young readers may be pleased with a sample of these tales, and we select for their amusement one which we find contributed to a recent French periodical by M. P. Granal, a writer who has personally visited the East, and who, by other compositions, has proved himself to be thoroughly conversant with its fictions and customs. He describes himself as having heard the story from the lips of his temporary attendant in Egypt, a professed narrator of such matters.]

Rajeb was a young man of Cairo, who had been left by his father with a fortune of about two thousand piastres. Had he embarked this little fortune in trade, and been industrious, he might have lived very comfortably; but he fell in love soon after his father died, and could think of nothing but the fair object of his passion. She was a young girl, whose countenance he had first seen for a moment, when by chance she put aside her veil to drink at the fountain of a mosque. She was very plainly dressed, and appeared to belong to some humble but decent family. But she was rich in beauty, at least, and in modesty, for she hastily replaced her veil on seeing a young man looking at her, and walked away without turning to the right or the left, or looking back as coquettes do. Rajeb followed her, and saw her enter a plain house, of the kind inhabited by the middle orders. From this time forward, Rajeb was consumed by the passion which had sprung up in his breast. Of the object of it he could learn no more than that she was as virtuous and well-behaved as she was beautiful. At length he went to the parents of his mistress, and asked her hand in marriage. They received him very kindly; but when he came to speak of the dowry which they expected to be given by their daughter's husband, they demanded the sum of five thousand piastres. This was above the lover's means, and he exclaimed loudly against the enormity of the sum; but they were obstinate, and Rajeb could only prevail on them to give him a few days to reflect, and to look about him for means. If he did not appear at the end of the stated time, they would hold themselves at liberty, they told him, to accept of other offers.

Rajeb returned home, lamenting and reproaching himself with having idled away his past time. "Ah! if I had worked hard," said he, "I might have increased my fortune, and might now have been happy!" He took out his money and counted it several times, but he could not thus make it more than it was—two thousand piastres. He lay down on his bed, and tried to sleep, but his mind was too much occupied with projects for procuring the required dowry to permit him to rest. At last he bethought him of a maternal uncle at Tantah, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and who was said to be rich. Rajeb had no sooner thought of this person than he resolved to visit him. He would borrow the three thousand piastres; a rich relation could not refuse such a sum. The young man longed for the coming of day to set out on this hopeful errand.

Morning at length dawned, and Rajeb started on his journey. In order to save money he went on foot, hoping, also, to interest his uncle the more by this economy. When he reached the first houses of Tantah, he inquired for his uncle Jousoff, "the rich Jousoff," of several boys whom he met. "The rich Jousoff!" cried they, "say rather the old beggarly miser Jousoff, who regrets to throw away a bone when he has picked it white!" One of the boys, however, conducted Rajeb to his uncle's house. The young man entered it trembling, for the description which he had heard was by no means encouraging. When his uncle came to him, Rajeb saw an old, withered, ragged, dirty being, who cried, "What do you want?" in a rough voice. "Ah, my dear uncle!" cried Rajeb, throwing his arms about the old man, "do you not remember me? I am Rajeb, the son of your sister—little Rajeb, whom you loved when a boy; I am come, dear uncle, to see if you are well." "Very well," said Jousoff, "I am very well, but very poor. I shall not be able to show you very splendid hospitality." "What then!" said Rajeb, cheerfully; "riches and poverty come from God." At these words, they entered the old man's apartment, dark and dingy, without any other furniture than an old mat and a jar of water; neither pipes nor coffee were to be seen. Rajeb, however, was patient, and showed no ill humour. That evening they feasted upon a crust of wretched cheese, and some crumbs of black, detestable bread. The cheese, such as it was, was a novelty in that place, and the neighbours who saw the old man buy it, could scarcely believe their eyes.

Rajeb was not accustomed to rich fare, but after his journey he stood really in need of soup and roast, or something else that was good. But he ate the bread and cheese, and said nothing. When they had done, he tried to lead the conversation by degrees to the object of his journey. The old man, however, anticipated his purpose, and cried, "I am poor, a beggar; no dervish is poorer than I am; I am ruined; all the world robs me; I have spent my last para upon a dinner for you." Rajeb perceived that he had to deal with a heart of marble; so, after trying in vain to soften the old man by descriptions of his mistress's beauty and his own passion, the youth rose, and, under pretence of taking the air, went out to conceal his bitter disappointment and vexation.

Troubled as he was with his own matters, Rajeb could not look without pity on a poor ass which he saw on going out of doors, and which was lying in a little shed, munching some morsels of straw that lay within its reach. Rajeb, who loved animals, approached to caress the poor lean, starved creature, which was all hide-sore; and the ass seemed sensible of the affection shown to it. Prompted by his natural benevolence, Rajeb then went away, and bought a measure of barley, and almost forgot his own griefs in the pleasure of seeing the ass fall to its food with the liveliest marks of joy. After bringing it water to complete its meal, the youth went back to his uncle. It is needless to say that Rajeb passed an unhappy night; he lay on the floor, and the vermin infesting the place were sufficient of themselves to banish sleep. In the morning, the two relations breakfasted on the relics of yesterday's meal, and then the nephew was about to take his leave. But his uncle stopt him, and said, "I have an ass which is of no use to me. It is all that remains to me of my substance, and if you wish"—— Rajeb thought his uncle was about to make him a present of the ass, but he was in error, for the old man proceeded—"if you wish, you may go with me to the market, and see me sell him." Rajeb consented, and when they went to the stall of the ass, the young man again caressed the poor animal. In return, it looked at him with eyes full of intelligence, and struck the ground several times with its foot. Rajeb even thought he heard it say, "Buy me." Its looks at least, he thought, said so.

On the way to the market, Rajeb reflected on the subject, and felt himself impelled to purchase the ass by some involuntary feeling, which most people would have been disposed merely to call good-nature or pity. As the ass was young, and had no faults but those arising from starvation, several purchasers came forward. One offered two hundred piastres, another three hundred, and at last the price mounted to five hundred. When Rajeb saw that his uncle was willing to take this, he offered a few piastres more, assured that he would get the ass. "What do you want with the ass?" said the old man. "I am resolved upon having it," was all that the nephew answered. "Ah, well!" said Jousoff, with a smile of greedy pleasure, "you must give me a thousand piastres, and then it shall be yours." Rajeb was shocked at the miser's demand; but the old man, seeing his nephew's anxiety, would not bate of his exorbitant request, and the youth at last agreed, and a bargain was struck.

As Rajeb had left all his money at Cairo, it was agreed that Jousoff should go back with his nephew to that city, and there receive the purchase-money. Accordingly, they set out, and the ass with them. By the way, the creature seemed to be inspired with fresh life, and gambolled and danced as if to please its new master. Arrived at Cairo, Rajeb gave his uncle the promised sum, and entertained him handsomely. After a few days Jousoff departed, and left his nephew alone. The latter occupied himself in making a good stall for his ass, and in tending and cleaning it, by which means it soon became quite a new creature. As for the mistress of his heart, Rajeb had almost given up all hope of her. The interval allowed him by the parents had expired, and the youth, now poorer than before, did not dare to present himself before them. Whilst matters stood thus, information was brought to him that his uncle had been found dead by the road-side, having been plundered and killed by robbers. The young man shed a tear for the sudden end of the miser, and then made preparations to go to Tantah to take up the deceased's inheritance, though there seemed little hope of its proving great, notwithstanding the reputation which Jousoff had once acquired for being rich.

Mounting his ass, Rajeb proceeded to Tantah. He put up the ass in its old stall, and went into the house to search it. As he had almost expected, not a para was to be found; not a vestige of any thing valuable was visible in any corner of the wretched abode. While Rajeb was prosecuting his examination, he was surprised by the continued whining and braying of his ass. Thinking he had neglected its wants, he went out several times, and put barley, straw, and water before it; but the animal would not touch them, and continued to stamp on the floor of its stall with its foot. Rajeb's attention was at length attracted to this movement, and the ass, seeing this, repeated it with increased vehemence. Its master, seizing a bar of rusty iron which stood by, then commenced to turn up the ground where the ass struck. As he did this, the animal looked on with eyes glistening with eager pleasure, and seemed as if it would fain say, "Go on, go on; it is there." At last, Rajeb came to a coffer. He turned it out, and behold! it was filled to overflowing with doubloons, sequins, and all sorts of precious coins. The youth hugged his treasure, but the ass would not yet let him rest. It struck the ground in another spot with his feet, and Rajeb, on digging anew, found a second coffer, filled with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other valuable gems.

The ass stamped no more, and Rajeb hastened to secure his treasures, and to get them transported to Cairo. He put them into two panniers, and, although they were very heavy, the ass never slackened its speed, nor gave any signs of weariness, until it brought its burden to its master's door. On the night of his arrival, Rajeb hastened to the house of his mistress. He was just in the nick of time, for an old Turk had seen her, and offered the five thousand piastres to the parents. Rajeb, however, took the father home with him, and showed a part of his treasures, when the marriage was at once agreed on. The young bride proved to be really as virtuous as she was beautiful, and made Rajeb happy. He gave large donations to the poor on the occasion of his wedding. As for the ass, it had the place of honour, during its life, in the stable, and was never doomed to any other toil than that of bearing its mistress and her children. Its master visited the stable every day, and spoke with it as with an old friend.

Behold, in this story, a lesson never to despise animals, but always to be gentle and compassionate to them, for they may often repay a hundred-fold the little kindnesses which we do to them.

THE COMMERCIAL PRINCIPLE.

We have extracted the following just and glowing eulogy on the influence of the commercial principle, from an article entitled the American Merchant, in a recent number of the Knickerbocker.

"The discovery has not long been made, but it is made at last, that the real source of national prosperity, greatness, and power, is the once contemned pursuit of commerce. Even rulers and monarchs, although generally the last to abandon errors, and to perceive great moral truths, have begun to entertain the idea that the power of an empire is not exclusively in its armies; that increase of territory, by conquest, is not prosperity; and that successful warfare is not glory. It is not probable that the civilised world will ever again produce a Napoleon, or civilised nations again engage in such a frightful series of butcheries and desolations as were the fruits of his ambition. The knowledge that the business of mankind is to create, and not destroy, has slowly travelled upward, from the workshop of the mechanic, and the warehouse of the merchant, to the study of the philosopher, the cabinet of the statesman, and the council-chamber of the king.

It is time, indeed, that this great truth were universally acknowledged, for history has been teaching it these thousand years, in the successive rise and fall of empires. Of the great nations of antiquity, we find that the most rapid growth in power and prosperity belonged to the most commercial, as Phœnicia, Carthage, and Egypt; and that when they fell, their ruin came not from within, but from the fierce assaults of enemies, superior in power. Their greatness had in itself the elements of duration; and although they were stricken down by the overbearing might of military dominations, it was not until after long and strenuous resistance, with numbers far inferior, proving the vigour and soundness of the principles on which their national existence had its foundation. The military empires, on the contrary, with the exception of Rome, were of short and uncertain duration. They had within themselves the seeds of dissolution, and crumbled into ruins with a rapidity of destruction generally commensurate with the celerity of their elevation. Even Rome itself was no exception to the rule, save only in the long continuance of its greatness; a greatness founded on the valour and warlike temper of its people, which every new conquest tended to diminish, by the introduction of luxurious habits, and the increase of means for their indulgence, gained by the robbery and plunder of the conquered. A power erected on such foundations could not be permanent. Its growth was unnatural, and at length it fell to pieces, as so many other warlike empires had done before it, through the influence of causes inherent in its elevation. The Romans, the Macedonians, the Assyrians, the Persians, all the conquest-seeking nations of antiquity, were mere robbers. They aimed at riches and dominion by the strong arm and the rapacious spirit; and with the very attainment of their ends, the strong arm grew weak, and their ill-gotten wealth became the instrument of their destruction. The Carthaginians and Phœnicians, and every other commercial people, grew in strength and prosperity with a wholesome and vigorous increase. The wealth they acquired was won by toil, and enterprise, and perseverance, and brought with it increase of knowledge and intelligence; and if they fell at last, they fell nobly, after a long and gallant defence, not by enervation and effeminacy, but by the enormous disparity of force against which they contended.

But without looking more deeply into the causes of ancient prosperity or ruin, as to which we labour under much uncertainty, by reason of the insufficient accuracy and fulness of historical record, we shall find abundant demonstration of our position in those courses of events which approach nearer to ourselves in point of time, and of which we have fuller and more definite information. In the modern history of nations, then, we cannot fail to be struck with the manifest agency of commerce, in the creation of national wealth and power; for wherever we find commercial activity and enterprise existing in vigour, we also find national strength and influence exhibited in a high degree; and a decline of this commercial activity immediately

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followed by a corresponding decadence of population and resources. Look at the states of Italy, for instance—Venice, Tuscany, the Florentine republic, Genoa, and the rest. Time was, when, despite their narrow territorial limits, they stood foremost among the nations in wealth and power; carrying on a most extensive commerce, their ships were found in every sea; their flags were respected, their political influence was paramount, and their great men were proud to bear the title of merchant-princes. But in process of time they neglected the real sources of their power; their rulers began to assume more exclusively the character of princes, and to lay aside that of merchants; they engaged in wars of aggression; and with all this, permitting themselves to be rivalled in their trade by other nations, they descended very quickly to the miserable state of poverty and impotence in which they now exist. Spain, too, once the most commercial country in the world, was also one of the most prosperous and powerful. But in an evil hour the discovery of Columbus laid open to the Spaniards the delusive wealth of Peru and Mexico; and from merchants they became conquerors and robbers.

We might enlarge upon this branch of the proofs in support of our position; taking the instance of every kingdom and country in the world, and showing that its wealth, power, and influence, bear a direct ratio to its commerce; but the enumeration would occupy too much space, and we limit ourselves to the two most commercial nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States; each presenting, but in a different way, the most striking and remarkable illustration of the principle for which we are contending. In the first, we behold one of the greatest powers, occupying the very first rank among the nations, and until very recently holding a sort of recognised supremacy upon the ocean, without any one natural advantage which should secure to it this amplitude of power and dominion. A mere island, of such narrow limits, compared with the other great powers of Europe, that in territorial extent it holds almost the very lowest place; unfavourably situated at the corner, as it were, of the eastern hemisphere, with a climate very far from delightful, and a soil, fertile indeed, but extremely limited in the range of its productions; without forests for shipping, or mines of any thing except tin and coal; with scarcely any streams affording water-power for the driving of machinery; and, in short, as little indebted to nature for the elements of prosperity and greatness as the least potential of the petty kingdoms; this small island has for centuries taken the lead of all the world in activity, population, wealth, power, influence, and even splendour, laying every quarter of the globe, every land, and every sea, under contribution; wielding the sceptre of dominion over an empire, that, like the tricksy spirit of Shakspeare, 'puts a girdle round about the earth,' and giving laws to millions upon millions of every race and language under heaven. It boasts a navy, which, until within the last twenty years, was greater than those of all the other powers united, and more than once has maintained long and successful war, single-handed, not only against the most powerful and warlike of the continental powers, but against several of them in combination; and finally, in its last and greatest struggle, it was able to resist, and ultimately to overcome, the greatest soldier of modern times, before whose power all the other kingdoms of Europe had gone down in succession, and whose vast armies at one time included legions from almost every nation between the Baltic and the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Ocean and the continent of Asia.

Such is the power of England; and the wealth by which it is supported is of the same gigantic measure. And this wealth and power are the immediate fruit of commerce. By commerce the latter is acquired, and the former is sustained; and so long as the commercial supremacy of England is kept up, so long will that little island continue to be the first among nations—the arbiter of empires, and the wonder of mankind.

The illustration afforded by our own country is not less remarkable, although of a somewhat different nature. The amazing influence of commerce upon the growth of nations is exemplified in our history, not by overcoming disadvantages, but by the astonishing rapidity of its operation. We have every thing desirable or necessary for the attainment of prosperity and power. Immense extent of territory, unsurpassed fertility of soil, inexhaustible variety of productions, abundant forests, navigable rivers, mines of coal, iron, copper, lead, and other useful minerals; water-power for machinery, and a sea-coast abounding with harbours; we are divided, by three thousand miles of ocean, from the conflicts and intrigues of European politics, and, by the freedom of our institutions, left at liberty to employ all our energies in the attainment of individual welfare and happiness.

And now what is it that has made the United States, within less than half a century, one of the great powers of the earth? Not their natural advantages, certainly, for the same advantages are enjoyed by many other countries, without the same result. Perhaps it may be answered, that our political institutions are the cause of this effect. And so they are, in part. They are the cause, in so far as, by the freedom of action which they secure to every citizen, they have enabled us, as a people, to exert all our energies, with the highest efficacy and advantage, in those pursuits to which inclination prompted; interposing no obstacle either to the choice, or to the successful prosecution, when the choice was made. Favourable circumstances, and the national temper, led to the choice of commerce; and under the benign influence of our free institutions, we have become the second commercial people in the world, and shall soon be the first.

There is a consequence resulting from the wealth and power-bestowing influence of commerce, that is of infinitely more importance than wealth and power alone. There is yet another attribute of commercial enterprise, which bears more directly upon the highest interests of mankind, and the most exalted obligations of responsible Christian beings. The influence of commerce is peaceful; its noblest attribute is, the restraint it places on the brutal passions of humanity. Strange as it is that men should exist so long, without making the discovery, yet it is unquestionable, and the world is at last beginning to find it out, that the interest of all nations, and of every individual nation, is best promoted by the harmonious intercourse of mutual want and mutual supply. At last, the great ones of the earth have bethought themselves of putting glory, and conquest, and military splendour, and increase of territory, in the one scale, and commerce in the other; and some of them are very much astonished to find that commerce is the heaviest.

And now to what conclusion do we arrive as to the *character* of commerce, in this examination of its influence? We find that it is a civilising principle, eminently favourable to the advancement of science and the cultivation of intellect, potent in its operation upon the welfare of states, adverse to war and discord, a promoter of human happiness, and the natural and efficient stimulus to production, because it is the means by which the advantages of production are realised. Are we not right, then, in pronouncing it liberal and honourable? Must we not give a prompt and indignant denial to the charge so often brought against the mercantile profession, that its tendency is contracting, and its character illiberal? For our own part, we cannot listen with patience to such unfounded and silly imputations. Whether we use the term 'liberal,' in its intellectual sense, as relating to the tone of mind, or in that other and more common sense which regards the sentiments, it seems to us that it is, to say the least, not less applicable to commerce than to any other occupation. The merchant is not debarred, by his pursuit, from the cultivation of his mind; on the contrary, he has facilities and inducements for it of the highest order.

And if we speak of liberality in its common sense, as a synonyme for generosity, or readiness to bestow on deserving objects, in what profession shall we find more of it than in the mercantile? It is notorious, that for all charitable institutions, for the relief of individuals or communities in distress, for the endowment of literary or scientific bodies, in a word, for every kind of beneficent purpose or object, the donations of the merchants are always the largest, and the most freely given. It is notorious that the sums annually bestowed for purposes of this nature, in London and New York, the two most commercial cities in the world, are of startling magnitude; and we are warranted in saying, that to no class of men are applications of this kind made more frequently, or with more success, than to the merchants. There are exceptions, undoubtedly; but, generally speaking, their liberality in giving money is one of their most striking attributes. Away, then, with the mistaken prejudice, that charges upon commerce a want of liberality, in thought or feeling!

And that other prejudice, too, which withholds from commerce the title of honourable—one of the most flagrant and absurd of all the prejudices that beset the human mind. Why, is not the pursuit of commerce honourable! It is creative, beneficent, pacific, light-diffusing, and promotive of human comfort; and to the eye of reason, therefore, infinitely more deserving of honour than the destructive pursuit of war. Yet we cling to the stupid error of the warlike ages, and imagine that there is more honour in killing, burning, ravaging, and laying waste the fair domain provided for man, by divine benevolence, than in disseminating and increasing the enjoyments designed for us by our Creator. We adopt the insane and atrocious opinion of those iron-clad and iron-souled barbarians of the middle ages, whose business was robbery, and whose amusement was strife and butchery; who held it right to take whatever they could seize by the strong hand, and thought it very chivalrous and noble to run each other through with spears, for the mere glory of the deed; and allow our high intelligence to be hoodwinked by a prejudice, which the common sense of a child rejects as monstrous and absurd.

It is not merely as an abstract proposition, curious but of no practical consequence, that we have expatiated on the character and influence of commerce. We have been impressed with a sense and a conviction of its beneficial agency; we have seen that, by its effects upon the progress and the welfare of mankind, it has a dignity and honour of its own; we have recognised, in their full extent, its capacity for good, and the dependence of its operation upon the mode and spirit in which it is pursued; and the reader's good sense will point out to him the way in which its full advantages are to be realised; and his laudable ambition, if he be intending or preparing to engage in commercial pursuits, will prompt him to grasp the means, and employ the agencies, by which that end is to be accomplished. He will see that a first-rate merchant is one of the most useful and honourable members of society; and that to constitute a first-rate merchant, are demanded the highest attributes of mind and disposition; clearness and vigour of intellect, extensive knowledge, sound judgment, perfect integrity, liberality of sentiment, and unsullied honour. He will see that to the possessor of these attributes, the mercantile profession opens the road to distinction as widely as any other; and conscious that in this profession, as much as in any other, whatever is noble in the employment, belongs to the man, and whatever is noble in the man, to the employment, he will make it his study to acquire and cultivate all those properties which shall fit him to sustain the honourable character of a profession which, in its capabilities, may give fitting employment to the most accomplished minds, and to which, as well for its beneficial influence, as for the worthy and distinguished men it has produced, the most intellectual, the most instructed, and the most philanthropic man that ever lived, might esteem it no less than an honour to belong."

LINES TO A LITTLE BOY.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy;
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee:
With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song;
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears:
But *thou*, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart?
Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son;
And thou, perceiving that the grief must see at least destroy,
Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
Give way to anger's kindling glance, and hate's malignant frown?
No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoe'er befall,
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimise through life, unfriended and alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind.
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
Make thee a child of wisdom—and to heaven bequeath the rest:
Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;
With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
And more to animate thy course of glory and of gain;
A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—
Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

R. C.

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water—ay, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose—not the top part of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports, or dread them. —*Walker.*

NOVEL MODE OF CONVEYING A STEAM-ENGINE.

It is but a short period that the steam-engine has been used to convey post letters on land, and now for the first time a post letter is made the means of carrying a steam-engine. Messrs Newton and Berry, of the Patent Office, Chancery-lane, London, lately received per post, from Messrs Chadburn Brothers, Sheffield, a perfect working steam-engine, constructed on the oscillating cylinder principle, with its fly-wheel, framing, boiler, and fireplace complete; the whole was enclosed in a case wrapped in paper secured with string, and accompanied with a description of its construction and mode of working. The total weight being under four ounces, was charged as eight letters, which sum being prepaid at Sheffield, cost eightpence postage, and came safe to hand with its fellow penny travellers.—*Newton's London Journal of Arts.*

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

GOING TO SERVICE.

"THERE'S many have done it before; and let people say what they like, and however disagreeable it may be, it's no disgrace," said Mrs Mulvany, the shopkeeper's wife in the little town of Ballycastle, or, according to its original designation, Ballycushlawn. "It's no disgrace, Mary Cassidy, and so don't cry, dear; if you are not comfortable after a while, you can come to me. Remember there's 'a time for every thing, and every thing in time;' 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;' 'dust the corners,' as my poor mistress used to say (she was English, as well as myself, Mary), 'dust the corners, and the middle will dust itself;' 'never leave till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day;' 'a stitch in time saves nine;' 'keep on doing, and you will soon be done;' keep a civil tongue in your head, and your head will keep you;' always remember 'time and tide wait for no man.' Why, Mary, girl! if my husband, Terence Mulvany, had minded my advice, where he has single pounds now, he'd have had dozens in his purse; but he's an Irishman, Mary, and they're very affectionate in their way, yet very, very thoughtless. But for all that," added the good woman, leaning her large red arms on a counter that was as clean as hard rubbing could make it, "for all *that*, I would not exchange my Terence for any other husband, no matter what his country."

Mrs Mulvany was a bustling, industrious woman. Many people are bustling who are not industrious, but she was both; and she was kind-hearted withal, though her kindness did not take the form it usually takes in Ireland. Her hospitality was not reckless; she would place enough before her husband's guests, but not a great deal too much. Provisions are cheap in her neighbourhood, but she did not conceive that their being so, justified her in any species of extravagance; she considered their abundance an especial blessing, not to be wasted. She did not think that prevailing on persons to eat or drink more than they liked, more than did them good, was a proof of either kindness or generosity; she loved her husband dearly; she worked with him, thought for him, saved for him; but she also remonstrated with him, when, instead of minding his business, he would borrow a pointer, and use, or endeavour to use, the old gun as a fowling-piece. She steadily refused her sanction to card-playing in all its branches, as being an unchristian and unthrifty amusement; and when, having taken a "stiff tumbler" of punch, Terence would express his desire to have another, or, if not another, half a one, or "only a little drop of sperits in the could wather, *just to kill the insects*," Mrs Mulvany would lay firm, if not violent hands on the ugly green bottle, put it into the cupboard, lock it up, and consign the key to her capacious pocket: this was when there was nobody by. She had good sense enough, if Terence filled his glass too often when a neighbour dropped in, to hold her tongue *until* he was gone; or, if Terence had really taken too much, to keep it quiet till the next morning; then, indeed, her husband received a lecture, long or short, mild or strong, according to circumstances.

Men generally listen to reason when suffering from a bad headache produced by indiscretion, and Terence knew his wife was right; besides, her entire conduct in her own homely way convinced him that his interests were hers, and that the desire of her life was to see him well and happy. To be sure, she wanted him to be happy in her way rather than his own, and was not as yielding, not as subservient, as Irish wives generally are; consequently, the young idling men, who would have enjoyed their hot punch and feasting at Terence Mulvany's expense, but for his wife's carefulness, were apt to say, "that she kept his nose to the grinding-stone." Nevertheless, the worthy shopkeeper grew fat, looked happy, and prospered.

And what has all this to do with "going to service?" you inquire. I will tell you. Mary Cassidy, the pretty interesting-looking girl who stood in Mrs Mulvany's shop, had in a great degree been brought up under her eye, and improved by her counsel. She had within the previous six months lost her uncle, or rather her mother's uncle (for poor Mary was an orphan), an amiable-hearted, gentle-minded old man, a friar, who had been educated in France, and who was both polished and tolerant. Mary was only sixteen, and her great-uncle's death had deprived her of bread; indeed, during the last four years of his life his mind had faultered, and to the kindness of his neighbours he was principally indebted for the few comforts he required. Mrs Mulvany had, as she declared, loved the girl "as if she were her own;" but, contrary to the usual Irish practice, she had sent those of her own children whose assistance was not required in the shop, to service long before. They had gone cheerfully, because they had been brought up with that intention; their mother's well-known diligence and industry had secured them good situations in the best families, and it was not in Mrs Mulvany's bustling nature to understand the nature of poor Mary's feelings. Mary had occupied a dangerous position; she was above the lower class, and greatly below the higher; the poor called her "Miss," the shopkeepers "Mary." She had received a little education; enough to begin upon, and enough to make her desire more, but not enough to raise her above the rank of an ordinary English servant. This she hardly believed could be the case, though Mrs Mulvany had told her so. She had no near relation in the world; but the Irish world is not a cold one. All who knew sympathised with her, except Mrs Mulvany, who declared she was in luck to get what was as good as an English place, to go where she'd have fresh meat once a-day, regular meals, a good bed, and a mistress who "would have her work done properly."

Mary Cassidy silently agreed with every word uttered by her active and disinterested friend; she then as silently stole into the parlour behind the shop, and from that into the little garden, where she shed many bitter tears at the prospect of "going into service." Mrs Mulvany supplied her with all she deemed necessary for English servitude; and as she was going as house-maid, under the lady's maid, there was every reason to suppose she would learn well and quickly. She was, however, to spend a few days after she left Ballycushlawn at the house of a country gentleman, a sort of person midway between a farmer and a squire; a very dangerous position for any one to occupy. The gentleman's wife was a distant relative of poor Mary's, and as in Ireland "poverty" does not often "part good company," she was not ashamed of her fourth cousin, though she was foolish enough to lament her going to *service*. Here it was Mary's fate to witness the reverse of all the maxims inculcated by Mrs Mulvany's kind advice. There was no settled time for any one duty; every thing was conducted by the rule of "hurry scurry;" consequently, when night came, at least half the work was laid to the account of the following day, which thus became overburdened. The kitchen was a scene of most desperate confusion; instead of the noggins and jugs being hung in regular lines along the dresser, they were laid down when done with on the floor, "that the cat, the craythur, might finish the sup of milk," or "the chickens pick the last of the stirabout," or "Rover, the baste, lick the end of it." There they remained until they were wanted, when all was perplexity to get them ready. The dust was never disturbed from the corners of their parlour, or from behind the tables and chairs; consequently every breath of air that entered the room, set it whirling over "the greenest spot" that had received *the promise* of a sweeping.

Mary discovered in the morning, while commencing her breakfast, that the milk had never been properly strained before it was set for cream to make butter; consequently the cow hairs stuck round that compound, like a cheveau-de-frise. Mary could not eat.

"Indeed, and it is very troublesome they are," said the lady, picking out the offenders one by one, and laying them on the breakfast cloth, which bore tokens of being "used to it." "It's mighty troublesome they are; and while I think of it, I'll just speak about it to Nelly. Ring the bell, Mary."

Mary tried; the bell was mute.

"Well, call, then, dear; tongues were made before bells; but, any way, if Jerry had strengthened the crank when I told him, with a bit of wire, we needn't be made hoarse with calling, or lame with tramping after those blind and stupid sarvants; now, we must have the bell-hanger, I suppose, *when we can get him*."

"A stitch in time saves nine," thought Mary Cassidy, as Nelly entered.

"Nelly, the hairs prevent our eating the butter," said "the misthress," with the greatest composure.

"Bad luck and bad manners to 'em for that same," replied Nelly, leaning her shoulder against the door post, and running her finger backwards and forwards across the back of the nearest chair, so as to form a meandering figure in the dust.

"Nelly, it's your fault."

"Bedad! I'm as clear from it as if I had just risen from the priest's knee, God bless him! My *faut*, agra! Bedad! misthress, it's the *faut* of the strainer, that's gone into *smithereens* ever since yerself, ma'am, took it to bate paes in."

"Devil take the peas!" chimed in the husband. "Sure milk-vessels should be kept to themselves; I had the taste of split peas off the butter for a month."

"Ay!" said Nelly, making a very long slide with her finger in the dust; "ay, and last market-day, Pether, Sandy Pether, the *gra-boy*, lost the sale of the butther through one of Andy Muckle's jokes—may the devil choke him wid the next, I pray! He said it was cows' hairs he was bringing to market instead of cows' butter."

"Still, Nelly, that is your fault," said her mistress, in a more angry tone.

"See that now! Bedad! ma'am, *I thought ye'd say so!* Sure ye could not expect me to hinder the strainer of wearing, and the paes, and" ——

"Don't dare to talk to me of the peas," exclaimed the good woman, angry that *her* fault should be exposed; "could you not have mended the strainer?"

"It's a-past mendin' now."

"But at first?"

"Oh! at *fust!* Sure it was only a *dawshy* hole at *fust;* and Miss Nancy used to take the world's delight in seeing the *kitling* put her paw through it. The hole did no *harrum at the fust going off, as we used to lift the strainer on one side.*"

"If Mrs Mulvany heard this," thought Mary, "hew she would storm!" and ventured immediately to suggest, that until a new strainer could be purchased, a piece of coarse linen should be sewn round the wood. She would do it with pleasure herself, "as it was a pity to lose the sale of the butter."

"Oh, very well," said Nelly, rather piqued than pleased; "miss might do it to be sure, if the misthress liked. The *butther* had the hairs in it many a day, and the misthress took it aisy enough; and as to the sale of the *butther*, the laugh was agin Pether in the market. But, to be sure, some people, especially those reared by half English, such as Mrs Mulvany, was mighty nice;" and Nelly flounced away, her mistress talking loudly of the "dirt of the servants," quite forgetting that she had set the example, if example was needed, of carelessness, by corrupting the milk-strainer by the impurity of other matter.

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Dinner was ordered at four that day, and as poor Mary was wandering about, observing, without knowing it, how different every thing was from the thrift and care manifested in Mrs Mulvany's dwelling, two of the children came running to tell her that "Peenawn the piper was outside the back door, playing 'Rattle her down the Hill,' the hunter's jig, and that Nelly and Molly, and little Jemmy, war dancing a double jig." Mary thought it must be near the hour of dinner; as she passed the clock she looked up; *it was not going* (a sure sign of a mismanaged house); but in the kitchen, the ducks, suspended by a string of twisted worsted before a fire, roaring like a burning mountain, were at a dead stop, while a dog was licking round and round the edge of a huge cracked dish that did duty as a dripping-pan, as the *cook* (!) had not been able to find time "to rid" the baked potatoes out of the proper dripping-pan, though they had been nearly destroyed by the picking of chickens and the licking of animals, to whom the kitchen was free ground; and over this kitchen there was no presiding genius, as the cook had fled at the sound of the pipes to turn her foot in a jig, leaving the dinner to dress itself.

Mary drove away the dog, and turned the ducks, seeing there was no chance of the servants "keeping on doing and consequently being soon done;" but the servants regarded her care with scorn, and held her labour in contempt. "Indeed, they war not going to lose their step of a dance for nothin'; the dinner would be time enough. *Masther nor mistress was never ready to the minute; why should they bother then?*—it wasn't every day they heard the pipes."

If Mary had known enough to understand the full force of the observation, "master nor mistress was never ready at the minute," she would have understood how necessary the practice of punctuality is to enforce its observance. The slovenly habits of this house did Mary Cassidy infinite service, for she had a sufficient quantity of good taste to perceive they were such as to mar every thing like comfort and economy.

Five months elapsed after she went to Mrs Singleton's before she wrote the following letter to Mrs Mulvany:—

"My dear Friend—for so you have ever proved yourself to be to a poor friendless girl—and you will therefore, I am sure, let me call you so—I am doing, thanks to your advice, very well indeed, and, I may say, give great satisfaction; and if it warn't for Mary Dacey, the lady's maid, I should be as happy as if I wasn't at service at all; every thing is regular as the clock, and my mistress so particular. 'You are a good girl,' says she to me one morning; 'Mary Cassidy, you are a very good girl; I have examined all the corners, and find them well dusted.' 'Ma'am,' says I, making a dutiful answer, 'Mrs Mulvany told me to sweep the corners, and the middle would sweep itself,' and that pleased her very much, and she said I was a nice clean girl. But what puts betwixt me and my rest entirely is Mary Dacey. Oh, Mrs Mulvany, if it wasn't for Mary Dacey, there wouldn't be a happier girl betwixt this and the Bay of Dublin than myself. Now, you see, the mistress asked me when I came if I had any *followers*, and I felt my cheeks burn up like a coal of fire, for *you* know I never encouraged but the one, and he went to sea before my poor uncle (the heavens be his bed!) died; but he did not go without *breaking the ring* which hangs about my neck at this minute, though, even if he is alive, maybe it's too proud he'd be to think of a poor servant, though he'd regard a priest's niece. However, I said, and trembling alive with the shame, 'None at this present time, ma'am,' for you told me to speak the truth.

'At this *present* time!' she repeated; 'then you *hope* to have?'

'If it's pleasing to God and yourself, ma'am,' I answered, curtseying; 'for,' I added, 'I broke the ring with one that's beyant seas, and that, *I'm afraid, will never trouble yer honour about me.*'

Now, Mrs Mulvany, was there any thing to laugh at in that? Sure I *was* in fear, and *am* in fear, that I may never see him again! But the mistress laughed outright, and then said, 'Well, I am sure you have told the truth, and if you continue to do so, we shall have no reason to repent Mrs Mulvany's recommendation. But, Mary, the reason I asked was, that, if you *had* a lover, I would find out who and what he was, and, if he was steady and well conducted, never object to your seeing him occasionally *in my house*, though I do not permit young girls to meet young men *out* of my house. It is perfectly natural,' she said, 'that you and every other young woman in due time should wish to be settled; and as I hope to be not only a mistress but a friend to you, and to all who serve me, I wish to know whom *you* know, that I may be able to advise you for the best, and reward you for good conduct. Always tell me the truth, frankly and simply as you have done now, and I will always be your friend.'

I'm sure they talked of my *little token* in the parlour, for Miss Annette looked very slyly out of her blue eyes at me the next morning, and asked me if I wore nothing about my neck but my '*handkercher*;' but was not that very good entirely of the mistress? Now, I never was used to lying; but, look, after those words of hers, Mrs Mulvany, honey, I'd suffer myself to be cut into sparables before I'd tell her a word of lie; and that's what's ruining me with Mary Dacey—the lies I mean. Oh, Mrs Mulvany, the contrariness of Mary goes *beyant* the beyands—it's shocking, so it is. There's an old henwife in it—a little put-together of a woman; and she gave out that all the young pullets were cocks, and the old hens past laying, so there never was any fresh eggs for breakfast. Moreover, she let a goose-plucker into the goosery at night, on condition that she was only to take half the feathers off the poor innocent birds. As it was done on the sly, even I did not know it, and the plucker was going on with the brutal work, until one old gander, who, I daresay, was up to the mischief, went bang through the window, and never set foot on the ground until he flew right under the mistress's window, and then the cackling he made woke the dog, that woke the mistress, and she wakes the master, and rings the servants' bell. Up I bounced, and, to my astonishment, Mary was not in her bed. I ran down to the mistress, and, 'Cassidy,' she says—the quality think a surname grander than a Christian one, I suppose—'Cassidy,' she says, 'there's a light in the goosery; go and see what's the matter, and tell Dacey to come to me.'

Well, I went down, and the gander kept on roaring a thousand murders; and when I got out, there was the plucker and the hen-wife, one on a *bosa*, the other on a *creepie*, plucking for the dear life at an old goose, and half the flock shivering in a corner, and Mary Dacey with a dirty pack of cards in her hand, that had been reading her fortune.*

'Go back,' says the old goose-plucker, 'and say there was a cat or a weazel among the geese.'

'I'll tell no untruth,' I answered; 'and the master saw the light, besides the gander!

'I wish the devil had him—and I'll give him something will make him stiffer in the wings soon,' says the hen-wife.

'Mistress asked for you,' I said, wondering at their craft, and addressing my words to Mary.

'Tell her I'm very bad entirely with the toothache,' she said, 'and that I can't get out of bed.'

'I tell you what,' I replied: 'you, Anty Mullowny, have no right to sell the birds' feathers *unknowst* to the mistress.'

'She won't sell them herself, so I do no harm,' she said.

'They are not yours,' says I.

'Praich to the skylarks, priest's niece,' she answers.

'Mary,' I said to the lady's maid, 'for the love of God, and the sake of your character, run in at once; I can tell no lie for you or any one else; I must say if I am asked, and tell the truth.'

'Oh dear, how mighty righteous we are of a suddent!' exclaimed Mary; 'but do go your own way; make tales and carry tales, and see what you'll get by it. I don't care.'

'Mary, remember what Don't Care came to,' I answered; 'and as to *making* tales, you know I never did that; but certainly I will not see my master and mistress plundered without informing them of it.'

'It does not take a penny out of their pocket,' said the plucker, while the old hen-woman shook her fist in my face, and the lady's maid dropped me a *sneer* of a courtsey.

Well, Mrs Mulvany, I don't know how it would have ended, had they not seen, from the light of a candle he carried, the master himself picking his steps through the sludge of the yard, on account of the drain of the duck-pond being going to be repaired; and the moment Mary Dacey saw the flare of the candle, she turned white as a silver penny.

'I'm done,' she says, 'I'm done for ever, if the master catches me here.' 'We're all done,' says the goose-plucker, shaking a whirl of feathers from her that looked like a snow-storm. 'We're all done!' And as she said the word, old Anty bundled herself into where a goose, poor thing, was sitting on her eggs, and like lightning she puts herself down on the eggs, and takes the goose in her lap, drawing her head down, for she is but a mite of a woman; the goose-plucker stood her ground, but Mary Dacey fell on her knees to me.

'Oh, Mary, *asoumeen*,' she said, 'just stand here that I may creep down behind you, which will get the master to pass me over—do—now do. *For the sake of your uncle's soul*, don't tell on a *poor motherless girl* like yerself; I'll burn the cards, and never do wrong again.' Well, Mrs Mulvany, I did let her do as she desired; and maybe when the master came in, was'nt he in a towering passion entirely; for being a gentleman mighty used to his own way, he didn't like being disturbed; and then every minute he opened his mouth to spake, the *flaff* of the down got into his throat, and then he was dancing mad entirely; and the goose herself, poor thing, got uneasy about her eggs, as good raison she had; and after turning the plucker out, and she on her knees to his honour, 'Mary,' he says to me, 'that goose is distressed at something; I hope they haven't poisoned as well as pluck't them;' and while he walked over to the far corner with the light to see what ailed the bird, Mary Dacey slipt out, and my heart grew lighter then, for I thought she'd mend for good.

And indeed I could not help laughing, for the master, angry as he was, did the same thing as he pulled Anty off the eggs; and when the poor goose found them broke, she got into her tantrums, and raised a regular rebellion among the other geese, so that old Jerry the gander, *who had sold the pass*† on the goose-plucker, came tottering home; and the upshot of it all was, that, in spite of a thousand lies, and as many curses, old Anty was sent off the next morning, and two more, who certainly deserved it, with her; but they did not tell upon Mary Dacey, which at the time I thought very good of them entirely. But now this is my trouble.

I believe Mary's heart softened, but not only must the heart *soften* with sorrow, but *harden* against future sin; if it does not, the sorrow does no good. Well, Mary promised me if I did not *let on*, that she'd change, and give up the card-playing, which, as you told me, brings not only temptation with it, but a hard and heavy curse wherever it is encouraged; and she seemed mighty *study* and good entirely, until one morning I thought I saw the old goose-plucker in the far shrubbery, waiting under a tree. Now, my poor uncle used to say it was through such as her that servants so often got into trouble; for they maraud through the country, sometimes pulling feathers, sometimes with a basket of hardware, or a pack of soft goods, tempting the foolish girls with finery unfit for them, and taking payment in meal or corn, or apples, or any thing the girls are tempted to take unknowst from their employer, or their parents: this is worst of all, and she was so surely on the watch, that I watched her, and by'n by I saw Mary Dacey go to her and give her something *blue*, but what I can't say. Well, I met Mary at the turn, and she running home for the dear life. She grew red and pale when she saw me. 'Where have you been?' I says. 'Down the grove for a mouthful of fresh air,' she says. 'The air is fine and fresh here, Mary,' I says; 'glory be to God for it!' 'Maybe I had a bachelor to meet down there,' she says, laughing it off.

'May be, Mary,' said I, 'you went to meet the goose-plucker.'

Well, what staggered me, was, she swore such an oath she never set eyes on her since that night; and when I reproached her with her wickedness, and said I *knew* she was there, she turned on me with the greatest abuse, called me a spy, and said I might be an informer if I liked; that, if she did not see the goose-plucker whenever she sent for her, she would tell the mistress, by a synonymous letter, all I had to do with them before.

Oh! Mrs Mulvany, what am I to do?—the woman is often about the house, and neither master nor mistress knows it. Mary meets her, I know she does, constantly, and master said the first person who encouraged her about the house, should lose their place; and what he says, *he'll* do. I know she's after no good, and I tell the cook so, and she says the same; but she says also, it's not your business, nor mine; and if ye tell on Mary, she's an *orphin*, and can have no character if she's turned away for comrading with that old fortune-telling woman, that's the curse of the neighbourhood." [The letter continued to repeat her anxiety as to what she ought to do, and her fears as to whether or not Mary took any thing of value, and her dread of making enemies, and all the various fears and feelings which a well-meaning mind, that nevertheless wants strength, is likely to urge, both to itself and others, as an excuse for not doing at once what it is a duty to do.]

When Mrs Mulvany read the letter, she first of all called to her youngest daughter to be ready to take charge of the shop, as she was going from home for maybe a couple of days. She then asked her husband if she might have "the sorrel swinger," as demurely as if she wished him to believe that he really had some command over his stable. And then she ordered "Jem" to saddle the horse, and put on the big pillion and his best "top coat," as she wanted him to look decent. After she had made these arrangements to her perfect satisfaction, she commenced dressing herself in her best, and commented aloud on the contents of the letter, as she did so. "That's the way the world gets worse instead of better, and good, honest, industrious servants suspected, because of the bad ones that have gone before them. It's all through the want of a proper feeling of the great principle of truth; that's what it is; confounding the character of an *informer*, who tells lies, and if he does tell truth, does it for a reward, with that of the *truth-teller*, who cherishes truth for the love of God, and whose duty it is to prevent evil. 'What is she to do?' Why, if Mary Dacey won't take her warnings, it is *her* duty, as a servant and a Christian, to tell her mistress. My poor child! she'll get into trouble, that she will! But *I don't* care a rush for the whole set of them! I'll just give my own Mary's letter into her mistress's hand, plain and above board. 'Anonymus letter!' he who writes an anonymus letter is a knave, he who *believes* it a fool. Oh! that servants should be so base as to see their employer robbed; and say, 'It is not their business,' as if it is not every body's business to prevent robbery, as if we should not speak truth! Oh! if plain-speaking was minded, how seldom we should meet rogues, for they would know that every honest eye was as a watch-tower over the inroads of roguery. To think now that she'd be led by the cook! But that's the way; if one servant does not exactly corrupt another, she saps the foundation of good principles. Mary Dacey, an orphin, indeed! Good reason she should be more careful, after all the warnings, too; and why should she *have* a character, if she does not deserve it? The idea of letting fraud be practised, because if it was known the person who cheats and robs will not have a character! the person, too, who gives bread, who spends money in his own country instead of going abroad. That little minx, my own Mary, she *ought* to have known better; but she *is* young, poor child! However, I'll set it all to rights; I don't care for any of them."

And having so decreed, she strapped on her riding skirt, put on a warm shawl, surmounted her handsome lace-cap by a black beaver hat, which boasted the ornament of a steel buckle; and after her husband had lifted her on the pillion, and the "sorrel swinger" was fairly off at his usual hard, high trot, Mr Mulvany was heard to declare that his wife "grew *handsomer* and *handsomer* every day of her life."

She had not proceeded far, when she saw strolling towards her the goose-plucker, who was well known to every one in the country.

"Got any thing good and cheap?" she inquired, as the old rogue looked up at her with an expression of cunning and fear, for rogues had an instinctive dread of Mrs Mulvany.

"Oh! ma'am, there's no good in telling you; for you wont let a poor body come within a mile of ye, much less show ye any thing."

"Well, I'm taking a turn, perhaps," said the shopkeeper; "so hand up yer baskct, till I have a look." There were threads and tapes, and ribbons and laces, and little looking-glasses that libelled the human face divine, and the usual assemblage of odds and ends; but Mrs Mulvany knew, from the weight of the basket, that it contained more than it appeared to do.

"How long is it," inquired Mrs Mulvany, "since you were at Castle Hazard?—how long since ye saw my little pet, Mary Cassidy?"

A change, too perceptible not to be at once noted by the quick-witted Mrs Mulvany, passed over the goose-plucker's face; and in a tone of mingled anxiety and anger she exclaimed, "*Yarra wisha!* ma'am, give me my basket; sure it's well enough I know ye didn't want to buy any thing."

"*Here's* a remnant rolled up of *blue* satin," persisted

* The custom of plucking geese is carried to a shameful extent in Ireland; men, and we shame to add, women, go about with huge bags to stuff the feathers in, and pay generally twopence or threepence each to the farmers and cotters' wives for permission to strip the poor bird as close as they please.

† Sold, given information.

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her tormentor; "what will you take for that?—or where in the world did ye find such satin?"

"What's that to you?" she replied tartly; "give me back my goods, and don't be stopping a poor traveller on her way."

"I'm not stopping you," replied Mrs Mulvany, who remembered that Mary had said in her letter she thought what the lady's maid had given the goose-plucker was *blue*. This determined her on a singular course of proceeding.

"What's yer basket worth?"

"Myself can't tell."

"Did you give ten shillings for what's in it?"

"Where would a poor craythur like me get ten shillings?"

"There's ten-and-sixpence for it, then," said Mrs Mulvany, quickly, throwing her half a guinea. "There's ten-and-sixpence for it. Will that do? Go on, Jerry; ye heard her say it wasn't worth ten shillings."

The goose-plucker stood with staring eyes, looking after the rapidly trotting horse of Mrs Mulvany, while Jerry, delighted at his mother's frolic, turned round grinning most gloriously, and waving his *Clan Alpin* in adieu to the outwitted rogue. But suddenly gathering up her energies, the goose-plucker set off screaming after the horse and its riders, while Mrs Mulvany, having discovered that the basket had a false bottom, sat coolly examining its contents.

When she arrived at Castle Hazard, Mrs Mulvany had good reason to rejoice at her promptness. She found that Mary Dacey had got up a well-arranged plan to destroy Mary Cassidy's character. Several things had been missed by the lady of the house, and the charge of robbery laid both directly and indirectly upon the priest's niece. Mary Cassidy was in tears; but protesting innocence is not proving it.

Mary Dacey was wicked enough to say she'd take her oath that she *saw* the blue satin, which was one of the things her mistress missed, in Mary Cassidy's possession. It so happened that Mrs Mulvany arrived at the very moment the examination was going on in the parlour, and she said at once, "Mary, let your boxes be searched." This was done, while the poor girl protested her innocence, and saw, when it was too late, that *truth cannot be compromised with safety to our own honour.*

"Oh, Mary Dacey!" she exclaimed, "how could you treat me so, when you knew right well what I saved you from?"

This led to the inquiry, what she had saved her from? and then came a daring appeal from the young sinner. She turned to her master and asked him if it could have been possible that she was in the goose-house the night he entered without his seeing her?

This boldness in lying almost paralysed Mary Cassidy, and her master was compelled to confess he did not think it could.

"How often," continued the artful girl, "have I found money, madam, that you lost, and brought it you!—this was not the act of a rogue, was it?"

Her mistress was obliged to admit the fact, and the feelings of their fellow servants not in the plot wavered from the priest's niece to the lady's maid.

Mrs Mulvany kept her purchase all this time concealed beneath the shadow of her riding-skirt; then suddenly producing it, she said, "Mary Dacey, do you know this basket?"

"It's mighty like—a—a—basket," she stammered.

"Whose basket?" inquired Mrs Mulvany, fixing her sharp keen eyes on her.

"Why, I don't know; sure I can't tell; how should I know?"

"Do you know this blue satin—this lace—this fine scent-box?" And she continued drawing forth a curious assemblage of things, peculations not only from Castle Hazard, but other houses. How frightful is vice at any age, but in the young it is awful.

"Well!" exclaimed the hardened girl, "now I *do* look at the basket, it is mighty like Nanny the goose-plucker's; the creature has been about the house, and ov coorse Mary turned the ready penny with her!"

Just as she had so said, Mrs Mulvany observed the goose-plucker advancing down the avenue at a much more rapid pace than she could have conceived possible, her blue cloak flying behind, and her progress marked by the escape of sundry feathers that floated away upon the breeze.

She observed that Mary Dacey changed colour, but Mary Cassidy wept as before.

"I have one favour to ask, madam," said Mary's friend, advancing to the lady who had been so wrought upon by this bad girl.

"Will you permit ME, and *me* only, to have a word with that woman before she enters here?" and Mrs Mulvany pointed to the advancing enemy.

This request was granted. Mary Dacey at first entreated and expostulated, saying Mrs Mulvany and the goose-plucker would sell her *betwixt* them, but in vain. And when the woman entered the room with Mrs Mulvany, the girl saw that the truth would be known, for the goose-plucker imagined it was known already. Still the love of lying, aided by the natural quickness of a clever but corrupt nature, swayed them both. The goose-plucker's evidence was most cautiously given; and it was marvellous how she acted upon the hint of Mary Dacey's eye.

"Why, not two minutes ago," said Mrs Mulvany, "you admitted that Mary Dacey gave you those things to purchase your silence, as you and the hen-wife determined to tell all you knew, and get her out of her place if she did not give you all she could."

"Ah!" said the old wretch, assuming the most simple expression of countenance, "you bothered me, so you did, betwixt the two Marys—it was Mary Cassidy I meant."

Mrs Mulvany looked—but no matter how she looked; the goose-plucker had confessed all to her, yet now seemed determined to turn that all to the ruin of an innocent girl.

"Here's a letter of Mary Dacey's, directed to Ben Tomlines, and that's her sweetheart, I know," exclaimed one of the children, who had been rummaging over the pedlar's basket with childish delight.

Then, indeed, the lady's maid saw her plot was discovered—then she knew all was over, for the letter, which the goose-plucker had engaged to convey to her lover (one of the worst fellows in Clonmel, and that is saying a great deal), exulted in very strange orthography over the success of her scheme to turn the priest's niece out of her place; it evinced how impossible it is for bad people to appropriate proper motives to the most virtuous actions, for it contained these remarkable words—"*She has not done me any harm yet, but I'm sure she will, for she has the power.*" The ingratitude of this wicked girl speaks for itself; but I hope it is unnecessary to make any observation on Mary Cassidy's culpable weakness, which brought all this trouble upon her. When she saw that her fellow servant persisted in a course which was decidedly at variance with her employers' interests—a *course* which she had *moral proof* was dishonest—she should have said so. She should have told her mistress; and any servant who does not, *becomes the accomplice of thieves.*

Mrs Mulvany remained all that evening at Castle Hazard, and Mary, after seeing the folly of her ways, was reinstated in her mistress's favour, while those who deserved it, lost both place and character.

"I have heard," said the poor girl, before bidding her friend good night, "I have heard—from—*you know who.* In the midst of my trouble the letter came; he knows all; and what do you think he says? That he's got promoted, and is in the rank of a gentleman. A gentleman at sea!—and when I came to that, my heart sank. But a little farther on—here—you can read it yourself. He says that he will be home, and we shall be m—a—. There, dear Mrs Mulvany, *you* can read the word, and he does not think the worse of me FOR GOING TO SERVICE."

ECHOES.

THE manner in which echoes are produced, common as the phenomenon is, has not been very perfectly explained by writers on the subject of sound. Sound, it is now understood, is propagated by vibrations of the air, which, originating in a centre-point, pass spherically outwards, in all directions, like the waves produced by the dropping of a stone into a pool. On meeting any obstacle, these vibrating waves of elastic air must first sustain a certain degree of condensation, and then rebound in a direction contrary to that of their former movement, carrying back the sound. This repercussion constitutes what is called an echo. Of course, the reverberated sound is intrinsically the same as it was before; the difference lies only in the degrees of force and clearness.

This explanation is simple, and may seem, at first view, satisfactory. But it must be admitted that there are difficulties attending the subject, which are not explicable by a reference to any such simple fundamental theory. We find, by experiment, that sound is reflected in nearly the same manner as light; yet light requires a polished surface for reflection, whereas, in the case of many natural echoes, the repercussions of sound appear to be produced by the most uneven surfaces, by shapeless rocks, and even by clouds. In truth, all that we really understand of the matter is, that the columns of vibrating or sonorous air, by which any sound is propagated, meet a peculiarly shaped obstacle, and rebound, so forming an echo to any ear which is within the range of the repercussion. There will be no echo, however, if the original sound is still affecting the organ of hearing. The ear does not distinguish the succession of two sounds unless there be between them an interval of the twelfth of a second, and as sound travels about ninety-five feet in the course of a second, the obstacle or object which causes the repetition of a vocal sound must be half that distance away, or about forty-eight feet from the utterer, in order to permit the echo to be distinguishable by him.

A simple echo is that in which one repetition is heard; a compound echo, where two or more are audible. In the case of a single echo, there appears to be but one obstacle to the passage of sound; in that of compound echoes, there are either various obstacles, so placed that the separate reflections of sound caused by them strike the ear at different times, or the locality is such that the sound, once reflected, meets new obstacles, and is re-echoed for a greater or lesser number of times.

Compound echoes are those of course which have chiefly interested philosophers, simple echoes being comparatively common. One of the most remarkable echoes noticed any where, is that which Mr Addison mentions as existing at the villa of Simonetta, near Milan. A man's voice, speaking in full tones, is here repeated about forty times, and the report of a pistol about sixty times; but they follow each other so rapidly that it is scarcely possible to number them. According to travellers, this phenomenon is occasioned by the reflecting of the sound between the two parallel wings of the Simonetta mansion, which wings consist of dead walls, standing at right angles to the main edifice. This seems to be a case, therefore, where the echo of the original sound is *re*-echoed, again and again. At Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, there is another remarkable compound echo, which repeats a single sound not less than fifty times. In addition to this power, the Woodstock echo repeats, by day, seventeen syllables in succession, and by night twenty. This repetition of several syllables or words depends on the distance of the *obstacle* from the speaker. Before the repetition of the first word can reach the ear, the speaker has time to utter a number in succession, which, in like manner, do not reach the obstacle early enough to confuse the echo of the first.

At Roseneath, in Argyleshire, there is an echo, which, like the preceding, is compound in a double sense. If a person, placed at the proper distance, plays eight or ten notes of an air on a trumpet, the echo faithfully repeats them, but a *third* (that is, two notes) lower; after a short silence, another repetition is heard, in a tone still lower; and a third time, after another interval, the silence is broken by a third repetition, in a tone the lowest of all.

It has been mentioned as somewhat difficult to comprehend, how nature, without the aid of smooth reflecting surfaces, and indeed by the agency often of surfaces extremely rough and broken, can so perfectly concentrate and throw back sounds as we find done in the case of most natural echoes. The fact that sound obeys laws of reflection similar to those of light, rather increases than diminishes the difficulty. This fact will be apparent from a description of what is called the "magic mirror." This mirror is constructed as follows. A concave mirror is fixed in a vertical position, opposite to a partition-wall in which there is an aperture of the same size as the mirror, and facing it exactly. A small thin curtain may conceal this aperture, and also the mirror, without impeding the passage of the sound. On the other side of the wall, at a very short distance from it, a second mirror is placed, exactly facing the hole in the wall and the first mirror. If a small figure be fixed with its ear or head in the focus of one mirror, any person who places his ear in the focus of the second, will hear distinctly the slightest whisper which may be uttered in the ear of the figure alluded to. In other words, although the mirrors are in different rooms, the slightest sound uttered in the focus of one mirror is reflected from it, and conveyed in straight lines, through the aperture in the wall, to the other mirror, in the focus of which it is condensed so as to be audible there, and there alone. With the aid of thin curtains, and all proper apparatus, jugglers have made this magic mirror a source of mighty wonderment. It is upon the same principle that the famous echoing or whispering galleries of Florence and other places are constructed, or rather that they act, since such qualities were not intentionally given to them by the architects. In these galleries, the least whisper emitted at a certain point at one end is heard at a certain point at the other, or, in other words, in the focus of the echo. The following curious instance is mentioned in Herschel's Treatise on Sound:—"In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point (which seems to have been discovered accidentally), till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing a confession of a disagreeable nature from his wife, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed."

A very peculiar echo has been noticed at a spot called Genesay, near Rouen. At this place the person who speaks or sings hears only his own voice, and not the echo; a person, listening near by, hears only the echo, and not the voice; to others, standing still farther apart, there appears to be a mixture of voices or sounds, to an amazing extent; and, finally, while one person hears it on the right, to another the echo or voice seems to be on the left, and so on. The report varies constantly with each party's position. This oblique echo is formed by a semicircular range of buildings, and in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences an attempt is made to explain the whole phenomena by a reference to the form and arrangements of the edifice. But the marvel is, why such echoes are not common, seeing that in the case of ordinary echoes we cannot generally discern any cause for the concentration of the echo into a single report. When a hill, or a building, or trees, form the resonant obstacles, as they do in most cases, we commonly observe about them so many angles and inequalities, that we might naturally expect them to yield, one and all, echoes similar to that of Genesay. A *convex* portion of the locality ought to yield a much weaker and more diffused sound than a *concave* object; and there can be no doubt that such causes will always produce such results, could we distinctly trace the connection on a large scale.

The subject of echoes is of great importance, when we consider it in relation to the diffusion of sound in churches and other public buildings. Where the echo and the original sound are heard in succession, as is the case in many large buildings, the effect is extremely disagreeable, and prevents the speaker from being heard. The desirable plan is, not to destroy the echo, but so to concentrate it, that it may chime in with and strengthen the speaker's voice. Dr Boswell Reid effected this in the temporary edifices for the two Houses of Parliament, by placing peculiarly shaped reflecting boards around the building, in order to concentrate the sound, and by flooring the house with a matted substance, which could not reflect or diffuse the sound anew.

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But it is to natural echoes that we wish to confine ourselves at present, and we shall, in conclusion, give some remarks of Herschel upon the echoes of Menai. "Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet: and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway. The effect is a series of sounds which may be thus described:—The first return is sharp and strong from the roadway overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the roadway to the water. Thus, it appears that in the repercussion between the water and roadway, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice: the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well." In this case, possibly from the superior skill and accuracy of the observer, we find an intelligible connection pointed out between cause and effect. It is only from a similarly close examination of natural echoes, in general, that architects will arrive at just principles for their guidance in the erection of buildings intended for public speaking.

GERAMB'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, there appeared in London a whiskered German baron, driving a chariot of inexplicable construction, dressed in a costume that combined the oddities of every nation under heaven, and proclaiming himself a victim of Napoleon's tyranny. Such an arrival at a time when the long war had made a foreigner a rare sight in England, produced a sensation of which the present generation can form no conception. Baron Geramb became the great lion of the day; his portrait appeared in every print-shop; his movements were recorded in every paper; no party was complete without his presence; even Carlton House courted him as a guest; and he never appeared in public without a crowd at his heels. He reigned supreme in the fashionable world some six or seven weeks longer than ever lion reigned before, but at length suddenly disappeared. After the lapse of nearly as much time as nature assigns to a generation of man, the baron suddenly comes again before the world as if he had risen from the dead, no longer a man of fashion, but a monk of La Trappe, in which capacity he informs us he has traversed Palestine as a humble pilgrim. The book before us is the result of his journey.

It must be owned at the outset that the guise under which the baron traversed Palestine, afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with some portions of the population which escape the notice of the generality of travellers. An Englishman or a Frenchman armed with a *firman* is transmitted from one Mahommedan authority to another, and all that he sees of the Christian population is in hasty visits to monasteries, and a few of the most celebrated churches. The humble monk visits the cottages of the Catholic Arabs, whose very existence is almost unknown to other tourists; and though our author gives fewer particulars of this interesting race than we could desire, still inquiries in other quarters have convinced us that his facts are authentic. The severe tasks which the Arabs generally impose upon their women have been fully described by Burckhardt and Niebuhr; the baron informs us that Christianity has not led to any amelioration of the female condition in Palestine, and his description of the toils that they are compelled to endure at Bethlehem possesses much melancholy interest.

"As the reservoirs and the canals which supply Bethlehem as well as Jerusalem with water, are in ruins, and dry eleven months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league to fetch what they want for household use, and to bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say, my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling, especially when you consider that this task is to be performed three or four times a-week.

A few days since I was taking a walk outside the town with the *curé*. About three quarters of a mile from it, we met with a young girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon a fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face. Curious to know the weight of the skin, I begged her to put it on my shoulders; my request astonished her not a little; she nevertheless complied very cheerfully.

It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden. 'Poor thing!' said I, as I threw it down, looking at the *curé*, 'how old is she? Not more than sixteen, I daresay.' 'Sixteen!' said he; 'she is not thirteen;' and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked, 'How old are you, my girl?' 'Twelve, sir.' I took from my pocket some pieces of money, which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy. But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlehemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues. It is the women who are obliged to provide this also. But what wrings one's heart, and I must confess makes my blood boil, is to see these wretched worn-down emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on their faces, sinking beneath their loads, passing in sight of their husbands, listlessly seated in the public square, smoking and chatting by way of pastime, while not a thought ever enters the head of any of these heartless husbands to relieve his partner of her burden, and to carry for her at least from that spot to his home what she has had to bring whole leagues.

Is this all? No, my friend. At night, with this wood which has cost such toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance, she has to wash the feet of that man, then to cook his supper, then to wait upon him standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. . . . . The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that a sex so worthy of all the cares, of all the attentions, of all the affections of man, can be thus treated by man? Is it possible that she can be thus treated, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth with pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him upon her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to transfuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in illness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his last moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love, would be incapable? And that at Bethlehem!"

A deeper interest belongs to the condition of the Jews in Jerusalem; outcasts and aliens in the city of their fathers, with the symbol of foreign dominion and worship displayed over the spot where once their national temple stood—"the abomination of desolation in the holy place"—ever before their eyes; spurned alike by Mussulmans and Christians; slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave, it is no wonder that moral degradation has followed in the train of political suffering, and that intellect has been crushed beneath the hoofs which trampled down the heart. It is highly creditable to the baron, bigot though he be, that his sympathies were awakened for this proscribed race; indeed he speaks of them in more favourable terms than any preceding travellers, and we gladly do them the justice of quoting his testimony.

"The Jews of this country have been represented by some writers in a light that seems to me absolutely false. It is true that here, as every where else, they retain that characteristic type which distinguishes them from all the people in the world; that seal, that stamp, which neither time nor climate effaces; it is true that at Jerusalem the Jew is still a Jew, and there, too, interest is his idol; he has expatriated himself to come and die there. In order that after his death he may be laid beneath a few stones in the valley of Jehoshaphat, he has left the country in which he was born, his home, his relatives, his friends; with his eyes fixed on the spot where stood the temple, he deplores its ruin, and sheds floods of tears over the destruction of the holy city, and the dispersion of his nation: and with a heart wrung, with eyes yet dim with tears, he is ready to lend, at an exorbitant interest, to him who unfortunately is obliged to have recourse to his purse. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that the Jews of Jerusalem are in general well educated, and not deficient in attainments; they understand several languages; almost all of them speak Spanish and Italian. The school in their synagogue, though inferior to that which they have at Tiberias, which is the most celebrated of all, is directed by masters who devote themselves with zeal to the instruction of the youth committed to their care. They treat their pupils with the more severity, because they conceive that in so doing they are conforming with the precepts of the Bible. When I visited the boys' school, I was struck to see a little urchin, seven or eight years old, tied with a cord, and receiving the bastinado on the soles of his feet. The poor fellow groaned deeply, but without crying as children generally do. I immediately solicited his pardon through my dragoman. It was willingly granted by the master. Notwithstanding the severity of the discipline, and the incessant studies to which they are kept, all these boys have a cheerful look. The parents, and even the children, have a certain politeness in their manners, which form a singular contrast with those of the inhabitants belonging to other nations.

I have never seen a Jew asking charity; I have never seen one covered with the rags of wretchedness, which are but too frequently met with among the Arabs and the Christians; and this is owing less to the relief which the poor receive from the rich, or from that which foreign synagogues transmit to their indigent brethren, than to activity and industry. The Jew is a stranger to that slothful fondness for rest so common among the people of the Levant, whose useless and indolent life is the principal cause of their indigence. The Jew employs himself; he spreads out sometimes upon a tottering stone, wares of such small value, that you are utterly astonished that he can hope to derive any profit from them; but should he sell no more than will enable him to procure a morsel of bread, that appears to him preferable to the shame he would feel in holding out his hand. There are Jews of all trades, of all professions; my tinman is a Jew. As I have occasion for a good many tin boxes and cases to hold valuable objects, I see him frequently; and his assiduity, his indefatigable activity, always fills me with surprise. A quality peculiar here to this class of persons, is a civility which forms a singular contrast with the rude, uncouth behaviour of the other inhabitants. Have you lost your way? Are you seeking a street? A Jew, be sure, will offer to conduct you; he will even accompany you for a considerable distance; and, too proud to ask for pay, too fond of gain to make an absolute sacrifice of it, when you have reached the place to which you are going he will look at your hand, he will cast an eye at your pocket: if you choose to take the hint, well and good."

The name of Djezzar Pacha has been made familiar to English ears by his desperate defence of Acre against Napoleon, which rolled back the tide of war from Syria to Egypt, and prevented the establishment of a French empire in the Levant. Even among oriental despots, Djezzar, or "the butcher," as his name signifies, holds the pre-eminence for remorseless cruelty; ears, eyes, and noses, were rare appendages among his courtiers; and had he preserved the heads of his victims, he might easily have raised a loftier pile than the ghastly monument erected by Nadir Shah. Yet Djezzar is regretted at Acre; he was inflexibly just when nothing interfered with his caprice; and there mingled in his judgments a bitter humour and sarcastic spirit of jesting, which were highly gratifying to oriental imaginations. The following specimen of his deciding disputed possession by a parable, affords a favourable view of his character:—

"A young Christian, carrying on business at St Jean d'Acre, had won the good graces of Djezzar by the dealings which he had had with him, when selling him various European commodities. He lived in a handsome house with his father, an aged and infirm man. The latter occupied the best and most convenient apartment on the second floor.

The young man, who was about to marry, requested his father to give up his room to him for a few weeks only, protesting that he would then restore it with many thanks. The old man complied; and going down to the first floor, though it was disagreeable and unwholesome, he settled himself in it. At the expiration of the time specified, he claimed his room; the young couple begged him to wait; he consented, and allowed a further term. At the end of it he again urged his claim. But this time the ungrateful son, unmindful of what he owed to his parent, insolently declared that he intended to stay where he was, and desired that he might not be troubled any more on the subject. The unfortunate father bore the injury in silence; but as his compliance with the wishes of his son, and the restrictions which he had attached, were known, the unworthy conduct of the young man soon became public.

Djezzar, by means of his numerous spies, knew all that passed. Being informed of this circumstance, he sent for the son. The young man relying on a good-will, of which he had previously received habitual testimonies, hastened to the pacha, without hesitation and without fear. He found him in the divan, surrounded by his ministers and his executioners, and very soon perceived that he had incurred his displeasure.

'Of what religion art thou?' cried Djezzar, darting at him a look that made him turn pale with fear, and deprived him of the power of reply. 'I ask,' he resumed, raising his voice, 'of what religion thou art?'

'I—I am a Christian, as your excellency knows.

'A Christian! thou liest! Let us see! Make the sign of the Christians!'

The young man, trembling, made the sign of the cross.

'That is not it,' said the pacha, clapping his hand upon his dagger. 'Pronounce aloud,' continued he; 'pronounce aloud the words which accompany that sign!'

'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' replied the terrified Christian.

'Repeat them,' said the pacha, 'and speak louder. I am old, and growing deaf.'

The young man lifted his right hand to his forehead, and repeated in as loud a voice as he could, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

'Aha!' cried Djezzar, in a voice that made the divan shake, and thrilled the young man with horror. 'Aha! wretch! the Father is on the forehead, the Son on the breast! . . . . Knowest thou what that means?—the Father is above, and the Son below. Go, scoundrel! go home; and if in a quarter of an hour it is not so there, thy head shall roll in the dust.'

I need not say what haste the culprit made to throw himself at the feet of his father, to beg his pardon, and to give up the room which he had dared to withhold from him so unjustly."

We shall not follow the baron in his pilgrimage to the various localities which tradition has consecrated as the scenes of the events in Gospel history. His credulity on these subjects, whether real or affected, is so outrageously extravagant, that it is painfully ridiculous. His account of Egypt, though superficial and sketchy, contains some vivid descriptions, which bear internal proofs of their fidelity. His picture of the present state of Alexandria is equally accurate and amusing.

"In its present state it exhibits the most extraordinary, nay, even the most hideous contrasts: it is a confused assemblage of palaces and cabins, a mixture of luxury and poverty, of indolence and activity, of Turkish habits and European manners, which astonish the foreigner. Here you are amidst bustle, the din of business or of pleasure, there all is the silence and solitude of the desert. A man superbly dressed, covered with shawls of great value, walks by the side of a naked wretch; an English chariot, drawn by four magnificent horses, with footmen in laced liveries, is crossing a pile of camels

* Journal of Travels in Palestine, Egypt, and Syria. By Marie Joseph de Geramb, Monk of La Trappe. London, Colburn.

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driven by squalid Arabs; European ladies, perfumed, in the most elegant costume, are tripping along by those hideous figures, barefooted, without any other garment than a chemise of blue cloth, that is falling to rags, without any other veil than a piece of dirty linen with which they keep nose and mouth constantly covered, and which leaves nothing exposed but two dull eyes that tell of distress and want; Europeans seated at a sumptuous banquet, singing about liberty, while at the moment men are driven along under their windows with sticks, and boys of twelve years old are dragged with chains about their necks, to be made soldiers and sailors against their will; intelligent workmen, under the direction of a skilful architect, erecting monuments which attest and do honour to the progress of the arts; while others are rummaging in the ground, breaking up capitals and shafts of columns, and statues, which time has spared.

One thing which appears to me worthy of remark, because I have not met with it elsewhere, is, that at the corner of every street you find asses well caparisoned, which boys eagerly offer to those who wish to inspect the city, or to go from one quarter to another, and whom they follow on the run without even flagging. There are few streets frequented for the sake of trade in which you do not meet with these animals going and coming almost incessantly; they are the hackney coaches and the cabriolets of the country."

We close these volumes with some feelings of pain and disappointment. Human nature delights in extremes; the change of the dandy into the ascetic, and of the baron into the monk, is not after all very surprising. But how a man possessing such talents as the baron manifestly does, should hope to gain sympathy, by displaying a spirit of sour fanaticism and acrimonious bigotry, is truly astonishing.

LAW PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

It appears to have been by no means unusual in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to institute legal proceedings against animals, allowing them an advocate to defend them, and treating them in every respect as *fairly* as if they had been human beings. How far it was done in a serious spirit, and how far in the spirit of drollery, it would now be difficult to say; but certain it is that such proceedings occasionally took place, and were conducted with all the external gravity desirable in similar cases where human beings are concerned. The following is a notable instance.

From about the year 1522 to 1530, the rats in the bishopric of Autun had multiplied to a vast extent, insomuch that, from their ravages, serious apprehensions of famine were at length entertained. All human remedies having been tried without any important effect, a resolution was at length formed to petition the ecclesiastical judge of the district to excommunicate them. It was conceived, however, that this remedy was the more likely to be efficacious if all the usual forms of law were observed. A proctor therefore lodged a formal complaint against the rats. The judge ordered that they should be summoned to appear before him. The period having expired without their having presented themselves, the proctor obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the final judgment should be proceeded to. The judge, however, deeming it but fair that the accused should be defended, officially named M. Barthelemi Chassanée, a young advocate, to be their defender.

Chassanée, being like most young barristers anxious to distinguish himself, readily undertook the task; and knowing the discredit in which his clients were held, he resolved to do all he could to delay proceedings, in order to afford time for prejudices to subside. He at first contended that, the rats being dispersed amongst a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given to them by the clergyman of each parish at the time of his sermon. This occasioned a considerable delay, at the end of which, the rats still failing to appear, M. Chassanée made a new excuse for the default of his clients, by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lie in wait for them in all directions, &c. When these evasive pleas were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. "Was there any thing more unjust than general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the child for the guilt of the parents, which involved, without distinction, those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally renders them incapable of crime," &c.

We are not informed how the case ended. But De Thou, who relates the circumstances above stated, adds that the ingenuity shown by M. Chassanée laid the foundation of his reputation, and he rose in time to be first president of the parliament of Provence. A more grave result has been hinted at. While he held this high office, severe proceedings were instituted against the Protestant Vaudois; and M. Chassanée was called upon to take the part assigned to him by his office in their persecution. The unfortunate people, at this juncture, put to him the severe question, how he could reconcile it to his conscience to dispense with the usual judicial forms towards them, his fellow-creatures, when he had some years before insisted on their scrupulous observance towards the rats of Autun. The president was staggered, and he actually seems to have, in consequence, given a silent protection to the Vaudois.

Gui Pope relates that going to Chalons (this must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century), to present his homage to the king, he saw upon a gibbet a pig which had been hanged for killing a child. On the 22d of September 1543, at an assembly held by the principal council of the city of Grenoble, one of the members represented that the slugs and caterpillars did dreadful mischief. He concluded by demanding "that they should petition the ecclesiastical judge to excommunicate the said creatures, and to proceed against them by means of restriction, to obviate the damage they daily committed, and would occasion in future;" and the council decreed in conformity to this demand. A similar case, which occurred in 1584, is more particularly related by Chorier in his History of Dauphiny. "This year," says he, "was remarkable for continual rains; there was an infinite number of caterpillars: and the same causes of corruption were renewed in 1585. Extraordinary measures were taken against the insects, which became extremely multiplied. The walls, the windows, and the chimneys of the houses, were covered with them, even in the towns. It was a lively and hideous representation of the plague of Egypt by locusts. The Grand Vicar of Valence caused the caterpillars to be cited to appear before him, and ordered an attorney to defend them. The cause was solemnly pleaded, and he condemned them to depart from the diocese. But they did not obey: human laws have no control over the instruments of divine justice. It was then deliberated and agreed upon to proceed against these animals by means of anathema and imprecation, and, as it is said, by malediction and excommunication. But two lawyers and two divines having been consulted, the grand vicar was induced to change his intentions, so that abjuration, prayers, and sprinkling with holy water, were alone had recourse to. The life of the caterpillar is short; and these devotions, having lasted during several months, were supposed to have had the miraculous effect of exterminating them!"

MR TOWNSHEND'S EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Since the enterprising John Jacob Astor made his celebrated overland journey from the valley of the Mississippi to the shore of the Pacific in 1810, with the view of planting a fur-trading emporium on the Columbia river,* the vast territory lying between the United States and the Pacific Ocean has been repeatedly traversed by bands of white men engaged in carrying on a precarious though lucrative traffic in furs with the native tribes. Since the comparatively primitive times of Mr Astor, the region on both sides of the Rocky Mountains has become better known, the Indian races have diminished in numbers by their incessant wars, and the companies of fur-traders have now somewhat less to fear and suffer in their protracted wanderings. Still, all such excursions from the eastern to the western waters are not without many perils and troubles. The setting-out of an expedition resembles a caravan of pilgrims sallying forth across the African deserts; civilisation is for months, perhaps for years, left behind; no vestige of house or road is seen on the apparently interminable wastes; journeying is performed only on horseback during the day, while repose is enjoyed in tents pitched for the night; a constant outlook must be kept for prowling wild beasts, or the not less stealthy steps of the Pawnee Loup Indian; in short, all is wild nature, romantic enough, perhaps, to untamed minds, but, as we can imagine, altogether unendurable by persons accustomed to the quiet and orderly life of cities. Strange as it seems, however, there are highly cultivated individuals who, inspired by a love of science, or for the mere sake of sport—such as having a shot at a buffalo or black bear—voluntarily make part of the fur-trading bands, and consent to remain for years from home, friends, and the world of refinement. A notice of the excursion of a gentleman possessing the character of both naturalist and sportsman, will form the subject of the present, and probably a succeeding article; the traveller's own words, from his published narrative, being occasionally introduced.†

Mr Townshend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, accompanied by his friend Professor Nuttal (of Harvard University), an eminent botanist, being desirous of increasing the existing stock of knowledge in the departments of science to which they were respectively attached, agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia river, and adjacent parts. The traders belonged to an association called the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company, and on this occasion they designed to fix a permanent branch-establishment in the west. On the evening of the 24th of March 1834, the two friends arrived in a steam-boat at St Louis, on the Missouri, from Pittsburg. At St Louis, which is the last great town within the settlements, they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats, with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket-ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three hundred miles farther up the Missouri, Mr Townshend and his friend set off to amuse themselves by walking and hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely situated habitations of the frontier settlers. At a small village on the river, the steamer arrived with the baggage, and part of the proposed company; and now the ulterior arrangements were made for setting out.

There were amongst the men, to compose the caravan, a great variety of dispositions. Some who had not been accustomed to the kind of life they were to lead, looked forward to it with eager delight, and talked of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Others, who were more experienced, seemed to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some were evidently reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships: many were almost as rough as the grizzly bears, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they were fond of boasting; but the majority were strong able-bodied men. During the day, the captain kept all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c., there were thousands of trinkets of various kinds, beads, paint, bells, rings, and such trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them. The bales were usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse was to carry two. Captain Wyeth ensured the good-will and obedience of the men, by his affable but firm manner, and showed himself every way suitable for his very important mission.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment, and gay and lively songs, constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night any thing but pleasant. The description given of a nightly camp is interesting:—"The party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an 'old hand') receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c., for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. Our camp now consists of nine messes, of which Captain W.'s forms one, although it contains only four persons besides the cook. When we arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment, Captain W. rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner, as, in case of need, to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way, the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, and is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and *all's well*, every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation, which if any one should fail to do, it is fair to conclude that he is asleep, and he is then immediately visited and stirred up. In case of defection of this kind, our laws adjudge to the delinquent the hard sentence of walking three days. As yet, none of our poor fellows have incurred this penalty, and the probability is, that it would not at this time be enforced, as we are yet in a country where little molestation is to be apprehended; but in the course of another week's travel, when thieving and ill-designing Indians will be out, lying on our trail, it will be necessary that the strictest watch be kept, and, for the preservation of our persons and property, that our laws shall be rigidly enforced."

Proceeding onwards, the party passed through a friendly tribe of Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little. Some parts of the prairies are described by Mr Townshend as beautiful:—"The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to 'welcome back the spring.' The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—grosbeaks, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carollings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness."

Some difficulties were encountered in passing one

* See our article, "Irving's Astoria," Number 236.

† An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains, by J. K. Townshend. Philadelphia. An edition, with a slightly altered title, has lately appeared in London.

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of the larger streams, and in a day or two afterwards the camp was visited by three Indians of the Otto tribe. These people smoked the pipe of peace with the captain, and were otherwise friendly; but one of them was regarded with the most malignant looks by Richardson, an old weather-beaten hunter, who afterwards explained the cause of his anger to Mr Townshend. "'Why,' said he, 'that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river (just a short distance beyond us here), I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No—I should have nothing, and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And,' continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, 'that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man.' 'But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?' 'To be sure they did, and my blankets, and every thing I had, except my clothes.' 'But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you.' 'Why, set to *trappin'* prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head.' I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. 'But squirrels in winter, Richardson!—I never heard of squirrels in winter.' 'Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow.'" Such is a trait of human nature in these far-western regions.

On the 18th of May, the party arrived at the Platte river, beyond which herds of buffalo begin to make their appearance, thousands, or rather tens of thousands, in a single herd. They generally fly from hunters, and are overtaken and shot only with great difficulty. Being shy and keen of scent, they cannot be easily approached in silence. The Indians resort to a remarkable stratagem for killing them. "The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelopes himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows, ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and, without noise, passes an arrow through his heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force, that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffaloes in this way, before any alarm is communicated to the herd."

The surprise of our traveller was very great on first seeing one of the large buffalo herds. "Towards evening, on rising a hill, we were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest amongst us. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. Our vision, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river bank, there was apparently no vista in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. Our party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd, before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls—which are always stationed around as sentinels—began pawing the ground, and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow clumsy canter; but as we neared them, they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few minutes were entirely beyond the reach of our guns, but were still sc near that their enormous horns, and long shaggy beards, were very distinctly seen. Shortly after we encamped, our hunters brought in the choice parts of five that they had killed."

Of the animals belonging to those vast herds which the hunters kill, only a small portion is usually taken for food. Mr Townshend and two of his associates having killed a bull buffalo, they proceeded to cut it up in the following approved manner:—"The animal was first raised from his side where he had lain, and supported upon his knees, with his hoofs turned under him; a longitudinal incision was then made from the nape or anterior base of the hump, and continued backward to the loins, and a large portion of the skin from each side removed; these pieces of skin were placed upon the ground, with the under surface uppermost, and the *fleeces*, or masses of meat, taken from along the back, were laid upon them. These fleeces, from a large animal, will weigh, perhaps, a hundred pounds each, and comprise the whole of the hump on each side of the vertical processes (commonly called the *hump ribs*), which are attached to the vertebræ. The fleeces are considered the choice parts of the buffalo, and here, where the game is so abundant, nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone. This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless compelled to be so by necessity?" The food of the hunters consists for months of nothing but this kind of buffalo meat, roasted, and cold water—no bread of any kind. On this rude fare they enjoy the best health, clear heads, and high spirits; and what more, says Mr T., does a man require to make him happy?

The country now began to alter in appearance for the worse. Having passed the Platte river, a considerable tributary of the Missouri, the party arrived on a great sandy waste, forming a kind of upper tableland of North America (about latitude 42 degrees north, and longitude 100 degrees to 105 degrees west of Greenwich)—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind river mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea, which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage, and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

At length, on the 19th of June, the party arrived on the Green river, or Colorado of the west, which they forded, and encamped upon a spot which was to form a rendezvous for all the mountain companies who left the states in spring, and also the trappers who come from various parts with furs collected by them during the previous year. Unfortunately, our traveller in passing the river was subjected to a severe ducking, which brought on a fever, and confined him to his tent for several days. His account of the encampment affords a glimpse of the wild life led by the mixed race of trappers and hunters.

"June 22.—We are now lying at the rendezvous. W. Sublette, Captains Serre, Fitzpatrick, and other leaders, with their companies, are encamped about a mile from us on the same plain, and our own camp is crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of visitors. The principal of these are Indians, of the Nez Percé, Banneck, and Shoshoné tribes, who come with the furs and peltries which they have been collecting at the risk of their lives during the past winter and spring, to trade for ammunition, trinkets, and 'fire water.' There is, in addition to these, a great variety of personages amongst us; most of them calling themselves white men, French-Canadians, half-breeds, &c., their colour nearly as dark, and their manners wholly as wild, as the Indians with whom they constantly associate. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping, and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carbines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. A more unpleasant situation for an invalid could scarcely be conceived. I am confined closely to the tent with illness, and am compelled all day to listen to the hiccoughing jargon of drunken traders, and the swearing and screaming of our own men, who are scarcely less savage than the rest, being heated by the detestable liquor which circulates freely among them. It is very much to be regretted that at times like the present there should be a positive necessity to allow the men as much rum as they can drink; but this course has been sanctioned and practised by all the leaders of parties who have hitherto visited these regions, and reform cannot be thought of now. The principal liquor in use is alcohol diluted with water. It is sold to the men at *three dollars* the pint! Tobacco, of very inferior quality, such as could be purchased in Philadelphia at about ten cents per pound, here fetches two dollars! and every thing else in proportion. There is no coin in circulation, and these articles are therefore paid for by the independent mountain-men, in beaver skins, buffalo robes, &c.; and those who are hired to the companies, have them charged against their wages.

30.—Our camp here is a most lovely one in every respect, and as several days have elapsed since we came, and I am convalescent, I can roam about the country a little and enjoy it. The pasture is rich and very abundant, and it does our hearts good to witness the satisfaction and comfort of our poor jaded horses. Our tents are pitched in a pretty little valley or indentation in the plain, surrounded on all sides by low bluffs of yellow clay. Near us flows the clear deep water of the Siskadee, and beyond, on every side, is a wide and level prairie, interrupted only by some gigantic peaks of mountains and conical *buttes* in the distance. The river, here, contains a great number of large trout, some grayling, and a small narrow-mouthed white fish, resembling a herring. They are all frequently taken with the hook, and, the trout particularly, afford excellent sport to the lovers of angling. Old Isaac Walton would be in his glory here, and the precautionary measures which he so strongly recommends in approaching a trout stream, he would not need to practise, as the fish are not shy, and bite quickly and eagerly at a grasshopper or minnow. Buffalo, antelopes, and elk, are abundant in the vicinity, and we are therefore living well."

On the 2d of July the party bade adieu to the rendezvous, packed up their moveables, and journeyed along the bank of the river. The horses were much recruited by the long rest and good pasture, and, like their masters, were in excellent spirits for renewing the route across the wilderness.

PORT-ROYAL AND ITS SOLITARIES.

THE word "Port-Royal" must have repeatedly met the eye of general readers in connection with the names of various eminent writers of France, and must have excited a wish to know its meaning, and the object or objects to which it applied. Port-Royal, sometimes called Port-Royal-des-Champs (Port-Royal of the fields or country), was the title originally given to a conventual establishment for females, attached to the order of the Benedictines, and founded so early as the year 1204. Its site was about three leagues to the south of Versailles, and its foundress was Matilda, wife of Matthew de Marly, of the house of Montmerency. For four centuries the history of the convent was unmarked by any event of particular importance. Towards the close of that period, the establishment partook of the relaxation of discipline which gradually spread through so many of the cotemporary religious houses of the continent. A regenerator arose at length in the person of Maria Angelica Arnauld, who was appointed abbess of Port-Royal about the year 1608, and who speedily made the convent a model of order and discipline to all the similar institutions of France. The celebrity which she gave to it induced a number of the noblest ladies of the land, and even some of the princesses of the blood-royal, to take up successively their residence near Port-Royal, that they might participate in its religious exercises, and profit by the example and counsels there brought within their sight and reach.

Succeeding events elevated Port-Royal into still greater notice. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Antoine Arnauld, doctor of the Sorbonne, and one who left a standard name in French literature, was led to fix his abode at Port-Royal, where, besides his sister the abbess, his mother and five others of her daughters, with no less than six of his nieces, had their permanent residence. Arnauld was accompanied in his retreat from the stir of the world by his brother Arnauld d'Andilly, Antoine Lemaistre, an advocate famous for his eloquence, and by Simon Lemaistre and Isaac Louis Lemaistre, brothers of Antoine, and the latter of them well known for his translation of the Bible. Five or six other individuals, all of them men of talent and virtue, sought at the same period the seclusion of Port-Royal, disgusted with the follies of an age on which their lessons could make no impression. Their labours were more productive of good in the solitude to which they retired. Fixing their joint habitation near to the convent, they divided their time between the cultivation of their little lands, the instruction of the boarders of the convent, the education of young people confided to their care, and the composition of those learned works which have given immortality both to themselves and to Port-Royal. The "*Logic*" of Arnauld, the "*Rudimentary Greek and Latin Treatises*" of Lancelot, the "*Ethics*" of Nicole, and the "*Ecclesiastical History*" of Le Nain de Tillemont, are instances of the able and useful works which had their origin here.

Port-Royal, in fact, became a famous school, where many statesmen as well as men of letters of great subsequent celebrity received their training. It was here that the distinguished poet, the elder *Racine*, was educated, and here were those seeds of virtue sown in his mind, which, repressed for a time by the seductive flatteries of the world, burst forth into light and vigour at a more advanced period of his career. Racine showed his sense of the benefits he had derived from Port-Royal, not only by devoting various poems to the celebration of its many local beauties—its gardens, fields, waters, and woods—but by writing a history of the convent itself, and also a memoir vindicating the name and fame of its inhabitants. The virtuous *Pascal*, also, who had a sister and a niece in the establishment, enrolled himself in the band of the solitaries of Port-Royal, and, although he had his permanent dwelling elsewhere, remained in intimate relations with them up to the period of his death. Thus it was, that, in an age of gaudy show and glitter, these poor conventual sisters, who could boast of no attractive renown apart from that derived from their sanctity of life, became as it were a common bond of

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union—a tie to gather and bind together in one spot all that was most eminent for rank, virtue, and learning, in the capital and country of France.

From the year 1648 to 1679, Port-Royal enjoyed its greatest celebrity, and stood at its highest point of utility. But its very renown gradually led to its fall, by exciting an envious and hostile spirit in other sections of the religious establishment of the country. Moreover, its friends and supporters, Pascal and Arnauld, had distinguished themselves by their opposition to the sect of the Jesuits, then the most powerful clerical body in France, as well at court as elsewhere. Through these adverse agencies and influences, a blight fell on the prosperity of Port-Royal. It ceased to be a seat of learning and education. The great men who had adorned it died away one by one, and others were afraid or were forbidden to take their places and sustain its repute. By various arbitrary means, the sisterhood were reduced to one-fourth of their original numbers, and, in part, were dispersed over the land. But the enmity of the party in power did not rest here. "After long years of inveterate persecution," says the author of a supplement to Racine's History, "the lieutenant of police, d'Argenson, bearing a royal warrant, and accompanied by various commissaries, notaries, and magistrates, as well as by three hundred policemen, took the road to the convent of Port-Royal early on the morning of the 29th of October 1709. On his arrival the lieutenant invested the building, took possession of the gates, caused all papers whatsoever to be delivered up, and formally put them under seal. When this part of his commission was ended, he announced the further orders with which he was charged to the sisterhood. They were in all a band of fifteen poor females, inclusive of the superior and seven lay or serving sisters. Without resistance, without protestation, without a murmur, they submitted themselves to their lot, chanting the while their accustomed closing services, in the midst of the men who pushed them from their home. Some of them were so aged and infirm that it was necessary to procure litters to take them away. They were conducted each to a different dwelling, as if their cruel enemies had resolved that no two of them should have the poor consolation of weeping together."

The enemies of Port-Royal were not satisfied even with the expulsion of every living being from within its walls. On the 22d of January 1710, another royal edict was issued, and prompt, indeed, was its execution. The venerable building was razed to the ground, with all the separate edifices which had been successively raised around it for its visitants and friends. The materials were sold, and the destroyers of Port-Royal seemed desirous of effacing every trace of its foundations.

Still there arose from the naked and desecrated spot a sweet-smelling savour, which was hateful to its ruthless enemies. The ashes of Lemaistre, Arnauld, Racine, and their kindred, yet lay there, and drew pilgrims to the scene. In 1711, the graves were opened, the mouldering bones of the illustrious dead torn from their resting-places, and scattered hither and thither, among the cemeteries of Paris and the adjoining villages!

This might indeed be termed the closing scene of the Port-Royal communion, when its members were not allowed even to enjoy the fellowship of the tomb. But its enemies could not throw oblivion on the memory of that band of brothers and sisters, and, even with all their destructive zeal, they left on the scene some tangible and visible memorials of its former inhabitants. One who recently made a pilgrimage to the spot gives the following account of the appearance which it now presents to the traveller's eye:—"A little to the right of the road leading to Chevreuse and Dampierre, stands the vale formerly inhabited by the conventual sisterhood of Port-Royal. It occupies a low situation, and is of small extent, being not more than twenty minutes' walk in length, and about ten in breadth. It is a little amphitheatre, enclosed on all sides by gently rising heights. The road descends into the vale by a pretty sharp inclination, and when the traveller has reached the centre of the hollow, he sees nought but the clear sky above, and on each side the acclivities of the hills, covered half way up with verdure, and tufted with thick woods. Silence and repose hang over the scene, and one's first thought is, that no place could have been better chosen as a retreat for those who were weary of the din of the world. On the eastern side of the vale, a vault or cellar is to be seen, being all that now remains of the mansions of the Duchesses of Liancourt and Longueville, two ladies who were among the first to retreat to the neighbourhood of Port-Royal. On the western declivity stood once the dwelling of Arnauld and his friends, and of this a considerable portion has escaped the destroyers of 1710. It is a brick building of antique fashion, and is now inhabited, in a repaired state, by a gentleman who has retained with feelings of veneration the old carved wooden staircase, worm-eaten though its materials be. The interior had been arranged into a series of little cabinets or rooms for study, and these the proprietor has also preserved in the order in which he found them. Above the door of one of these cabinets, these words are engraven: 'J. Racine. 1657, 1658;' on another, 'A. Arnauld. 1655;' and on a third, 'P. Nicole. 1657, 1658, 1659;' indicating the inhabitants to whom these places had been specially devoted for a time. The proprietor has had a stone placed over his principal porch, with the names of the principal occupants of the mansion engraven upon it. A number of these names have been mentioned. They amount in all to the number of twenty-two, every one of them of no mean repute in the annals or literature of France.

Before the house, is a garden on the site of the old one, and in the corner of which is to be seen the fragment of an old column, having a broad top, and so placed on the ground as to form a table, traditionally called the Table of the Recluses. Here it is pleasant to rest, and permit the mind to wander back to the time, when, in the calm of morn or eve, much grave and sweet discourse was wont to take place on the same spot, between Pascal and Arnauld, Nicole and Saci, and those others who had come hither to seek that peace not to be found among the haunts of men. From the site of these relics of the Port-Royal solitaries, it is necessary to descend into the centre of the vale, in order to reach the scene where once the old convent of Matilda de Marly stood. But its foundation stones were torn up and sold, and on the spot where it was, gardens and orchards now appear. A fragment of a turret (now a pigeon-house), covered with ivy, and decorated with the fantastic heads and busts of the antique architecture, is the sole remnant of the once massive and ample convent. The lake or pool which has been celebrated in the verses of Racine, and which will thence be remembered for ever in France, has been drained and dried up; a change to which scarce even the increased salubrity of the spot can reconcile a lover of friendship and poetry."

Such is the story of Port-Royal, and such was its fate. The claim of Louis XIV. to be called The Great, even were it not shaken by a thousand other circumstances, would be irretrievably so by his participation in the persecution and overthrow of the noble fellowship of Port-Royal.

KATERFELTO.

In that graphic and well-known passage of the "Task" of Cowper, where the poet describes the varied contents of a newspaper of his day, the following lines occur:—

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

The personage here alluded to was a distinguished juggler and quack doctor, who flourished in Britain at the close of last century. The name of Katerfelto, it is probable, was merely an assumed one, and certainly, if this was the case, the selection of it did credit to the magical professor's taste, as few names could be found more expressively appropriate to the character he bore. He took the title of Doctor—a German Doctor—and combined the profession of legerdemain with that of the art medical. The Task was written about the years 1782 and 1783. At that time, Dr Katerfelto was vending his nostrums to the people of London, who had then the misfortune to sustain a severe and very general attack of influenza. The Doctor, of course, knew the full value of mystery, and used it freely to enhance his medical pretensions. If any one got better or got worse on his hands, it is to be suspected that the Doctor's remedies were innocent alike of the good and the evil, and that the whole was attributable to the old principle, "Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure."

Katerfelto was one of the last specimens of a class that now live only in the pages of novelists—the race of travelling mountebanks, half quacks, half jugglers. In his journeys through England he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, two black attendants, and, though last, not least in importance, two or three black *cats*, usually termed Katerfelto's Devils. This goodly company were all packed together in a huge old coach or caravan, which contained, besides, the wizard's stock of apparatus. On reaching any town where it was thought fit to have an exhibition, the two sable (biped) assistants, dressed in antiquated green liveries with red collars, marched round the streets of the place, blowing trumpets, and expatiating on the wonderful powers and performances of Katerfelto and his cats. A portion of the doctor's exhibitions was really of a rational and creditable nature, consisting of magnetic, electrical, and chemical experiments, which he explained in a lively, humorous way. He was a good experimenter, and seldom failed in any thing he tried. But amusement was the object of those who went to hear him, and in this they were not disappointed. His appearance was provocative of mirth, his long thin person being commonly enveloped in a tawdry, old-fashioned green gown, while his head was covered by a square velvet cap, making him altogether as like as possible to the pictures of the old stage-doctors, of whom he was the genuine successor and representative.

We have no account of the particular uses to which he turned his feline familiars. One thing is certain, however, that he had brought them to a surprising pitch of docility and apparent intelligence. Katerfelto seems to have flourished through a considerable part of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sometimes, like the most of his class, he lived in comparative ease and affluence, and, at other times, found himself caged in jail, as a vagrant and impostor. Occasionally, his experiments brought him into awkward scrapes. While stopping at a small town in Yorkshire, on one of his journeys, he set up a fire-balloon, to the great amazement of the rustics around. But, in a few days afterwards, the conjuror was arrested by order of a farmer, upon one of whose hay ricks the balloon had alighted, and by which it had been burned to the ground. Poor Katerfelto could not pay the damages demanded, and was obliged to go to prison.

It has been mentioned that the name of Katerfelto was probably an assumed one. The conjuror, however, seemed by his speech to be really a foreigner. Some have asserted him to be a Prussian soldier, who had got his discharge. He is said to have died at Bristol about the beginning of the present century.

ACCIDENTS IN THE COAL-MINES OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The immense sacrifice of human life, occasioned from time to time by the explosion of inflammable gas in the extensive coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham, has been perhaps the most deplorable evil connected with the production of any great and valuable article of commerce. Previous to the introduction of the safety-lamp into those collieries, in the year 1815 or 1816, and of more improved methods of ventilation, explosions were necessarily of frequent occurrence, and attended with the most calamitous loss of life, and destitution to those connected with the sufferers. This rendered the vocation of the miners one of considerable danger and vicissitude, for they were in a great measure unprotected against the occurrence of explosions. It was an event of common occurrence for the miner to leave his home for his subterranean occupation, in the enjoyment of the most perfect health, and ere a few hours had elapsed, to be brought back to his family a mangled and distorted corpse. Nor was the loss of life directly occasioned by those accidents, deplorable enough though it was, by any means the extent to which they were confined. The great number of individuals dependent on the sufferers, consisting of their widows and families, whom those accidents in the coal-mines suddenly plunged into one common state of helpless destitution and bereavement, and left to public protection, was not the least lamentable part of the evil.

A few of the accidents arising from the explosion of hydrogen gas, which have taken place in the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, may be cited, to give the reader some idea of their extent and frequency. About the close of the last century, seventy-two persons were killed in a colliery at North-Biddick, in the county of Durham. A similar accident happened at Lambton colliery, in the same county, on the 22d of August 1766, when it is stated that "the noise of the explosion was heard above three miles round, and the flash was as visible as a flash of lightning," whilst the miners were forced up from the pit like balls out of a cannon, and every thing that resisted, shared the same fate. By two explosions which occurred in 1805, at Hepburn and Oxclose, forty-three widows and one hundred and fifty-one children were left wholly unprotected and unprovided for. In 1808, ninety persons were killed in a coal-pit at Lumley. On the 24th of May 1812, ninety-one persons were killed by an explosion at Felling colliery, near Gateshead, leaving forty-one widows and one hundred and thirty-three children to the protection of the public. In the burial-ground of the church, at Lower Heworth, in the county of Durham, there is a spiral square monument, with an inscription on a brass plate, commemorative of this last-mentioned accident. In 1815, fifty-seven persons suffered in the "Success Pit," near Newbottle, county of Durham. In 1817, thirty-eight were destroyed at the Row Pit at Harraton. By three explosions in the Sheriff-Hill colliery, in 1815 and 1817, fifty-one persons were killed. In 1821, fifty-two men and boys were killed at Russel's Wallsend colliery; and in 1823, fifty-three suffered at the Plain-pit, Rainton. Many more such accidents might be enumerated, but these will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of their extent and frequency.

In catastrophes of this kind (which are of much less frequent occurrence at the present day than formerly), the friends of the sufferers consider themselves peculiarly fortunate in being able to find and bury their remains, for it frequently happens that many of the sufferers are never heard of, being buried alive in the mine, far beyond the reach of the living; whilst others are so dreadfully shattered and mangled by the violence of the explosion, as to make their identity, in many instances, a matter of painful difficulty to their friends; in others, one of absolute impossibility. As was stated in a previous paper* in this Journal, the miners are so intimately connected by intermarriage, that when accidents occur in the mines, there are few of the survivors who have not to feel the loss of some one more or less nearly related to them. And it happens not unfrequently on such occasions, that there is some case which stands out in more affecting relief from the others, and excites a deeper and more general degree of commiseration; for example, where the father of a family, and perhaps three or four of his sons, share in one common and untimely end, and a widow and a few helpless children remain to mourn over their irreparable bereavement. A witness before the Parliamentary Committee on Accidents in Mines in 1835, stated a circumstance which must have had its due effect on the committee, namely, that after the accident at Felling, above mentioned,

* Songs of the Northern Coal-Miners.

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upwards of ninety of the sufferers were taken out of the mine; and that, on a particular day afterwards, their funerals took place. He stated that the coffin of what might be called the first of the sufferers began the procession, which increased, before it got to the church, until it amounted to a procession of ninety coffins, with mourners.

Such were some of the calamitous consequences attendant on the working of the coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham previous to the year 1815, the period of the introduction of the miner's safety-lamp.

A brief sketch of the origin of this safety-lamp will, it is conceived, be acceptable. The frequency and extent of the dreadful calamities occasioned by explosions in coal-mines, excited the sympathy of several enlightened and humane individuals at Sunderland, in the county of Durham, who in 1813 formed themselves into a society for preventing accidents in coal-mines, and offered premiums for the discovery of new methods of lighting and ventilating them; but, it is said, this philanthropic association did not receive that zealous support from the coal-owners and viewers of those counties which had been anticipated. Dr William Reid Clanny of Bishopwearmouth, one of its principal members, presented to this society a safety-lamp constructed on the principle of insulating the light so as to burn without danger in an atmosphere of inflammable gas or fire-damp, for which he received a large gold medal from the Society of Arts. The Rev. Dr Gray of the same place, another of the leading members of this society, but now deceased, having solicited the attention of Sir Humphry Davy to this important subject, that eminent chemist visited the coal-mines of those counties in 1815, and on his return to London produced two lamps, in which the burners were insulated from the external air. He afterwards discovered the security of wire gauze, which, as is well known, is impervious to flame, and, though surrounded by inflammable air, prevents the communication of any inflammation with the burners.

There are different claims to the honour of having discovered the safety-lamp, about which there has been much angry controversy; but with this subject it is not our intention to interfere. Mr George Stephenson, the celebrated civil engineer, we believe claims to be the first person who discovered that carburetted hydrogen gas would not explode through small apertures. The idea of using wire gauze instead of perforated tin, appears to have originated with Sir Humphry Davy.

The safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy, and various others, continue to be used in the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, but not, we believe, with the regularity which is to be desired, the men often removing the gauze to increase the light. Hence explosions still occasionally take place, and are attended with fatal effects more or less extensive. Perhaps the most complete and certain expedient for avoiding accidents would be to establish air-tubes leading from all parts of the mine to a common tube at the pit's mouth, where it should be made to feed a fire: the draught occasioned by the fire would serve to clear the mine of all noxious vapour, and make the occasionally careless use of the safety-lamp of little consequence.

"CANST THOU NOT MINISTER TO A MIND DISEASED?"

Too little attention has been paid to the physical treatment of mental affections. I allude more particularly to those apparently trivial and unimportant deviations from a healthy condition of the mental and moral feelings. Any unusual depression of the spirits—whims and fancies—departures from accustomed modes of thinking, are all indications of mental disease, which, if not attended to, often produce serious consequences. The disposition to commit suicide is, in nine cases out of ten, preceded by lowness of spirits, a mental lethargy, a desire to avoid society and observation, a craving after solitude. If these mental conditions were attended to, much evil might be prevented. A timely-administered dose of medicine has often dissipated the suicide's murderous intention. It is recorded of Voltaire, that he had agreed with an Englishman, with whom he had been conversing on the various ills of life, to commit suicide on the following morning. When the time arrived, Voltaire declared that he had changed his mind—he had subjected himself to a course of purgation, and the desire to kill himself had vanished. The abstraction of blood has often prevented the commission of crime. Damien persisted to the last in declaring, that had he been bled, as he earnestly expressed a wish to be, he never would have attempted to assassinate the French king. The desire to commit suicide arises very frequently from intestinal irritation acting upon the brain. How important it is to watch the first dawnings of a feeling productive of so much injury to society! Good and evil dispositions are more connected with the conditions of our bodily organs than physicians or metaphysicians are willing to admit.—*Mr F. Winslow's Paper on Suicide.*

TREATMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.

Various opinions exist as to the best division of the stages which a horse should be ridden or driven when performing even a long journey. This must in some degree be regulated by his condition. If he is to perform a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, and has three days to do it in, I should divide the distances into twenty-five miles each, or as near as the accommodation of the road would permit, starting, especially in the summer time, early in the morning, and performing the first twenty-five miles before breakfast. This enables you to have your horse well dressed, and to afford him three or four hours' rest; and if he will eat two quarterns of oats, and a quartern of beans (which should be divided into two feeds), he will not take much harm. A moderate quantity of water must be given; at the same time it must be observed that too much will cause most horses to scour, and likewise to sweet more profusely; therefore the less he has in reason, the better, till his day's work is completed, when he should have as much as he is inclined to take. Gruel is an excellent thing, but it is not readily procured, properly made, on the road; it should invariably be boiled, and I prefer it made with wheat flour, as it remains longer on the stomach, and is less relaxing than when made with oatmeal. The usual method of preparing what they call gruel at inns is to mix oatmeal with warm water, in which state it is decidedly bad; its emollient quality is produced by boiling, and if I cannot procure it in that state, I prefer water.—*Old Sporting Magazine for October.*

THE WILDERNESS.

[BY J. NEVAY.]

The homeless wilderness!
How sweet, how beautiful, and O! how mild
Is nature in her summer dress
To me, thus wandering far alone!
Now be my thoughts as, when a little child,
I deemed that God's eternal throne
Was in the sun—so glorious, bright—
To bless the earth with loveliness and light.

Here breathes the peace I seek!
This heathy wild's a paradise to him
Who, musing, hears the voiceless speak—
Hears the calm eloquence of flowers,
And drinks sweet wisdom from their balmy hymn,
That charms, with beauty's chastest powers,
The vagrant winds their lips to kiss,
And tells that Nature's innocence is bliss.

Nor strife nor hatred here,
Nor envy, at a neighbour's good to writhe;
Each flower is to its sister dear—
This hates not that of fairer bloom,
And all are loved by pilgrim bee so blithe;
The prickly gorse, and gentler broom,
In peace dispread their gold together,
Nor scorn the lowlier blooming thyme and heather.

So live the good, and love—
For there is virtue yet upon the earth,
And by her seraph hand are wove
The feelings of ingenuous hearts
In happy friendship, sympathy, and mirth;
And kindly each to each imparts
The sunny light that heaven bestows,
And summer pleasure in each bosom glows.

The shafts of enmity
Can never wound my feelings, musing here!
In every little flower I see,
There breathes a balm, a holy charm;
And the glad song of every bird I hear
Tells me that envy cannot harm,
And sweetly teaches to forgive my foes—
My simple song forgives them as it flows.

But I could love the foe
Whose censure stern, and praise, alike are just;
Whose lip can curl, whose soul can glow,
As faults appear, or beauties shine;
Who scorns to give the undeserved thrust—
Scans every word of every line,
As one in whom there is no ruth,
While native candour still decides with truth.

Yet why obtrude such theme,
Where nature spreads around her sacred page?
To read aright, my aim supreme,
And cultivate each germ of thought
That in me lives; and win the holy pledge
Which I, since boyhood gay, have sought,
To be among the laurell'd blest, above
Yon sun rejoicing high—a home of love.

Thou, who all sweetness art,
And pure as sweet, thou sunborn summer wreath,
O, be the feelings of my heart,
Like thee, in moral beauty wove;
And as we muse, 'mid winter's gloom of death,
Of thy gay summer charms in love,
So, when beneath the sod I'm laid along,
Remembered be the votary of song.

—*Scotsman, Feb.* 1840.

HUMBLE AND UNNOTICED VIRTUE.

O my son!
The ostentatious Virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation—
These have their meed at once; but there's a joy
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
Its whispering plaudit to the silent soul.
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And, from the cheek of patient Sorrow, wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unseen, or scorned.

—*Mrs More's Works.*

TREASURY WRITERS AND OFFICIALS.

It is a pretty general opinion with the public, that the scribes of the Treasury and of the Foreign Office are themselves contributors to the newspapers. This, however, is rarely the case. The mode of communication between the Treasury and its journal* used to be this:—Every morning, the editor, the sub-editor, or sub-sub—for in respectable newspapers the assistant editor has also an *aide*—went to the Treasury and the Foreign Office to learn if there were any news, and to receive instructions as to the tone which the editor was to assume. If the editor in person paid this visit, he was usually received at the Treasury by what is called the Patronage-Secretary, who is the gentleman charged with the management of the secret machinery of the government, and the drilling of the ministerial members of the House of Commons, in which latter office he is assisted by the official whipper-in. This personage was the medium of communication between the cabinet and the editors of the newspapers which were in their interest, for notwithstanding the importance attached by some members of the cabinet to the support of newspapers, they rarely condescended to give audience to the editors. This affectation of superiority is almost exclusively confined to the English character. In France the editors of government newspapers are in direct communication with the ministers, and such is the case even in Germany and Russia, where literary men hold a higher rank than in England, although the pecuniary advantages which they possess may not be so great. At the English Foreign Office the editor had the high honour of being admitted to the presence of no less a person than the Under-Secretary of State; but if the sub-editor, or his sub, attended, he was generally turned over to the chief clerk, who, whilst the visitor waited, would communicate with his superior. If an article highly in favour of the government, and calculated, by the tact with which it was written, to serve their cause, appeared in a semi-official paper, it did not follow that the great men thought it worth while to communicate to the writer the expression of their satisfaction, although this was sometimes done; but if, on the contrary, by neglecting to pay the daily visit, in order to see which way the vane pointed, or from any other cause, the editor should have written some article, or paragraph of an article, which created displeasure, he was summoned to the presence of the Secretary of the Treasury, or of the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, as the case might be, and reminded, in polite but very positive terms, that he was not a free agent; and that, if the indiscretion were to be repeated, the government would feel it necessary to take some means of letting the public know that they had no direct connection with his journal. Some curious scenes have resulted from this temporary exercise of free agency. I remember an editor having been once sent for by an Under-Secretary of State of the Foreign Department, who, in his usual polite but truly official manner, expressed, in the name of his superior, the deep regret which was felt at the tone which he had for several days assumed; and informed him, that if the same line of conduct were to be persisted in, it would become necessary to inform the different embassies that the minister disowned it. "Your articles," said the Under-Secretary, "have already led to remonstrances from two of the ambassadors; and his lordship in vain replied, that as there is not, strictly speaking, an official paper in England, he can only advise, not control, the editors of those papers by which the government is generally supported. The ambassadors, who cannot conceive that papers affecting to advocate the cause of ministers can contain any article which has not been previously submitted for approbation, turn a deaf ear to all my lord's statements. You will see, therefore, how important it is to be careful in these matters; and understand, that if there be a repetition of such conduct on your part, the government must withdraw its patronage from your paper." Now, it had so occurred, that the very articles complained of by the Foreign Secretary had given great satisfaction to the Premier; and, only on the preceding day, the editor had received from the Secretary of the Treasury a letter, in which he expressed, by desire of that noble lord, the pleasure which they had afforded. On producing this important document, and placing it in the hands of the Under-Secretary, he could only express his astonishment, and request, as a particular favour, that the editor would keep secret the difference of opinion which appeared to exist between the Premier and the Secretary of State, on a question of such importance as the foreign policy of the British cabinet.—*A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences, in Fraser's Magazine.*

* This kind of Treasury connection is said no longer to exist.

BORROWING ON ALL HANDS.

In Michigan there is little ceremony used in seeking the loan of each other's goods—"Mother wants your sifter; and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you've got plenty." This excellent reason, "'cause you've got plenty," is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing, will be sure to better his condition; but woe to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences! To have them, and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse to *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a "gal;" your wheelbarrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong not to yourselves, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to *ask* a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spend most of their time travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey. * * * But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straightforward and honest—none of your hypocritical civility and servile gratitude. Your true republican, when he finds that you possess any thing which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with "Are you going to use your horses *to-day?*" if horses happen to be the thing he needs. "Yes, I shall probably want them." "Oh! well, if you want them, I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece." Or, perhaps, the desired article comes within the female department—"Mother wants to get some butter; that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'." And away goes your golden store, to be repaid perhaps with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with "Here's your butter!" A girl came in to borrow a "wash-dish," "because we've got company." Presently she came back—"Mother says you've forgot to send a towel." "The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer," is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent "an awful bad pen."—*Mrs Clavers's Western Life in America.*

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THE DEFENSIVE.

DID it ever occur to any of our readers to consider how much of the labour, wealth, and possibilities of enjoyment, of the social world, is expended and sacrificed merely for the sake of defence against evils which do not necessarily exist? A middle-aged Englishman walks into the dockyards at Portsmouth, with his wife on one arm and his daughter on the other, and talks with pride, right and left, of the vast naval power of his native country. We suspect he does not reflect that all this mighty mechanism, and all these tremendous munitions, exist on account of absolute mischiefs to which it is distressing to think that we are exposed, namely, rapacity, self-love, and pure unreasonableness on the part of other nations—we, of course, being always rational and innocent belligerents. The Third Dragoons arrive in Leeds, there to take up their quarters for the winter; and all the ladies immediately begin to think what delightful balls they shall have, and for some time nothing is talked of but what a handsome set of officers, what an elegant man is Captain Goring, what a nice young fellow Cornet Jackson, and how extremely pretty the jackets are, and how beautiful the horses! Even the poor populace, one of whose foibles is a liking for the army, look with admiration on the gay and clanging march of the troops, and, as they parade along the streets, follow reverently and delightedly in their train, almost supposing that they are themselves a part of the corps. The ladies and the populace never once consider for a moment that Captain Goring and Cornet Jackson, and all the rest, even to the cymbals and kettledrums, exist for the purpose of defending the one party against some possible lawlessness in the other, and that there would be no balls and no gay parades, if it were not that those very poor fellows who follow the regiment so lovingly, are apt occasionally to become a little troublesome. It is equally worthy of remark, that, when a gentleman takes a stranger or country cousin to see the sights of the city in which he dwells, he is quite as likely to speak with pride of the County Jail, if it is a new and handsome one, as of the Royal Exchange or the last new club-house, never once considering that this large and superb edifice is a thing which only exists because the district or city is pestered with criminals, against whom it is necessary that society should be defended. So complete is this delusion, that, when a gentleman was not long ago showing a large prison to another who was connected with a distant county, the latter remarking that it seemed to him small, and having inquired how many offenders were generally brought forward there at a sessions, to which the answer was "generally about twenty," "Oh," said the stranger with an air of contempt, "that is a small affair indeed: we in S——shire have never less than two hundred!" Ordinary observers see only the fine ships, the well-dressed, well-drilled corps, the huge castellated building. They would require to look beneath the surface, to become aware that these things are only a subtraction from the productive industry of the country, and that Captain Goring and his friend the Cornet might have been left at liberty to act in some capacity which would have increased the general store, and the money expended on the ships and prisons been reserved for some really useful end, were it not for the irregular impulses which govern the human breast, and against which defensive measures are necessary.

It is quite humiliating, indeed, to think how many of the greatest things in the world exist only through this same necessity. What is the medical profession (meaning the men) but a great defensive band against the evils we bring on ourselves by breaches of nature's laws! What is the use of lawyers but to defend us against each other? The administration of public affairs is in great part only defensive. One-half the things which men toast with enthusiasm after public dinners, are only guards against the evils which beset them. How broad a feature is the defensive in ordinary domestic matters! Not a fair park, or goodly forest, is to be seen throughout the country, but what is surrounded by lofty walls, necessary for defending it. Not even a field, or paddock, not so much as a cottage garden, is without its angry hedge or surly wall, to protect it from dreaded aggression. Locks, bars, shutters, stancheons, how universal are they in our civilised land, showing that every where it is vain to have any thing without taking the means of defending it! Tailors arrange and fashion pockets with a view to defend their contents, and even breast-pins are thought now-a-days to be the better for having a little anchor and chain cable to make sure that rogues shall not furtively take possession of them.

Painfully conspicuous as are all these symptoms of the defensive, they are more endurable than those moral habits in which the same guardedness is called into force. In social existence, the necessity of defensive measures affects us to an immense extent, and human happiness is greatly diminished by it. When a few people are thrown together casually in travelling, they dare not converse freely with each other. They do not know each other, and though there may be a likelihood that all are respectable, still they cannot be sure, and therefore it is necessary to act on the defensive. Supposing one or two do break the ice, and find each other agreeable, they cannot encourage intimacy, for each fears the other may prove to be a person whom it would not be creditable to acknowledge as a friend. One may remit the defensive as far as chat for the hour is concerned, but not for a moment's intercourse after the conclusion of the journey. The fears which operate thus are of various kinds. The person of a certain grade in society fears he may be drawn into a disagreeable acquaintance with an inferior. The honest citizen is apprehensive that his pleasant neighbour may prove to be a rogue, whom the police are waiting for at the next stage. A mamma and her daughter dread giving the slightest encouragement to Mr Unsuitable. Every one has his or her peculiar bugbear, whom he or she fears this individual may prove to be. In fact, all mankind are Improper Persons to some of their fellow-creatures, however different may be the kinds and degrees of impropriety, and however excellent each may be in many respects. The unavoidable result is, that a remark from one's neighbour as to the fineness of the morning, or the pleasantness of the villas seen on the banks of the canal, or the wonderful swiftness of locomotive carriages, becomes an excessively alarming thing. The proposition may be assented to, but with a "humph!" or a toss of the head, or a chilling look, so as to make it clear that the assent is strictly limited *to* the proposition, and does not by any means signify that one thinks the proposer entitled to take one's arm in walking into the next town. The necessity for this reserve may be undoubted; but it is surely much to be lamented, for travelling would be generally more cheerful if the travellers could allow themselves to follow the dictates of their nature in associating harmoniously together, and being all "hail, brother, well met!"

A free-born Englishman is apt to be astonished at the military police of France, and the system of passports which prevails there and in other parts of the continent, arguing a necessity for the defensive such as it gives him pain even to think of. But let him look to the customs of his own country, and consider what would be the condition of a man who should take up his residence in a British city without any letters of introduction. Would such a man find a single human being to whom he could open his mouth? Would the gentler sex's gentlest specimen once for a moment allow herself to look at him? Would he obtain admission to a single house, besides the inns, or would he be allowed to attend a single ball? No: such a man would find himself a complete Pariah. Truly Byron's idea as to the solitude to be experienced in cities, would be realised in his case. And all this is because there are so many knaves and pretenders of all kinds in England, that the true gentleman requires to be attested by competent judges and witnesses: it is, in short, part of the defensive system which swindling and imposture render necessary among honest people. Benevolence laments the necessity, and we can readily see that, if the case were otherwise, the honest part of the world would both look more amiable and be more happy. But, nevertheless, the necessity is undoubted. Sometimes kind-natured persons are found to dispense with the usual certificates; but it often happens that they have occasion to regret their simplicity.

Even in society where all have been so far recommended to each other, it is still found necessary to act a good deal on the defensive. Many persons, quite respectable in station and general conduct, are of notedly disagreeable manners or unpleasant temper: these it is necessary to keep at a distance. Some are heedlessly familiar, and wanting in deference and respect where it is due: these it is desirable to chill. Some are recklessly extravagant in their style of life, and indulge in a great deal of not very select company: the advances of such persons it may be deemed prudent to check. A lady may think her circle of friends already as large as she ought to have, and she must therefore forbid herself to encourage the approaches of new acquaintance. For a thousand various and not easily described reasons, every person almost every day finds it necessary to act on the defensive against his fellow-creatures, not from any disrespect to them, possibly, but simply from a regard which he feels himself at liberty to entertain for his own tastes, likings, and convenience. Still the fact helps to show to what a vast extent this principle operates in the social world, and how vain, in the mean time, are all those sentimental preachments which enjoin men (without taking other things into view) to love each other as brothers.

Admitting the existence of this principle, and its results in detracting from human happiness, we are not bound to suppose that there is any particular amount of the defensive which must necessarily exist in the mass of the world, or be practised by individuals. The amount of the defensive called for must be in proportion to the evils which give occasion for it. The wooden walls of Old England, the Third Dragoon Guards, the castellated county jails, are they to be needed for ever? Let this question be answered by what remains of Raby and Conway Castles, by Lochmaben and Dunnottar, and all the other "towers along the steep" now no longer in strength. Once these fortresses were needed by our nobles and county gentlemen as a means of defending themselves from each other; but now a locked door in an ordinary house serves all the purpose. So may the time arrive when the bristling of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea will not set hammers a-going at Portsmouth; when the swart artisans of Sheffield and Birmingham will be on so right a footing that Captain Goring's occupation will be gone; and when the amount of irregular and untrained impulse in the country will be so small, that the jail, in place of being the biggest building in all our towns, will become the smallest. The prospect of such improvement may be considered visionary;

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but so would it have been held visionary in the sixteenth century, if any one residing on the border had suggested that the time might come when gentlemen would not live in towers surrounded by barmkin walls. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that doing away with the defensive on these great points must leave a vast amount of capital and labour free to be expended on objects producing a return of useful commodities to human beings, not to speak of the lessening of positive misery and pain to mortals which must follow from the same cause. Shall we ever be able to dispense in like manner with the defensive measures which are at present generally deemed requisite against imposture, aggression, injury, and unpleasant communications? For analogous reasons, we would be hopeful on this point also. People going home at night through the streets of London are not now in danger of being assaulted by the gentlemen styled Mohocks. Here the defensive has been remitted on a great point. May it not also be remitted on other points, when the causes for it shall in like manner have become obsolete, and out of date? To make these causes obsolete, is an object in which every generous nature, we should think, must be interested, for to such natures the defensive must always be disagreeable, if not indeed on many occasions positively impracticable. Let the prospect of getting quit of this harassing necessity serve, we would say, as a stimulus to every philanthropic mind, to exert itself for the improvement of human character.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF PARIS.

In the modern historical records of France, and especially in the accounts of the revolutionary changes that have recently taken place there, mention is frequently made of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and of its élèves, or students; and many ordinary readers may have been surprised at the important part which these scholars are said to have played, on many occasions, on the stage of public affairs. But the truth is, that this school and its pupils are of a very uncommon order, and must not be judged of by a comparison with our own academies for the young. The object of the Polytechnic School of Paris is to furnish a continual supply of men capable of directing all the civil and military undertakings of the nation for the management of which *science* is necessary. The institution had its origin in the stormy times of the first revolution. Monge, one of the best mathematicians of his age, was the original proposer of it, and in 1794 he succeeded in getting his views carried into effect, with the aid of Lamblardie, then Director of Roads and Bridges, of Carnot, and of Fourcroy. To the establishment the name of the "Central School of Public Works" was originally given, and it was opened on the 30th of November 1794, under the directorship of Lamblardie.

When the great names of Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Fourcroy, Chaptal, Guyton de Morveau, Vauquelin, Fourier, and Prouy, are mentioned as those of the original or early professors, it will be admitted, that as regarded the matter of teaching, this new school commenced with the most brilliant prospects. Three hundred and forty-nine students were in the first instance enrolled, and these were of all ages, from twelve to twenty-five years, though the majority ranged between sixteen and eighteen. The plan of choosing them was as follows. In each of the twenty-two largest towns of France, an examinator was named, whose duty it was to examine and decide on the qualifications of the young candidates. These qualifications, generally speaking, were previous good conduct, and a pretty extensive knowledge of the elements of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. The government gave to the students, thus selected, a salary considered sufficient for the supply of their ordinary wants, and they were lodged or boarded with families selected for the purpose among the residents of the city of Paris. No fees, of course, were exacted, the whole being at the public expense.

The course of instruction established had chiefly in view the training of the pupils to every species of engineering, civil and military. "In mathematics the students were supposed to know already the elements of geometry and algebra. Their attention was therefore turned immediately to *analysis* and *descriptive geometry*. The former was principally confined to the elements, first, of geometry of three dimensions; second, mechanics and hydrostatics; third, the effects of machinery. The latter was applied to the arts of design, architecture, and fortification." These three last branches of instruction included "the cutting and arrangement of stone and wood in building, the projection of shadows, perspective both with regard to the apparent form and tints of objects, the formation of maps and plans, and the operations of surveying, and also the drawing of machinery simple and compound; the construction of roads, bridges, canals, and ports, the plans of mining operations, and the ordinary processes of building; while in fortification the general principles of the method were to be taught, in addition to the construction of works and the operations of attack and defence."* In physics, the course was divided into what are called general physics, and chemistry with its application to all the useful arts. Oral lectures, and practical demonstrations, engaged alternately the attention of the students, and occupied about twelve hours of their time each day. "Chefs de brigade," or monitors, were selected from the more advanced pupils, and placed each over a division of the school, in order to guide and privately instruct those under their charge.

Such was the original plan of this Parisian School, on which the title of Polytechnic was bestowed in the second year of its existence. The establishment had to struggle with many difficulties in its infancy. The students were not exempted from serving in the ranks of the national guard, and in this character they were called out in 1795 to protect the government against the factions by which it was then menaced. Great confusion was thus introduced into the establishment, and, what was worse, the spirit and boldness evinced by the students rendered them an object of dread to the parties then in power. The latter complained of the expense attending the maintenance of the school, curtailed the range of instruction in various ways, and in fact endeavoured to crush it altogether. But the enthusiasm and energy of the professors, who, as a council, headed by a president, governed the institution, had the effect of counteracting the jealous hostility of the Directory. When Bonaparte came into power, the Polytechnic School rose into a much more advantageous position, though not until its enemies had succeeded in procuring the expulsion of four pupils, on a charge of *incivism*. After his Italian campaigns, Bonaparte visited the school frequently in person, and listened to the instructions delivered. When he went to Egypt, he took with him thirty-nine of the more distinguished students, and of these, seventeen were made members of his celebrated Egyptian Commission. This attention, on the part of a man so influential, drew the general favour of the public upon the Polytechnic School; and its pupils, besides, were beginning to exhibit such occasional proofs of talent as confirmed the impression. One young lad, for example, of the age of eighteen, gave in a paper to Lagrange, containing some suggested improvements on the profoundest parts of that great mathematician's works, which suggestions he avowed his intention to adopt. The young man was Poisson, now one of the first of living analysts. This and other similar circumstances became readily known to the public, and indeed to all Europe, by means of the Polytechnic Journal, a periodical instituted nearly at the commencement of the school, and continued through succeeding years. It described the progressive operations of the establishment, and proved altogether a valuable record of scientific knowledge.

As Napoleon's ambition widened in its circuit, and his war-system grew more and more gigantic, the Polytechnic School supplied his armies with engineers and artillery officers of the ablest description. Not only was this the case, but he also, in the most unjustifiable manner, included the students within the range of his terrible conscription, and ninety of them were pressed as private soldiers. Notwithstanding, the emperor was so deeply sensible of the value of the school as a nursery of practical science, that in 1805 he made important changes on its constitution, with the view of increasing its future efficiency. He decreed that the students should all live together, and gave them the College of Navarre for a school and dwelling. He decreed that each student should pay a certain yearly sum towards his maintenance, with the exception of a few bursars. Finally, he established in the school a strict military discipline, and gave it the character nearly of a fortress. Having thus rendered the institution as well fitted as possible for the advancement of his own system, he drew from it all the talent which it developed, for the supply of the engineering department of his armies. So certain, indeed, was the display of talent to bring a commission upon its owner, that all who did not choose a military life were obliged to conceal their knowledge. When France was threatened, however, by the allies, no Polytechnic student showed an aversion to war. They made an offer to Napoleon to fight in a body in his ranks. He declined their offer at the time, saying, "I am not so far reduced as to kill the hen that lays me golden eggs;" but he afterwards consented to their enrolment as a corps of artillery, and the little band behaved with distinguished gallantry in the battle fought under the walls of Paris in 1814. On a former occasion, also, when Bonaparte projected the invasion of Britain, the students had besought permission to take a share in the "great action," and offered to construct a gun-boat with their own hands, and at their own expense. The offer was accepted, and immediately, says a French writer, "the school became a workshop, the library was filled with models, and other places with blacksmiths and sail-makers." The boat was soon made, and actually launched under the command of a student of the establishment. It never was put to its original purpose; but its history is interesting as exhibiting the practical character of the training to which its builders had been subjected.

There is another feature in the progressive career or annals of this school which ought not to be overlooked. This was the publication of successive treatises, of an admirable kind, by its various professors, and, in some instances, by its pupils. In one or other, or both, of these characters, Biot, Arago, Poisson, Gay-Lussac, Petit, Haüy, Lacroix, and many other philosophers of European celebrity, became connected with the school, and furthered its interests by their teaching and their writings. A treatise on physics by Haüy, one on mechanics by Poisson, one on chemistry by Thenard and Fourcroy, and one on the theory of functions by Lagrange, may be mentioned merely as specimens of the able works which were produced originally for the use of the Polytechnic School, though the world saw their value too clearly to permit their usefulness to rest there. Pursuing the history of the school after the fall of Bonaparte, we find that it was an object of deep dislike to the restored Bourbons. It is curious enough, that the Directory accused the students of incivism or aristocratic tendencies; that Bonaparte charged them with republicanism; and that the Bourbons blamed them for imperialism. M. Lisdieres, who was a pupil of the school, and who gives a sketch of its history in the Book of the Hundred and One, declares that these various charges all originated in the fact that the Polytechnic students hated and opposed despotism in all its forms, whether directorial, imperial, or regal. However this may be, it is certain that the Bourbons attempted to extinguish the establishment. Taking advantage, in April 1816, of a riotous demonstration on the part of the pupils, Louis XVIII. dissolved the school by a royal ordonnance. But he found it necessary, or at least prudent, to re-establish it in September of the same year. The military features of the institution, however, were then abolished, and remained so till 1822, when it was held proper, for the sake of restoring more perfect discipline, to revert to the garrison-like organisation of Napoleon. In the same state it has remained up to this hour, with unimportant changes. The war-minister has the ostensible direction of the whole. A governor and a sub-governor are the actual managing superiors, and under them are *chefs des études* and *chefs de brigade*, these being perfected and advanced pupils, who take charge of the rest by divisions. The pupils are still selected by district examinations, which are more strict than formerly. Each pupil pays forty pounds sterling a-year, and remains usually two years in the school, but never more than three. There are twenty-four royal bursaries for poorer candidates. All wear a uniform, and, as has been said, are kept under the usual forms of military discipline.

Selected from the ablest youth of France, listening to the ablest lecturers, aided in their progress by the best books, and having their attention seldom distracted from their studies by extraneous causes, the students of the Polytechnic School are distinguished for the proficiency which they attain. It may be interesting to point out the proportions in which the various branches of science are brought under their notice by the professors. In 1830, according to a paper in the Educational Journal already alluded to, the number of hours devoted to each department of science, in the first and second year's courses, stood as follows:—

FIRST YEAR.	Hours.
Mathematical Analysis,	52
Geometry,	15
Statics,	34
Dynamics,	18
Descriptive Geometry and Applications,	108
Analysis applied to Geometry,	94
Physics,	51
Chemistry,	54
History, Belles Lettres, &c.	34

SECOND YEAR.	Hours.
Mathematical Analysis,	65
Geometry,	15
Mechanics,	75
Geodesy,	28
Machines,	22
Political Arithmetic,	6
Physics,	42
Chemistry,	54
Architecture,	51
History, Belles Lettres, &c.	34

These are merely the hours, it is to be observed, in which the lecturers are actually engaged in communicating information. The student is allowed a portion of time after each lecture for meditation or application, and in this he is assisted by others if he requires it; so that the students are perpetually occupied, and have all the *tutorial* advantages which the best universities afford. It is a wise regulation, that a considerable portion of the allotted amount of study, and the degree of application, should be voluntary, or at the option, to a certain extent, of each individual.

We have now given a pretty comprehensive view of the plan and character of the Polytechnic School of Paris. It is an institution of great value in the eyes of the nation, and justly so, seeing that it represents, in a very perfect degree, the rising talent and spirit of the country. As regards their public appear-

* See an article on the Polytechnic School in No. I. vol. I. of the Quarterly Journal of Education.

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assess on the political stage, it must be admitted that the Polytechnic students, when called from their own more appropriate sphere by the exigencies of the time, have ever taken the side of freedom. They were important agents in effecting the last revolution, and fought with distinguished gallantry for the popular cause.

MATTHEWS THE MADMAN AND IMPOSTOR.

A FEW years ago, a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York, by the mad and grotesque pranks of a personage who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813, he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a store-keeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed; he became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talent, in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and, there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as to sit up the greater part of the night, repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded, as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829, his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed "Rally round the Standard of Truth;" this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce, was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow in obedience to a scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half madman half knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York, in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822, a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation; in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes, perhaps equally well-meaning but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830, his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James, v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be "raised up" from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for quotation; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health, and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them, that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of declaring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as every body knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S——, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting, he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character, and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly-figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard, flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disused the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a nightcap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, "the kingdom," and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was only as a great favour; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem, were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble

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votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson, but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833, he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singsing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy, in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal time to preach, and generally preached so long that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews, was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a-day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews showed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of borries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character, by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villany did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried—but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of "devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid." Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but, upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examinators could not agree that the stomach showed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. In this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated; but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singsing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture. From the tissue of strange details which we have been able to present, the reader will doubtless mark the resemblance which the pretensions and career of Matthews bore to those of the madman Thoms, of Kentish memory; but with this remarkable difference in the two cases, that while Thoms practised on a crowd of ignorant and credulous peasantry, Matthews found followers among the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of a great city—ladies, educated, accomplished, virtuous—gentlemen acute in business, possessing wealth and information, and of great public and private worth. Comment is unnecessary.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"UNITED IRISHMEN!"—the phrase will startle many who think, and think rightly, that I am no politician; though, as far as zeal *for*, and love *of*, country goes, I hope I am a patriot. With *political united Irishmen* I have nothing to do; my object is simply to show how much Irishmen *could* do, if they were united—how much they lose by not being united. "Union is strength," said old Dick Delany—unconsciously quoting the memorable expression of a mighty mind—when lecturing his five sons on the unfortunate propensity they had of all pulling different ways. "Union is strength," repeated the old man—and he was right.

I would have every Irishman, rich and poor, both in and out of his country, read and ponder over the fable of the bundle of sticks, and remember, that though it is easy enough to break *one*, it is impossible to do so *when they are combined*. It has always seemed to me a strange contradiction in the Irish character, that they who are so kindly to each other in their own land, should be any thing but kindly to each other in the land of strangers. In Ireland they assemble together to assist in building a house, in getting in harvest, in digging potatoes, in cutting and bringing home turf; they do it right cheerfully; and, according to the happy and merry maxim that "many hands make light work," so does such labour pass off pleasantly; but this generosity of feeling is almost confined to the peasantry, and they lose it in a great degree when they emigrate.

Take an example:—In our village is a baker, a Scotchman; he employs three men, two of whom were Scotch, the third an Englishman. One of these men was much respected by the gentry; he had been a long time in Mr Macneil's employment, and at last we missed him, and inquired where he was gone to.

"Oh, he's awa'," replied Macneil; "he's awa' to Wimbleton to a business o' his ain; he was as steady a lad as ever drew a batch of bread, and saved mair than you could ha'e thought possible; and having a mind to marry, he spoke to me about it; and though I shall *miss him for mony a lang day, yet we maun help each other*—and I lent him a trifle, forby his savings, to begin on."

Another of our tradesmen is Charley Murphy, the butcher, a native of Dublin; *he* deemed it necessary to apologise in a degree one day for employing *an Irishman* as his foreman. "He's of *very decent people* in the county Longford," said Charley, "or he would not be here."

"Is he a good butcher?"

"Oh, never a better between this and Dublin."

The foreman was also a well-conducted steady young man; being an Irishman, he was civil and obliging of course, and much liked by his master's customers. Suddenly, however, there arose a schism between him and his employer, and the young man applied to a friend of ours, a very peace-loving magistrate, to take an oath that his master owed him some money, and would not pay him. Our friend said that was an illegal course of proceeding, that he must take out a summons; but being anxious to prevent litigation, he thought he might as well send for Charley Murphy, and endeavour to adjust the difference.

"If your honour plaises," said the foreman, "I have *slaved* late and early for this man for *next to half* what he'd have to pay any other man in the world. And now, when I've an opportunity of bettering myself, he says *I'm striving to cut his throat behind his back*, gives me no peace, nor will he pay me the thrifle of wages, which, small as it is, would help to set me up in the world."

"He's behaved like a traitor, that he has," was the reply; "with his winning ways he has got the inside of the houses of all my customers, and has the assurance to ask me to lend him money to help to set him up."

"And if you *had* lent me a thrifle," answered the young Irishman, "it would have been nothing so very wonderful. I didn't want to try my luck at all in this neighbourhood. See what Macneil did for his countryman. But," he added, "it's true enough what they say here, that no Irishman ever helps another, *barring it is down the hill*."

"Suppose," suggested my friend, "you were to arrange it thus: if it is not convenient to you, Murphy, to pay this demand, give this young fellow a share in your business; you are countrymen, and ought to help each other. There are frequent instances amongst the English and Scotch of this sort of arrangement: one

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partner brings youth and zeal as a set-off against the money and connection which his older but less active partner has to offer. What say you?"

"I say, plaise your honour," replied the foreman hastily, "I'd sooner beg my bread than be *behoulden* to him. Let him pay me my wages; that's all I'll ask."

"I don't owe you any wages; and I've had enough of you already; and more than that, you're *the last Irishman I'll have any call to*. I'll keep clear of my countrymen in future; for when they find one of themselves a little up in the world, they'll try to pull him down, and hardly give a 'thank ye' for all you can do."

Our worthy friend cited the Scotch baker as an example of how much people even in small trade might do for each other by being united; he urged, that it was our duty to assist each other, and used every argument in his power to dissuade them from "going to law," but in vain. Charley Murphy entered into a long story as explanation about board and lodging, and weekly money, and a feather bed, and new blue sleeves and apron, and the grinding of a knife and steel, which detail caused his foreman to exclaim against his meanness. One offered to take an oath that *this* was the case, and the other that *that* was the case, and at last the magistrate was obliged to tell them that they had better go to Queen Square to settle the business. To Queen Square they accordingly went, and the magistrate decided that the wages were due, and ought to be paid, and paid they were, though, having run on for a considerable time, to get together the amount caused Charley Murphy to run in debt; for the young foreman, irritated by his master's conduct, would grant no time. But this was not all: Charley had a daughter, and this daughter and the young foreman had become strongly attached to each other. At first Charley Murphy used to laugh at this young love, but afterwards refused his consent. The daughter, English born, had more of English wilfulness than Irish yielding in her disposition, and married without his consent. This was certainly an imprudent step, as little by little they fell into poverty, and Charley Murphy confessed, when too late, that if he had assisted his countryman at the commencement, if he had behaved justly, if they had remained together *like the bundle of sticks*, he would not have been left in his old age without his pretty daughter to keep his books, or a hale hearty son-in-law to attend to their mutual business. As it was, the young people migrated to Australia; while the baker's daughter, who with her father's consent married the Scotchman, is able to drive over in their own comfortable cart on Sundays to see Macneil, whose national and most praiseworthy consideration for his own countryman secured his "Jessie" in the end a comfortable home and a good husband.

"I *hate* the Scotch," exclaimed a hot-headed Irish friend of mine, the other day, "they are so '*clannish*.'" I could not help asking him if he did not think a little of the same quality would wonderfully improve his countrymen! This young man is now doing very well in the world, and I hope felt too much the bitter loneliness of an Irishman in London, to be cold, without a reason, to those of his own land who come hither to seek their fortunes. The prejudice in England for a length of time was cruelly great against my countrymen. When a handsome young Irishman got into English society, I have seen the chaperons draw more closely to their charges, and, while they looked icebergs and daggers at the good-humoured face of the somewhat forward youth, whisper the young ladies to "beware, for an Irish adventurer had entered the charmed circle." I do not attempt to deny that the young man made the most of his handsome face, and "blarneyed" to the best of his ability; but English, ay, and Scotch men too, do the same thing; and if they do not succeed as well as the Irishman, it is only because they lack ability, not inclination. I do not mean for a moment to defend the unprincipled adventurer of any country; but I do sincerely rejoice that the English have discovered that imposition is not by any means the necessary attendant on an Irish face or an Irish tongue. But to the answer to my question.

"Indeed and you are right," he said. "When I was coming to London, I bothered the very life out of every one I knew in Dublin, to give me letters of introduction to *all* the Irish *they* knew in the *grate* city. I did not care so much for letters to the English, like a fool as I was, for I was not aware then that when once you are known by the English, your hold upon their friendship is as firm as the Rock of Cashel; and so I thought my fortune was made when I had secured introductions to several Irish leaders. Well, I left a card and a letter at one house, and received a note saying that really the influx of young Irish gentlemen seeking employment was so great, that he had, however painful to his feelings, been *obliged* to decline receiving introductions at all. Several asked me to dinner: others to 'tea and turn out.' The member for our town, who had made fierce love to my aunt, and spoken of my uncle as 'his talented and distinguished countryman' *during* the election, by some strange chance was never at home when I called, as I well knew, for I heard him tell the servant so himself. One fellow gave me an introduction to his friend in the city, and I afterwards found out that he clearly said, though he wished me well, he would not be *answerable* for me, as I was *Irish*. Another could not introduce me to his partner, who had the management of his business, because *he had a family of daughters*. Certainly, out of about five-and-twenty, I found one whose warm manners sprang from his warm heart, and he made up for the rest, though I was on the *shaughraun* for months and months before I could earn as much as would afford me a dinner. Now, it is not more than eighteen months ago since a Scotch lad, Alexander Fergusson, came up from Aberdeen with letters to only two or three Scottish manufacturers; why, in less than a week he was provided for; every Scottish house in the city was applied to, till a suitable situation was found him. *I doubt if they asked him half as often to dinner as my countrymen invited me;* but they provided for him, and quickly, they are so *clannish*."

"If they were less so," I said, "I should not esteem them as highly as I do. I confess that I think *clannishness*, as you call it, the root of much noble action. If every country provided for those of its own who need provision, we should have no distress. There is something in the everlasting affection the Scotch bear each other, that elevates them in my esteem almost beyond the inhabitants of all other countries. I have seldom known a Scotchman whom I did not respect; and I wish, with all my heart, that the Irish were as united by the magic of the sound of 'Native Land.' In this should be sunk all political differences—all religious animosities. There is no country in the world that has sent forth finer soldiers, better sailors, firmer patriots, more eloquent statesmen. *Single-handed*, an Irishman conquers. *Singly* triumphant in art and literature, what might they not have accomplished long ere this for the good of their ill-used country, if they had only been *united*—only known the inestimable value of domestic and social union—only remembered that a house divided against itself *cannot* stand—and also kept in mind poor old Dick Delany's quotation, which the practice of ages has proved true, that 'union is strength!'"

I will endeavour, on a future occasion, to illustrate this subject more fully, by showing the light and dark, the union and disunion, and their effects.

MR TOWNSHEND'S EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CONCLUDED.

THE party of fur-hunters with whom Mr Townshend travelled in his western expedition, had now reached the confines of the Rocky Mountains, from which originate the upper tributaries of the Missouri on the one side, and those of the Columbia on the other. The plains in this high region are more rugged and barren than in the lower territories, and occasionally present evidences of volcanic action, being thickly covered with masses of lava, and high basaltic crags. The principal vegetation on the hills is small cedars, while on the plains nothing flourishes but the shrubby wormwood or sage. Mr Townshend had an opportunity, in these melancholy wastes, of becoming acquainted with a variety of animals, particularly birds. He met with flocks of a beautiful bird called the cock of the plain (*Tetrao urophasianus*), which was so very tame, or rather so little accustomed to evil treatment, as to mingle familiarly with the cavalcade, and to suffer itself to be knocked down by whips.

On the 14th of July (1834), the party pitched their tents on the banks of the fine large river Shoshoné, or Snake river, a stream which pours its waters directly into the Columbia. A temporary fort or camp was now formed for the repose of the men and horses, and a small body of hunters sent out in quest of provisions, both for present and future necessities. One evening, as the party sat around the camp fire, wrapped in their warm blankets, the old hunters became garrulous, and related their individual adventures for the general amusement. "The best story, however, was told by Richardson, of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. He immediately *discharged his cargo* of meat to lighten his horse, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient, as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart, but one of them happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man, at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition."

The Indians in the remote region of the far-west, are, with the exception of the Blackfeet and their hereditary foes the Bannecks, generally more simple and docile than the tribes nearer the settlements, a circumstance apparently arising from their extreme poverty, and the difficulty of procuring sufficient sustenance. A party of Nez Percés, Chinooks, and Kayouse, encamped near the hunters, are described as possessing a most amiable spirit of sincere piety, and their toleration of the creed and religious observances of the white men might well teach a lesson to civilisation. "After supper was concluded," says Mr Townshend, "we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge, to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced an harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled, that of worshipping the 'Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water,' and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but 'one tongue,' they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly, but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same position of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast, commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha-ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song, the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, was truly affecting, and very impressive.

The next day being the Sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr M'Kay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher kneeled, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions as to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before, but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene; it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce."

On the 6th of August, the encampment broke up, and the company, now consisting of but thirty men, and one hundred and sixteen horses, set out on its farther travels. Sterile plains, craggy steeps, foaming rivers, were passed with more or less difficulty, but without any accident. At night the camp was generally beset by wolves, whose howling cries disturbed the repose of the wayfarers. Provisions at length became scarce, and the only supplies were an occasional wild animal brought down by a bullet, or dried salmon procured from the Snake or Shoshoné Indians. Our traveller's account of a visit to a Snake village does not give one a taste for savage social life.

"Early in the morning I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other 'varmints.' The dogs

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growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me—the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me, and the little naked, pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the *tout ensemble* of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and most horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity. I shall, therefore, but transiently glance at it, omitting many of the most disgusting and abominable features.

Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage which were lying festering and rotting in the sun, around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, both fresh and half dried, were scattered all over the ground, under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and Indian children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs, as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed; and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbering, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, inside and outside, was of a piece with every thing else about them—filthy beyond description—the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses, if dresses they may be called, of the women, were of the same colour and condition, from the same cause. These *dresses* are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bull-frogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say, that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to, at least, a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied any thing so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere."

Occasionally the tedium of the journey was relieved by an adventure such as the following:—"In the afternoon, one of our men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grizzly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame in some willows which skirted the river, and approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover, and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was hard contested, the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels, while the equally terrified rider—who had lost his hat at the start—used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear, 'shoot him, shoot him!' The man, who was one of our greenhorns, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse, or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his lugubrious cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After he had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon dispatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears."

In proceeding through the hilly district within the Rocky Mountain ranges, a party of nine men were detached on a trapping excursion, with orders to join the main body at the fort on the Columbia in the ensuing winter. The cavalcade was now reduced to seventeen men, who continued their perilous route towards the north-west for about a fortnight. On the 2d of September, after a toilsome march through ravines and gullies, they had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing the noble Columbia burst at once upon their view. "I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river, flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent, and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This, then, was the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered, after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness."

They now immediately reached the fort, at which a hearty welcome and many comforts awaited them. After remaining a few days, Mr T. and his companion Mr Nuttal, the one loaded with specimens of birds, and the other with his collection of plants, proceeded down the Columbia in a canoe to Fort Vancouver.

The passage down this large river was attended with many formidable difficulties. The bottom and banks of the stream are rugged and rocky, in some places the great body of water forcing its way through narrow gullies, and at others rushing down long rapids, in which canoes can only with the greatest difficulty and danger be navigated. The Columbia abounds in salmon of the finest kind. So plentiful is this fish at certain seasons, that they can be caught in nets or speared with the greatest ease, and brought to the shore in immense masses. One of the objects of the trading company to which Captain Wyeth belonged, was to fish for salmon in the Columbia, and export them cured and barrelled to the States. From the scattered hints of Mr Townshend, we learn that the company, from some unforeseen causes, failed in realising the profits which were anticipated, and, like many similar associations, it is probably broken up.

At Fort Vancouver, Mr Townshend procured a passage on board an American vessel, which carried him to the Sandwich Islands, and there he passed the winter months. He afterwards returned to the Columbia and its environs among the Rocky Mountains, to pursue his scientific researches; and his purpose being at length fulfilled, he returned by sea, touching at Valparaiso, on the South American coast, and reached home after an absence of three years.

WORKMEN IN LONDON.

We gather the following particulars respecting the wages and general character of workmen in the metropolis, from the recently published Report of J. Mitchell, Esq. LL.D., to Parliament, on the condition of the Hand-Loom Weavers.

CARPENTERS.

The wages of the carpenters are 5s. per day from March to November, and 4s. 9d. a-day the rest of the year. A carpenter is at considerable expense in finding his tools. The carpenters are described as the most sober and steady body of working men in the metropolis.

BRICKLAYERS.

Their wages are 5s. a-day. They work from six to six, but have half an hour to breakfast, an hour at dinner, and half an hour at four. They therefore work ten hours a-day in summer. They seldom get any thing by working over time.

Bricklayers' labourers have 2s. 9d. or 3s. a-day. They work, of course, the same hours as the bricklayers. Both bricklayers and their labourers lose much time by frost and want of employment. They do not generally save any money when in work, but trust to charitable subscriptions and to credit, and when employed to pay off their debts. They often marry at eighteen or twenty.

HOUSE-PAINTERS.

There are about 1000 master painters in the metropolis. The permanent journeymen employed all the year are from 3000 to 4000, and those employed only about seven months in the year are from 6000 to 8000 in number. The wages paid to good hands are in summer 4s. 6d. to 5s. a-day, and in winter 4s. to 4s. 6d. Painters now suffer much less than formerly from the effects of their profession, in consequence of their greater intelligence and cleanliness. By throwing off their soiled clothes, and washing their hands, when done with their work, many lives have been saved. They are not remarkable for temperance, but this is chiefly owing to the vicious practice of resorting to houses of call, which are public-houses, for work. Their occupation is favourable to the exercise of the mental powers. In general, they can read and write, and are sharp clever persons; few of them appear at the Old Bailey. They necessarily acquire a habit of honesty, as in their occupation they are admitted into the most private part of houses, where property is within their reach; and they must exercise self-control, or they would soon be marked out if suspected of dishonesty, and would not be employed.

TAILORS.

The tailors in shops usually work twelve hours a-day, beyond the time employed for meals. The larger part now work by the piece; when thus employed, a few gain 36s. a-week, but some gain only 30s., others 25s., and old men 20s. When working by time, the payment is 6d. per hour. Not many are in constant employment. Men working at home get their wives to assist them. The earnings of wives may be equal to 9s. a-week, and about half the trade have wives able to earn this sum. The tailors belonging to societies are estimated at 3000 in number.

There are tailors called sweaters, who are thus described:—"A sweater will fit up a room as a workshop, and will employ women and boys, perhaps a dozen, to work for him. He takes home the clothes, and on the Saturday he draws the money for them, and he pays his work-people at what rate he may have bargained, altogether without reference to the prices paid by the trade. The wages paid to women are usually 1s. 6d. a-day and their tea." A third part of the clothes made in London are said to be done by women who set up workshops, and employ other women and girls.

Much of this employment of women and boys has been caused by strikes among the journeymen tailors. One person being asked if the tailors suffered much from the strike of 1834, answered, "Very much so; we have never recovered from the blow which we then sustained. We were urged on by scheming men to join the general union of the trades of the whole kingdom, and we were made the forlorn hope to first make the attack. We were promised great support from other trades, but we did not receive it. Many considerate men disapproved of it; but it was all in vain. There were the secret signs, and the secret oaths, and all such folly; and the whole quite illegal. Since that time, the general appearance of the trade is horrible, and the societies cannot pay sick-money and funeral-money as formerly."

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

The wages of the men who make the bottoms of boots are from 20s. to 24s. a-week, and some get 30s. They are paid by the piece. From the evidence presented, it appears that the shoemakers are of a dissolute character. Mr Grove's evidence is of too original a description to bear condensing.

"*Question.* How many hours a-day do they work?—*Answer.* No man on earth can tell that. They begin in the morning when they like; but if any mortal thing happen, up they are from their stools, and after it; and sometimes they will go and spend their time drinking with an acquaintance; and, to make up for it, they will work sometimes till 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

Then they do not come to your shop to work?—No, that is against their laws. I dare not keep a man at my shop to work for me; they would all strike if I did.

Do they annoy you much with strikes?—I am not master of my own shop; they keep me quite under slavery to their rules.

Are there many steady men amongst them?—I never knew a dozen steady stable men amongst them in my life.

Do they keep their families comfortably?—Any thing but that. Their families are in a filthy, abominable state; all in dirt, and wretched.

How do they manage when they are out of work?—Any way they can; they must try to live upon credit; sometimes they pick up a little job. One man out of work, and who has no money, will meet an old shopmate who has money, and they go drinking together, and the man who has money pays for both.

Then they must often be in distress?—Very often; half of them have not a feather to fly with. They drink a monstrous deal. Hardly a steady man amongst them. A man will send out his coat from the taproom to pawn, or even his shoes, in order to get money to keep up the fuddle.

Their money is generally gone by Monday night, I presume?—It very seldom lasts out the Sabbath day; it is spent at the public-houses. Only go and see them at the Lion, in Pearl-row, Blackfriars' Road. Not one in ten goes to a place of worship. By Monday they will be coming to the shop a-kicking, as they call it, that is, borrowing on account of their wages which fall due on the Saturday night. One man will say, 'Master, let me have a shilling;' another will say, 'Let me have two shillings;' and that is the way they go on. There was a man to whom I had to pay last Saturday only 6s. 6d. He might have earned good wages if he had stuck to it; but he earned last week only 16s., and he had had 9s. 6d. on account. He is not exactly a drunkard; he is a coffee-shop frequenter. He will sit all day in the coffee-shop over two-penn'orth of coffee. He is a great politician and a great radical, and talks wonderfully about the affairs of the nation.

There must be some prudent men amongst them?—If there be, I do not know where to find them. I once employed a man who came from the city. He was an excellent workman; he suited me exceedingly well, and I wished to serve him. He removed to near me, and I went to see him one day about some work. There was he, sitting on a heap of straw in the corner of his room, and never a bit of stick or furniture was there in that room, but the man and the heap of straw. He told me of his misfortunes, and I took pity on him, and got him a rug and fire-irons, and a bit of a carpet, and a bed and a mattrass, and an old table and chair or two, and made the place comfortable and Christian-like. About a month after, I called at his place again. There was he, sitting at work in the corner of the room on the straw; every stick was gone; he had sold every thing, and turned it into drink. There is not such a drunken set as these fellows in the world.

And these men make laws to rule you?—Ay, to be sure they do. They hold a meeting of their union, and fix their prices; and one or two of them will afterwards come into my shop and throw down a bit of paper, saying, 'Sir, these are the regulations that we have come to.' I soon see what it is; they have raised the price. I say to them, 'I cannot pay these wages; the trade cannot afford it.' They say, 'Well, you will take your time to think on it; we cannot work for any less;' and away they go; and if I do not comply, never a man can I get to work for me. They are all bad alike.

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Have they never suffered by their strikes and unions?—The trade has suffered sadly, but they are none the better. About thirty years ago, the shoes sold in the shops were all made in London; but the fellows raised their prices, so that the masters could not give it. That set employers a-thinking of cutting out their boots and shoes, and sending them down to Northampton to be made. They got them done there for little more than half the money, so the men lost all that work; but yet you see they are now just such a set of fellows as I have told you."

BAKERS.

The wages and employment of bakers differ in different parts of the metropolis. Foremen are generally paid from 26s. to 28s. per week; in addition to which, they are allowed to eat what bread and potatoes they please at the bakehouse, and they take home a quartern loaf a-day, and on the Saturday night half a quartern of flour, to their families. A second class of bakers are paid from 16s. to 18s., and have the same allowances of bread and flour as just stated.

The following is the course of work in a district in the eastern part of the metropolis, in a bakehouse where only two journeymen are employed:—"They come at 11 o'clock at night, make the dough and light the furnace; this occupies an hour. One of the two may then lie down to sleep for two hours and a half; the other also may rest himself, but must occasionally open his eyes, to see that the furnace does not go out. At half-past two both men go to work; they throw out the dough, scale it off, that is, weigh it off in suitable portions for the loaves; they work the dough, and put it into the oven; this occupies till about five. The men now lie down again to rest. At seven they draw the bread out of the oven, and put it into the shop; they then prepare the fermentation for next day. At eight they go to breakfast, which occupies from three quarters of an hour to an hour. After breakfast there may be a second batch of bread to draw, if the master have sufficient business. At two o'clock they may go home; one returns at five, and the other at eleven at night."

It is a matter of notoriety that the bakers as a body are much given to intoxication. The leisure time which they have from five till eleven at night, exposes them to the temptation of going to public houses to fill up their time. When the trades' unions marched from Copenhagen-fields to Kennington, the bakers were remarked to be the least respectable in appearance of the whole.

We may afterwards extend these extracts; in the meanwhile, we conclude with the single remark, that much of the misery of the working-classes in the metropolis, as elsewhere, appears to arise from the practice of resorting to public-houses to spend their leisure time. In this they are to be more pitied than blamed; for society provides no public amusements of a harmless and entertaining kind for the relaxation and improvement of the humbler orders.

THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is not, perhaps, a single little town in all France, which does not possess its professional fortune-teller, a person who lives by card-reading, and by the predicting of all that is good and happy for those who desire thus to learn their destiny. This card-prophet is usually, or rather uniformly, a woman, the sex having had no rivals in this department since the days of the astrologers—who, after all, were but a parcel of old women. Of course, too, the fortune-teller is advanced in years, and has all the ordinary witch-like attributes of face and figure. Though every person possessing any pretensions to sense or education would blush to admit openly that he or she ascribed any weight to such magical pretences, yet it is amazing how many people of the better classes, in these small French towns, fee the old fortune-teller, at one period or other of their lives, to unravel some knotty point in their destiny. To do them justice, such references may be made, rather from a conviction of the fortune-teller's general shrewdness, and of the care she takes to acquire all possible information about her neighbours in the ordinary way, than from any trust in her powers of obtaining knowledge by supernatural means. But it is unnecessary either to give explanations, or make apologies, on this subject. The matter in hand is to tell a little story—a story of real life—and to that we come without more delay.

Once on a time I was invited to spend some weeks with a friend, at a town not a thousand miles from Paris. My friend was married. I had calculated on this circumstance as likely to be troublesome, seeing that it might interfere with the bachelor luxuries of cigar-smoking and unrestrained chat; but my friend's wife was so charming a woman, that I soon decided things to be better as they were. She doated upon her husband, and he was not behind in reciprocating the feeling. They had two pretty children, whose smiling faces and delightful prattle would have made any one envy the parents. To the pleasure derived from the society of my host and hostess, was added the entertainment arising from an occasional reunion of all the magnates of the place, around the hospitable board of my friend. It was an agreeable task for one sated with the gloss and refinement of city life, to study the characters of these comparatively unsophisticated mortals, and to listen to their simple sentiments and views on topics brought accidentally before them.

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descant on the folly of such superstitious practices. He called divination by cards, and palmistry, a remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The schoolmaster and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the mayor did. In fact, nobody dissented from the venerable truisms of the worthy gentleman. Flushed with his triumph, the mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently, "I am sure, madam, you have never had recourse to fortune-telling." I had noticed something like a smile on the lady's lips during the harangue of the mayor. The smile now became marked and undeniable, and on her husband's lips there played a similar expression, as the two glanced at each other in obvious intelligence. "Yes, sir," said our hostess at length, replying to the mayor, "I have had recourse ere now to fortune-telling." She again looked at her husband, and it was plain that some pleasant reminiscence was embodied in the glance. They reciprocally held out their hands, and my friend pressed and kissed that of his wife. These signs of mutual feeling did not pass unnoticed by any member of the assembled company. Seeing their faces full of inquiring interest, the lady continued—"I observe you are all surprised. But there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. Listen, and you shall judge."

She then told us as follows:—"My marriage with Alphonse [her husband] was nearly arranged. Inclination, parental consent, and, in short, every favouring circumstance, were on the side of our union. Alphonse had the free entry of my father's house, and we had leave to see each other, to talk together, and to walk together. All went on pleasingly, till one fine day Monsieur Alphonse chose to assume a cold look, to speak in monosyllables, and, in place of calling me Anna, to call me Ma'mselle. I wept the whole night after. To what cause to attribute this sudden coldness, I knew not. I was in despair; but, too proud to seek an explanation, I concealed my uneasiness, and even affected unusual gaiety before my lover. Poor Alphonse! I have since learned what he suffered, but indeed I might have known it pretty well at first, from a consciousness of my own tortures.

Monsieur Alphonse, it seemed, was jealous; jealous of one of my cousins, a student, who came from Saint Cyr to pass a few days of his vacation beside us. This youth had taken the liberty of saluting me, and perhaps of once or twice putting his arm around me. Alphonse was neglected one whole day for the little cousin. 'Doubtless,' thought the former, 'this cousin is preferred. As for me, the marriage with which I am to be honoured is plainly but a matter of convenience, and heaven knows what my fate may be afterwards.' Hence the frozen aspect, the Othello-like visage of Monsieur Alphonse, and my assumed gaiety seemed but to prove and crown my perfidy. He felt himself bound to quit such an ingrate, to banish from his heart a love so unworthy. Let her go and marry this cousin of hers, thought he, since she will not even give herself the trouble of dissimulating before me. As for himself, he would go abroad; nothing like travelling for banishing the recollection of an unfortunate love.

While Alphonse was occupied with these thoughts, all at once an idea struck him—he would go and consult the old woman, the fortune-teller. Without giving himself time to reflect either on the utility or inutility, the wisdom or the folly, of such a step, his restless impatience led him to run to the dwelling of the old fortune-teller. He waited not to knock at the door, but entered, and mounted the steps to the wise woman's attic by threes and fours at a time.

The card-prophetess was at the moment engaged with a young girl, and both of them were so entirely absorbed with the matter in hand, that neither of them perceived or heard the approach of the new visitor. The chamber of the sorceress was dark and gloomy. Alphonse placed himself in a corner to observe what passed. The old woman was looking attentively at the girl before her, and examining now and then the lines of her visitor's hand. Then she placed her hand over the girl's heart, and a card was drawn. The meaning of this card, as apparent to her wonder-seeing eyes, was as follows (the old woman spoke the oracle aloud):—'At this moment you have a great trouble oppressing you, which would cease if you dared to speak; but you have a lucky star, and the person who causes your uneasiness will soon see his error and atone for it.'

'Oh, my good mother,' cried the girl, 'can this be true? How have you guessed my trouble? Read it again to me.' The old woman did as she was desired. 'Oh, if this be true,' cried the girl, shedding tears in abundance, 'how happy you have made me, mother, by giving me this hope! Here is some recompense for you.' At the same time she drew from her purse a piece of several francs, and having given it to the fortune-teller, turned round to depart, wiping the joyful tears from her eyes, and murmuring, 'Dear Alphonse! he will yet be mine!'

But Anna (for you may guess that it was I)," said our hostess, blushing divinely at the recollection of the weaknesses into which she had been led by her youthful passion, "Anna started, and uttered a cry of surprise on meeting Alphonse face to face. 'How!' said she, 'have you followed me hither? or have you, too, come to hear'—— 'Yes,' said Alphonse, in a voice more tender than I had ever heard it before; 'yes, my Anna, my angel, I came to learn my fortune, but you have fixed the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious.' 'I told you this,' said the fortune-teller triumphantly; 'the cards never fail.'

Alphonse and I came away together, more attached to one another than ever. Alphonse explained the affair of the cousin, and I wondered that he could have been disturbed by such a trifle. But I took care that no trifle of the same kind should ever occur to disturb him again. This is our story; and this, Monsieur le Maire, was the occasion on which I had recourse to fortune-telling. You see that it may sometimes lead to a happy issue, though not perhaps in the very way that may be pretended by its professors. The old woman still lives, hard by, and the mayor may perhaps find a good wife by consulting her."

This remark suggested an idea to me. "Come," said I, "let us all go and see this wonderful woman, and hear what she has to promise to each of us." The mayor, mindful of his eloquent tirade, was alone disposed to demur to the proposition. He muttered something about the "gravity of his office," but every body promised to keep the matter secret, and curiosity led the worthy magistrate at length to forget that the middle ages were past, and to go with the rest. The sorceress received the whole party of us politely, and bent on us a pair of as quick and searching eyes as ever shone in human head. The mayor tried the cards. They announced to him that he was to lose his place at the next municipal elections. [When they came, he was kicked out.] The notary's jolly red face grew rather lengthy when it was foretold to him that a paralysis would by and bye unfit his fingers for holding the pen of office. [The poor notary was ere long obliged to resign his place for this very cause.] In short, the old prophetess, with the most consummate coolness, gave every one of us in turn something to look forward to, of much the same pleasing character as the preceding predictions. No doubt the old gipsy thought that such a band could only come to mock her, and was resolved to turn the tables upon us, and she succeeded to admiration. Like all fortune-tellers, a large share of natural shrewdness, private knowledge of facts, and a desire to please her customers, formed the "sole witchcraft which she had used."

NEW VOLUME OF TABLE-TALK.

A LITTLE volume, entitled "Delicias Literarias, a New Volume of Table-Talk," has lately been published in Edinburgh,* being the first volume of the kind, we believe, which has been produced in our country. It is evidently the composition of a man of extensive and curious reading, much accuracy, and no small amount of taste and acumen. We select from it the following article on a subject which we ourselves once partially treated—

FOOT-PRINTS IN ROCKS AND STONES.

The similarity or the identity of the superstitions of nations has recently attracted considerable attention. Many books on the subject have appeared on the continent, and a few in our own land, among which the pleasing works of Mr Keightley deserve prominent notice. He alludes to "the marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock, but which, according to the popular creed, were produced by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god." I have collected some instances of the almost universal diffusion of this superstition.

We meet it in every district of Scotland, at Maidenkirk and beyond John-o'-Groat's. According to old Andrew Symson, "Kirkmaiden in Galloway is so called, because the kirk is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the print of whose knee is fabulously reported to be seen on a stone, where she prayed somewhere about a place in this parish called Mary Port, near to which place there was a chapel long since, but now wholly ruined." In our Lady's Kirk in South Ronaldsha, in Orkney, Brand saw "a stone lying, about four feet long and two feet broad, but narrower and round at the two ends; upon the surface of which stone is the print of two feet, concerning which the superstitious people have a tradition that Saint Magnus, when he could not get a boat on a time to carry him over Pighthand Firth, took this stone, and setting his feet thereupon, passed the firth safely, and left this stone in this church, which hath continued here ever since." Martin adds, that "others have this more reasonable opinion, that it has been used in time of Popery for delinquents, who were obliged to stand barefoot upon it by way of penance." The Reverend George Forbes, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Leochel in Mar, informs us that "the castle of Corse, now in ruins, was built in 1581 by William Forbes, father of Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen. Tradition bears, and the common people still believe, that the devil visited the bishop in this castle; that they differed [quarrelled]; and that the devil on his departure carried away with him the broad side of the castle, on the stone stairs whereof they still pretend to point out his footsteps." In describing the vitrified site of the

* Oliver and Boyd. 18mo, pp. 278.

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Top of Noth in Strathbogie, Dr Hibbert speaks of "a lofty upright stone on the westerly flank of the hill, connected with which is a monstrous traditional story of its having been placed there by a giant, the print of whose heel in it is still visible." In Stratherne, the marks of Saint Fillan's knees are shown in a rock on which he used to kneel in his frequent devotions. In Glenalmond tourists are taken to see "a stone on which are the marks of people's feet, and the hoofs of horses, cows, and sheep." And a ballad of Galloway assures us, that

> "Tho' the Brownie o' Bledmoch lang be gane,
> The mark o' his feet's left on many a stane."

The popular legend of the building of Stonehenge shows that a similar superstitious belief maintains in England.

In Wales, during the last century, they showed, says the Reverend John Price, in his account of Holyhead in Anglesey, "the print of Kybi's foot in a rock by the east end of the chancel, till it was lately destroyed by Mr Ellis, fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, then curate of this place."

Ireland is fertile in monuments of this kind. Mr Crofton Croker narrates the legend of Clough-na-Cuddy, "a stone in Lord Kenmare's park at Killarney, impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees." The same sprightly gentleman describes the *Clough-a-Regann* near Limerick, "That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell. Deeply imprinted in it are still to be seen the marks of the fingers of the hag Grana."

In Scandinavia is a rock on which may be traced the large footsteps of Olaf Tryggvason, as plainly as if he had trodden on the newly fallen snow.

In Germany there is such another rock at Heidelberg, as a friend informs me; a second near Vienna; and a third somewhere on the Danube.

In Italy, near the monastery of Vallambrosa, is a stone, on which is the figure of Saint John Gualbert, the founder of the religious order of Vallis Umbrosa. The legend is, that while the saint was praying on the top of a neighbouring precipice, he was seized by the devil and cast down on a rock with such violence, that it was impressed with the mark of his body. This incident seems to have escaped the Reverend Mr Butler's notice: according to him, the monk having most devoutly received the last sacraments, died happily on the 12th of July 1073, being seventy-four years old.

Captain Slidel saw in the cathedral of Toledo in Spain a stone on which it is said the Blessed Virgin alighted, and which retains the impression of her feet, although now much worn by the hands of the faithful, who touch it with the ends of their fingers when grieved by disease or affliction.

In France, at the church of Saint Radegonde in Poitou, is a stone which bears the print of our Saviour's foot. In the same district is another, on which the mare of Saint Jouin indented her hoof one day when her holy rider was sorely vexed by the devil. That respectable personage himself has left the prints of the soles of his feet, and of his hinder parts, on a rock near Hambert in Maine; and in the department of Charente is a rock bearing the mark of the slipper of Saint Mary Magdalen.

Of all the countries on the earth, Palestine has the richest store of such relics. In the mosque of Saint Omar at Jerusalem, is a stone bearing the print of the angel Gabriel's fingers, and the prophet Mahomet's foot; and in the church which crowns the Mount of Olives, is preserved a fragment of rock imprinted with the mark of our Saviour's foot while in the act of ascension. Sir John Mandeville describes many others —such as a rock on Mount Sinai impressed with the figure of Moses; a rock in the valley of Jehoshaphat retaining the footsteps of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem; a rock at Gethsemane marked with the print of His hand; and a rock near Nazareth imprinted with His footsteps. Travellers in the seventeenth century were shown in Jerusalem "the house of Annas, where our Saviour being hurried with violence down a steep place, to prevent falling He laid hold of the corner of a wall, where there is a place in one of the stones fit for a man's hand, which the monks think a great miracle; and Simon the Pharisee's house, where there is a stone with the print of a foot which they say our Saviour made when He stood to pardon Mary Magdalen her sins; and St Stephen's gate, and, a little out of the city, the place where Stephen was stoned: and the monks fancy that there is the print of his hands, face, and knees when he fell down." Ibn Batuta, an Arabian traveller of the fourteenth century, says, that "outside of Damascus on the way of the pilgrimage is the Mosque of the Foot, which is held in great estimation, and in which is preserved a stone, having upon it the print of the foot of Moses. In this mosque they offer up prayers in times of distress." Mr Cooley remarks on this passage, that "the stone bearing the impression of a foot merits some consideration. Monuments of this kind are generally supposed to be remains of Budhaïsm; yet it is possible, though they seem at present to belong properly to that religion, that they may have claims to a much higher antiquity. The mark of a foot, seen by Herodotus near the river Tyras, was ascribed to Hercules. A similar impression in Ceylon, or among the Burmese, would be called the foot of Buddha: in Damascus it was thought to be the foot of Moses. The great distance between the countries in which this singular sort of monument has been found, and its existence at Damascus, tend equally to prove its great antiquity."

Of all these foot-prints the most famous by far is that of Adam in Ceylon. A description of it is given by Robert Knox, who was nearly twenty years a prisoner in the country, of which he published an account at London in 1681. "On the south side of Conde Uda," he says, "is a hill supposed to be the highest on this island, called, in the Chingulay language, Hamalell, but by the Portuguese and the European natives, Adam's Peak. It is sharp like a sugar-loaf, and on the top is a flat stone with the print of a foot like a man's on it, but far bigger, being about two feet long. The people of this land count it meritorious to go and worship this impression; and generally about their new year, which is in March, men, women, and children, go up this vast and high mountain to worship." The print of the foot is supposed to be that of Buddha, which he left when ascending to heaven. He has no temple on this mountain according to Knox, but "unto this footstep they give worship, light up lamps, and offer sacrifices, laying them upon it as upon an altar." There was in Knox's time a tree in the north of the island, which was annually resorted to at the same time with the footstep, and was held in equal honour: it was said to have flown over from the mainland, and to have planted itself: when Buddha was on earth, he loved to sit under its branches.

Colonel Syme met more than one of these monuments in Ava. "In the course of our walks," he says, "not the least curious object that presented itself was a flat stone of coarse grey granite, laid horizontally on a pedestal of masonry six feet long and three feet wide, protected from the weather by a wooden shed. This stone, like that of Pouoodang, was said to bear the genuine print of the foot of Guadma; and we were informed that a similar impression is to be seen on a large rock situated between two hills one day's journey west of Memboo."

Near the town of Boukhtarma, on the Irtisch, in Western Siberia, Captain Cochrane accompanied his guide "to view what was deemed an object of curiosity in that part of the world. It was a large stone near the bank of the river, on which are imprinted the marks of the feet of a man and of a horse; they are in a perfect state, and to all appearance have been formed by nature. The heels are towards the river, the feet of the man in advance of those of the horse, very well representing the situation of a man holding the horse. I could gather nothing of its origin beyond the silly tradition of the place."

I have mislaid a reference to the volume in which the foot-print is described of a god worshipped in one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; but two instances may be cited of the existence of the superstition in the New World.

Dr Benjamin Smith Barton, in a tract on American Antiquities published about 1783, quotes the work of Mr Kalm, a traveller in Canada, who saw, "in two or three places, at a considerable distance from each other, impressions of the feet of grown people and children in a rock." And Mr Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, written in 1781, recites an Indian "tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of Mammoths came to the Big-bone-licks on the river Ohio, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above (so they call their chief Deity), looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain *on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen*, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."

WITTY JUDGMENTS OF THE DUKE OF OSSUNNA.

The Duke of Ossunna, viceroy at Naples for the king of Spain, to whom the Neapolitan territory was then subject, acquired great celebrity for the tact and wisdom of the judgments he delivered. This nobleman, on visiting the galleys one festival day for the purpose of liberating a captive, according to use and wont, found all the prisoners loud in asserting their innocence. One declared that his condemnation was the work of enemies; another asserted that he had been informally and unjustly convicted; a third declared that he had been mistaken for another person; and so on. All declared themselves guiltless as cradled babes. At last the duke came to one man who took a very different tone—"I do not believe, my noble lord," said he, "that there is a greater rascal in all Naples than myself. They were too lenient with me to send me to the galleys." The duke, hearing these words, turned immediately round to the keeper of the galleys, and exclaimed, "Loose this scoundrel's chain, and turn him immediately about his business. If he is allowed to stay, he will certainly corrupt these honest, innocent men here. Take him away." While his orders were being obeyed, he wheeled round to the other captives, and said to them, with the most civil air imaginable, "Gentlemen, I have no doubt you will thank me for ridding you of this pestilent fellow. He might have undermined your innocence."

The Duke of Ossunna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotical even in his good doings. Ferromelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse, and brought it to the owner. Ferromelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside *thirty*, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles, had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Ossunna. The duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferromelle, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles? No, no. The truth is, the purse *cannot be yours*. Your purse had fifty pistoles, and this had but thirty. The purse cannot be yours. The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring"—— "Nonsense!" exclaimed the duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring, like yours? Here, good woman," continued he, addressing the old woman, "take you the purse, and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he says his had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but, as has been said, this was a very Haroun-Alraschid-like kind of a decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sols, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a cameleopard's. While thus marching, a porter, carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware!" which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of fagots, and one of them fell off in the concussion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the viceroy. The duke knew that porters usually cry "Beware," and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the word, though de Sols avouched the contrary. The duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the duke immediately said to de Sols, "what can I do to this poor fellow? You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why, then, did you not beware?" replied the duke, and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses, and a fine to the poor.

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.

William Habingdon (1605-1654).

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight;

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That, from the farthest north,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

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MISANTHROPY.

MISANTHROPY, or that state in which one individual out of the mass of mankind presumes to hate and despise all the rest, may arise from various causes, and may take possession of minds constitutionally a good deal different from each other; but we are prepared to contend that all minds in which it is considerably developed, must agree in one essential point.

One of the circumstances which we most frequently see producing misanthropy, is personal deformity. A slight malformation of one limb is now believed to have been the chief source of this feeling in Byron. He shrunk from human society because the calf of his right leg was a little shrunk, and the heel a little raised off the ground, so that he appeared slightly inferior to other people. It was this ever-present sense of a trifling and merely bodily defect which gave so strange a tinge to his life and poetry. He could not endure mankind as a mass, because they for the most part had calves exactly of a match, and limbs strictly equal in length. But if so small a personal blemish made the great poet misanthropical, how much more misanthropical ought all persons to be whose fate it has been to be still more deformed! Those, for instance, who want limbs altogether, or have them hopelessly crooked and shrunk up, so as to be of no use, ought to hate mankind ten times more than Byron did. Many, however, who are thus miserably deformed, do not appear in the least misanthropical, but, on the contrary, are remarkable for very great kindliness of nature. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is, that the immediate cause of the misanthropy in Byron was, not his shrunk leg, but the pride which made him anxious to have as good legs as his neighbours. He was a man of great self-esteem, as we may readily discover in many other parts of his story; and this it was which chafed and fretted him under a small natural evil, which banished him from the common haunts of his kind, and prompted that strain of morbid feeling which runs through the whole of his writings. The deformity was only the remote cause, and, with a man of different nature—as with Scott, for example, whose lameness was greater, but who had little self-esteem—it might have had a very different effect, or none at all.

If we carefully examine other cases of misanthropy, where it seems to arise from deformity, we shall generally find reason to conclude that self-esteem is also present, and is the immediately operating cause. From all that we know of Richard III., it is clear that he possessed great self-esteem: he could not have otherwise been so ambitious. In the dwarf whom Scott took up and idealised in one of his tales, self-esteem could be traced as the direct and immediate cause of the misanthropy which possessed him: he not only wished to live, but he desired even to be buried, apart from the common herd of men, whom he regarded as mere rubbish. Proverbial wisdom speaks of the ill-nature of cripples, and fiction usually represents them as malignant and misanthropical; altogether overlooking the fact that many cripples are persons of extremely sweet and placid nature. To be strictly correct, we should say, and fiction should assume, that a cripple with much self-esteem is apt to be cankered, but that a modest man may scarcely have the general appearance of a human being, and yet be a great lover of his kind.

Misanthropy, again, often seems to spring from disappointments in life. One who entered the world under favourable circumstances, and with high hopes, finds in time that his efforts have been in a great measure in vain. His talents have not been appreciated; his friends have not supported him as they ought to have done; he has, in short, failed to advance, while many whom he believed to be inferior to himself have been greatly encouraged, and are now in high, but, as he thinks, ill-deserved places. Now, what is the misanthropy of such a man but wounded self-esteem? The modest man who fails, sits down quietly with his disappointment, and is ready to believe that his fellow-creatures have encouraged the right men. *He* is in no danger of becoming a misanthrope. Or we shall suppose another very common case. A man long prosperous, and surrounded, as the prosperous usually are, with friends, experiences a sudden reverse, which makes him a poor man. He has been remarkable, in the day of his good fortune, for an uncalculating liberality, and his house has for years been the scene of social enjoyment. But now he no more finds himself in the situation of a hospitable and admired landlord. The visits which he receives are chiefly of a melancholy and admonitory kind. He is not asked so much into company as he was. He finds, indeed, that he is now in a totally different sphere from what he lately occupied. Instead of exerting himself in his own behalf, he waits in some vague expectation that his friends are to behave the same to him as ever; and when he at length finds that this hope is fallacious, he begins to speak of the perfidy of mankind, their selfishness, and how little old friendship is regarded. Now, the misanthropy into which this man ultimately falls, is a pure emanation of self-esteem. Without this sentiment very active in his nature, he could never have supposed himself a person of such consequence, or his late entertainments a matter of so much obligation, that his fellow-creatures were to be expected to do so much in his behalf. Literature is ridiculously full of allusions to summer friends, and in "Timon of Athens" we have an absolute fool and prodigal becoming a misanthrope, because the parasites on whom he had spent his substance refuse to succour him in the time of his distress. The real truth is, that, wherever intimacy has been attended with mutual esteem, and the unfortunate party makes the vigorous efforts which he ought to do to retrieve his circumstances, it rarely happens that sympathy and aid are withheld. The point on which the whole matter turns is self-esteem. The modest man submits to his fate, and chiefly looks to himself for the means of improving it. The proud man thinks that the world ought to come to his feet, and, when it does not come, as it never does to any, he becomes a misanthrope.

Turn misanthropy, indeed, as we will, we shall find self-esteem at the bottom of it. Take any man who is possessed by this dismal sentiment, and you must find, that either there is a difference between the real appearance of his person and what he wishes his person to be, or that his endowments of mind are not such as to command all the homage which he wishes, or that he has not got what he thinks his deserts in the distribution of the gifts of fortune, or that mankind have in some way failed to do for him all which he thinks he deserves at their hands. Taking the feeling quite abstractedly, it implies in its very nature an overweening self-esteem. By the misanthrope, mankind are described as knaves and fools—a set of beings deserving nothing but hatred and contempt. *He always excepts himself.* All but *I* are wretches—this is the formula of his belief. Now, what is there in any man to entitle him to think that he alone, of all who live, is honest, or worthy, or enlightened, or of correct judgment? He is born a member of the race; he has all their lineaments in body and mind, all their wants, and he goes on towards the same inevitable fate. Truly it would be a strange chance which should have made all bad but HE!

We present these views in an emphatic manner, because misanthropy is a vice of by no means unfrequent occurrence, and one which it is desirable to keep down by all right means. Wherever it takes root, it brings with it a blight, both to the character of the individual himself and to all around him. If we shall have succeeded in warning any one against it by an exposition of the sordid basis on which it always rests, our object will have been accomplished.

CHANGES OF LEVEL IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

WITHIN the last few years, a number of observations have been made respecting changes of level in the earth's surface, with which it seems to us possible that we may interest in some degree the imaginations, at the same time that we are instructing the minds, of our readers.

The attention of scientific men was first drawn in a decided manner to this subject, by a remarkable occurrence which took place in Chili, on the west coast of South America, in 1822. On the morning of the 20th of November of that year—a widely felt and destructive earthquake having taken place the day before—it was discovered that a broad line of sea-beach, for more than a hundred miles along the coast, had been deserted by the sea and left dry. Much of this tract was covered by shell-fish, which, being unrefreshed by the sea, and therefore soon dying, exhaled the most offensive effluvia. Between the old low-water mark and the new one, the fishermen found burrowing shells, which they had formerly had to search for amidst the surf. Rocks a little way out to sea, and formerly covered, were now laid dry at half ebb tide. In short, it was evident from many circumstances that a large addition had been made to the dry land.

The country people imagined that the sea had retired from the land and sunk below its former level—a notion of the same kind with that which a child has respecting the hedges which he sees flying past him when he first travels in the inside of a coach. The real state of the case was *a rise of the land*. It had risen at Valparaiso three, and at Quintero four feet. It was also observed that the water-course of a mill, about a mile inland from the sea, had gained a fall of fourteen inches in little more than a hundred yards, and it was hence inferred that the rise was greater in some parts of the inland country than on the coast. Chili is a long narrow country sloping from the Andes to the sea: over a great part of it, from the foot of the mountains to some distance under the sea, a rise is supposed to have taken place, and the average of that rise is believed to have been about five feet. That the rise was of the nature of a *swell* from a centre below, and not a general and equable elevation, seemed to be proved by the numerous cracks which had taken place in the granitic rock forming the basis of a large part of the country. The cause of the rise is generally surmised to have been connected with the volcanic matter which is supposed to be constantly working at no great distance beneath the surface of the South American continent, and for a considerable way under the sea to the westward. Calculations have been formed as to the quantity of solid matter which was on this occasion elevated above the former level: it has been estimated as equal to a mass of fifty-seven cubic miles, or about the size of Mount Etna; and it is supposed that the Ganges, which annually carries down mud into the sea to an amount equal to the bulk of sixty times the great Pyramid, would require seventeen centuries and a half to deposit a mass equal to

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what was now, in a single night, raised above the Pacific.*

Soon after this event, an intelligent British traveller who visited the place,† observed that, inland, till a height of about fifty feet above the level of the sea, there was a succession of terraces, composed of mingled shingle and sea-shells, and in all respects resembling the beach which had lately been left dry. No doubt was entertained that these had each in succession been the sea-coast, and that the land had undergone as many elevations as there were terraces.

We must now take our readers from the west coast of South America, and request them to accompany us to the shores of the Baltic. Sweden, and the other countries bordering on this inland sea, are well known to be little subject to earthquakes or any of the other demonstrations of volcanic violence; yet there can be no doubt that, for centuries past, some parts of the coasts of the Baltic have been *slowly rising above the level of the sea*. This fact has been the subject of philosophical observation since the early part of the last century. It has been found that, in many places, the land has been left uncovered by the sea; sea-ports have become inland towns; and the sea near the land has been much shallowed. Upwards of a hundred years ago, lines marking the then surface of the sea were made, under the direction of scientific men, upon cliffs rising above the waters; and it has consequently been ascertained that the land in those places is rising at the rate of about forty-five English inches in a century, or a foot every twenty-five years. Here, also, the popular opinion is, that the sea is retiring; but the real state of the case is strikingly proved in this instance by the fact, that, in some places, the ground is at the same level as it was several centuries ago, and *in others is sinking*.‡ If the sea were from any cause retiring, it would sink every where to the same extent. Other proofs of the rising of the land are to be found in the great quantities of sea-shells which are imbedded in the soil on the considerably elevated grounds. At Uddevalla, in Gotheburg, a port at the entrance of the Baltic, there is a raised beach of the general character of those on the coast of Chili, full of shells, many of them entire and some broken, as is usual on beaches, and of the same species as those existing on the neighbouring coasts. This beach is *two hundred feet* above the present level of the Baltic. It rests on a great platform of gneiss rock, which rises in a cliff above it, and on that cliff the shells of barnacles are still found attached, the animals having taken up their residence there many ages ago, when the sea daily rose and fell in tides against the face of the rock!§

The publication of the above facts has caused attention to be directed to similar wonders in our own country, and it is now ascertained that raised beaches exist in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, not only near the present coasts, but in many inland situations. In the vale of the Ribble in Lancashire, Mr Murchison found terraces at various elevations under three hundred feet, composed of loose sands, gravels, and marls, such as are deposited by the sea upon beaches. Along both sides of the Firth of Forth, there runs a terrace about twenty feet above the present level of the sea, and which may be traced at generally a short distance from the shore, with a bank rising above it, and a narrow level space between it and the present line of coast: this terrace, which, on being dug, is found full of marine shells, is nothing but a beach which has been raised to a higher level by a general elevation of the land.‖ A similar terrace is a striking feature in the coast scenery of the Firth of Clyde. It is between thirty and forty feet above the present high-water mark, and is conspicuous wherever the violence of the Atlantic has not made inroads upon it. The grand cliffs which rise on the northern coast of Ayrshire, at a little distance inland, are conceived to have been formed by the beating of the sea at their base in old times.¶ The Firth of Cromarty also presents indubitable remains of raised beaches, the present town of Cromarty being seated on one of them. They are best defined on what are or have been the coasts of inland seas, for there the water is comparatively quiet, so as to allow of a bank of soft or loose matter being formed on the brink of the sea. The shells of at least the Forth and Clyde terraces are identical or nearly so with those of the present seas, thus showing that the same general circumstances existed at the time when the old beaches were formed, as at present; but we are not for that reason to suppose that the rise which they argue in the land is of modern date. There is good reason to conclude that the British island is not higher at present than in the days of the Romans. The rise, whenever it took place, was probably abrupt and effected at once, like the rises which take place in Chili, for if it had been slow and gradual, the old beach would not have been left entire.

But raised beaches not only encincture the present coasts of our inland seas: they are found marked on the sides of mountains now far from the sea, and at a great height above its level. Most of our readers probably are acquainted more or less with what are usually called the parallel roads of Glenroy, in Inverness-shire, namely, a range of terraces which mark, at different heights, the sides of that vale, as well as the sides of some glens adjacent to it. The traveller who enters those lonely vales unprepared, is surprised to observe three level lines proceeding along the mountain sides, exactly parallel to each other, and each at one side exactly corresponding in level with one at the other. It has lately been nearly made out to the satisfaction of the scientific world, that these terraces were once the borders of inland seas, like those which still penetrate the West Highlands, and that they were raised into their present situation by a succession of general elevations of the land.* Similar terraces are found in the vale of the Spey, in Glen Tilt, and in the vale of the Tay between Perth and Dunkeld.

We are, then, to understand that great islands and even continents have risen, either slowly or by quick and abrupt movements, out of the sea. But land also occasionally sinks. Some parts of the shores of the Baltic are stationary, or have fallen to a lower level than formerly. The existence of submarine forests on some parts of the British coast shows that, at a comparatively recent period, portions of our soil have sunk. A curious proof of the sinking of great chains of mountains has recently been detected by the eminent Agassiz, on the fronts of some of the Alps, near his residence at Neufchatel in Switzerland. The caked snow (glaciers) of those mountains is known to be constantly though imperceptibly moving downwards along the slopes, new snow being constantly added above. As the mass descends, it wears and polishes the rock below. Masses of stone are also sometimes detached from projecting cliffs, and carried down fixed in the under surface of the glacier, so as to cut deeply into the smoothed surface. The Alps, therefore, in the parts covered by snow, present a smoothed and scratched exterior. It is also to be remarked, that, at the place where congelation ceases, and the glacier melts, the detached stones, left disengaged, are accumulated in a kind of mound, or what is locally called a *moraine*, around the side of the mountain. Now, it is a very striking fact, that moraines exist much below the present point of congelation, and that when the soil is taken off the lower flanks of the mountains, even in places where the vine grows, the surface of the rock is smoothed and scratched exactly as it is in the parts now covered by snow. To us these facts argue that the hills were once higher than at present, and enveloped in the region of perpetual ice, and that they have since sunk many hundred feet.

Another most remarkable circumstance, proving both great depression and great elevation as having taken place at a particular part of the earth's surface, was observed by Mr Darwin in South America. In a dangerous excursion which he made across the Andes, observing that the lower chain of hills parallel to the great Cordillera was composed of submarine lavas and sedimentary deposits, he made search for silicified or petrified wood, which is often found connected with those rocks, and soon was gratified in an extraordinary manner. He saw on a bare slope, at an elevation of probably 7000 feet, some snow-white projecting columns, which on examination proved to be petrified trees, of a kind allied to the araucaria. "It required," he says in his journal,† "little geological practice to interpret the marvellous story which this scene at once unfolded; though I confess I was at first so much astonished, that I could scarcely believe the plainest evidence of it. I saw the spot where a cluster of fine trees had once waved their branches on the shores of the Atlantic, when that ocean (now driven back 700 miles) approached the base of the Andes. I saw that they had sprung from a volcanic soil, which had been raised above the level of the sea, and that this dry land, with its upright trees, had been subsequently let down to the depths of the ocean. There it was covered by sedimentary matter, and this again by enormous streams of submarine lava—one such mass alone attaining the thickness of a thousand feet; and these deluges of melted stone and aqueous deposits had been five times spread out alternately. The ocean which received such a mass must have been deep; but again the subterranean forces had exerted their power, and I now beheld the bed of that sea forming a chain of mountains more than 7000 feet in altitude. Nor had those antagonist forces been dormant, which are always at work to wear down the surface of the land to one level; the great piles of strata had been intersected by many wide valleys; and the trees, now changed into silex, were exposed projecting from the volcanic soil, now changed into rock, whence formerly, in a green and budding state, they had raised their lofty heads. Now, all is utterly irreclaimable and desert; even the lichen cannot adhere to the stony coats of former trees. Vast, and scarcely comprehensible as such changes must ever appear, yet they have all occurred within a period recent, when compared with the history of the Cordillera; and that Cordillera itself is modern as compared with some other of the fossiliferous strata of South America."

The time here spoken of as recent is probably very remote; but both elevations and depressions of the surface are clearly ascertained to have taken place to a considerable extent within times which even civil history does not call distant. From remains of articles of human workmanship found imbedded in the alluvium or clayey and gravelly deposit where the sea formerly stood, it is certain that Sweden has risen 60 and Chili 85 feet above the present level of the sea, since the countries were first inhabited by man. When we turn to that part of the coast of Italy which is specially under volcanic influence, we find a lively and most interesting proof of still more modern elevation and depression. On that coast, near Puzuoli, on a platform nearly on a level with the sea, and occasionally soaked by it, there are the remains of a fine building, which apparently had been constructed in ancient times as a public bath, although usually called the Temple of Serapis. From the pavement, which is still entire, spring three or four tall columns, which for twelve feet from the base are clean and unworn. Above that point, however, for nine or ten feet, the stone has been pierced by great numbers of a marine shell-fish, called the lithodomus, the prominent instinct of which leads it to take that means of forming for itself a quiet residence. As these animals could have had no access to the pillars elsewhere than in the sea, it is evident that the temple, and the ground upon which it stands, must have been at one time let down into the waters of the bay, and, after an interval, once more raised to their present situation. To account for the stone being uninjured for the first twelve feet, we must suppose it to have been protected for that space by an accumulation of mud or rubbish. The top of the part perforated by the lithodomus, and which we consequently suppose to have been exposed to the sea, is twenty-three feet above the existing level of the bay. Consequently, the subsidence and subsequent elevation must have been to that extent at least. Both events have probably taken place since the Christian era.* It is at the same time worthy of remark, that the Mediterranean is found, in many old ports along its shores, to maintain exactly the same level as in the days of the Romans.

If we were to go back to the early geological epochs when the coal strata were formed, we might show more wonderful examples of changes of level in the earth's surface, for it is held by many geologists that each bed must have at one time been a forest exposed to the open air; that it must in time have gone down into the sea, and been covered over by mud or sand forming a new soil; that, the ground being once more raised, a new forest grew on the place, afterwards to be submerged and covered over as before, and *this* for twenty or thirty times, or as often as there may be strata of coal at the spot. But we are disposed to limit our views for the present to the comparatively recent epochs, namely, those immediately before and since man's appearance on the earth. The great question remains, By what agency are these risings and fallings occasioned? Can it be from the working of molten matter beneath the crust of the globe, or from inflammations brought about by great chemical unions taking place in the same quarter, or has electric agency any thing to do with it? Science is yet unable to answer these questions, but we may in the mean time look on and admire the great ends which appear to be in view. The dry land is known to have once been very limited, only a few islands being scattered, for instance, over the space now composing Europe. South America was once but a long range of islands, which have since become the tops of the Cordillera of the Andes. But a constant progress has been made by the subterranean agency in causing the land to appear. Little islands must have risen till they became large; then they must have become connected with each other, and finally they would be aggregated into continents. Vast tracts must occasionally have been laid bare by a comparatively slight elevation, for it is stated that the sinking of the South American continent for less than a thousand feet would submerge the whole of the vast tract between the Andes and the Atlantic. Thus there has gradually been rescued from the enveloping sea the firm platform which was necessary as a theatre in which mankind were to live and move, and work out all those great moral problems which make them so much a wonder even to themselves. It is probable that the chief part of the business has long been over; but still it may be necessary that both the gradual and the abrupt elevations should not altogether cease, for the air and the water and the wind are so many agents constantly at work to wear down elevated land and carry it back into the sea, so that it could not fail in time to be entirely submerged, unless there were some counter-

* Lyell's Geology, ii. 176, 8. † Mrs Maria Graham.

‡ Geological Instructions, prepared by M. Elie de Beaumont for the French Scientific Expedition to the North of Europe.

§ M. Brongniart's Tableau des Terrains.

‖ Maclaren's Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 228.

¶ Smith on the Changes of the Level of the Sea, Edin. Philosophical Journal, Oct. 1838.

* Darwin's Memoir on the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, 1839.

† Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H. M. S. Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1836. London, 1839.

* Lyell's Principles of Geology, ii. 264.

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vailing forces. In all of these operations we discover a new and surely most sublime cause for admiring that great Providential agency to which nothing seems too vast or too minute, if only it can serve the end of furnishing living creatures with the means of enjoyment.

THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.*

THE Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, to which we have previously referred, originally appeared in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, where they excited much attention from their vivid and accurate delineations of Irish and of military life. They delineated a state of manners fast fading away. The condition of Ireland within the last twenty years has been more changed than that of any other country in Europe; the aspect of society has undergone a still greater alteration; and those who have visited it at long intervals, feel as if they met a different country and a different people. It is much easier to perceive such a change than to describe its nature. It will perhaps be sufficient to notice the most marked difference: business is more a pleasure, and pleasure is less a business. However advantageous such a change may be, it is fatal to the originality of character, the developement of whim, the pranks of humour, and the ebullitions of wit, which were common in earlier days.

A change in the habits of military men is scarcely less perceptible. At the close of the war there was an abundant supply of old campaigners, full of the reckless jollity, the keen sense of present enjoyment, and the disregard of consequences, naturally produced by the hardships and vicissitudes of such a war as that of the Peninsula. To such men, Ireland, with its excitable population, ever ready for frolic or for mischief, and always preferring the practical jokes which unite both, was far more agreeable than the solemn steadiness of England and the acute caution of Scotland. From 1815 to 1830, Ireland seemed made for the army, and the army for Ireland; both have since changed, but the recollection of former days of merriment is not yet effaced, and a more worthy chronicler than Harry Lorrequer could not be found to give them a permanent record.

Lord Bacon once said of a story that was told him, "I believe it, not because it is like the truth, but because it is so unlike the truth that I would not give any human being the credit of the invention." The remark is applicable not only to Harry Lorrequer's anecdotes, but to most Irish stories. All the circumstances noted by the Edinburgh reviewers as improbable in Miss Edgeworth's Patronage, were proved to have occurred in the history of her own family; and the principal incident in Rory O'More, the conviction of a man for murder after his supposed victim had been produced in court, which some critics denounced as the most improbable of inventions, was unexpectedly confirmed by Chief-Justice Bushe, who, we believe, acted as counsel for the prisoner on that memorable occasion.

At a future opportunity, we will take the liberty of culling a few of the more striking drolleries with which the volume abounds, in the meanwhile contenting ourselves with an abridgement of an off-hand sketch respecting one of Lorrequer's continental adventures, called

JACK WALLER'S STORY.

"And now, Jack, tell me something of your own fortunes since the day you passed me in the post-chaise and four."

"The story is soon told. You remember that when I carried off Mary, I had no intention of leaving England whatever: my object was, after making her my wife, to open negociations with the old colonel, and after the approved routine of penitential letters, imploring forgiveness, and setting forth happiness only wanting his sanction to make it heaven itself, to have thrown ourselves at his feet, sobbed, blubbered, blown our noses, and dressed for dinner, very comfortable inmates of that particularly snug residence, 'Hydrabad Cottage.' Now, Mary, who behaved with great courage for a couple of days, after that got low-spirited and depressed; the desertion of her father, as she called it, weighed upon her mind, and all my endeavours to rally and comfort her were fruitless and unavailing. Each day, however, I expected to hear something of or from the colonel that would put an end to this feeling of suspense; but no—three weeks rolled on, and although I took care that he knew of our address, we never received any communication. You are aware that when I married, I knew Mary had, or was to have, a large fortune; and that I myself had not more than enough in the world to pay the common expenses of our wedding tour. My calculation was this—the reconciliation will possibly, what with delays of post, distance, and deliberation, take a month—say five weeks; now, at forty pounds per week, that makes exactly two hundred pounds, such being the precise limit of my exchequer, when, blessed with a wife, a man, and a maid, three imperials, a cap-case, and a poodle, I arrived at 'the Royal Hotel' in Edinburgh. Had I been Lord Francis Egerton, with his hundred thousand a-year, looking for a new 'distraction' at any price; or, still more, were I a London shopkeeper, spending a Sunday in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and trying to find out something expensive, as he had only one day to stay, I could not have more industriously sought out opportunities for extravagance, and each day contrived to find out some two or three acquaintances to bring home to dinner. And as I affected to have been married for a long time, Mary felt less *genes* among strangers, and we got on famously. Still the silence of the colonel weighed upon her mind, and although she partook of none of my anxieties from that source, being perfectly ignorant of the state of my finances, she dwelt so constantly upon this subject, that I at length yielded to her repeated solicitations, and permitted her to write to her father. Her letter was a most proper one; combining a dutiful regret for leaving her home, with the hope that her choice had been such as to excuse her rashness, or, at least, palliate her fault. It went to say, that her father's acknowledgment of her was all she needed or cared for, to complete her happiness, and asking for his permission to seek it in person. This was the substance of the letter, which, upon the whole, satisfied me, and I waited anxiously for the reply. At the end of five days the answer arrived. It was thus:—

'DEAR MARY—You have chosen your own path in life, and having done so, I have neither the right nor inclination to interfere with your decision; I shall neither receive you nor the person you have made your husband; and, to prevent any further disappointment, inform you, that as I leave this to-morrow, any future letters you might think proper to address will not reach me.—Your's very faithful, C. KAMWORTH.

Hydrabad Cottage.'

This was a tremendous coup, and not in the least anticipated by either of us; upon me the effect was stunning, knowing as I did that our fast diminishing finances were nearly expended. Mary, on the other hand, who neither knew nor thought of the exchequer, rallied at once from her depression, and after a hearty fit of crying, dried her eyes, and putting her arm round my neck, said,

'Well, Jack, I must only love you the more, since papa will not share any of my affection.'

'I wish he would his purse though,' muttered I, as I pressed her in my arms, and strove to seem perfectly happy.

I shall not prolong my story by dwelling upon the agitation this letter cost me; however, I had yet a hundred pounds left, and an aunt in Harley Street, with whom I had always been a favourite. This thought, the only rallying one I possessed, saved me for the time; and as fretting was never my forte, I never let Mary perceive that any thing had gone wrong, and managed so well in this respect, that my good spirits raised hers, and we set out for London one fine sunshiny morning, as happy a looking couple as ever travelled the north road.

When we arrived at the 'Clarendon,' my first care was to get into a cab and drive to Harley Street. [Here Jack found that his aunt had gone to Paris, and next morning, he continues]—I called upon her lawyer, and having obtained her address, sauntered to the 'Junior Club,' to write her a letter before post hour. As I scanned over the morning papers, I could not help smiling at the flaming paragraph which announced my marriage to the only daughter and heiress of the millionaire, Colonel Kamworth. Not well knowing how to open the correspondence with my worthy relative, I folded the paper containing the news, and addressed it to 'Lady Lilford, Hotel de Bristol, Paris.'

When I arrived at the 'Clarendon,' I found my wife and her maid surrounded by cases and band-boxes; laces, satins, and velvets, were displayed on all sides, while an emissary from 'Storr and Mortimer' was arranging a grand review of jewellery on a side table, one half of which would have ruined the Rajah of Mysore to purchase. My advice was immediately called into requisition; and pressed into service, I had nothing left for it but to canvass, criticise, and praise, between times, which I did with a good grace, considering that I anticipated the 'Fleet' for every flounce of Valenciennes lace.

As at length one-half of the room became filled with millinery, and the other glittered with jewels and bijouterie, my wife grew weary with her exertions, and we found ourselves alone.

When I told her that my aunt had taken up her residence in Paris, it immediately occurred to her, how pleasant it would be to go there too; and although I concurred in the opinion for very different reasons, it was at length decided we should do so; and the only difficulty now existed as to the means—for though the daily papers teem with 'four ways to go from London to Paris,' they all resolved themselves into one, and that one, unfortunately to me, the most difficult and impracticable—by money.

There was, however, one last resource open—the sale of my commission. I will not dwell upon what it cost me to resolve upon this; the determination was a painful one, but it was soon come to; and before five o'clock that day, Cox and Greenwood had got their instructions to sell out for me, and had advanced a thousand pounds of the purchase. Our bill settled—the waiters bowing to the ground—(it is your ruined man that is always most liberal)—the post-horses harnessed, and impatient for the road, I took my place beside my wife, while my valet held a parasol over the soubsette in the rumble, all in the approved fashion of those who have an unlimited credit with Coutts and Drummond; the whips cracked, the leaders capered, and with a patronising bow to the proprietor of the 'Clarendon,' away we rattled to Dover.

After the usual routine of sea-sickness, fatigue, and poisonous cookery, we reached Paris on the fifth day, and put up at the 'Hotel de Londres,' Place Vendome.

To have an adequate idea of the state of my feelings as I trod the splendid apartments of this princely hotel, surrounded by every luxury that wealth can procure, or taste suggest, you must imagine the condition of a man who is regaled with a sumptuous banquet on the eve of his execution. The inevitable termination to all my present splendour was never for a moment absent from my thoughts, and the secrecy with which I was obliged to conceal my feelings, formed one of the greatest sources of my misery. The coup, when it does come, will be sad enough, and poor Mary may as well have the comfort of the deception as long as it lasts, without suffering as I do. Such was the reasoning by which I met every resolve to break to her the real state of our finances, and such the frame of mind in which I spent my days at Paris—the only really unhappy ones I can ever charge my memory with.

We had scarcely got settled in the hotel, when my aunt, who inhabited the opposite side of the 'Place,' came over to see us, and wish us joy. She had seen the paragraph in the Post, and like all other people, with plenty of money, fully approved a match like mine.

She was delighted with Mary, and despite the natural reserve of the old maiden lady, became actually cordial, and invited us to dine with her that day, and every succeeding one we might feel disposed to do so. So far so well, thought I, as I offered her my arm to see her home; but if she knew of what value even this small attention is to us, am I quite so sure she would offer it? However, no time is to be lost; I cannot live in this state of hourly agitation; I must make some one the confidant of my sorrows, and none so fit as she who can relieve as well as advise upon them. Although such was my determination, yet somehow I could not muster up courage for the effort. My aunt's congratulations upon my good luck made me shrink from the avowal; and while she ran on upon the beauty and grace of my wife, topics I fully concurred in, I also chimed in with her satisfaction at the prudential and proper motives which led to the match. Twenty times I was on the eve of interrupting her, and saying, 'But, madam, I am a beggar—my wife has not a shilling—I have absolutely nothing.'

Such were my thoughts, but whenever I endeavoured to speak them, some confounded fulness in my throat nearly choked me; my temples throbbed, my hands trembled; and whether it was shame, or the sickness of despair, I cannot say, but the words would not come, and all that I could get out was some flattery of my wife's beauty, or some vapid eulogy upon my own cleverness in securing such a prize.

But this is growing tedious, Harry; I must get over the ground faster. Two months passed over at Paris, during which we continued to live at the 'Londres,' giving dinners, soirées, dejeuners, with the prettiest equipage in the 'Champs Elysees.' We were quite the mode. My wife, which is rare enough for an Englishwoman, knew how to dress herself. Our evening parties were the most recherché things going; and if I were capable of partaking of any pleasure in the eclat, I had my share, having won all the pigeon-matches in the Bois de Boulegard, and beat Lord Henry Seymour himself in a steeple-chase. The continual round of occupation in which pleasure involves a man, is certainly its greatest attraction—reflection is impossible—the present is too full to admit any of the past, and very little of the future; and even I, with all my terrors awaiting me, began to feel a half indifference to the result in the manifold cares of my then existence. To this state of fatalism, for such it was becoming, had I arrived, when the vision was dispelled in a moment by a visit from my aunt, who came to say, that some business requiring her immediate presence in London, she was to set out that evening, but hoped to find us in Paris on her return.

[Jack now summons up sufficient courage to hint, in the course of a conversation with his aunt, the nature of his situation and wishes, which she appeared so readily to comprehend as to spare particular explanation.]

'Indeed,' she replied, 'I think I have anticipated your wish in the matter; but as time presses, and I must look after all my packing, I shall say good bye for a few weeks, and in the evening Jepson, who stays here, will bring you "*what I mean*," over to your hotel; once more, then, good bye.'

'Good bye, my dearest, kindest friend,' said I, taking a most tender adieu of the old lady. 'What an excellent creature she is!' said I, half aloud, as I turned towards home; 'how considerate, how truly kind!—to spare me too all the pain of explanation! Now I begin to breathe once more. If there be a flask of Johannisberg in the "*Londres*," I'll drink your health this day, and so shall Mary.' So saying, I entered the hotel with a lighter heart and a firmer step than ever it had been my fortune to do hitherto.

[During the evening, a packet arrives from her ladyship; and the servants having left the room, Jack hastened to open it.]

I read, with what feelings I leave you to guess, the following:—'DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE, the enclosed will convey to you, with my warmest wishes for your happiness, a ticket on the Frankfort Lottery, of which I enclose the scheme. I also take the opportunity of saying that I have purchased the Hungarian pony for Mary—which we spoke of this morning. It is at Johnston's stable, and will be delivered on sending for it.'

'Think of that, Jack—the Borghese pony, with the silky tail; mine—oh! what a dear good old soul; it was the very thing of all others I longed for, for they told me the princess had refused every offer for it.'

While Mary ran on in this strain, I sat mute and stupified; the sudden reverse my hopes had sustained deprived me for a moment of all thought, and it was several minutes before I could rightly take in the full extent of my misfortunes.

How that crazy old maid, for such, alas, I called her to myself now, could have so blundered all my meaning

* Dublin, Curry; London, Orr.

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—how she could so palpably have mistaken, I could not conceive. What a remedy for a man overwhelmed with debt!—a ticket in a German lottery, and a cream-coloured pony, as if my whole life had not been one continued lottery, with every day a blank; and as to horses, I had eleven in my stables already. Perhaps she thought twelve would read better in my schedule, when I, next week, surrendered as insolvent.

Unable to bear the delight, the childish delight, of Mary, on her new acquisition, I rushed out of the house, and wandered for several hours in the Boulevards. At last I summoned up courage to tell my wife. I once more turned towards home, and entered her dressing-room, where she was having her hair dressed for a ball at the embassy. My resolution failed me—not now, thought I—to-morrow will do as well—one night more of happiness for her, and then—— I looked on with pleasure and pride, as ornament after ornament, brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, shone in her hair and upon her arms, heightening her beauty, and lighting up with a dazzling brilliancy her lovely figure. But it must come—and whenever the hour arrives, the reverse will be fully as bitter. Besides, I am able now; and when I may again be so, who can tell? Now then be it, said I, as I told the waiting-maid to retire; and taking a chair beside my wife, put my arm round her.

'There, John, dearest, take care; don't you see you'll crush all that great affair of Malines lace that Rosetta has been breaking her heart to manage this half hour?'

'And then,' said I.

'And then? I could not go to the ball, naughty boy. I am bent on a great conquest to-night; so pray don't mar such good intentions.'

'And you should be greatly disappointed were you not to go?'

'Of course I should. But what do you mean?—is there any reason why I should not? You are silent, John; speak—oh, speak—has any thing occurred to my——'

'No, no, dearest; nothing that I know has occurred to the colonel.'

'Well, then, who is it? Oh, tell me at once.

'Oh, my dear, there is no one in the case but ourselves;' so saying, despite the injunction about the lace, I drew her towards me, and in as few words, but as clearly as I was able, explained all our circumstances—my endeavour to better them—my hopes—my fears—and now my bitter disappointment, if not despair.

The first shock over, Mary showed not only more courage but more sound sense than I could have believed. All the frivolity of her former character vanished at the first touch of adversity, just, as of old, Harry, we left the tinsel of our gay jackets behind, when active service called upon us for something more sterling. She advised, counselled, and encouraged me by turns; and in half an hour the most poignant regret I had was, in not having sooner made her my confidante, and checked the progress of our enormous expenditure somewhat earlier.

I shall not now detain you much longer. In three weeks we sold our carriages and horses; our pictures (we had begun this among our other extravagances) and our china followed; and under the plea of health set out for Baden; not one among our Paris acquaintances ever suspecting the real reason of our departure, and never attributing any monied difficulties to us, for we paid our debts.

The same day we left Paris, I dispatched a letter to my aunt, explaining fully all about us, and suggesting that as I had now left the army for ever, perhaps she would interest some of her friends—and she has powerful ones—to do something for me.

After some little loitering on the Rhine, we fixed upon Hesse Cassel for our residence. It was very quiet—very cheap—the country around picturesque—and last, but not least, there was not an Englishman in the neighbourhood. The second week after our arrival brought us letters from my aunt. She had settled four hundred a-year upon us for the present, and sent the first year in advance; promised us a visit as soon as we were ready to receive her; and pledged herself not to forget when an opportunity of serving me should offer.

From that moment to this," said Jack, "all has gone well with us. We have, it is true, not many luxuries, but we have no wants, and, better still, no debts. The dear old aunt is always making us some little present or other; and somehow I have a kind of feeling that better luck is still in store; but faith, Harry, as long as I have a happy home, and a warm fireside, for a friend when he drops in upon me, I scarcely can say that better luck need be wished for."

"There is only one point, Jack, you have not enlightened me upon; how came you here?"

"Oh! that was a great omission in my narrative; but come, this will explain it; see here." So saying, he drew from a little drawer a large lithographic print of a magnificent castellated building, with towers and bastions, keep, moat, and even drawbridge, and the walls bristling with cannon, and an eagled banner floating proudly above them.

"What in the name of the Sphynxes is this?"

"There," said Jack, "is the Schloss von Eberhausen; or, if you like it in English, Eberhausen Castle, as it was the year of the deluge; for the present mansion that we are now sipping our wine in bears no very close resemblance to it. But to make the mystery clear, this was the great prize in the Frankfort lottery, the ticket of which my aunt's first note contained, and which we were fortunate enough to win. We have been here only a few weeks, and though the affair looks somewhat meagre, we have hopes that in a little time, and with some pains, much may be done to make it habitable. There is a capital chasse of some hundred acres; plenty of wood and innumerable rights, seigneurial, manorial, &c., which, fortunately for my neighbours, I neither understand nor care for; and we are therefore the best friends in the world. Among others I am styled the graf or count."

"Well, then, Monsieur le Comte," said Mary, "do you intend favouring me with your company at coffee this evening, for already it is ten o'clock; and considering my former claim upon Mr Lorrequer, you have let me enjoy very little of his society."

We now adjourned to the drawing-room, where we gossipped away till past midnight; and I retired to my room, meditating over Jack's adventures, and praying in my heart, that despite all his mischances, my own might end as happily.

DEMORALISING AND IMPOVERISHING EFFECTS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

[Abridged from Dr Mitchell's Report to Parliament on the Condition of Hand-Loom Weavers.]

THERE is no cause which has had so direful an effect on the prosperity of the trade in Norwich, as party spirit. In almost every town possessing parliamentary representation, there is a complaint of party spirit; but in Norwich it far exceeds that of any other place, and is carried to an extent which is utterly amazing. The people are distinguished by colours; "purple and orange" denote the Tories, and "blue and white" the Whigs or Radicals. The party to which every man in Norwich belongs, from the highest to the lowest, is as well known as if he daily wore clothes of the colours by which it is designated. The exasperation of the one party against the other is such as to make every man lament that human nature should be capable of such feelings.

The spirit of party enters into every thing; every institution of the town is a subject of party spirit; it is like two towns in one, and acting in hostility against each other. It may be asked, why machinery and other improvements in trade have not been introduced into the town, so that it may keep pace with other places. The cause is the violent and odiously virulent party spirit. This feeling continues to operate, as it has always done, to defeat all attempts to improve the state of the city, pecuniarily, morally, or mentally. No man of either political party, be it which it may, could introduce machinery into this city, though it were as evident as the sun at noonday that it must necessarily be for the general good, but he would in all probability, at some paltry election contest (particularly if he took an active part in it), be held up as an obnoxious individual, perhaps as one who had been the cause of the lowering of wages, or some such absurdity, and his property, and perhaps his life, would be endangered; and whilst the present detestable party animosity exists, no one will attempt to keep pace with any other manufacturing communities.

Besides impoverishing, politics greatly demoralise the place; they hold out the temptation of drinking, and the temptation of money to induce men to violate their consciences; "it is not only in the election of members of Parliament, but in the municipal elections also. Ten pounds are given commonly enough in a municipal election; I have known L.100 to be given when the contest was likely to run very close. We have eight wards in this city; two of them are so decidedly Whig, that there is little contest there. Another ward, inhabited by the aristocracy, is Tory, and there is no contest there. But the other five wards must be regularly bought, and the real contest is merely which party has got the best purse. The Whigs are as bad as the Tories, and the Tories are as bad as the Whigs, and there is not a pin to choose between them.

There is not an election of any sort into which politics do not enter, from the election of the sexton of the poorest parish in Norwich to the election of the mayor of the city. In our charities, and in our literary institutions, and in every thing, it is the same. In choosing the committee of the public library there is always a struggle between the Whigs and the Tories. The last general election at Norwich was followed by an election amongst the boys, which, although amusing, shows how fully, even from their earliest youth, the natives of Norwich are imbued with party spirit. When the parents thus train them in the way that they should go, we may feel but too sure that when they are old they will not depart from it. It was a real contest, carried on with great zeal, and every formality duly observed. At first all the voters were unpaid; but as the contest drew towards a close, every means fair and foul was adopted to get boys to the poll; some were seized by force, others were induced by hire. At first marbles were given for votes; by and bye the price rose to pence; and towards the very close, from 1s. to 1s. 6d. was the reward of the suffrage. The 'blue and white' had a majority. There was a chairing procession, and a grand dinner and ball to celebrate the event. That might pass for a comedy, but politics render every thing more of a tragedy in Norwich.

Their success in the boys' election was not the only triumph of the 'blue and white' party; the lower orders had their triumph also. Two pugilistic heroes, the one a 'blue and white,' and the other a 'purple and yellow,' agreed to decide in their way the merits of their principles. The Whig hero was a weaver, in the employment of Mr Etheridge; that gentleman states, 'The man was a month in training. About a fortnight before the battle he declined a piece of work because he could not be spared from preparatory exercises. The man is in my employment now. Many of my weavers went to see the battle; there was a strong muster of the operative politicians on both sides of the question, and a grand dinner among the 'blue and white' men afterwards, to celebrate the triumph of their champion. You may see the parties when you come to my warehouse.' Men present at the battle were afterwards seen, and the following further particulars were stated:—'Mr Edward Painter, formerly a professional pugilist, supplied the ropes and stakes; the scene of action was about eight miles from Norwich; each party went out with cockades in their pockets, and when the 'purple and yellow' hero could not come to time, the 'blue and white' partisans mounted their cockades, and displayed their flag, and they returned with shouts of triumph to the city. The 'purple and yellow' weavers, however, console themselves with the fact that their hero, though unfortunate in his inferior science, displayed a valour and hardihood which, under better tuition, would have secured him the victory.'"

The last general election at Norwich afforded a striking view of the party spirit of the city, and of the practices by which the leading men have acted on the poverty, the necessities, and the frailty and wickedness of the poorer citizens, many of whom are weavers, and whose interests have much suffered in consequence. The number of voters for the 'purple and orange' candidates was 1865 and 1863; and for the 'blue and white' candidates, 1843 and 1831; of whom 1400 voted under the influence of the most open application of pecuniary temptation.

The money spent, according to the information given to me by two gentlemen who could not but know, was about L.44,000. The 'blue and white' party spent more money than the 'purple and orange' party; and this is attributable to what many consider to have been a blunder in their tactics, and which is thus explained.

The 'purple and orange' party had felt secure that there would be no opposition; and if the 'blue and white' party had kept quiet until close on the day of election, which was on a Tuesday, it is supposed that they might have taken their opponents by surprise, and snatched a victory. But they commenced operations on the Wednesday, being six days before the election, and began actively to buy votes, and to carry off the voters 'into coop.' They had thus the expense of six days to defray. But as soon as the 'purple and orange' party saw what was doing, they sent off to London for money, which arrived on Saturday, and they had time to buy back their friends from the 'blue and white' party; and those whom they carried into coop, they had to keep only three days, which was much less expensive than keeping them six days. One of the chiefs of the 'blue and white' party admitted the impolicy of their early declaration of a contest, but said that his views had been overruled in the committee.

The contest was carried on very openly. There was no hypocrisy, no concealment, on either side. There were 1400 to be bought, and about these lay the struggle. One gentleman stated to me that he himself had the distribution of money to the voters on the day of election. He sat at a table in a large room, having before him parcels coiled up of bank-notes of L.10, of L.15, of L.20, of L.25, of L.30, of L.35, of L.40 value, all in readiness, that there might be no loss of time in counting. The voters, one at a time, entered at one door, passed through the room, and out at another door. Every man was asked what he had agreed for, and it was handed to him. One man would be so innocent as to ask for only L.10; the next man would ask for L.20; and both were paid with equal readiness. Then might come, perhaps, one who would ask for L.15, and it would be paid; but with a caution given to him not to spoil the market by letting any body know that he had got more than L.10. But the other sums were given. A grocer or other substantial tradesman looked for L.40, and there were the cases of two professional men who each had L.50.

The gentleman who paid the money gave this information with the most hearty frankness; and when told that the guilt of all these doings rested upon him, and on the other criminals who composed the committee, he laughed, consoling himself that he had many coadjutors with whom to support the burden. Towards the close of the poll, nobody could say on which side lay the victory; every vote therefore was sought out, and no money was thought too much. The case of one poor man deserves to be particularised. Some years ago, being then in great distress, a manufacturer took pity on him, and gave employment both to him and his wife. They proved steady people, and they were never allowed to be out of work. A general election came on, and the man was offered L.15, and he refused it, and voted on the same side with his employer. Another election came on, and he was again tempted, and again stood firm. He said that the manufacturer had now for many years employed him and his wife, and he had never been without work, and thereby had had a comfortable living, and he should consider himself the most ungrateful of men, if for money he were to vote against him. After the close of the last election, the manufacturer was told that this man had voted against his party, and he sent for him, and made the inquiry. The man looked very uneasy, and said that it was really so. The manufacturer said, 'Did you not say that you would be the most ungrateful of men if you ever voted against me?' 'I did so,' said he,

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'and I never intended to do otherwise; but there was a great deal of money offered me, a great deal indeed, and I was quite unable to resist it.' The manufacturer said, 'And what might be the money; was it L.100?' The man said, 'Sir, a great deal more than that.' It is known that the sum paid was L.135. This statement was made to me by the manufacturer himself. To pass by the base seducers, and to bestow blame on the poor man to whom such an irresistible sum was offered, would be demanding from poor men a strength of feeling which the condition of human nature does not entitle us to expect. At the election previous to the last, the number of voters to be bought was 900; at the last election it was 1400. It is the tendency of the system to extend its corrupting ravages, and on every returning occasion to draw more and more within its vortex.

Independent of the loss of about a month's work at these contested elections, the city languishes from the continual absorption of mental energy in party politics. But for this, long before now the town would have had an efficient police, and the majesty of the law would have attained respect; enterprising men would then have ventured to establish machinery in their manufactures, which they have not dared to do. The probability is, that in such circumstances the vast spaces of ground now empty within the walls, and much land in the vicinity, would have been covered with buildings, and the population, instead of 60,000 or 70,000, would have been 120,000, or 180,000; the ground would be yielding a rental many times over what it does at present; there would have been many more opulent manufacturers and tradesmen of every description, and Norwich would have been one of the chief places in the empire. Such, however, has not been the case, and until party spirit subside, little hope can be entertained of its prosperity.

SONGS OF BERANGER.

Though Beranger was in heart and mind a republican, he could not help being dazzled by the intellectual greatness of Napoleon, and again and again in his writings he has given vent to expressions of admiration for the genius of the emperor, and regret for his fall. Considering the height of power to which Napoleon raised the people of France, there is indeed every excuse to be made for a native of the country on this score. The more fervent the patriotism of such a one, the more apt would he be to mistake the sword-sustained greatness of France under Bonaparte for something substantial and durable, and to accord praise to him from whom it flowed. Hence it is that we must not judge harshly of Beranger for the tenor and tone of such pieces as the one that follows, and which is much admired by his countrymen. He calls it "Les Souvenirs du Peuple"—"The Recollections of the People."

They will speak of all his glory
Round the fire for many a day;
Lowly hearths will hear his story,
When all other themes decay.
Villagers at eve will cry
To some dame with temples grey
"With the tale of times gone by,
Grandame, while an hour away.
Though he tolled us sore," they'll say,
"Yet his name we still revere;
His fame no time can dim:
Of him, good mother, let us hear—
Oh speak to us of him!"

'Through this village, children, know,
King-attended, did he pass;
Ah, how long it is ago!
Newly wedded then I was.
Where to look on him I sat,
Up the hill he made his way,
Drest in treble-peaked hat,
And with riding-suit of grey.
Much abashed I felt that day,
But he cried, 'Good morn, my dear,
'Good morn, my dear,' he cried."
"Then he spoke, grandame, when near?
He spoke when by your side?"

"In another twelvemonth's date,
Then I saw him once again
Walk to Notre-Dame in state,
Followed by his courtly train.
Pleasure beamed in every eye,
All admired the great display;
'Glorious time!' was then the cry,
'Heaven favours him alway!'
Ah, how sweet his smile that day!
Heaven willed that he a sire became—
One son rejoiced his view!"
"Oh what a day for you, grandame!
How bright a day for you!"

"When the land of France anon
Fell a prey to stranger hordes,
Braving every foe alone,
Strove he to unloose our cords.
Scarce a day it seems to me,
Since a knock came to my door;
Opening it—good Heavens! 'twas he!
With an escort small and poor.
Where I sit, he sat before;
'Oh this war!' did he exclaim,
'Oh what a war of care!'"
"Was he seated there, grandame?
Oh was he seated there?"

"Hunger prest him sore, and I
Had to give but bread and beer.
Then his dress he tried to dry,
And awhile he slumbered here.
Much I wept, but, when awake,
He exclaimed, 'Be hopeful still!
Paris soon shall see me take
Vengeance fit for France's ill!
I have kept, and ever will,
Like gem of price, the glass—the same
From which he drank that night.'"
"Have you still the glass, grandame?
Oh give it to our sight!"

"See it here. But foemen found
Strength to lay the hero low;
He whose brows a pope had crowned,
Sleeps afar where sea-waves flow.
Long we disbelieved his loss,
Crying, 'He will re-appear!
Soon the ocean he will cross,
And our foes will find their peer!'
When the truth became too clear,
Sore, indeed, was my distress,
As heavy as the ill!"
"But, grandame, kind Heaven will bless—
Will cheer and bless you still!"

There can be no doubt that this is a true picture. The whole land of France, without the exception of one single little village within its bounds, must abound in such recollections of Napoleon. This verisimilitude has made the song extremely popular. In the following piece, we find another faithful sketch of circumstances which must have been of but too common occurrence during the late war. A dialogue takes place between mother and daughter:—

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

"See, the shepherd's star is shining!
Mary, quit thy long day's toil."
"Mother, one we love lies pining,
Captive on a foreign soil.
Seized at sea, far, far away,
He yielded—but the last, they say."

Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,
For the captive one afar:
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,
For the prisoner of war!

"At your call, I light my lamp.
But, my child, why yet in tears?"
"Mother, he in dungeon damp
Wastes—the sport of foemen's jeers.
Adrian loved me from a boy:
His presence filled our home with joy."
Spin, &c.

"Child, for him I too would spin,
But I am so old and frail."
"All I toil for, all I win,
Goes to him I love and wail.
To her wedding, Rose in vain
Invites me—hark! the minstrel's strain!"
Spin, &c.

"Child, draw nigh the fire, I pray;
Chill it grows as day declines."
"Mother, Adrian, they say,
In a floating dungeon pines:
Strangers, men of cruel mood,
Repulse his hand stretched out for food."
Spin, &c.

"Cheerly, daughter! I of late
Dreamed that you were Adrian's bride,
And my dreams, like hests of fate,
In one month are ratified."
"What! before the grass be green,
Shall my dear warrior here be seen!"

Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,
For the captive one afar!
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,
For the prisoner of war!

Embodied in the most beautiful and polished language—not imitable, unfortunately, in an English version—these sentiments and pictures went home to the hearts of the French people. Even the bitterest opponents of Napoleon could not deny the beauty of such pieces as "The Recollections," or refrain from expressing their general admiration of the poet's genius. Between Chateaubriand and Beranger, men, in many respects, the opposite of each other, letters have recently passed, full of reciprocal respect and kindly sympathy. These epistles were published in 1832, in the Book of the Hundred and One. Beranger's is in the form of an ode, and begins thus:

Why from thy land, Chateaubriand, dost thou fly—
Fly from her loving cares and ours afar?
Dost thou not hear thy country sadly cry,
"My bright sky mourns for one departed star!
"Where is my son?" that tender mother says.
Battered by storms God only can abate,
Poor as old Homer was in other days,
Alas! he knocketh at the stranger's gate!

This whole ode is very touching, and the generous regret which it expresses for the misfortunes of Chateaubriand, who became an exile at the political crisis of 1830, called forth a reply from the banished noble, as honourable to his character as the verses alluded to were to that of his brother-poet, but political adversary. "Pierre de Beranger (says Chateaubriand) is pleased to call himself a *song-writer*, but, like Jean de la Fontaine, who chose to name himself a *fabulist*, he has taken rank among our popular immortalities. I predict to you, sir, that your repute, great as it already is, will yet increase. Few critics at this day are capable of appreciating the perfect finish of your verses; few ears are delicate enough to taste their full harmony. The most exquisite art there lies hid under the garb of nature and ease."

In the following piece, translated by a friend, we find Beranger lamenting the dissipation of the romantic fancies, which, in his youthful mind, were coupled with the phenomena of wild-fires, or what we term in Britain Jack-a-lantern and Will-o'-the-wisp.

THE WILD-FIRES.

Oh summer eve, and village peace,
Clear skies, sweet odours, gushing streams!
Ye blest my childhood's simple dreams,
To cheer my age, oh do not cease!
World-wearied, here I love to dwell,
For ev'n these merry wild-fires tell
Of youth and sweet simplicity.
Oft did my heart with terror swell
As from their dance I wont to fly.
I've lost that blissful ignorance;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

On wakeful nights, the tale went round
Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,
With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,
Guardian of treasures under ground.
They told of goblins, unblest powers,
Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours,
Of dragons huge that ever flitted
Around all dark and ancient towers:
Such tales my easy faith admitted.
Age hath dispelled my youthful trance;
Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance.

Scarce ten years old, one winter night,
Bewildered on the lonely swamp,
I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp;
"It is my grandame's cheerful light—
A pretty cake she has for me,"
I said, and ran with infant glee.
A shepherd filled my soul with dread;
"Oh foolish boy, the lamp you see
Lights up the revels of the dead."
Dispelled is now my youthful trance;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole
By the old curate's lonely mound:
The wild-fires danced his grave around:
I paused to bless the curate's soul.
From regions of the slumbering dead,
Methought the aged curate said,
"Alas! unhappy reprobate,
So soon hath beauty turned thy head!"
That night I feared the frowns of fate.
Still let the voice my ear entrance;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

* * * *

Now, from such pleasing errors free,
I feel the chilling touch of time:
The visions of my early prime
Have bowed to stern reality.
But oh! I loved fair nature more,
Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.
The dear delusions of my youth,
Which bound my heart in days of yore,
Have fled before the torch of truth.
Dearest to me my youthful trance,
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

With one other piece we shall close our notice of Beranger on this occasion. It is an address of the poet to his old coat, and exhibits that union of sententiousness with gaiety, so characteristic of the majority of his lyrics. The Lisette mentioned in it, as well as in so many other pieces, is understood to have had no existence but in the poet's fancy.

BERANGER TO HIS OLD COAT.

Be faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine!
We, step for step, are both becoming old.
Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine
And Socrates did never more, I hold.
When to fresh tear and wear the time to be
Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,
Be philosophic and resist like me:
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Full well I mind, for I forget not much,
The day that saw thee first upon me put:
My birth-day 'twas, and as a crowning touch
Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut.
Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,
Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.
Each at my fête yet shows a gladsome face:
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,
And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.
Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,
She held by thee to baulk my seeming will.
The tug was followed by a grievous rent,
And then her side of course I could not quit;
Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent:
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,
Such as your self-admiring fools exhale?
Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,
To levee mock or antechamber rail?
A strife for ribbons all the land of France,
From side to side, well nigh asunder split:
From *thy* lapelle nothing but wild flowers glance:
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,
Those madcap sports which once employed our hours—
Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,
Of sunshine obequered here and there with showers.
I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth
From every future service to acquit:
But wait a while—one end will come to both
Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.

Beranger now lives at Tours, enjoying a small but comfortable independence. He is not a very old man,

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and is understood to be employing his yet unimpaired faculties in writing a history of the stirring scenes amid which he passed his life. Being an intimate friend of Manuel, Gohier, David, and many others of the most distinguished men of modern France, his annals cannot fail to possess a lively and powerful interest.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

AMBROSE PAREY.

In the roll of practical improvers of the useful sciences, few are entitled to a higher place than Ambrose Parey, or Paré, an illustrious "chirurgeon" of France in the sixteenth century, and one to whom his successors in the profession have unanimously accorded the title of Father of Modern Surgery. Parey was born at Laval, in the province of Maine, in the year 1509. He was placed under the charge of a country chaplain, in order to receive a knowledge of Latin, but the parents of the boy were too poor to be able properly to indemnify the teacher, and the latter accordingly extracted an equivalent for his fees from his pupil, by making him dig in the garden, curry the mule, and perform other such labours. From these humble beginnings, Parey rose to be medicine-compounder to a surgeon of Laval, and, while in this situation, had an opportunity of witnessing an operation for stone, which was performed by a Parisian lithotomist, brought from town on purpose. The sight inspired the youth with the determination to go to Paris, and endeavour to get into some situation where he might prosecute to good purpose the study of the surgical art. At Paris he was fortunate enough to get into the favour of Goupil, a medical professor in the college of France, and from this time forward enjoyed the best advantages for acquiring the art to which he felt so strong a vocation. In defending his character against the calumniations of an adversary, Parey at a later period gave the following account of his professional education:—"I was resident the space of three years in the hospital of Paris [the Hotel Dieu], where I had the means to use and learn divers works of surgery upon divers diseases, together with the anatomy upon a great number of dead bodies; as oftentimes I have sufficiently made trial publicly in the Physicians' School of Paris, and my good luck hath made me see much more. For, being called to the service of the king of France (four of whom I have served), I have been in company at battles, skirmishes, assaults, and besieging of cities and fortresses; as also I have been shut up in cities with those that have been besieged, having charge to dress those which were hurt." He concludes by saying, with just pride, that in the famous city of Paris, for many long years, "there was not any cure, were it ever so difficult and great," where his hand and his counsel were not required.

The four kings of France whom Ambrose Parey served, and to each of whom, in succession, he was principal surgeon-in-ordinary, were Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. In the course of the eighty-one years of his long and useful existence, Parey witnessed an amazing number of military actions; for so great was the estimation in which he was held, that the princes, nobles, and officers of France, would scarcely take the field without his attendance, and even the common soldiery participated in the same feelings. When accompanied by their great surgeon, all classes went cheerfully to battle, assured that if human aid could save them, none would perish. The truth of this statement is forcibly shown by some circumstances which occurred at the siege of Metz, in which city a small but select band of the noblesse and soldiery of France was long shut up by Charles V., at the head of an army of 100,000 men. The besieged forces petitioned their sovereign to send Ambrose Parey to them, and he was with great difficulty introduced into the city. He arrived at midnight, and the governor, who was immediately awakened to receive the good news, was so deeply sensible of the value of his acquisition, that he begged Parey to go next morning and show himself upon the breach. He did so, and was received with joy and triumph by the French army. His presence inspired them with such confidence, that the Emperor Charles found his assaults fruitless, and raised the siege, after leaving beneath the city walls not less than thirty thousand of his bravest followers. All writers have concurred in the admission, that the obstinacy of the defence was mainly owing to the presence of Parey.

Ambrose Parey attained to this high eminence while yet comparatively a young man. At the age of forty he was surgeon-in-ordinary to Henry II. We derive our acquaintance with the particulars of his career, chiefly from his own defensive or "Apologetic Treatise," containing an account of the journies which he made to divers places, at the command of his sovereign, or in pursuit of professional knowledge.

The number of lives which Parey was personally instrumental in saving, during his numerous campaigns, is represented as having been beyond all calculation. His toils and his celebrity may be alike estimated from his own words. "When I entered into one lodging, soldiers attended me at the door to go and dress others at another lodging; when I went forth, there was striving who should have me; and they carried me, like a holy body, not touching the ground with my feet, in spite one of another. Nor could I satisfy so great a number of hurt people." The great secret of Parey's success as a surgeon, both in military and other cases, was his plan of securing the blood-vessels; and to comprehend the precise nature of his process, it will be necessary to describe how amputations of limbs were performed previous to his day. From an early period, it was customary, in taking off a leg, arm, or finger, to sear the raw stump with a red-hot iron, so as to shrivel up the terminations of the arteries and other vessels, and stop the discharge of blood. Scalding oil was also applied to assist in this rude and cruel operation. It is almost needless to say, that the danger attending this style of operating was very great; the least exertion or warmth caused the partially secured arteries to burst forth, and the unhappy sufferer, in too many instances, bled to death before a new cauterisation with a red-hot iron could be applied. It was common for those who had lost a leg or arm, to be found dead in bed, in consequence of the warmth of the dressings and bed-clothes having opened the mouths of the arteries afresh. Such was the state of surgery when Ambrose Parey, a man of enlarged understanding and active habits, introduced a new practice into operative surgery, which has ever since been in universal use. In the case of a leg or arm being amputated, or on any occasion where an artery was divided, whether by accident or by the knife of the surgeon, Parey gave security to the sufferer by tying the important vessel or vessels, either at their ends, if these were exposed, or at some convenient point between the divided part and the heart. The flux of blood from that organ was thus effectually stopped. This improvement, like all great improvements, seems extremely simple, and one, apparently, demanding no particular inventive powers. Yet its full value can scarcely be estimated. It has given a degree of security to all branches of operative surgery, which was altogether unknown before. The mere amputation of a finger frequently caused a fatal loss of blood in the days of preceding surgeons, but since the introduction of the ligature by Parey, the largest vessel in the body may be divided with every prospect of safety to the patient whose malady may require it. The great French surgeon, therefore, deserves ever to be held in grateful remembrance by mankind. Parey also made an accidental discovery of another kind, which was of great service in military surgery. Under the impression that wounds caused by powder had a certain "venenosity" about them, surgeons were in the habit of "cauterising the wounds with oil of elder, scalding hot." On one occasion (says Parey) "I wanted oil, and was constrained, instead of it, to apply a digestive of yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterising, and that I should find those, to whom I had not used the burning oil, to have died impoisoned, which made me rise very early to visit them, where, beyond my expectation, I found those to whom I had applied my digestive medicine to feel little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or tumour, having rested reasonably well that night. The others, to whom was used the burning oil, I found feverish, with great pain and tumour about the edges of their wounds. And then I resolved with myself never so cruelly to burn poor men wounded by gun-shot." This discovery led to a great and beneficial change in surgical practice—a change scarcely less important than that effected by the introduction of ligatures. The forge and burning coals, and the scalding oil, were from that time needed no more.

In the "Voyage to Boulogne in 1545," Parey mentions a curious incident which took place in the skirmishes between the English and the French. "One day, going through the camp to dress my hurt people, the enemies who were in the Tower of Order shot off a piece of ordnance, thinking to kill horsemen who staid to talk with one another. It happened that the bullet passed very near one of these men, which threw him to the ground, and it was thought the said bullet had touched him, which it did not at all, but only the wind of the said bullet in the midst of his coat, which went with such a force that all the outward part of the thigh became black and blue, and he had much ado to stand. I dressed him, and made divers sacrifications to evacuate the effused blood, which the wind of the said bullet had made; and the rebounds that the ball made from the ground killed four soldiers, which remained dead in the place." The idea entertained by Parey, regarding the destructive powers of the wind of a bullet, continued current up almost till the present day, and indeed some surgeons yet hold the same belief. That men are frequently killed by the passage of cannon bullets, without presenting any trace of serious injury on their bodies, is an unquestionable fact. In some cases there are no marks even of a bruise on the skin. In these circumstances, it was not unnatural for Parey and others to suppose that the ball had never touched the body. But, it has been asked, if the wind of a ball is of such potency, how does it happen that buttons, feathers, and even noses and ears, are carried away by balls without the slightest injury to the vital parts which are thus closely passed? The opinion of the highest modern medical authorities seems to be, that a spent ball, striking the body obliquely, may cause a fatal concussion, without injuring the skin by the stroke. It would be difficult to explain how this should be so; but the wind of a ball is now generally deemed incapable of producing the effect ascribed to it.

Parey was a Protestant, and at the era of the massacre of St Bartholomew, would in all probability have perished with "the good Coligny" and other victims, had not the weak and wicked author of the catastrophe, Charles IX., expressly interfered to save the great surgeon from the fate to which others were pitilessly doomed. The king sent for Parey, and ordered him not to stir from the royal apartments till the danger was past. There was no true generosity here; Parey was a man whose services were too valuable to be lost. And, indeed, through his whole lengthened career of eighty-one years, he owed his favour at court to the same cause: he was too honest to hold it by common courtier-like servility. The other physicians hated him for his uncompromising straightforwardness, and their waspish hostility drew down on them some smart castigations from the old surgeon. Here is a sample of the style in which he treated a foe in his writings. Speaking of a gentleman whose limb he had amputated, he says, "I dressed him, and God cured him. I sent him to his house merry, with his wooden leg, and content, saying, that he had escaped cheaply, not to have been miserably burnt, as you write in your book."

Ambrose Parey's writings, consisting of tracts on military surgery, on anatomy, on the plague, &c., have been several times collected and published. An English translation of them was published in 1634, by Thomas Johnson, surgeon, and by him dedicated to Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

BLACK LABOURERS' FANCY BALL IN BRITISH GUIANA.

The following article has accidentally met our eyes in a Liverpool paper, into which it is stated to have been copied from the *Royal Gazette of British Guiana*, of the 26th December 1839. It describes a most extraordinary, and surely in some important respects highly pleasing affair—a fancy ball given by a black labourer to his friends of the same order, and the neighbouring gentlemen. As an instance and example of good feeling between the labouring and employing class in a colony lately under the influence of slavery, and as a curious picture of manners, it seems to us entitled to extensive notice:—

"On Christmas-eve, Vincent Paradise, head labourer on the estate of Vreed-en-Hoop, entertained the sable ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance with a fancy ball. Ten or fifteen days previously to the 24th, cards of invitation, executed in the most fashionable style, were issued, not only to such as were to appear in fancy dresses, but also to numbers of white gentlemen of the first respectability in the neighbourhood. The whole day was fine, and admirably fitted for arranging the preparations of the evening. The last or five o'clock boat from the town-side of the ferry was crowded from stem to stern, and from larboard to starboard, with people of all classes and colours, from the metropolis; the deck was covered over its length and breadth with baskets, tin canisters, and band-boxes, filled with the robes of dukes and duchesses, of lords and ladies, and of peasants and country girls. Knots, epaulettes, plumes, and such ornaments as would suffer from being bruised, were laid carefully on the binnacle, on canister-lids, or carried in the hands. On arriving at the Vreed-en-Hoop Ferry Stelling, all was found to be hurry, joy, and expectation; happiness beamed on every countenance, and the greatest enemy of the colony would have sought in vain for any, even the least, symptom of the distress and oppression under which they have represented the labourers as suffering. The room in which the assembly met is a large logie among the buildings on Vreed-en-Hoop; and to it, from all directions, were seen hurrying gentlemen in great numbers, some in gigs, and others on horseback. Many of the girls and boys who were to appear in characters, drove to the place in the chaises and conveyances of their employers, in order to prevent their dresses and ornaments from being injured by walking. Proprietors, attorneys, and managers of estates up the river and down the coast, merchants, doctors, lawyers, magistrates, and private gentlemen from town and country, all assembled to participate and rejoice in the evening's amusement.

The apartment that was fitted up for the occasion is in length eighty-seven feet, and in breadth thirty-six, and its decorations were on a style in the highest degree grand and elegant. It was entered at one end, so that to a spectator going in at the door, a full view of the whole scene presented itself. A large beam runs the entire length of the room, and supports the floor above it, exactly in the middle. From this was suspended a Hogarthian line of waving drapery, richly embroidered with scarlet and gold, having arched spaces at intervals, through which persons could pass from one side to the other. It divided the apartment, through the whole length, into two equal parts, leaving a space of eighteen feet broad on each side for the dancers. From the centre of the ceiling of each side-division was hung a row of brilliant chandeliers, fantastically bedecked with variously-coloured ornaments, and at the outer extremity of both sides was suspended a similar row of lamps, the whole composing a beautiful illumination. At the upper end were executed, of evergreens and rich flowers, a device comprising the initials of Victoria Regina, and between them the crown of Great Britain. On each side of this burned a lamp of extraordinary brightness; the whole was overarched and embowered by two trees of liberty, which were planted so that their unfading and luxuriant boughs were entangled together above. A colonnade of green branches rested on the floor, close to the sides of the room; these ran the entire length of the eighty-three feet, and their foliage was trained so as to overhang the chandeliers in the middle of the side spaces. The orchestra was decorated in a tasteful and fantastic manner.

About eight o'clock the fancy guests began to assemble, and it was really difficult to know whether to admire most the costliness and elegance of the dresses, or their appropriateness to the rank and character they were

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intended to represent, kings and queens, lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, naval and military officers, chiefs and haughty dames of the olden time, pirates and highwaymen, drunken sailors, and beggars upon crutches, old men tottering and paralytic, and women of equal age and frailty attending to them with an affection and care apparently as great as if they had climbed and descended the hill of life together. Little boys with their whimsical and ludicrous trappings, and girls having their brows encircled with chaplets and garlands of flowers; in a word, every variety of character that can well be imagined was present on the occasion, and many of no character at all. Numbers of respectable ladies were irresistibly attracted to survey the scene, and gentlemen of rank and standing mixed freely among the sable group.

Previously to the ball being led off by Vincent Paradise himself, who was king, and by his lady, who was queen, Daniel Stron raised himself into an erect posture from off his crutches, on which he rested a body *apparently* wasted by age and bent by decrepitude, and addressed the assembly in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, to the following effect:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, I see that the present meeting is composed of the natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is to the exertions and good-will of the British nation, and to the kindness of our good Queen Victoria, that we owe the relieving of our necks from the yoke. It shall be our constant endeavour, both as subjects of Queen Victoria, and as agricultural labourers in the colony of British Guiana, to behave ourselves as becomes free men. I hope we shall never disgrace our good queen by acting contrary to her wish. I hope always to see plenty of labour and good crops in this colony. Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all here this evening, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves well.' As soon as Mr Stron had concluded the speech, he bent himself down upon his crutches, resumed his assumed character of a mendicant, and supported it well throughout the evening.

Dancing commenced about nine o'clock. There was room sufficient for eight sets of quadrilles, and politeness and good nature prevailed in the whole assembly. About one o'clock, or rather after, supper was announced, and there was a decorum, observed in going to, while at, and in coming from, the table, that many assemblies of higher pretensions might have been proud of. Mr Matheson, a gentleman engaged in the conducting of the affairs of the Vreed-en-Hoop estate, was in the chair, and Mr Sanderson, the manager, was croupier. It was with peculiar satisfaction that we observed seated, at the same table, the labourer and his employer, together with magistrates, professional and private gentlemen. It was a rich entertainment for a benevolent eye to behold—gentlemen of rank and standing in the colony encouraging, by their presence, the infant efforts of our emancipated population to rise into respectability, independence, and into the refinements of civilised life.

When the cloth was removed, the chairman gave 'The Queen;' and after the hearty cheers and acclamations which the toast had called forth had subsided, Vincent Paradise returned thanks, and expressed himself to the following import:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of the labourers upon this estate, I will return thanks for the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria. We all feel grateful for the gift of our freedom. I have been headman on Vreed-en-Hoop, in slavery time, in 'prentice time, and since free, and have always seen good men well treated; and I do not think that good honest labourers, who were willing to work, were ever badly treated; they might be by some masters, but not many. From the goodness of Queen Victoria that gave us our freedom, we have all opportunities of making ourselves comfortable and independent; and I hope there will not be a negro found in all this colony who will prove ungrateful to the queen and to the people of England for the important gift that they have bestowed upon us. Gentlemen, I am very happy to see you all here, and much obliged to you for coming; and I sincerely trust that the pleasure and harmony of this evening may be the forerunners of future peace and good understanding between the proprietors and the labourers of the colony.' Mr Paradise concluded his speech amid loud and continued cheering.

Mr Sanderson gave 'The Governor and Court of Policy.' This was received with great enthusiasm and loud cheering.

Mr Matheson rose and said, 'In the absence of Mr Stuart, the attorney of this estate, I have one other toast to propose, and in doing so I may be allowed to say that it has been Mr Stuart's wish, as it has been my endeavour, to cultivate a good understanding between the employer and those who conducted the labour of the estates, and I trust that the good feeling which now prevails between the employer and labourers on *this* estate, may long continue to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of both parties. I will now propose health, prosperity, and happiness, to our *hosts* on this occasion, and to all the labourers of British Guiana.'

Mr Vincent Paradise said, that he felt proud for that toast, and hoped that all the labourers of British Guiana would ever be found worthy of the good opinion of the proprietors; and concluded by proposing the health of Mr Gladstone, and peace and prosperity on all the estates.

Mr Matheson—I now beg to return thanks, in the name of Mr Gladstone, for the favour just conferred on him, and I may express the pleasure I am sure he would feel were he now present here to witness the way in which his efforts to make his labourers contented and happy are appreciated.

Mr M'Clelland said, that, with the permission of the chair, he wished to propose a toast. He prefaced it by saying, that he would not detain the company by any lengthened remarks, although the subject was one of a very soft, delicate, and important nature, and well calculated to awaken all the finer feelings of the soul, inasmuch as every thing connected with the harmonies and elegances of human existence was intimately connected with it. He wished to propose 'The Ladies.' This was responded to with unbounded applause.

Mr M'Cormick proposed 'The Agricultural Interests of this Colony,' and said he challenged the Emerald Isle, the Land of the Rose, the Land of the Thistle, and the Land of the Leek, to produce a peasantry so contented, independent, and happy, as those which are in this colony. Attempts have been made to poison their inexperienced minds, and sow the seeds of discontentment among them; but he was glad to find that they were now beginning to know their friends from their foes, and hoped that they would never become the dupes of the latter.

This was suitably acknowledged. Supper over, dancing was resumed and kept up with great spirit until after daylight in the morning.

The dresses at this fancy ball, taken altogether, cost upwards of L.300 sterling, and the whole expenses of the entertainment about L.400."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THOMAS GEDDELY'S CASE.

Thomas Geddely lived as a waiter with Mrs Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scrutoire was found broken open and robbed, and Thomas Geddely disappearing at the same time, no doubt was entertained as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after, a man calling himself James Crow came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence, in carrying goods as a porter. Many accosted him as Thomas Geddely. He declared he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. But this was held as merely a trick to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs Williams, when he lived with her as waiter.

His mistress was sent for, and in the midst of many people instantly singled him out, called him by his name (Thomas Geddely), and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her. He was directly hurried before a justice of peace, but on his examination absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he was a vagabond and petty rogue, and Mrs Williams and another person swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pleaded not guilty, still denying that he was the person he was taken for; but Mrs Williams and some others made oath that he was the identical Thomas Geddely who lived with her when she was robbed; and a servant girl deposed that she had seen him, on the very morning of the robbery, in the room where the scrutoire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. The prisoner, being unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath in affirming that he was not Thomas Geddely, and that his name was James Crow.

And so it proved! Some time after, the true Thomas Geddely, who on robbing his mistress had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and then condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York, for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed.

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

THE RECUSANT JURYMAN.

Two men were seen fighting together in a field. One of them was found, soon after, lying dead in that field. Near him lay a pitchfork, which had apparently been the instrument of his death. This pitchfork was known to have belonged to the person who was seen fighting with the deceased, and he was known to have taken it with him only that morning. Being apprehended and brought to trial, and these circumstances appearing in evidence, and it being also found that there had been for some time an enmity between the parties, little doubt was entertained that the prisoner would be convicted, although he strongly persisted in asserting his innocence; but, to the great surprise of the court, the jury, instead of bringing in an immediate and unanimous verdict of guilty, withdrew, and after staying out a considerable time, returned, and informed the court that eleven out of the twelve had been from the first for finding the prisoner guilty, but that one man would not concur in the verdict. Upon this the judge pointed out to the dissentient person the great strength of the evidence, and asked him "How it was possible for him, *all circumstances considered*, to have any doubt as to the guilt of the accused?" But no arguments that could be urged either by the judge or the rest of the jury, could persuade that juryman to find the prisoner guilty; so that the rest of the jury were at last obliged to agree to the verdict of acquittal.

This affair remained for some time mysterious; but at length it came out, either by the private acknowledgment of the obstinate juryman to the judge who tried the cause (and who is said to have had the curiosity to inquire into the motives of his extraordinary pertinacity), or by his confession at the point of death (for the case is related both ways), that he himself had been the murderer! The accused, indeed, as sworn on the trial, had had a scuffle with the deceased, in which he had dropped his pitchfork, which had been soon after found by the juryman, between whom and the deceased an accidental quarrel arose in the same field, where the deceased continued to work after the departure of the person with whom he was seen to have the affray. In the heat of this quarrel the juryman had unfortunately stabbed him with that very pitchfork, and had then got away totally unsuspected; but finding soon after that the other person had been apprehended on suspicion of being the murderer, and fearing, as the circumstances appeared so strong against him, that he should be convicted, although not guilty, he had contrived to get upon the jury, as the only way of saving the innocent, without endangering himself.

THE LOST MONEY.

The following remarkable case was communicated to us by the party in whose personal experience it occurred. The narrator had gone from Edinburgh to London to see a son there settled in a respectable situation. Having a week or two of unoccupied time, he resolved, before returning to the north, to visit Paris, and, being ignorant of the French language, made some inquiries for a companion who might act as his interpreter. "It so happened (continues the narrator) that I was intimate in Edinburgh with a Mr F——, a native of France, who, I understood, was going to Paris about the same period, but when I left Edinburgh I had no opportunity of making an arrangement with him. One Sunday afternoon, however, while walking in St James's Park, I met a friend of his, who informed me that he had received a letter from Mr F——, stating that he was to have sailed from Leith on the previous day, and that he would probably be in London on Monday evening, and informed me where I should find him.

I now considered that I could not do better than avail myself of Mr F——'s knowledge of France, and of the French language, and proceed with him to Paris. I accordingly went and found him at his lodgings on Tuesday. On that occasion, and at different times during the week, we conversed about the proposed jaunt to Paris, and it was finally resolved that on the next Sunday we should sail from London to Calais. It was also arranged, at my suggestion, that in order to prevent disappointment, Mr F—— should come to my inn on the Saturday afternoon, and that we should proceed together to the vessel on the following day.

My son, who had been occupying a bedroom, the entrance to which was through my own apartment, had left it the previous day to be nearer his place of business, and I suggested that Mr F—— should occupy this inner apartment, so that we might be near one another; and to this arrangement Mr F—— at once agreed.

In the course of the Saturday evening we had some conversation relative to the money each of us had in his possession; and Mr F—— showed me how he secured his cash in a concealed part of his dress, where it would not be suspected, in case we should fall in with any of the gentry disposed to peculation. Mr F—— had a parcel of Bank of England notes, to the amount of L.95, besides a considerable quantity of gold and silver. The notes he replaced in the pocket, and we soon afterwards went to bed.

Mr F——, having chanced to awake early next morning (about four o'clock, I believe), commenced counting his gold and silver, but did not meddle with his notes, as he believed them to be quite safe in the pocket of his trousers. I was awoke by the jingling of the coins, and on learning what he was about, I inquired if all was right, and he answered quite right, and in a short time he went to bed, and again we fell asleep. At six o'clock, a knock was heard at our outer bedroom door, and at last 'Boots' entered, and inquired if we were in possession of all our money, and we both assured him we were, for we recollected that we had examined it on the previous evening, when all was right, and Mr F—— had ascertained still more recently that his gold and silver were undisturbed. 'Boots,' however, insisted that we were in error, and told us that he had that morning found a parcel of bank notes to the amount of L.95 (lying in one of the outhouses, near to the place where he cleaned his boots), which he had put into the possession of his master. On hearing the sum of L.95 mentioned, Mr F—— immediately arose, much agitated, knowing that such was the very amount of his notes, but at the same time feeling almost certain that he had the money quite secure. The man, however, went and brought the money from his master, which Mr F—— immediately knew to be his own parcel of notes; but how it could have found its way to the coach-yard, was to us quite incomprehensible.

It soon occurred to me, however, how the circumstance had taken place. I recollected that just before going to bed, I had taken my own boots and Mr F——'s, and put them outside the door, and it must have happened that Mr F——, in taking off his trousers, which were rather tight, and he being old and stiff, the parcel of notes during the exertion must have fallen out of his pocket, into one of the boots which were lying near him at the time.

This circumstance at the moment afforded me a good deal of amusement, but when I began to reflect

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upon what the consequences might have been, I was very seriously concerned.

If the circumstance had occurred in the way I have supposed, and I can conceive no other, the boots must have been taken away from the door, and thrown down with others, to the number perhaps of twenty or thirty pairs, in a small outhouse in the stable-yard, where the boots were taken to be cleaned, and as there were at all times of the day a number of hostlers, coachmen, and others, going about, the house being one of the greatest stage-coach establishments in London, the safe return of the money appears almost miraculous; for had the money fallen into the hands of a person less honest than 'Boots' himself, it is not improbable that the temptation would have overcome any scruples he might have had, the sum being large; and had the person kept it secret, no suspicion could possibly have attached to him.

Now, supposing, what is highly probable, that the money had not been returned, in what a situation should I have been placed! Take into consideration all the circumstances of the case. Knowing that Mr F—— was going to reside some months in France, I must have been presumed to calculate that he would have a considerable sum of money in his custody. Finding out his residence in London, arranging to go with him to France, getting him to come to my lodging and into my own bedroom, introducing the subject regarding the securing of the money, so as to ascertain where it was concealed, would all have appeared as certain proof that I had arisen during the night, and taken possession of the money. It could scarcely have availed me to deny all knowledge of the circumstance, or allege the improbability of my having committed a robbery where it could be so easily detected. Such circumstances have often occurred before, where the desire could not be resisted. Nor could Mr F—— have been blamed had he made application to the public authorities to investigate the matter. What a clear case of circumstantial evidence would any judge or jury have made out against me! At the very least, the loss of reputation for life would have been the ultimate consequence."

DANGER OF IGNORANCE.

There are few villages in the country which do not present us specimens of the uneducated; we meet him in the gin-shop and in the street; he is an idler, a drunkard, a quarreller: we hear of him in every riot, he is an aider and abettor in every outrage. His family are slovenly, reckless, debased, wretched. He is a quarreller because a drunkard; and he is a drunkard because he is idle. But why is he idle? Because he has never felt the value of labour, the pleasure of thinking, the joy of a good conscience. He has never been habituated to form judgments of these things. The powers necessary to form such judgments have been neglected. He has never been taught to examine, to inquire, to attend. He has become passive. He feels the pressure of want brought on by his own habits; but how does he try to remedy it? All his life he has been taught to spare, as much as possible, his own exertions, and to hang, beggar-like, as much as possible on those of others. He is the slave, from laziness, of authority. It is not in a sudden emergency he is likely to throw it off. All his life he has sacrificed, with the shortsighted selfishness of ignorance, the future to the present, and every interest, public and private, to his own. He is turbulent, but not independent: he talks of freedom, and is a slave to every man and thing around. But indolence is not a merely passive vice. Better to "wear out" than to "rust out" has been truly said; but he who "rusts out" "wears out" too. No greater burden than sloth; no greater consumer of the spirit and body of man than doing nothing and having nothing to do. Every day spent in inactivity renders action more difficult; every hour which does not add, steals away some instrument of virtue and happiness, and leaves the sluggard more at the mercy of those visitations of sickness or want to which even the industrious are exposed. Nor is this all. Omission of duty soon becomes commission of crime. Painful reflections now beset him. They are sought to be extinguished, but not by reform. Conscience drives him to fresh vice. This goes on for a time; but health, means, companions, must at last fail. Then it is that he sees, for the first time, how bootlessly he has squandered away the healthy morning-tide, the working hours of life. He has paid down existence, and all that makes existence a glory and a good, in advance. Body and soul are spent. He becomes sullen and sour. Disappointments thicken on him, and they are all of his own causing. His farm is covered with weeds, his shop deserted, his children profligates and rebels, his household a hell. He gradually becomes an enemy to all social ordinance, to law, justice, truth, good faith—to all that makes community to man. He envies and hates the good and happy; he looks on every check as a wrong, on every prosperous man as a foe. Whither is he to rush for rescue from these encompassing evils? The gospel he never understood, and therefore never practised. His religion is an hypocrisy or a superstition. It affords him now no direction in his errors, no consolation in his afflictions. He finds in it neither warmth nor light. The religion he learned never penetrated to the spirit: it was a tinkling cymbal, a jargon of meaningless and profitless words. But crime, which had long been ripe in thought, is at last on the point of bursting into act. He is at last ready for every desperate attempt. Education has been held up as the great principle of all modern restlessness and disorder. Is this the case? Let facts answer. Here are men uneducated enough, ignorant enough, to produce the most perfect quiet, if ignorance and absence of education could produce it. Yet is it from materials like these you are to expect the tranquillity and prosperity of a great nation? Is it in the nature of things, that out of elements so utterly evil, peace and happiness should emanate? Private vice has but to make a few steps and a few proselytes, and it becomes public corruption: individual discontent wants only time and circumstance to spread out into general disorder. Such, indeed, are the real revolutionists; men bad and blind—blind because they are bad—a huge Polyphemus, sightless and strong, waiting only some crafty guide to lead the monster on against society. Nor is such want likely to remain long unsupplied.—*Wyse on Education.*

THE GERMAN NIGHT WATCHMAN'S SONG.

FROM "SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER IN GERMANY."

[A few nights since I heard a man's voice under the window singing a few simple notes. An hour flew away, and the song rose once more under the window. The singer proved to be the watchman of the little town, and his Nacht-lied, or night song, as it is beautifully called—a sort of hymn, each verse adapted to the hour at which it is sung. There is something delightful in this idea; it is deeply characteristic of the spirit of natural religion which seems to pervade Germany, and the custom is primitive and poetical to the greatest degree. What can be more touching than to hear the guardian of the silent village, as he walks his nightly rounds, thus drawing a simple moral from the fleeting hours; and invoking for the sleeping inhabitants the protection of that God who neither slumbers nor sleeps. The following is a translation.]

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept—
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not,
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will,
Oh! may we prove obedient still.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour *eleven*, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true,
May we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *twelve*, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of time the boundary—
Man! think upon eternity.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *one*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Nought can without his will befall.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *two*, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways has man to walk been given,
Teach me the right—the path to heav'n.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *three*, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one—exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *four*, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care,
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—
Up—up—awake! nor slumber on,
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who, by his power and might,
Has watched and kept us through this night!

THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

The learned languages are still considered by many, emphatically, education. To teach them, and to teach little else, was a portion of the wisdom of our ancestors: but though wisdom in them, it does not follow it is such in us. With them it was knowledge, not for ornament but use. It was the instrument of *action* as well as of *thought*. Law, diplomacy, medicine, religion, all was Latin: a man who was no "Latiner" was a mere "villein" in education; he was deemed unfit in civil life for any situation destined for the "ingenuous" and free. But to insist on it at present, but above all as the only thing necessary, and to the sacrifice of many other things really so, is a folly of which our ancestors could not have been guilty: they did not require Hebrew to prescribe for a patient, nor was it in Greek trochaics they negotiated loans or ratified treaties of peace. Our social existence has been multiplied and spread out by recent discovery and extensive and rapid communication to an extraordinary degree. We require means and instruments corresponding with this diversity and extent, and we are still to be limited to one little manageable, and, as we are taught to manage it, of little use. Of what advantage to a merchant, to the head of a manufactory, to a military man, or to any of the numerous classes dependent on our public offices, the most complete knowledge of the ancient languages? It is a luxury, but luxuries are but poor substitutes for necessaries. Men cannot live on cakes, neither will erudition conduct through life. If they will read the ancient authors, let them read them in translations. It is not the best, but the best is attainable at too dear a rate. We live *too fast* in the present age to spend so much time in words. Things press upon us at every step, and an education dealing with things—a *real* or reality education, as the Germans term it—is the education best fitted for the practical, the reality-men—for the active classes of the community.—*Wyse on Education.*

[If the above propositions be correct, why do men who consider Latin unnecessary in general education continue to introduce Latin words and sentences into their writings? By doing so, they only keep up the delusion which in other respects they are endeavouring to dissipate. It should be a fixed rule with all who wish to see youth instructed in a knowledge of things instead of words, never at any time or in any circumstances to use a single Latin or Greek expression.]

MACAIRE AND THE DOG.

A gentleman named Macaire, officer of the body-guard of Charles V., king of France, entertained a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. Julius Scaliger, who tells the story, does not mention whether the dog was tied or muzzled, or in what manner the assassin got the deed accomplished without its interference. But, be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if any thing could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. Scaliger says, that these cries were inexpressibly touching. Those who heard them dug into the ground at the spot, and found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself, from this time forth, to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He made Macaire and the dog be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of a hole or recess, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leapt actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. It is usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the Chateau of Montargis.

We again beg to state, that a paragraph which we some time ago copied from a London newspaper, purporting to describe a remarkable mode of curing deafness, has been discovered by us to have been originally put in circulation as a quackish puff. The very vile practice, of which nearly all newspaper proprietaries are guilty, of inserting paid paragraphs pretending to convey the opinions of the editor, renders it extremely difficult to know what is true from what is false in the public prints; and we deeply regret having on the above occasion been imposed upon by one of these fabricated announcements, and thereby given it a circulation which it by no means deserved.

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MORAL EPIDEMICS.

THERE is a remarkable analogy between diseases of the body and diseases of the mind, and it is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the tendency of some morbid mental conditions to spread, like common bodily ailments, and take possession of great bodies of people. Some of the most puzzling things in the history of superstition may be explained upon this principle.

For example—witchcraft. It has always appeared to enlightened inquirers as a very strange peculiarity attending this superstition, that so many of the individuals accused of it were themselves, as appears from their confessions and otherwise, under the impression that they *were* witches. We could not of course expect that any individual accused of this imaginary crime would have rested a defence upon an allegation of its imaginary character, for the belief in it was then universal. But we might have expected that most of the accused would represent themselves as innocent in thought, word, and deed. The contrary of this is the case. Vast numbers readily confessed to those very impossible things in which the superstition consisted —to intercourse, for instance, with supernatural beings, including the prince of evil spirits, to midnight journeyings through the air, and to successful practisings against the health and prosperity of their neighbours. How should this be?

An extensive observation of witch cases supplies a key to the mystery. It is found that there is a remarkable sameness in them all, even those of different countries presenting in general the same leading features. Almost always we find that the culprit has received visits from Satan in a human form, and sold to him her soul and hopes of salvation. The acts of reverence paid to him, and the marks which he makes upon their bodies to distinguish them as his flock, are always the same. The description of a witch meeting in the county of Nairn, in the north of Scotland, A.D. 1662, is identical with the accounts given by Glanvil of meetings of Swedish witches in the Blocula; and always a broomstick or the stalk of any common shrub is sufficient equipage for the old ladies, if they only, on mounting, pronounce a certain sentence in the name of their grisly master. The things which witches can do are always the same, and have been so in all ages. Their power of raising storms is alluded to by the Roman poet Tibullus. Their power of destroying any one by making a waxen image of him, and melting it away before a slow fire, is adverted to by Ovid as well as Shakspeare. The very things which they use for their incantations—toads, newts, fragments of human bodies, and the ashes of the dead—have undergone no change in the course of time; and their taking the form of hares and cats, their enchantments to produce sickness, and their malicious efforts to stop mills, and drain their neighbours' cattle of milk, are all stated and ordinary parts of witch procedure, repeated over and over again, without variation, in every part of Christendom. It is, in short, quite evident that the confessions of these unfortunate persons took their form from what may be called *the code of popular doctrines on the subject of witchcraft*. And the history of this code is a very instructive one. It first took a decided shape in a bull of Pope Innocent VIII., in 1484, by which witchcraft was amply described, and powers were granted for its punishment. From this time, much was written on the subject; prosecutions were frequent; public attention was strongly attracted; and, exactly in proportion as more and more witches were burnt, so did more and more witches come into being. Before the issue of the bull, the offence was obscure and rare; but, in thirty years after, it was so common, that Geneva saw five hundred burnt in three months; Lorraine nine hundred in a few years; and in France the number burnt was described as "almost infinite." The delusion lasted in Germany, and most other countries of Europe, till the latter part of the seventeenth century, not always manifesting the same intensity, but occasionally flaming up into a greater blaze than usual. Its whole features were those of a contagious disease, which sometimes slumbers a little, and sometimes seems to revive with fresh strength. But whenever a reawakening took place, the delusion always went on for a while, increasing and spreading, and this sheerly in consequence of the strong bent of the public mind to the subject, until it seemed, as it were, to burn itself out, or something else occurred to divert attention. There can be no doubt that the whole evil arose from that unhappy bull, followed up as it was by books commenting on and explaining it. The *doctrines* were by these means extensively made known and deeply impressed. Working on minds unenlightened, unreasonable, bigoted, and barbarous, they led to prosecutions and executions, by which the excitement was further increased. Then all the persons of a certain order, namely, those of weakest and most excitable minds, brooding over what all were talking of, would work themselves up into a belief that they were guilty of the crime; and the doctrines of demonology, which had been made familiar to them, would take form in their minds as recollections of actual transactions in which they had been engaged. Hence their confessing to an impossible offence, and hence the uniformity or general resemblance of all the confessions.

We have another remarkable example of such a moral epidemic in the history of the Anointers of Milan, which has lately been placed before the British public in a translation from an Italian work.* The notion that the plague could be propagated by a deleterious ointment, applied to the person, or even upon the walls of a house, was, it seems, one of old date. In 1630, four Frenchmen fled from Madrid, under suspicion of having attempted to propagate the disease by such means in that city. The king sent circulars describing the supposed culprits to various states, and amongst the rest to Milan, where the plague was raging at the time. The intelligence produced a strong impression in the infected city, and, ere long, it was discovered that several houses had been secretly anointed during the night. People flocked to look at the houses, and to speculate on the nature of the offence and its probable authors. The excitement was much increased by a proclamation stating the fact, and offering a reward for the discovery of the delinquents. Great anxiety was felt to detect the anointers, and very soon a few persons were taken up on suspicion, and tortured to make them confess. Though scarcely any evidence could be brought against them, they were condemned and executed, generally in the most barbarous modes that could be devised; and thus the excitement was still further increased. The house of the supposed compounder of the ointment was pulled down, and a tall pillar erected on the spot, to commemorate his guilt. Meanwhile, more houses were discovered to be anointed, or supposed to be anointed, and the public appetite for victims was increased. At one time fifteen hundred persons were in prison on suspicion. Scores were broken on the wheel, or had their flesh torn with red-hot pincers from their bodies; and many only anticipated that fate by dying in prison of the pestilence. It is remarkable, that, as the punishments increased, the number of houses anointed, or supposed to be anointed, increased also, till at length it became a wonder how so much ointment was made. It may now be fairly doubted if any house really was anointed, although the historians of the time inform us without the least appearance of doubt in their own minds, that hundreds and thousands were smeared over every night. But whether anointing really took place, or was only a delusion of the senses, there can be no doubt of one important fact, that many persons at length spontaneously confessed that they had been guilty of anointing with a view to spread the pestilence. The probability is that, as in the case of witchcraft, the persons of more weak and excitable mind, after long and intense pondering on the supposed act, at length came to believe that they had been guilty of it; but it is not impossible that, under a delirious excitement, some had actually done or attempted to do that which so many were supposed to be doing. However the truth may be in this respect, we have an equally instructive illustration of what we have ventured to call moral epidemic.

History is full of similar illusions spread under the influence of great excitement. Some are of a nature requiring to be spoken of with tenderness, and which we shall therefore leave uncommented on; but in all, the rule is universal, that certain shapes of ideas are worked out into realities, and even rapture is felt in the strictest conformity to a model. The craziest minds are first affected, and then the next craziest, and so on. What one says he has felt, another soon thinks he feels; and thus the epidemic goes on, till, the materials of excitement being exhausted, it comes to a natural death.

The same law holds with regard to crime. In the autumn of 1830, some corn-stacks, barns, and other farm buildings in the county of Kent, were burnt by night, and several farmers received letters, threatening their property with the same treatment, unless the wages of farm labour were raised, and the use of machinery discontinued. In the course of the three last months of the year, these nocturnal acts of incendiarism were extended into Hampshire, Wiltshire, Buckingham, Sussex, and Surrey, and some took place so far north as Berwickshire. There is considerable reason to believe that they were, to a great extent, not, as ordinary crimes are, the result of wicked dispositions, but merely imitative acts. The newspapers had spoken of the first burnings with great alarm. Much political importance was attached to them. The popular fancy was caught by the odd term "Swing," which, from being the signature of threatening letters, came in a little time to distinguish the whole transactions. Thus much excitement was at length felt. There can be little doubt that, almost from the first, some of the burnings arose from the excitement alone; but, latterly, the most of them, if not all, had probably no other origin. One of the criminals afterwards confessed that he had set fire to his master's ricks from no motive whatever: only he had been incessantly thinking of the burnings, and even had dreamt of them, and at length he had risen from his sleep, and gone out and done the deed. We may fairly presume that much of the guilt of this dreadful time would not have been incurred, if the first outrages had not obtained so much notoriety. In an early age, *when there were no newspapers*, it is probable that, with the same popular discontent, there would not have been a twentieth part of the outrages committed.

The effect which the performance of Schiller's play of the Robbers had upon the university youth of Germany, in making them go out upon the highway, is

* Trial of the Anointers during the Plague of Milan, A. D. 1630. London, Rolandi.

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well known, and may be referred to the same principle of an epidemic through the operation of the imitative faculty. The act is known to be criminal, but the fascination of example is, in such circumstances, not to be resisted. It is from the same morbid desire to imitate, that suicides sometimes take place. A young lady, throwing herself from the Monument, occasions much paragraphing; and, ere many days elapse, a boy goes up and also throws himself over. We have been assured that the peculiar mode of suicide adopted by a great political personage a few years ago, was exactly followed not long after by a private person. Hence also the *runs* that are made upon particular crimes. Poisoning became a fashion at the French court in the reign of Louis XIV.; and some years ago, three men were in prison in Edinburgh all at once, for the crime of murdering their wives; and two of them were executed together.

These are not, to the best of our judgment, unprofitable speculations on mind. It appears to us that some very important considerations may be deduced from them.

Seeing that the public mind, in its present imperfectly enlightened state, is liable to be seized with such accesses of extravagance, it is clear that the rational are under a strong call to be on their guard, and to guard as many others as possible, against all immoderate notions and dogmas that may be attempted to be impressed upon them. With many who do not want sense, the knowledge that such and such a doctrine is in great vogue, and is the subject of much discussion, is sufficient to mislead. They mistake notoriety for soundness, and join the trains of crazy enthusiasts under the impression that they are men of great authority. Thus it may happen, and does often happen, that the more extravagant an object is, it has the better chance of succeeding, its very extravagance causing a sensation and a fame which carries the multitude in its favour. If the present paper do nothing more than establish with our readers that a thing may be the theme of universal talk, and have thousands of famed apostles and martyrs, and yet be a gross delusion at bottom, it will have done good service.

Seeing that there is such a tendency to imitate and take up with whatever is very broadly brought under public notice, it becomes of serious importance to consider whether our criminal procedure is most calculated to do good or evil. A man, we shall say, commits a murder of a very shocking kind. This is an act of great wickedness, and it seems quite just that he should be put to death for it. It is also but right that the procedure against him, to the very last, should be public, for otherwise the innocent might occasionally suffer. But if it be found that the publication of the details of the murder tend, if not to lead others to commit the same offence, at least to brutalise the public mind, we may fairly doubt if more harm than good is not done by a public prosecution. If it further be found that the execution of the offender only brings the worthless together for an hour of debasing excitement, and for the purpose of committing, as far as possible, other crimes, we may reasonably fear if the vengeance of the law be a thing conducive to edification. If the following be at all a true picture, we suspect these doubts and fears must be considered as certainties:—"During the period of Greenacre's imprisonment on a charge of murder, the ginshops in all quarters of the town were every morning early crowded, and remained so till night, with drunken parties, hearing and discussing the disgusting particulars of that horrible affair. Mothers neglected their children, wives their husbands, to drink gin; and in the excitement brought on by the morbid feeling of curiosity, listening and waiting, from hour to hour, to pick up minute accounts of the manner in which the murder, mutilation, &c., were effected; at every breath uttering horrible imprecations. Those of the poorer class who were not at the ginshops, were collected in knots, reiterating what they had heard to their neighbours and children. The night before the malefactor's execution, the adjacent streets were filled with women, girls, and boys, who spent the night in riot and debauchery, up to the hour of the wretched culprit's appearance on the scaffold. The noise the rabble made during the night reached the cell, within the interior of the prison, and, it is said, awaked the doomed man out of a profound sleep. Pockets were picked under the gallows, and the remainder of the day was spent in riot and drunkenness. For weeks subsequently, boys and girls were seen enacting, under gateways situated in low neighbourhoods, the scene of the murder and mutilation in mimicry."* It is hard to say how such evils are to be avoided; but assuredly a mode of criminal treatment in which the details of the crime would be kept more private, and the criminal punished otherwise than by a public execution, is much to be desired.

Upon the same principles, a popular literature, or theatrical representations, in which the acts and characters of criminals are brought prominently forward, must have a debasing and most pernicious effect. Here the excitement is not so broadly seen—though it is scarcely possible for the life of Jack Sheppard to be read all at once by thousands, and acted night after night at once in five London theatres, without causing the idea of burglary to be dwelt upon for the time with some degree of fervour. But if less potent in degree, such reading and such sights must still act in the same manner and to the same effects. The worst of actions are perhaps presented under redeeming and alluring lights; the magic of imaginative talent is thrown over them; the victims of vice appear at least in the enjoyment of notoriety. Then they act also through the principle of imitation. They present specimens of human conduct: the conduct is bad, and, in as far as they are imitated, wickedness must be the consequence. If we only consider how the well-disposed mind is affected by the biography of a good man, how anxious we feel to imitate so bright an example, how even his affections serve to us as models for our own, we cannot for a moment doubt that every delineation of vice, with however plausible excuses and professions it may be brought forward, must have an injurious effect. We would say, then, let every effort be made to put down literature of this kind. But, before the words are out of our mouth, we are forced to recollect our own doctrine: persecution attracts notice and excites interest, and there is not any thing in the world so vicious, but to direct much open indignation against it only serves to give it greater way and head. The efforts, then, which the virtuous are to make against demoralising literature and demoralising theatrical representations, must be governed by prudence. They must chiefly work in secret, and by counteraction, making, if possible, the good more attractive than the bad, and educating those into paths of honesty and sobriety who would otherwise be misled into the walks of error.

* Metropolitan Magazine, for March 1840. To an article in this work on Public Prosecutions we are indebted for some of the ideas here presented to notice.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

FAMILY UNION.

It is strange how, amid all the changes and chances of life, the recollection of and affection for the scenes of childhood remain unaltered. More brilliant and beautiful prospects open upon us; we climb higher mountains, traverse more expansive seas, look over deeper and wider valleys, yet our affections are with the homes of our youth. I believe that this feeling is more intense when early days have been spent in the seclusion of the country; the eye is not then distracted by a continued varying of objects; there is leisure to number the heart's pulsations; feelings have time to take root, to spring up, to grow and strengthen; there is day by day a converse with nature, a communion with God; sounds, and sights, and miracles; nature's moving miracles by sea and land stamp their impress on the mind; and yet city memories are frequently as strong, though altogether different, inferior I had almost called them.

The love and remembrance of place of birth, form one of the strongest and most enduring of human affections, for it is associated in feeling with scenes of infancy and the recollection of early attachments and sympathies. Let me go where I will, or write upon whatever subject I may, I find my heart turning to the home of my childhood. All natural and happy thoughts are wound up with it; if I think of the ocean, the billows that laved the beach of our little bay roll before me; of trees, those that shadowed my childhood's paths seem to wave above my head; of music, the peal of the old organ that stood in the hall, and was generally played during the twilight of the summer evenings, swells upon mine ear. And when I want to illustrate a subject, what numbers of characters and topics crowd upon me—all drawn from the same source! A sea-side neighbourhood, with its fleet of fishing-boats, has abundant new incident to add to the stock always on hand in an extensive parish. Unless the heart is shut against the sympathies *of its own kind*, there *is* nothing, there *can* be nothing, approaching to dullness in a country neighbourhood. To me, it is the town that is as a "howling wilderness;" the thousands that crowd its streets, and upon whose faces you look without meeting one answering glance, tell you that you are alone in the vast universe of human beings. Oh! how bitterly I felt this when first we came to reside in London! how earnestly did I long, again and again, for the air and freedom, the freshness and the friendliness of those warm-hearted peasants, who, for the love they bore my kindred, never met me without a blessing! How sweetly does the remembrance of these wayside prayers come upon me! a remembrance which I would not exchange for the loudest public praise that ever echoed to human ears.

And does not all this prove the depth and earnestness of early associations, the strength of early affections; and ought it not to teach a lesson to parents, on the necessity of seeing that the first objects presented to the young should be well chosen with reference to the future; does it not prove how very needful it is to *know*, in the strictest sense of the term, the character of those who associate with youth, that so no impressions of an injurious kind should be communicated at a time when they are certain to be retained! But I am digressing from my subject—creeping into a topic towards which my heart and mind are always turned, when, in fact, I ought to be occupied in pourtraying the difference which existed between the bringing up of "Easy Jack Cummins" and "Hard" Tom Hartigan; two men as different as can well be imagined, and yet both deserving the epithet of "good-hearted fellows."

Easy Jack's father was also an easy Jack. His landlord could do nothing with him. Although the rage for improvement was not by any means what it is now, still the landlord wished to improve; but Easy Jack—I cannot say the *first*, for the race is coeval with Irish existence—but Easy Jack the elder had no taste that way.

"Jack, is Jack at home?" he inquired one morning.

"No, yer honour," said his wife, rubbing the dirt into her face with her dirty *praskeen*.

"Yes, daddy's down below," screamed one urchin.

"No, daddy's up above," shouted another. "He's gone to the mill," said a third. "He's asleep in the room," said a fourth. And *that* was generally the truth. Easy Jack Cummins *senior* loved his ease, and all his children pulled different ways. At last the landlord succeeded in forcing Jack to break cover; and after sundry reproofs on the score of idleness, and touching the necessity for truth, "Jack," said the landlord, "if you will unite with Andy Mullins and Roger Dacey, they will assist in draining the three acre which is divided amongst you; and instead of its being nothing but a marsh for more than half the year, it will be a most useful piece of ground."

"Maybe yer honour would be thinking of raising the rint on us, thin," said the fellow, looking shrewdly into his landlord's face.

"No," he answered; "on the contrary, I will forgive you all a year's rent."

"God bless yer honour! that's mighty good of you. Well, sir, I'll see about it, and spake to Andy and Roger."

The landlord, however, from past experience, still doubting, said all he could to urge Jack to *combine* with others in what would have been a mutual service, and to impress upon his mind that where there is not sufficient power in individual exertion, nothing aids a cause but combination. A month passed over without any thing having been done to the field, and again the landlord visited his tenant.

"Well, Jack, how *is* it that the field is in such a state?"

"The wather, *is* it, yer honour? Sure that's the way it always was. I believe Ireland bates all the counthries on the face of the earth for wather, plase yer honour."

"But you told me you were going to join Andy and Roger in draining the field."

"Well, I put it to yer honour, what call have I to their share of the land? And sure if I drain my piece, it's theirs will have the good of it."

"And if they drain theirs, yours will have the good of it."

"Well, that's thrue; but, sure, yer honour, my father left it the way it was in his time, and my mother always found it mighty convanient for rearing young ducks and blaiching flax, and I'll let it alone *till the boys grow up*, and then maybe we'll do it ourselves."

But the children grew up with the same indifference to the wisdom of mutual assistance, and the field, at least Jack's part of it, was a literal slough the last time I saw it. Easy Jack the first had hoped to make his eldest son a farming-labourer like himself—but no; he would be a shoemaker, and a shoemaker he was.

When the poor resist all plans for mutual assistance, their power weakens with each succeeding generation, and Jack Cummins the shoemaker is worse off than Jack Cummins who would not help to drain the farm. I shall revert to him again, but must now show the difference in the bringing up of "Hard Tom;" indeed, in this, also, the son was the counterpart of the father.

Old Tom was the first of his race who manifested a decided character. What he desired to do, he would do well, and it seemed marvellous what he accomplished by judicious combination, both abroad and at home. He had not even the advantage of possessing an acre of ground; but whenever others wanted help, it was sure to be given, and in the most judicious manner.

He brought up his children to help each other, both because it was necessary and because it was right; and whenever any little work for the public good, as well as his own individual benefit, was going forward, old Tom Hartigan's head, and old Tom Hartigan's hand, which were both of the strongest, were sure to be ready on the instant. Nothing could be more opposite than the theory and practice of these two men, and I must now show the fate of their descendants. "Easy Jack Cummins" the second, would, as I have said, be a shoemaker, and he had brought up his chil-

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dren, or rather nature had brought them up, to run wild about the country, to the destruction of every well-built ditch, every furze fence, every tree, every bird's nest in the parish. Never were such a wild and wilful set as the young Jack Cumminses; if you heard a huge long-backed pig squealing at the top of its voice, and discovered two or three children mounted thereon, shouting and hurraing louder than the pig itself, be sure they were some of the Jack Cumminses; if the young quicks in your hedge were converted into firewood, the Jack Cumminses were truly to blame; if a riot ensued, which enticed the old and the young to take part in the "shindy," the Jack Cumminses were surely the ringleaders. At first they were merry, rosy, wild, laughing rogues; they then grew into troublesome daring boys, and wilful slatternly girls. One would *not* dig the potatoes; another would *not* bind the shoes; another would *not* be a shoemaker, but would be a wheelwright; and because there was no money to make him so, he would not do any thing required of him. Another would go to sea; another would do nothing but follow blind Beesom the fiddler, and dance jigs. The whole family pulled different ways; and the consequence was, that *Easy* Jack Cummins, and his no less *easy* wife, were obliged, as long as they were able, to pay for the assistance in their business which their children could have rendered them, if they had been, like the bundle of sticks, *united;* but as Jack's neighbour, Thomas Hartigan, said, and his good father had not only taught him to read, but placed one or two good books in his way, "Easy Jack Cummins *brought the sticks together, but had not strength to tie them up.*" This is often, particularly in Ireland, a grievous parental fault; they suffer their children to run wild; they do not consider that the strongest and best lessons can be taught in almost infancy, when the mind will receive any impression, and retain it. "Easy Jack" used to say, "Ah, thin, let the little fellow have his own way; *sure he has no sense.*" But the "little fellow," when he had sense, was so accustomed to have his own way, that he would *not* give it up. Now, this was the case with all the little fellows, and "female fellows;" all in Easy Jack's household pulled, as I have said, different ways; all but one, and that poor boy was nearly an idiot—"a natural," as he was poetically called by his neighbours, who also designated him "Black Barney" on account of the darkness of his complexion. While his brothers and sisters wearied their parents' hearts by wildness and neglect, "Black Barney's" listreless but affectionate eyes were the light of his father's house, his inarticulate voice the music which gladdened his mother's heart. He gloried in a shoemaker's apron, and would brandish an awl as if it were a sword; he would wax the ends for his father, and card tow for his mother; and though he could not speak distinctly, he could sing snatches of old ballads; and sing he would, in rain or sunshine, all the same, and dance uncouthly, but still it was dancing. He would even undertake to chastise his brothers and sisters when they would not work; and if his father seemed worn out with his endeavours to support his careless family, the poor idiot wrung his hands, and tears coursed each other down his lubber cheeks. Poor creature, he possessed just sufficient intelligence to know what is wrong, but not enough to render him useful to his fellow beings.

The misapplication of intellect incurs far greater penalty and blame than its absence; the reckless progeny of Easy Jack Cummins, which, if united by the bands of love and industry, could have scared poverty from the door, were scattered away, and two of the sons only returned to their native cottage when they wanted money or food. The old man's connections dropped off one by one; there was no *uniting* principle there; and the last time I saw the old shoemaker, he had been to Thomas Hartigan's mill to beg a little meal for his wife, who was dying. Black Barney was rolling along the road before his father, like a huge hedgehog—now singing one of his old songs, then weeping bitterly for *hunger*, and, as he said, "*Murning* that God had made his broders widout a heart."

Look now at the other picture: thank God, if there is shade, there is also sunshine in this world. Tom Hartigan, the second, is a fine specimen of the chief stick of the bundle, round which all the little sticks are tied.

Tom—and I regret to say there were not a few of his neighbours who called him *Hard* Tom, a cognomen he acquired from his prudence, a virtue which Irishmen in his day held in sovereign contempt—Hard Tom began life just in the same way that Easy Jack Cummins did, but with a far different example; Tom ground at another man's mill, while Jack worked another man's leather; but, in process of time, one achieved the dignity of his own last and cabin, and the other rented a windmill. What a picturesque old mill it was! perched on the top of the Hill of Graige, and commanding a view which is often, even now, spread out before me in my midnight dreams; the well-cultivated grounds and rich plantations of the old manor-house sloping to the edge of the brimming ocean; the house itself, with its gables and high chimneys; the bay beyond—the bay where the waters of my own blue sea were ever to me a source of serious yet unspeakable joy; the tower of Hook on its promontory, and nearer still the ruined church of Bannow; for the inland view, there was the bleak black stormy mountain of Forth, rearing its rocks into the very clouds. How fresh and invigorating was the breeze upon that mountain! How fresh that which swept our own hill! How often have I climbed to the old mill on a summer morning, and counted the ships, whose silver sails showed like petrels upon the waves, and wondered when I too should be in a vessel on my way to my mother's country, to that rich and learned England, where I was often told I must go, to study and become steady!

The old mill, if it had been tenanted by any but Tom Hartigan, would have gone to destruction long before; but Tom patched and plastered and kept together its old stones with marvellous affection; and his wife, once when a storm tore the sail to tatters, absolutely mended the rent with her red Sunday petticoat, rather than the mill should stand still, and walked to Waterford to purchase the necessary material for new sails herself. I think the mountain air Tom breathed invigorated his independent and industrious mind tenfold. Tom and Anty began by being the most united couple in the parish.

"How you do slave yourself!" observed Mrs Easy Jack Cummins to Anty one evening, when the young families of both were increasing, as she strayed up the hill from the moor. "How you do slave yourself and that *dawshy* child, keeping it winnowing!—sure it can do no good!"

"Yes," replied Anty, "it can; it *learns* to work, to divide the chaff from the *whate*—in which there is wisdom—when we work; and if poor people are not united in labour, they can't get on."

"Well," said Mrs Easy Jack, "your husband must make enough to keep you all without such slaving. *Mine* does, and any how I didn't marry to *keep* my husband."

"*I* did not marry to *keep* my husband," was the sensible reply, "but I married to *help* him; sure we are one in the sight of God and man; and though the hands don't do the work of the head, nor the feet the work of the hands, yet they can all work together for *the same purpose;* and if two heads are better than one, surely two pair of hands are better than one; even the poor can get over a *dale* of hardship, *if they are united.*"

"But where's the good of *slaving?*"

"Work is pleasure," answered Anty Hartigan, "if a body has a mind to make it so. Sure it's the greatest pleasure in life to me to help Tom, the craythur! If he works hard, wouldn't it be a sin for me to be idle?—and as to the child"——

"The idea," interrupted Mrs Easy Jack Cummins, "the idea of buying a sieve, a morsel of a sieve, for such a babby as that to winnow with! Sure *that* was throwing away a day's earning."

"But the child couldn't be at my foot all day doing nothing; and if he wasn't doing good, he'd be doing harm; *and one day's earning is well spent to lay the foundation of an industrious life, plaise God!*" replied Anty, adding, "how do you keep your young ones quiet?"

"I don't look to do it.* Sure the world will be hard enough on 'em by'n by; it's the least they may have their fling a bit now. I didn't marry to slave," she repeated.

"Where there's love," said Anty, pushing back her hair from her heated brow, "there may be labour, but no slavery; the being *united* in the work is itself a blessing."

"Setting a case, you didn't love Tom, and he didn't love you, what would you do?"

"Ah, *bathershin!*" laughed the young wife; then added, "but, in earnest, if I didn't, *that* would not put me past my marriage agreement; I should work all the same, though it would be with a heavy heart instead of a light one; and if he didn't love me, why," her voice faltered, "why, I'd try to help him twice as much, just to *get back his love;* sure that would be both right and wise, for the *comfort of doing my duty would be the only comfort I'd have left.* And now, Mrs Cummins, *acournaan*, don't take it ill of me if I tell you what my mother told me, not exactly to fret or contradict a young child, but to *turn its mind to useful employment;* to rule it by love, *but to rule;* or by'n by the little craythur that lay on your bosom may stab yer heart. Above all, keep children *employed;* it keeps them together *like the bundle of sticks*, and then they are sure to prosper." That Mrs Cummins did not heed this admirable advice, I have already shown; and the contrast between the two families, as their respective children grew up, was great indeed.

The miller's cottage was like a bees' nest; two sons helped in the mill; the girls winnowed, and made and mended; the others were always employed as best suited their age and knowledge; and though labour in that part of the country is badly paid, according to the rate of English remuneration, yet provisions were at that time, and still are, cheap. Tom Hartigan began life poor; he will die rich. To use his own words, "Single-handed, I might have struggled on like my neighbours, if my wife had not helped me. We began by being *really united*, and finding the power that it gave us, we taught the children the advantages we felt. If little Bat (that was the youngest) wanted to make a toy-boat, Nelly would stitch the sails, Jem fit the cordage, Terry splice the timbers, and *all* would help to set it afloat; and then I'd say, 'See, now, how quick that was done, because you war *united;* if Nelly refused to stitch the sails, Jem to fix the cordage, and Terry to splice the timbers, Bat, honey, how long would it be before you'd have had your ship afloat?' Though that's but a play toy, the lesson is the same through life. Thank God! the mill has never wanted grist; and now I'm a farming miller, I grind a dale of corn that my boys have thrashed and sown, and my girls have reaped and bound; and there's a warm corner for the poor natural, Black Barney, whose family are scattered like chaff before the wind." And my belief is, that if Irishmen *were united*, at home and abroad, they'd carry the world before them. So the heavens above look down, with the sunny beams of encouragement, on *United Irishmen!*

* Try to do it.

THE CAMP AND COURT OF RUNJEET SING.*

If our readers glance at a map of Hindustan, they will see that our north-western frontier is bounded by the river Sutlege, which, after a long but not very sinuous course, falls into the Indus. Between the Sutlege and the Indus he will see a country of a triangular shape, watered by three other large streams, which is thence called the Punjab, or "country of five waters," and sometimes the kingdom of Lahore, from its capital city. This is the territory of the Sikhs, who, whether viewed politically or religiously, are among the most interesting and extraordinary races of India; and it was until very recently ruled by Runjeet Sing, the most able and intelligent native prince that has appeared in the east since the days of Hyder Ali. In the present state of our eastern possessions, this kingdom is one of increasing importance; it lies between us and our new ally the king of Cabul; it covers the only side on which British India can be menaced with invasion; and were the Russians to appear on the banks of the Indus, their success would mainly depend on their having the Sikhs for enemies or for allies. We shall therefore endeavour to give our readers as brief an account of the origin and progress of the Sikhs as is consistent with perspicuity; a sketch of the career of their late sovereign; and such a view of the present state of the Punjab, as will enable them to understand the frequent references made to its condition in the newspapers, in Parliament, and in the debates at the India-House.

The Sikhs were a sect, and are now a nation. Nanac, the founder of the sect, was born in the reign of the Emperor Acbar, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He was the son of a Hindoo merchant of the Katri, or warrior caste, and was educated during his earlier years in all those scruples and prejudices so deeply rooted in the Hindoo mind. His personal beauty, his talents, and the purity of his morals, recommended him to the notice of a Mahommedan merchant, who, being childless, adopted Nanac as his son. He thus became acquainted with the most approved writers of Islamism, and learned to pay equal regard to the Koran and the Vedas. The Emperor Acbar had planned a new religion, which might unite both Hindoos and Mahommedans, and Nanac early adopted the same project. It was his custom to transcribe and literally translate the moral aphorisms which most pleased him, into the idiom of the Punjab; and when his collection of maxims became large, he ranged them in order, and put them into verse. This compilation is called the *Grunth*, and is not less highly venerated by the Sikhs, than the Koran by Mussulmans, or the Bible by Christians.

Nanac completely abolished all distinction of caste, declaring that his mission extended to men of every tribe, class, and race. During his long wanderings he preached in the principal cities of India, and even crossed the sea to diffuse his doctrines at Mecca and Medina. In his character of Guru, or spiritual director, he invariably inculcated doctrines of forbearance and good-will towards men; he professed an utter abhorrence of war and violence; and his followers for a long time were distinguished by the same peaceful characteristics as the Quakers in this country.

About the beginning of the last century, Aurengzebe commenced a fierce persecution of the Sikhs, as apostates from the Mahommedan faith. It was at first endured with patience, but at length, after the martyrdom of the fifth Guru, the Sikhs took up arms and made fearful retaliations on their persecutors. Guru Govind, a man of equal genius and ambition, enforced the wearing of steel as a religious obligation on his followers; they seized several villages in the Punjab; and as they now possessed a creed, arms, and combination, they began to rank as a nation. Govind maintained a desperate but unsuccessful war against the whole power of Aurengzebe; he died about the same time as that emperor, and was succeeded in his temporal power by Banda, the first ruler of the Sikhs who laid no claim to the title of Sut Guru or pope, which thenceforth became extinct.

In the confusion that ensued on the death of Aurengzebe, Banda devastated the northern provinces of the Mogul empire, and committed the most frightful atrocities. He was at length taken prisoner, and brought to Delhi, where he was torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, a death which fanaticism alone could inflict or endure.

The Sikhs had lost their leader, but their strength

* A work recently published, entitled "The Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing, by the Hon. C. W. Osborne (London, Colburn)," has enabled us to draw up the above paper. Mr Osborne's work, though spread over too great a space for the quantity of matter, contains a variety of information respecting the court of Runjeet, which will prove interesting to those engaged in Indian affairs.

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was not broken. When Nadir Shah invaded India, and left but a mockery of royalty on the throne of Delhi, they again assembled in considerable strength, and not only occupied a considerable portion of the Punjab, but extended their conquests eastwards to the Jumna. Their success was favoured by the rising fortunes of the Mahrattas, who threatened to drive the Mussulmans from India, and were not very far from realising their boast. The Afghan chief of Candahar came to the aid of his Mahommedan brethren, and the Mahrattas were irretrievably defeated at the battle of Paniput, in the year 1761. The Sikhs, who had severely harassed the march of the conqueror, attacking his flank and rear, intercepting his baggage, and cutting off stragglers, were destined to feel the full weight of his vengeance. He razed their sacred city Umritsir to the ground, erected a pyramid of their heads, and caused the walls of the mosques they had desecrated to be washed with the blood of the slain. But when the Afghans returned home, the Sikhs recovered their strength so rapidly that they became masters of all the country between the Jumna and the Indus, which they divided into twelve *misuls*, or confederate associations, whose united forces were about 70,000 mounted warriors.

The smallest of these *misuls* was governed by the grandfather and afterwards by the father of Runjeet Sing, both of whom being men of great valour and ability, possessed a moral power which compensated for the weakness of their military force. Runjeet was born November 2, 1780, at a time when his father's influence was daily acquiring fresh strength. He was attacked by the small-pox at a very early age, was badly treated by the native physicians, and having narrowly escaped death, recovered with the loss of an eye, and a countenance terribly disfigured. He had scarcely reached his twelfth year when he lost his father; his mother, a profligate and ambitious woman, undertook the regency of the *misul*, and the guardianship of the child. She preserved Runjeet's inheritance from the rapacity of his neighbours; but in order to protract his minority, she quite neglected his education, and supplied him with every indulgence which could gratify depraved passions. He thus in early youth formed those habits of licentiousness and debauchery which to the latest hour of his existence continued to be the darkest stains on his character.

Field sports afforded him more innocent gratification, and they also gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with public affairs, and learning the discontent produced by the crimes of the regency. On attaining his seventeenth year, he took the reins of government into his own hands, but was forced to consent to his mother's assassination, in consequence of the universal hatred excited by her tyranny and sensuality. In after life, Runjeet frequently declared that this sacrifice was essential not merely to the stability of his throne, but to the security of his own existence.

Soon after gaining possession of his limited inheritance, he determined to carve out a more extensive kingdom, by invading and finally taking possession of the Punjab. Aided by the Mussulmans of Lahore, he expelled the rival Sikh chieftains from that city, and soon established his authority over the surrounding country. At this crisis the kingdom of the Afghans was rent asunder by civil wars; taking advantage of these disturbances, Runjeet resolved to seize all the Afghan provinces east of the Indus. In making this daring attempt, he was compelled to withdraw by the British, and he was ultimately confined to his acquired territory of the Punjab.

In 1810, Runjeet celebrated the marriage of his eldest son, then only ten years of age, and invited Colonel Ochterlony, the British resident at Loodiana, to witness the festivities. In spite of all their old disputes, the Maharaja treated the colonel as an intimate friend, and obtained from him valuable instruction for disciplining his Sikh infantry, and erecting fortifications round Lahore. From this time Runjeet bent all his efforts to forming a regular army; he organised several battalions, officered principally by deserters from the Company's service, and he began the formation of a corps of artillery.

In 1822, two French officers, Messrs Allard and Ventura, entered the service of Runjeet Sing, and by their military talents soon raised the Sikh army to a higher state of efficiency and discipline than were ever possessed by any native force in India. Their services were obtained at a time when Runjeet's power was menaced by the greatest danger to which it had been yet exposed. The hearts of the Mussulmans throughout India were grieved by the erection of an idolatrous monarchy, in a country which had been for ages the stronghold of Islamism; and they were easily induced to listen to the pretensions of Ahmed, a Syed or descendant from Mahommed, who declared that he was summoned by the Almighty to restore the empire of Islamism. He declared that it was necessary, however, that he should first visit the shrine of Mecca, and for this purpose he came down to Calcutta, where the excitement produced by his arrival gave serious alarm to the British government. On his return from Mecca in 1827, he commenced his holy war against Runjeet; but the fanaticism of his followers could not compete with the steady discipline of the Sikhs; he was routed in every engagement, and at length, in 1831, was surprised and slain in the midst of his followers. Runjeet was anxious to take revenge on the Mahommedan states, which he suspected of favouring the impostor, particularly the Ameers of Sinde, and Dost Mahommed Khan. But the English, though far from being satisfied with the Ameers, would not allow Sinde to be invaded, and proposed themselves as umpires between Runjeet and Dost Mahommed. The arrangement of these affairs led to an interview between Runjeet and Lord William Bentinck, in which the display of oriental magnificence surpassed the fictions of the Arabian Nights.

Early in 1838, the open proceedings of the Persians, and the suspected designs of the Russians, excited much anxiety in England and India. Dost Mahommed Khan, who had previously besought the establishment of an embassy in Cabul, treated our envoy with such disrespect, that he deemed it prudent to return. This was the more suspicious, as the Afghans are Soonnees, and the Persians Sheeahs, two sects of Mahommedans more fiercely opposed to each other than Protestants and Catholics ever were, even in the worst of times. Obviously, some powerful foreign influence must have been exerted to make Dost Mahommed abandon the hereditary policy of his family, and enter into negociations with the Sheeahs of Persia. It should be added, that this change gave great offence to his subjects, and that their notorious discontent appears to have suggested to Lord Auckland the policy of restoring Shah Soojah.

Runjeet's consent was necessary to this project, and it was far from certain that it would be cheerfully accorded. He was not at all satisfied at our having interfered to protect Sinde; he looked upon Afghanistan as a country that he might yet obtain for himself, and he had reason to fear that the English, in their humour for restitution, might demand the restitution of the Kah-i-noor, and the other diamonds which he had taken from the Shah when a fugitive. Lord Auckland's visit to Simla, a fashionable resort lately established in the Himalayah mountains, afforded a favourable opportunity for commencing negociations; the Maharaja sent a complimentary embassy to the Governor-General, and Lord Auckland in return dispatched the mission to Lahore, of which Mr Osborne has given a light sketchy account in the volume before us. The result was, that Runjeet, animated by personal hatred to Dost Mahommed, rather than any other feeling, freely offered every facility for the advance of our army, receiving in turn, if not a positive promise, at least an implied stipulation, that we would guarantee the succession of his son, Kurruck Sing.

Shortly after the fall of Cabul, which consummated the triumph of the English arms in Afghanistan, Runjeet Sing fell a victim to inflammatory disease. His four wives, and five of his Cashmerian Amazons, burned themselves on his funeral pile, and his prime minister was with difficulty prevented from making a similar self-sacrifice. Kurruck Sing succeeded to the throne, but he was deposed in a few weeks, and his son, a youth desitute of talent and experience, elevated to the *musnud*, which it is probable he will not long be permitted to occupy.

The future state of our Indian possessions depends mainly on the condition of the kingdom of Lahore. The Russians are now marching upon Khiva, and whether successful or defeated, they will form diplomatic relations with all the states of Mawer-en-nahar, and probably occupy the harbour and fortress of Astrabad. From this position they may, as before, push forward the Persians against Afghanistan, while they, at the same time, aided by the Turcomans, would force their way to the banks of the Indus. The Sikhs, if faithful, would no doubt beat the Cossacks and Turcomans, and perhaps prove a match for the regular forces of Russia; but if they joined the invaders, the Russians, admitted into the Punjab, would be in close contact with the Goorkas, our old enemies in Nepaul; they would also be within short reach of the Mahratta powers, who have never forgotten or forgiven their repeated overthrows; and they could thus, from the same point, menace the presidencies of Bombay and Bengal. Much depends on the character of Shah Soojah; if he becomes unpopular with any large portion of his nation, Afghanistan will be an aid instead of an impediment to the progress of Russia.

The Punjab must therefore be regarded as the key of our dominions; and it would be most desirable if possible that it should be governed by an able and energetic ruler, like its late sovereign; but of this there is no reasonable prospect. The unpopularity of Kurruck Sing no doubt extends to his son. Sher Sing, the natural son of Runjeet, is an able chief, and favourably disposed to the English alliance, and his son Pertaub is a youth of great promise; but neither has such a party in the country as would suffice to establish their claims without civil war. Heera Sing, the son of the prime minister, is ambitious, and likely to create much trouble; so that between all the Sings, or "lions," as the name signifies, the kingdom runs a fair chance of being torn to pieces. We hold that the interference of the English at no very distant date is unavoidable, and we have good reason to believe, that, while we write, the military occupation of the Punjab is under the consideration of the Indian authorities. Mr Osborne says, "that the Company, having swallowed so many camels, need not strain at this gnat," especially as the opening of the Indus to steam navigation is now an object of great commercial importance. Moreover, the people of Lahore would very gladly consent to a change of masters; they have long looked with envy on the peace and prosperity enjoyed by their brethren on the east side of the Sutlege; they would gladly exchange their miserable independence for the milder and more equitable sway of the British government, which, even in its worst form, is infinitely superior to the very best administration under the native powers. General Allard is dead; General Ventura is very anxious to get safe out of Lahore with the fortune he has acquired; and the Sikh infantry, at least, if not the cavalry, would gladly join the sepoy battalions: to use their own phrase, "Koompanee Bahadoor" (General Company) is a very good paymaster; and this is no trifling consideration with men whose pay is often two years in arrear, and whose miserable pittance, even when paid, is subject to the clippings, parings, and deductions of corrupt officials. These matters, we know, have been often and earnestly discussed between the Sikhs and our sepoys; and the whole question is one deeply affecting the position of the British in India.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH AGRICULTURE.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.*

THE deficiencies of practice in Irish husbandry have long and repeatedly constituted the basis of my remarks when I have had occasion to address my countrymen on the subject of husbandry. Personal observations have recently led me to form what is possibly a correct judgment of the principal causes of the contrast which so plainly appears both in the leading details of farm economy, and its general *condition*, in the two countries. To many there will appear *neither* originality nor novelty in what I may remark, but the great mass of those readers of agricultural subjects who are interested in the improvement of Ireland, whether landlords or tenants, are unquestionably heedless or ignorant of many important *principles* as well as practical *details* of management with which they ought to be familiar. I shall commence with the land-proprietary, who have a legitimate claim to precedence, both from the vast influence which they can exercise over the ordinary occupiers and cultivators of the soil, and from a proper sense of the respect due to their rank in the social scale. Without any minute reference to the splendid and gigantic improvements effected by some of the great landlords of Scotland, for example the late Duke of Sutherland, and the late and existing Dukes of Buccleuch, who, in the language of the present representative of the latter noble family,† seem to have *felt* that "Providence requires more than ordinary diligence at the hands of him to whom much is given, in improving the trust committed to their care, and in producing the greatest possible amount of good to the country," I shall adduce the example of a proprietor of that extent of land which is far from uncommon in the two countries under consideration, and whose judicious and enterprising conduct should serve as a model of imitation to many of the Irish landlords, who, in proportion to their means and facilities, may pursue a *similar* if not an equal system of permanent and effective improvement. I shall illustrate my subject by presenting to view the estate of Closeburn in Dumfriesshire, and showing what has been accomplished by the zeal and perseverance of an individual. This property, which comprehends fourteen thousand imperial acres within one ring-fence, was purchased by the father of Sir Charles G. Stuart Menteath, the present possessor, for L.50,000 in 1783, when it produced but L.1800 a-year. The leases did not, however, expire *until 1803*, when the proprietor commenced his spirited operations. These, as well as I have been enabled to collect them from different sources, may be thus detailed.

Sir Charles, then Mr Stuart Menteath, finding the property in every respect in a miserable condition, and not worth at that time more than the rent which it yielded, took into his hands 2000 acres as a beginning, which he ploughed, harrowed, &c., by the stipendiary labour provided by those of his tenants who possessed horses and implements; thus giving them the means of paying their rents, and acquiring some money capital, in which they had previously been deficient to a lamentable degree. These 2000 acres were then divided into fields of ten and twenty acres, principally by stone walls five feet in height, gradually diminishing in breadth from 32 inches at bottom to 15 inches at top, or, as it is provincially termed, from double to single dyke, at an average expense of a shilling per yard. So poor and light was the soil of these fields, that, after paring and burning, it produced little or no ashes, and, even with the addition of lime, was too sterile for a potato crop. It was therefore laid down with grasses for sheep pasture as fast as possible, and top-dressed with lime; Sir Charles Menteath having invariably found this to be the most efficacious mode of applying his calcareous manure on the dry hungry soil of Closeburn, which has a substratum of sand or sandstone. When lime has been incorporated with the earth in the usual manner, by harrowing it down on fallow, it has there signally failed of success, sinking into the porous land, and lying below inert and useless. That section of the estate so reclaimed has subsequently produced, on an average, from twelve to four-

* The above paper, purporting to be a comparison of agricultural management in Scotland and Ireland, is directly communicated to us by the well-known Irish writer who takes the name of Martin Doyle; it has been written in consequence of a recent visit paid by him to Scotland.

† At a dinner given at Branxholm in September last to the Duke of Buccleuch by his grace's tenantry.

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teen shillings per imperial acre; and some of it on schistose subsoil, though seven hundred feet in elevation, has been rendered worth sixteen shillings per acre. By top-dressing with lime, after paring and burning, the quantity of *upland* grass land now let out every year, besides the more valuable lowland pasture, exceeds three thousand acres, and is worth eight shillings per acre.

Sir Charles retained but six hundred acres of this reclaimed land for the use of the establishment at Closeburn, and of this he frequently lets fields for the year's grazing at L.2. 10s. per acre, his practice being to break up only as much as is absolutely indispensable for the winter keep of about two hundred sheep—the produce of the Cheviot ewe and Leicester tup, and sold off without any further crossing. His turnip husbandry for this stock is limited to fifteen acres. Lime being abundant at Closeburn, the facility of reclaiming the contiguous farms is considerable, and this advantage is unquestionably the principal auxiliary in all undertakings of the kind.

But a much more difficult task than that of improving a hilly soil was commenced contemporaneously with the planting and enclosing; a swamp of red moss, thirty feet deep, consisting of sixty-five acres, and adjacent to the "hall," was dug, levelled, and covered with earth, at the cost of L.40 per acre, on the rough and uneven parts where deep holes were to be filled; and yet the outlay on this part in labour, lime, and farm-yard manure, has been highly remunerative. The profitable results have been durable, and the prospective return must be continually productive, through the means of irrigation, which, both in the bed and catch-water modes, has been effected at the average expense of L.4 an acre. By the overflowings of a rivulet conducted to this plain from the hills above, a perpetual supply of excellent meadow has been obtained. But irrigation has not been confined to this tract alone—one hundred and forty acres more are rendered perpetually productive by the same means.

The lime-kilns at Closeburn, and the mode of raising the limestone by deep and very lengthened excavations under the sandstone which rests upon the bed of limestone, and the ingenious contrivances for bringing up the quarried blocks by a railway on waggons moved by a water-wheel, are so well known in Scotland as to render superfluous any minute description of them here. I shall only observe, that the Closeburn kilns are thirty-three feet deep, varying in diameter from five feet at top and bottom to eight feet in the centre. They appear nearly perpendicular, and the draught of air within is so considerable, that two-thirds of the contents are daily burnt when required. This remarkable power of combustion is principally occasioned by the high and narrow form of the kiln, but increased by the admission of air beneath the "eye," through iron bars, and a peculiar construction of grating below, made to separate the ashes from the lime. These ashes supply about one thousand loads annually, and constitute no trifling proportion of the top-dressing used on the farm.

The planting of larch in belts, which commenced at the same time with the other operations, soon afforded shelter, and being conducted on a great scale, has produced vast profit, while it has rendered Closeburn a scene of great sylvan beauty. The timber on eight hundred acres, used for the purposes of the farms, or actually sold, has been estimated at L.35,000; and it is worth recording, that the sale of Scotch firs, fifty years old, on one lot of one hundred acres on a moor of poor sandstone—a suitable soil for this tree—produced L.8000; but it must be added, that the erection of saw-mills has aided the profits considerably, by the accommodation afforded to the farmers who take lime from the kilns, and can obtain the exact scantling of timber which they need. It may be added, that forty years' experience has proved to Sir Charles Menteath, that Scotch fir may be rendered durable by the easy and simple process of soaking the sawn wood in lime water for ten days or a fortnight; this has rendered all the roofing of his cottages, and other buildings, for the period stated, proof against the destructive ravages of the worm which, otherwise, would have entered into the white wood, and rendered it worthless.

This property being divided into farms for the tenantry, with suitable houses and cottages (which they are bound to keep in repair), at an expense of L.25,000, is now (with the exception of the six hundred acres in the proprietor's demesne, and three thousand acres of grazing land, otherwise farmed) in the occupation of tenants holding from forty to one thousand acres. The larger houses are what would be considered of a very expensive description in Ireland; but they are on a scale proportioned, as is usual in Scotland, to the rental, and may be said to have cost three times the amount of one year's rent.

On many estates the cottager's comforts are the least momentous in the landlord's consideration; not so at Closeburn: one hundred cottages, many of them with two family rooms, both warmed by a peculiar kind of grate in a central chimney, have been from time to time erected, at an average expense of L.50, though the rent charged for them, and a small kail garden, is in no instance higher than 30s., and generally less. The occupiers are all under the control of the landlord, and are numerous beyond the ordinary proportion of labourers on the same extent of farm, in consequence of the work at the kilns and quarries. These cottages are covered with sandstone flags, hung by the corners in the lozenge form. This slating is a fifth heavier than the ordinary kind; but as the supporting timber is cut to a corresponding scantling, and grown on the land, the roofing is strong enough and cheap. There is, however, an objection to this covering of sandstone flag; it is so porous as to admit moisture, and only rendered water-proof by a washing of coal tar, which for some time cost Sir Charles Menteath L.50 a-year. The expense of this flagging may be estimated, carriage and labour included, at 1s. 1d. per square yard. These cottages, like all those in the south of Scotland, have box-bedsteads, which, with a passage and door between them, form one side of the kitchen or family room, and being opposite the fireplace, are dry and warm. These recesses, with a surmounting border of coloured paper or calico, from the top to the ceiling, and their sliding doors, have much the appearance of berths in a ship, but are much more commodious. Altogether, they present a very pleasing appearance, and are a very considerable improvement upon the old cottage arrangement.

In my next paper I shall enter into some particulars of the *ordinary* practice of landlords in Ireland as regards the condition and management of their estates and tenantry.

HUMOROUS TRAITS OF AN OLD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN.

FEW private persons have occasioned more amusement in their day and generation than Francis Macnab of Macnab, a gentleman of Perthshire, who died at an advanced age about twenty-four years ago. We propose giving a short account of this eccentric personage, in the hope of communicating to a wide circle some taste of those singular personal traits and humours which caused the living man to be never alluded to in his own immediate neighbourhood without a smile.

Francis Macnab, as far as his worldly status was concerned, would have appeared to English eyes simply as the proprietor of a small and much encumbered estate in Perthshire. In Scotland, however, he had the additional and much higher honour of being the chief man of an ancient family, forming one of the Highland clans, though not one of the most numerous. He was Macnab of that Ilk, or Macnab of Macnab, or, by a more modern and less elegant style of designation, the Laird of Macnab—the personal centre of a little district peopled chiefly by men of his own name, and all of whom, from the gentleman to the cottager, looked up to him with a kind of filial veneration. His estate was situated at the head of Loch Tay, in the neighbourhood of the beautifully placed village of Killin; but it was latterly a mere shadow of what it had been a few hundred years ago, having been, in particular, much reduced in consequence of the loyalty of the Macnab of the time of Charles I., who was a zealous ally of Montrose, and fell at the battle of Worcester. The family is believed to have drawn its descent from a member of the Macgregor family, who was Abbot of Dunkeld about the year 1130, Macnab being expressive of the words *Son of the Abbot*. The subject of this notice was for nothing more remarkable than a proud sense of his dignity as the chief of the Macnabs. His neighbours, the Campbells and Grahams, though infinitely exceeding the Macnabs in wealth and influence, he regarded as comparatively mere mushrooms; nor was he willing to own that even his sovereign was in any respect his superior.

He was a man of gigantic stature and proportions, and vast strength, and, whether seen in the Highland garb amongst his native hills, or in the habiliments of a British gentleman of the eighteenth century upon the streets of Perth or Edinburgh, he never failed to be beheld with some degree of wonder. His mental faculties were also vigorous; but a defective education, the prejudices incidental to his position in society, and perhaps some constitutional peculiarities, had given him a strong cast of eccentricity, insomuch that almost every thing he said or did was peculiar. Though possessing little book lore, he was extensively informed, and, though a humorist, he displayed on most occasions no small degree of tact and shrewdness. He had all the warmth of heart, and at the same time all the irritability and wrathfulness, of the Scottish mountaineer. It was the custom of his age to indulge much in drinking, and Macnab was eminent even in that day for his great powers as a bacchanalian. Individuals enjoying what now appears the unenviable notoriety of being able to drink three bottles, fell from the table, while Macnab appeared as fresh as if he had not tasted a glass. It was indeed wonderful how much liquor he was enabled by his great strength and generally healthy mode of life to consume. In this, and other habits, Macnab was much affected, no doubt, by the circumstance of his remaining to the end of his days unmarried. Take him for all in all, he was such a man as can scarcely ever be seen again, for he united peculiarities which are now for the most part obsolete—the flaming pride of the old Highland gentleman, the loose and rough habits of the bon-vivant of sixty years ago, and a homely mode of expression now never heard in his grade of society; all these being in addition to many whimsicalities and humours quite his own.

First, with regard to the pride of Macnab. It will doubtless surprise an English reader to be informed that any untitled man in these islands should object to having the word *Mister* prefixed to his name. Yet such is the case with the Highland chiefs, and such was particularly the case with Macnab. A Highland chief is styled by the name of his family alone: thus, the chief of the Macintoshes is MACINTOSH, the chief of the Macnabs is MACNAB, and so on. So far did our friend the laird carry this point, that, hearing a stranger ask for him one day at his door as *Mr* Macnab, he ordered him not to be admitted, but next day, when the gentleman, having in the meantime been tutored, inquired for MACNAB, he was not only shown in, but met with a most cordial reception. He would remark, "There are mony *Maister* Macnabs; but may the auld black laad hae me if there's ony but ae MACNAB." On this subject, a clever reporter of some of the laird's humours[1] has given us some curious illustrations. "It was quite enough," we are informed, "to put him in a frenzy, to dignify with the title of chieftain any one, however high in title or fortune, who he thought had no claim to that super-imperial rank. It is not to be supposed that this was ever done for the pleasure of beholding the laird in one of those passions which resembled one of his mountain storms. No; he was by no means the man to hazard such a joke upon; and could he have suspected for a moment (a supposition, indeed, almost impossible) that any person whatever attempted to play upon him, miserable would have been the fate of the unhappy wight who made the experiment. The narrator of this anecdote had a narrow escape from the overwhelming indignation of this genuine Gaelic worthy. It occurred after dinner, the good laird being a little mellow—for as to being drunk, oceans of liquor would have failed to produce that effect, at least to the length of prostration. The party on whose account the chief's bile was so powerfully excited was indeed blessed with an infinitely more lofty and sonorous cognomen than himself. If it did not indisputably stamp the owner as an ancient feudal baron, an ignorant Lowlander might well be excused for thinking so. We shall suppose it to be Macloran of Dronascandlich—a name trying enough, certes, for the utterance of any common pair of jaws. Thus commenced the unlucky querist:—'Macnab, are you acquainted with Macloran, who has lately purchased so many thousand acres in ——shire?' This was more than sufficient to set the laird off in furious tilt on his genealogical steed. 'Ken wha?—the paddock-stool of a creature they ca' Dronascandlich, wha no far bygane dawred to offer siller, sir, for an auld ancient estate, sir; an estate as auld as the flude, sir—a deal aulder, sir—siller, sir, scrapit thegither by the meeserable deevil in India, sir; not in an offisher or gentleman-like way, sir—but making cart-wheels and trams, sir, and barrows, and the like o' that wretched handywark. Ken him, sir? I ken the creature weel, and wha he comes frae, sir; and so I ken that dumb tyke, sir—a better brute by half than a score o' him! And wha was his grandfather, sir, but a puir wabster in Glasgow? That was the origin o' Dronascandlich, sir, and a bonny origin for a Highland chief—ugh!'"

Pride being a leading element in his character, it affected all his ideas. He not only was proud of his own lineage and name, but of whatever he was connected with, from his clan or his county neighbours up to his countrymen at large. When the local militia was raised in 1808, he held rank in one of the corps raised in his county, and, soon after, being in Edinburgh, he thought proper to apply to the storekeeper in the Castle for the supply of arms required by the men. Overlooking the formally correct name, which was the Fourth Perthshire Local Militia, he asked for arms for the Breadalbane Corps, to which the storekeeper answered that he did not know of such a corps. Hereupon Macnab, in high contempt, but with more coolness than might have been expected, replied, "My fine little storekeeper, that may be; but you may be assured we do not think a bit the less o' oursells for *your* not knowing us." In proportion as he thought much of his own countrymen, he thought less of some other nations; and it appears that he had in particular contracted a great contempt for the Russians. A gentleman having on one occasion spoken approvingly of Russian heroism, the laird burst forth into a frenzy. 'Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir; ye have said a great deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methuselah. It's doonright blasphemy! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even[2] oor glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the haill warld, to the oily bastes o' Russians? A wheen cannibals, meeserable wretches, wha, till they cam west, had naething to cram their craving gude-for-naething kytes wi' but stinking, stranded whales, or an orra sealgh, whilk was a perfect godsend to them. Bonny *vivres*, ugh! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygane, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some other sic name, cam into the Firth wi' a squadron o' these monsters amang men. Dootless it was a vesitation for oor sins. Whatever they laid hand on, was momently turned into ulye.[3] I was ae day taking a dander alang Leith shore, when I saw ane of the loathsome brutes gang into a kanler's shop, and buy a bawbee *bap*,[4] and spying a barrel o' ulye, in he dreeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonel peer. Sune after, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade out, withoot ony veesible

[1] See Literary Gazette, 1827, p. 684.
[2] Compare. [3] Oil. [4] Halfpenny roll.

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reason. A' the folk were bumbazed[1] about it, and auld wives thocht that Sathan was playing cantrips wi' the lichts. Some were knockit doon, and ithers got off wi' their pockets turned inside oot. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshow, think ye? What! but the oily bastes o' Russians. They were catched speeling[2] up the lamp-posts and taking oot the cruizes and drinking the ulye, wick and a'. What think ye noo o' your Russians, sir?—are they o' ony use on God's earth, think ye, but to burn like tar barrels in a general illumination?'"

Reared in a little district where his word was law, and where habits of violence and private warfare were scarcely yet extinct, Macnab was not disposed to be very scrupulous in the use of his powers, whether personal or otherwise. The knowledge of his immense strength, and his recklessness in using it, in general kept him free of provocation; but on one occasion a thoughtless person, who was but slightly acquainted with him, had the misfortune to incur his wrath in a dismal manner. The laird had appeared one year at Leith races on a small horse, which, oppressed by his great weight, fell down under him, and died on the spot, its back being literally broken. Observing him next year mounted on an animal not much bigger, this individual went up to him, and said, in a sarcastic manner, "Macnab, is that the same horse you rode last year?" "No, billy," replied the laird; "but it's the same *wisp*," and with that instrument felled the interrogator to the earth.

Macnab had an intense antipathy to excisemen, whom he looked on as a race of intruders, commissioned to suck the blood of his country: he never gave them any better name than *vermin*. One day, early in the last war, he was marching to Stirling at the head of a corps of fencibles, of which he was commander. To continue in the words of the writer already quoted—"The pencil might, but the pen never can, adequately portray the grand, picturesque, and magnifique appearance of the glorious Celtic chief. Goliah of Gath, Alexander, Cæsar, all heroes, ancient and modern, nay, what must be an august spectacle, the grand mogul enthroned on the back of his elephant—all dwindle into insignificance before the great Macnab. He bestrode a mighty steed of raven blackness, whose flowing mane, and long and bushy tail, had never suffered under the dilapidating operation of the ruthless shears. His ample jacket was composed of tartan, adorned with massy silver buttons. Adown his breast depended gracefully the belted plaid. On his head was the Highland bonnet, surmounted by waving lofty plumes, which added fearfully to his gigantic height. His puissant limbs were encased in no constraining habiliment: no, gentle reader, the ancient philabeg formed his sole nether covering. His warlike hand sustained an enormous claymore, flashing lightning to the sun's rays, and clearly indicating its owner's ardour for immediate conflict.

About seven miles from Stirling, a numerous band of excisemen assailed the rear of the regiment, declaring to the adjutant they had positive information that in the baggage-carts was concealed a large quantity of smuggled whisky. The adjutant, knowing it would be of little use to argue the matter with them, rode hastily up to the front, and told the commandant the scrape they were in. Without saying a word, away to the rear furiously gallops the laird, brandishing his Andrea Ferrara in a most terrific style, his visage inflamed with wrath and indignation. When he came up to the aqua vitæ, 'Hounds!' he roars out in a voice of thunder, 'what the foul fiend want ye here, ye abortions of the human *specie*, ye unwordy, pitiful vermin o' abomination! Wad ye daur to stop his majesty's offishers and men on their way to fight for their king and country, and, what's mair, e'en for the like o' sic wretches as you, ye unchristened whelps o' Belzebub.' The laird was enough to fright Belzebub himself, and no wonder he horrified such personages almost into convulsions. After a long pause, during which he regarded them with a truly diabolical aspect, one of the boldest mustered courage enough to display his badge of office, intimating, in a trembling voice, that what they did was in the line of their duty. 'Line o' your duty!' vociferated the chief. 'By a' that's gude, if I thocht ye worth my while, I ken as line wad fit ye a deal better!' Then turning to the rear-rank, he cries, 'My lads, this is like to be a critic business—*load wi' ball!*' The effect of this appalling order was electrical: the discomfited gaugers fled in all directions, leaving the victorious chief in undisturbed possession of the much coveted mountain-dew.

Like many other proprietors of large but unproductive estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the necessity of compromising his dignity by granting bills for his various purchases. These bills for many years were always discounted at the Perth bank, and when due, he no more dreamt of putting himself in the slightest degree out of the way by honouring his scraps of paper, conformably to the established rules of trade, than of paying the national debt. In fact, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the propriety of what he considered a most degrading and unchieftain-like practice. The directors of the bank, knowing their money to be sure, humoured him, as being a character of no ordinary description. His acceptances were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protested; indeed, such an impertinent procedure on their part might have brought down like a torrent the furious chief and a score or two of his gillies, to sack great Perth.

Unluckily for him, one of 'thae *bits o' paper*' found its way to the Stirling bank, an establishment with which the laird had no connection. Agreably to his *auld use and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. It was in due course noted and protested, of which due intimation was sent to him. The laird treated these various notices with the most sovereign contempt. He was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming information that a writ of *horning and caption* had been taken out against him, and that, in consequence, a clerk belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messengers, would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne House, for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Even this dire communication the laird received with unruffled composure.

On that 'portentous morn' which threatened him with 'durance vile,' he took aside an old woman who had been long attached to the family, and who was highly regarded by her master for her shrewdness as well as fidelity. 'Shanet,' said he, 'there are three land-loupers, a clerk, and two limbs o' Satan in the shape o' messengers, coming ower the hills the day frae Stirling, to tak me awa bodily, and to clap me within the compass o' four stane wa's; and for what, think ye?—a peetiful scart o' a guse's feather—deil cripple their soople shanks! It would ill become me to hae ony hobbleshow wi' siclike vermin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's* at Taymouth, and leave you, my bonny woman, to gie them *their kail through the reek*.' Having thus primed the old lady, he departed.

The transaction now recorded having occurred upwards of half a century ago, it is proper to mention, that the line of travelling between Stirling and Achlyne was of a most rugged and toilsome description, and only passable by pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons, therefore, did not reach the place where they expected their prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient carline had been long on the outlook, and going to meet them, she invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and kindly manner. 'O, sirs,' quoth she, 'ye maun be sair forfoughen wi' your langsome travel. Our Hieland hills are no for them that hae breeks on, I reckon. Sit doon, sit doon, and pit some meat in your wames, for atweel they maun be girnin' and wamling like knots o' edders. The laird's awa to see a freend, and will be back momently. What gars ye glower at that daftlike gate, sirs? There is what ye're wantin' in that muckle kist, in bonnie yellow goud, fairly counted by his honour this blessed mornin'. Wha wad hae thocht ye wad hae been sae langsome in coming up here; chields like you, that are weel kent to be greedy gleds after the siller. But bide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what ye want.' So saying, she spread before them a plentiful store of mountain delicacies, not forgetting a plentiful supply of glenlivet; and, in short, she put them beyond the power of proceeding further in their business that night, and they were fain to stay in Janet's cottage till the morning. The clerk, in respect of his gentility, was bestowed in an apartment by himself; the messengers were put in another, containing a single bed for their accommodation. One of the latter worthies, feeling, towards the morning, his entrails scorched with that intolerable heat consequent on mighty over-night potations, got up in quest of some friendly liquid. To aid him in his search, he opened the window-shutter—when the first object which saluted his astonished organs of vision almost petrified him into stone. The sight indeed was rather alarming—a human figure dangling in the winds of heaven from a branch of an ancient oak in the front of the house.

As soon as the wretched minister of the law had recovered what small sense he possessed, he made a shift to stagger to the bedside, and roused his brother in tribulation, who, when he beheld the horrid spectacle, was assailed with the most dreadful agonies of terror and consternation. To add to their miseries, the door was locked. Bells there were none in the Highlands in those days, but they stamped and kicked on the floor with dreadful energy and clamour. After keeping the poor wretches in a state of unspeakable terror for a space of time which appeared to them an eternity, the old woman unlocked the door, and presented a visage in which were expressed all the united horrors of countenance attributed to the infernal furies. 'What the foul fiend gars ye mak sic a din for?' shouted the fearful beldam. Quaking in every limb, the only words their lips could give utterance to were, 'What's—what's that on the tree?' 'What's that on the tree?' cried the carline, in a dismally hollow and elritch tone of voice; 'it's the bit clerk body frae the bank o' Stirling, that cam here last night to deave the laird for siller—we've taen and hangit him, *puir elf*.' The effect of this appalling disclosure was electrifying. Fear added wings to their speed, and the terrified brace of messengers never looked behind them for the first ten miles on their road to Stirling.

Now, what almost frightened into convulsions two such exquisitely sensitive personages as messengers are in general, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by Janet into some ancient garments of the laird's, which she had suspended from the tree in the manner described. The innocent clerk, during all this stramash, was quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at all of suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horning and caption*. When he got up, he was surprised at the non-appearance of his companions, nor could he extract the smallest information on the subject from trusty Janet. Being therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other resource was left for him but to 'plod homewards back his weary way.'

To conclude: so tremendous an account did the messengers give of their expedition, that no temptation could have induced twenty of them to venture on a similar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a thousand strong."

Many anecdotes could be added to these, to illustrate the character of this extraordinary man; but our limits forbid. The laird of Macnab, with all his oddities, ceased to exist on the 25th of May 1816, when he had reached the age of eighty-two.

[1] Astonished. [2] Climbing.

*The Earl of Breadalbane.

THE PRINTING-OFFICE—A VISIT TO CLOWES'S ESTABLISHMENT.

THE profession of the printer has within these few years undergone a most extraordinary revolution. From being limited in importance by the feeble efforts of the hand-press, it has, under the magical influence of steam and machinery, expanded into gigantic proportions, and promises soon to become, by the increasing appetite for its products, one of the largest branches of manufacturing industry. At no distant date, printing was on a most antediluvian scale. A dingy "office," consisting of two or three apartments on the first or second floor of some faded genteel tenement in a faded part of the town—half-a-dozen lads, and a few old men with Dutch spectacles on nose, planted at so many composing frames, and laboriously setting dark well-worn types—adjoining, a couple of wooden or partially improved iron presses, wrought with a world of toil, and wheezing and groaning as if in the pangs of dissolution as every impression was pulled. Such was the printing-office of the early ages of mankind—that is to say, about thirty or forty years ago; for since these primitive times the printer's profession has advanced in the ratio of a hundred to one as compared with most other handicrafts; and we now look back to the eighteen hundred and ones and twos, as we should do to the era of Tubal Cain, the flood of Noah, or thereabouts.

It may be a question with some, whether a taste for reading has improved printing, or improved printing has created a taste for reading. Truth is partly on both sides; but it is beyond dispute that the great movement towards a revolution in the craft was effected by the steam-press, without which any increased taste for reading could not possibly have been satisfied. We therefore rank the steam-press as by far the most wonderful engine of modern invention. England has produced nothing more splendid, as respects its moral results, in any period of its annals. Yet, not to England belongs the entire honour of the discovery. Inasmuch as we owe the art of printing to the illustrious Guttenberg, a German of the Upper Rhine, so do we ascribe the final perfection of the craft to König, also a German, who, arriving in London about 1804, laboured ten years in the endeavour to produce printing by inanimate machinery, and at length triumphed in 1814, by constructing a steam-press for working off the Times newspaper. Cowper and Applegath subsequently modified and adapted machinery for book-printing, and it is machines on their model, working by cylinders, of which we have now principally to speak.

Printing has made its greatest strides during the last ten years, in which period cylindrical steam-presses have been spread all over the country. Hardly a newspaper is now any where printed with a hand-press, and few or no periodical publications. The making of printing-machines has in itself become a great business. One maker in London lately mentioned to us that he produced a machine regularly every three weeks upon an average all the year round, each at a price of about L.400. Other manufacturers are similarly engaged; the machines being sent not only to all parts of Europe, but to America, Australia, and India. In a few years there will not be a civilised country of any consequence on the globe which does not possess these powerful distributors of human knowledge.

It is a received doctrine among the typographical gentlemen of the metropolis, "that a printing-machine always creates work for itself." You never by any chance see a machine standing idle. Its huge cylinders are either revolving and sending forth sheet after sheet to the outstretched paws of the Flibbertigibbet who sits in attendance on its operations, or it is just going to begin, or it has only the last moment finished, and something else is preparing. These we take to be pleasing traits in its character. The creature absolutely seems to relish and grow merry under its awfully Herculean labours. Though turning out every instant the work of ten or twelve men, it never expostulates or grumbles with its employers. An affair of fifty thousand copies is a mere trifle in its estimation. What next—what next—what is to be done next! is its ever ready and cheery demand. There would really be something frightful in this insatiable craving for work, if it were not for the blessed circumstance, as the London printers say, that work somehow always casts up for it, and so keeps the wheels moving without intermission. Need we tell our uninitiated friends, that the planting of such a working monster in a

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printing-office knocks to pieces all the old-fashioned organisation of the establishment! The "office" is no longer an office on a second floor; it is a whole house—compositors are sextupled in number—the wooden presses disappear, being thrust as lumber into some out-of-the-way den, where they are released from all their mortal toils—boys are seen stuck about at various odds and ends of employment—there is a loud rumbling noise of machinery in the lower regions, and the whole concern wears a bustling joyous aspect, quite a different thing from what used to prevail in the dull Dutch-spectacle-on-nose days of the eighteen hundred and ones.

A visit to a modern printing establishment, as may be imagined from these few observations, opens up a new scene for thought. You have for some time been perfectly aware of the fact, that there was an immense deal of printing executed—that the world was becoming a kind of great book-shop, and all the men and women merely readers—but you never exactly formed an idea how this prodigious supply of literature was effected. Here, then, the miracle is at once explained. Printing is now a manufacture. The printing-office is a Factory. And the interior of one of these concerns usually presents a remarkable spectacle of industry, animate and inanimate, which to a stranger leaves a lasting impression on the memory. We have a distinct recollection of our feelings of wonder on seeing for the first time printing machinery in full operation; and though now accustomed to the sight, we always pause a few moments in respectful admiration of the process, and the intellect which brought it into use. To see printing on a grand scale, however, it would be necessary to visit the establishment of Messrs Clowes in London, which is much the largest in Britain, and, consequently, in the world.

A writer in a late number of the Quarterly Review records his astonishment and delight on visiting this very large concern, of which he has noted a few particulars which are worthy of the reader's notice, as giving a graphic picture of a modern printing-house.

"The printing establishment of Messrs Clowes, on the Surrey side of the Thames (for they have a branch office at Charing Cross), is situated between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. Their buildings extend in length from Prince's Street to Duke Street, and in breadth about half the distance. The entrance is by rather a steep declivity into a little low court, on arriving at which, the small counting-house is close on the left; the great steam-presses, type and stereotype foundry, and paper-warehouse, on the right; and the apartments for compositors, *readers*, &c., in front. In the last-mentioned building there are five compositors' halls, the largest of which (on two levels, the upper being termed by the workmen 'the quarter-deck') is two hundred feet in length. The door is nearly in the centre, and, on entering this apartment at daybreak, the stranger sees at once before him, on his right and left, sixty compositors' frames, which, though much larger, are about the height of the music stands in an orchestra. At this early hour they are all deserted, their daily tenants not having arrived. Not a sound is to be heard save the slow ticking of a gaudy-faced wooden clock, the property of the workmen, which faithfully tells when they are entitled to refreshment, and which finally announces to them the joyful intelligence that the hour of their emancipation has arrived.

By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers; others are better clad; several are very well dressed; but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half a pint of tea or coffee, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who with well-combed hair and clean shining faces bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk with a large bundle under his arm—*of* morning newspapers: this intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connection with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticised, applauded, or condemned—an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain.

It is impossible to contemplate a team of sixty literary labourers steadily working together in one room, without immediately acknowledging the important service they are rendering to the civilised world, and the respect which, therefore, is due to them from society. The minutiæ of their art it might be deemed tedious to detail; yet with so many operators in view, it is not difficult, even for an inexperienced visitor, to distinguish the different degrees of perfection at which they have individually arrived."

Passing over the account of the process of composing, and also of correcting the proof sheets, as containing nothing new, we accompany the visitor to the ground floor, whence, on approaching the northern wing of the establishment, "he hears a deep rumbling sound, the meaning of which he is at a loss to understand, until the doors before him being opened, he is suddenly introduced to nineteen enormous steam-presses, which, in three compartments, are all working at the same time. The simultaneous revolution of so much complicated machinery, crowded together in comparatively a very small compass, coupled with a moment's reflection upon the important purpose for which it is in motion, is astounding to the mind; and as broad leather straps are rapidly revolving in all directions, the stranger pauses for a moment to consider whether or not he may not get entangled in the process, and against his inclination, as authors generally say in their prefaces, go 'to press.'

We will not weary *our* reader by attempting a minute delineation of the wonderful picture before him, or even introduce to his notice the intelligent engineer, who, in a building apart from the machinery, is in solitude regulating the clean, well-kept, noiseless steam-engine which gives it motion; we will merely describe the literary process. The lower part of each of the nineteen steam-presses we have mentioned, consists of a bed or table, near the two ends of which lie prostrate the two sets of 'forms,' containing the types we have just seen adjusted, and from which impressions are to be taken.

By the power of machinery, these types, at every throb of the engine, are made horizontally to advance and retire. At every such movement they are met half way by seven advancing black rollers, which diagonally pass over them, and thus, by a most beautiful process, impart to them ink sufficient only for a single impression. Above the table, the forms, and the rollers we have described, are, besides other wheels, two very large revolving cylinders, covered with flannel; the whole apparatus being surmounted by a boy, who has on a lofty table by his side a pile of quires of white paper. Every time the lower bed has moved, this boy places on the upper cylinder a sheet of paper, which is ingeniously confined to its station by being slipped under two strings of tape. It is, however, no sooner affixed there, than by a turn of the engine, revolving with the cylinder, it is flatly deposited on the first of the 'forms,' which, by the process we have described, has been ready inked to receive it: it is there instantaneously pressed, is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, after rapidly revolving with it, it is again left with its white side imposed upon the second 'form,' where it is again subjected to pressure, from which it is no sooner released, than it is hurried within the grasp of another boy at the bottom part of the machinery, who, illumined by a gas light, extricates it from the cylinder, and piles it on a heap by his side.

By virtue of this beautiful process, a sheet of paper, by two revolutions of the engine, with the assistance only of two boys, is imprinted on both sides, with not only, say sixteen pages of letter-press, but with the various wood-cuts which they contain. Excepting an hour's intermission, the engines, like the boys, are at regular work from eight A. M. till eight P. M., besides night-work, when it is required. Each steam-press is capable of printing one thousand sheets an hour.*

Notwithstanding the noise and novelty of this scene, it is impossible either to contemplate for a moment the machinery in motion we have described, or to calculate its produce, without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the art of printing—an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, in spite of 'the envious clouds which seemed bent to dim its glory and check its bright course,' has triumphantly risen above the miasmatical ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

In the fifteenth century (the era of the invention of the art), the brief-men or writers who lived by their manuscripts, seeing that their occupation was about to be superseded, boldly attributed the invention to the devil, and, building on this foundation, men were warned from using diabolical books 'written by victims devoted to hell.' The monks in particular were its inveterate opposers; and the Vicar of Croydon, as if he had foreseen the Reformation which it subsequently effected, truly enough exclaimed, in a sermon preached by him at St Paul's Cross, '*We must root out printing, or printing will root out us!*"

At Messrs Clowes's, the businesses of type-founding and stereotyping are carried on in aid of the general concern, by which means there is an ever-fresh supply of material. "The number of sheets now standing in type in Messrs Clowes's establishment, each weighing on an average about 100 pounds, are above 1600. The weight of type not in forms amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession to about 2000 tons; the cost to the proprietors (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast) about L.200,000. The number of woodcuts is about 50,000, of which stereotype casts are sent to Germany, France, &c. The stereotype plates (as we have already stated) weigh 2000 tons. They are contained in two strong rooms or cellars, which appear to the stranger to be almost a mass of metal. The smallest of these receptacles is occupied entirely with the Religious Tract Society's plates, many of which are fairly entitled to the rest they are enjoying, having already given hundreds of thousands of impressions to the world. Among the plates in this store there are to be seen reposing those of thirteen varieties of bibles and testaments, of numerous books of hymns and psalms, of fifteen different dictionaries, and of a number of other books of acknowledged sterling value; it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the stranger beholds before him, in a single cellar, a capital, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounting to no less than L.200,000."

Ascending to the drying and sorting rooms, where the printed sheets are gathered and packed—"the quantity of paper here amounts to about 3000 reams, each weighing about 25 pounds. The supply of white paper in store, kept in piles about 20 feet high, averages about 7000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication amounts to about 1500 reams (of 500 sheets), each of which averages in size 389¾ square inches. The supply, therefore, of white paper kept on hand, would, if laid down in a path of 22½ inches broad, extend 1230 miles; the quantity printed on both sides per week would form a path of the same breadth of 263 miles in length. The ink used in the same space of time amounts to about 12,000 lbs. The cost of the paper may be about L.100,000; that of the ink exceeding L.1500."

But it is necessary to draw to a conclusion, and we may do so in the valedictory language of the reviewer:—"It is impossible for the mind to contemplate, for a single moment, the *moral* force of the British press, without reflecting, and without acknowledging, that under Providence it is the only engine that can now save the glorious institutions of the British empire from the impending ruin that awaits them," from the hand of intemperate ignorance and violence.

* [This is a little exaggerated. The steam-press for book-work turns out between 750 and 1000 sheets an hour; and as a common hand-press, wrought by two men, produces only 125 sheets or 250 sides per hour, each machine may be said to do the work of about six presses, or twelve men. Some machines employed in printing newspapers, execute 4000 impressions or sides per hour, and thus individually do the work of thirty-two men. Practically, however, the work is of that description which is altogether beyond the reach of human labour, and if not done by machinery, it could not be done at all.]

CORAL ISLANDS—HOW THEY ARE CLOTHED WITH VEGETATION.

A VALUABLE addition has lately been made to geography and natural history, by the publication of a narrative of the surveying voyages of the "Adventure and Beagle." The southern shores of South America were the parts chiefly explored, but notices are given of other quarters of the globe. Amongst a number of very interesting details in the volume devoted to natural history, the production of Mr Darwin, naturalist to the expedition, not the least so are the descriptions of some of the more recently formed coral islands in the Pacific Ocean. We give the following extract as a specimen of Mr Darwin's talents:—

"The next morning, after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards wide; on the lagoon side we have a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which in such a climate is very oppressive; and on the outer coast a solid broad flat of coral rock, which serves to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon, where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and the full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood; there are, however, five or six other kinds. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant weeds. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen and fungus. To this number two trees must be added, one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The other is a solitary tree of its kind in the whole group, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the *one* seed was thrown up by the waves. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit-trees, and imported grasses. As these islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time probably existed as a mere water-washed reef, all the productions now living here must have been transported by the waves of the sea. In accordance to this, the flora has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute: Professor Henslow informs me, that of the twenty species, nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen orders!

In Holman's Travels an account is given on the authority of Mr A. S. Keating, who resided twelve months on these islands, of the various seeds and other bodies which have been known to have been washed on shore. 'Seeds and plants from Sumatra and Java have been driven up by the surf on the windward side of the islands. Among them have been found the Kimini, native of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca; the cocoa-nut of Balei, known by its shape and size; the dadass, which is planted by the Malays with the pepper-vine, the latter intwining round its trunk, and supporting itself by the paicles on its stem; the soap tree, the castor-oil plant, trunks of the sago palm, and various kinds of seeds unknown to the Malays who settled on the islands. These are all supposed to have been driven on shore by the north-west monsoon to the coast of New Holland, and thence to these islands by the south-east trade-wind. Large masses of Java teak and yellow wood have also been found, besides immense trees of red and white cedar, and the blue gum-wood of New Holland, in a perfectly sound condi-

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tion. All the hardy seeds, such as creepers, retain their germinating power; but the softer kinds, among which is the mangostin, are destroyed in the passage. Fishing canoes, apparently from Java, have at times been washed on shore. It is interesting thus to discover how numerous the seeds are, which, coming from several countries, are drifted over the wide ocean. Professor Henslow tells me, he believes that nearly all the plants which I brought from this island are common littoral species in the East India Archipelago. From the direction, however, of the winds and currents, it seems scarcely possible that they can have come here in a direct line. If, as suggested with much probability by Mr Keating, they have first been carried towards the coast of New Holland, and thence drifted back again, together with the productions of that country, the seeds, before germinating, must have travelled between 1800 and 2400 miles." The list of land animals is even poorer than that of plants. Some of the islets are inhabited by rats, which owe their origin to a ship here wrecked. There are no true land birds, but plenty of the web-footed species. Of reptiles, only one small lizard was found. A great many kinds of insects were, however, obtained in numbers. Spiders were very abundant, and a small species of ant swarmed under the loose dry coral. Although the productions of the land were thus scanty, the surrounding seas were found crowded with life. Whence, it may be asked, came even these few land animals? There seems to us but one answer to this query—their eggs must have been wafted hither by the winds.

THE DOG OF BRETTEN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

In the year 1811, I quitted the grand army, then in Germany, on a mission to Spain; and on my way stopped at Bretten, a little town of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I proceeded to the Rath-Haus (town hall), to apply for a billet, and there found the burgomaster conversing, or rather disputing, with one of the inhabitants, who did not spare big words, which are still more big in German than in French. The burgomaster appeared delighted at the arrival of a stranger, as it delivered him from his disagreeable tête-à-tête. He sent off his man in a very bad humour, who presently returned and said, "I have served you faithfully, and find that the proverb is verified. I am treated in the same way as the dog of Bretten. They have put his picture into the town arms, and in order that it may be complete, you should write my name under it." This language was, of course, unintelligible to me; but looking towards the wall, I saw the arms of Bretten surmounted by a dog without a tail. My brave Medor, who had made with me all the campaigns of Napoleon, was by my side; he was a good creature, but by no means handsome; his tail had been cut short off, which did not improve his appearance. "Sir," said the burgomaster to me, "your dog is exactly like that of our town arms. I hope, however, that he will not meet with the same mishap, or rather with something equivalent, for his tail has been cropped short already." "This is the second time," said I, "that I have heard the dog of the town arms mentioned. Pray tell me its history." "Willingly," replied the burgomaster; "but you are fatigued, and are in more need of a dinner than a history. Your billet is to my house, and if you will go there with this lad, who will show you the way, I will soon follow you. I have a few orders to give, and in the meantime, whilst the dinner is preparing, my wife will do her best to amuse you." Having accepted the kind offer of the burgomaster, I set off with my guide, who, as soon as we were in the street, said, "Looking at your dog, sir, one would say that you had stolen him out of the town arms." As we went along, men, women, and children, cried out, "Look! look! there's the dog of Bretten! the town dog come to life!" When we had arrived at the house of the burgomaster, I was very well received by his wife, but she cried out, "*Der Bretten's hund!*" as soon as she saw my dog; and then added, "I hope, sir, he will not be served like the dog of Bretten. But that is impossible; for his tail is cut off as short as it well could be." "Madam," said I, "I have not been in your town more than half an hour, and I have heard of nothing but the dog of Bretten. The worthy burgomaster has promised to tell me its history; but as I am curious to know it at once, perhaps you will have the goodness to relate it." The lady replied that she would not deprive her husband of that pleasure; but as to the history, it was well known to every urchin in the town. The burgomaster soon arrived; and when he had feasted me with true German hospitality, I reminded him of his promise. "It is a very old story," said he, "for the proverb which you have already heard is to be found in the oldest books. It is mentioned by Fischart, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century. In our country, when a man has not been rewarded for his services, we say, 'He is treated in the same way as the dog of Bretten.' There was formerly in Bretten a sportsman whose dog, which was full of sagacity, had been admirably trained. He wanted nothing but speech, and the want of this he sometimes seemed to supply by the peculiar wagging of his tail. He was alike valuable in the field and in the town. He executed all the commissions of his master, who had nothing to do but to put a basket in his mouth, with a note to the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer, in which was enclosed the money for what he wanted, and to mention the word butcher, baker, or grocer, when off trotted the dog to fetch the provisions, which he religiously respected. If his master wished to invite any friend to come and see him, he had but to utter the name, and the dog would run off, and pulling the intended guest by the coat, inform him that he was wanted. Every body was fond of the dog, and every body called it the dog of Bretten. One day the sportsman sent his dog with his basket, and a note to the butcher, who was a zealous Catholic, whereas the sportsman was a Protestant. The animal arrived at the shop, wagged his tail, and presented his note, which was for some sausages. 'Sausages on a Friday!' exclaimed the butcher, colouring with rage. 'Meat on a Friday! Well, if you must have meat,' said the ruffian, taking a hatchet, and cutting off the poor dog's tail close to the rump, and then putting it into the basket, 'there it is.' The poor dog, bleeding and in pain, returned home, laid his basket before his master, stretched himself out, and died. Judge of the fury of his master. He rushed out of his house, armed with a sword, determined to kill the butcher. Fortunately for himself, the wretch got notice of the intended visit, and escaped from the town, for men, women, and children, had sworn to avenge the cruel murder of their favourite. On the following day it was unanimously voted that as the poor dog could not be brought to life, his portrait should be embodied in the town arms."

SCRAPS FROM LORREQUER.

The following anecdote of Curran is too good to be lost, and is not generally known:—

Poor Philpot, when he dined with the guild of merchant tailors, they gave him a gold box with their arms upon it—a goose proper with needles saltier wise, or something of that kind; and they made him free of their "ancient and loyal corporation," and gave him a very grand dinner. Well, Curran was mighty pleasant and agreeable, and kept them laughing all night till the moment he rose to go away, and then he told them that he never spent so happy an evening, and all that. "But, gentlemen," said he, "business has its calls—I must tear myself away; so, wishing you now every happiness and prosperity"—there were just eighteen of them—"permit me to take my leave," and here he stole near the door—"to take my leave, and bid you *both* good night."

A very curious incident in the life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary is humorously transferred to the Knight of Kerry. When O'Leary was a student in France, he went to see an exhibition of "The Wild Man of the Sea," and found that the show was an Irishman stitched into a bear-skin. Lorrequer has removed the exhibition to London, and substituted the knight for the friar, with what effect the reader may judge for himself.

The knight paid his money, and was admitted. At first the crowd prevented his seeing any thing—for the place was full to suffocation, and the noise awful—for, besides the exclamations and applause of the audience, there were three barrel-organs playing "Home, sweet Home," and "Cherry Ripe," and the wild man himself contributed his share to the uproar. At last the knight obtained, by dint of squeezing, a view of his person, and, to his very great horror, beheld a figure that far eclipsed the portrait without doors.

It was a man nearly naked, covered with long shaggy hair, that grew even over his nose and cheek bones. He sprang about, sometimes on his feet, sometimes all-fours, but always uttering the most fearful yells, and glaring upon the crowd in a manner that was really dangerous. The knight did not feel exactly happy at the whole proceeding, and began heartily to wish himself back in the "house," even upon a committee of privileges, when suddenly the savage gave a more frantic yell than before, and seized upon a morsel of raw beef, which a keeper extended to him upon a long fork like a tandem whip, as he was not safe, it appears, at close quarters. This he tore to pieces eagerly, and devoured in the most voracious manner, amid great clapping of hands and other evidences of satisfaction from the audience. "I'll go now," thought the knight, "for God knows whether in his hungry moods he might not fancy to conclude his dinner by a member of parliament." Just at this instant some sounds struck upon his ear, which surprised him not a little. He listened more attentively; and conceive, if you can, his amazement to find that amid his most fearful cries and wild yells the savage was talking Irish. Laugh if you like, but it's truth I'm telling you; nothing less than Irish. There he was, jumping four feet high in the air, eating his raw meat, pulling out his hair by handfuls, and amid all this, cursing the whole company to his heart's content in as good Irish as ever was heard in Tralee. Now, though the knight had heard of red Jews and white Negroes, he had never happened to hear any account of an African Irishman; so he listened very closely, and by degrees not only the words were known to him, but the very voice was familiar. At length something he heard left no further doubt on his mind, and turning to the savage, he addressed him in Irish, at the same time fixing a look of most scrutinising import upon him.

"Who are you, you scoundrel?" said the knight.

"Billy M'Cabe, your honour."

"And what do you mean by playing off your tricks here, instead of earning your bread like an honest man?"

"Whisht," said Billy, "and keep the secret. I'm earning the rent for your honour. One must do many a queer thing that pays two pound ten an acre for bad land."

This was enough: the knight wished Billy every success, and left him amid the vociferous applause of a well satisfied audience. This adventure, it seems, has made the worthy knight a great friend to the introduction of poor-laws, for, he remarks very truly, "more of Billy's countrymen might take a fancy to a savage life, if the secret was found out."

ANECDOTES OF TURENNE.

Marshal Turenne, an eminent French general, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIV., was one of the most generous and high-minded men of his age. It has been said that his generosity and benevolence had no limits. No one ever begged of him, without receiving something; and if he had nothing in his purse at the moment, he borrowed from any officer near him, desiring the lender to ask it back from his treasurer. That functionary, in reference to this practice, came to the marshal one day, and said that he suspected some persons of coming to ask sums which they had never lent. "Give them, nevertheless, all that they ask," said Turenne; "if they *have* lent money to me, they must in justice be repaid; if they have *not* lent it to me, the poor rogues must be in great distress, else they would never have thought of making such a request; and so we should assist them." He was ingenious in devising means for sparing the feelings of those to whom he gave assistance. A poor gentleman having come to the army ill furnished with necessaries, the marshal feigned an anxiety to have certain horses of his, and gave him an admirable set in exchange for very inferior animals, affecting to be the party favoured and benefited by the bargain. A large sum of money once fell to him as his own property. Pretending to have received it purposely from the court, he assembled all those officers who most required aid, and divided it betwixt them, as the bounty of the sovereign. On another occasion, when an officer *had got* his horses killed in battle, Turenne supplied *their* place at his own cost, at the same time telling the officer not to speak of the donation, as "he had not the means of so acting by every one;" thus, upon a pretext of economy, getting his generosity kept secret. His disinterestedness in money matters cannot be better displayed than by mentioning the single fact, that while all other generals of the day grew rich, he ended his campaigns poorer than when he began. One day, when he was in the enemy's country, the inhabitants of a neighbouring city sent to offer him a hundred thousand crowns if he would take *his* army by a route different from that in which their city lay. "As your city does not lie in the line in which I always intended to take my troops, I cannot accept the money you offer me." Delicacy of conscience was never carried farther. Well might the enemies of France weep, as they are said to have done, for Turenne.

The care which he took of the fortunes of his officers and soldiers, from the greatest to the least, was incessant. He made known their services to the court, and never allowed his veterans to suffer distress in their old age, or merit to go unrewarded. To his domestic servants his liberality was extreme. On one occasion a servant of his went to Colbert, the financial minister, and had the audacity to use his master's name in asking for some small place for himself. Colbert was charmed with the opportunity of serving Turenne, and brought to him in person the commission or document appointing the petitioner to the office. The marshal was surprised, but said nothing, till he called for the domestic by whom the thing had been done. The man, conscious of his fault, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy. Turenne raised him, and put the commission into his hands, saying, "If you had spoken to me, I would have done this for you; I am only sorry that any thing *should* have occurred to take you away from *my service*." The confounded domestic stammered something about his "large family," and the generous hero aided him with money to enter on his new office. Turenne had a degree of self-command and power of restraining his passions, equalled only by what we are told of some great men of antiquity. One day, while passing along the streets of Paris in his coach, the vehicle became entangled with others, on which a young gentleman grew angry with Turenne's coachman, and coming up to him, struck him with a cane. "What!" cried a bystander, "will you dare to beat the servants of Turenne?" The young gentleman believed he had ruined himself, but Turenne merely said, with a smile, "You understand how to chastise my people, sir, most admirably; they need it sometimes; and when occasion again occurs, I shall send for you." Reproof lay under this remark, but of a gentle and generous kind.

His integrity was proverbial. All the nations with whom he came in contact in war, knew this so well, that, in making treaties or entering into engagements of any kind, they always sought the guarantee of his personal word, and, having obtained this, cared for no other security. Even French diplomatists, at distant courts, gained their ends by the mere aid of his name for good faith. The modesty of this great general was an equally conspicuous trait in his character. His dispatches, even when announcing the grandest successes, were brief statements of fact, unvarnished and unexaggerated. His letters show him to have had a profound sense of religion. Many such passages as the following occur:—"We are about to open the campaign. I have prayed earnestly to God that he will enable me to pass through it in his fear, knowing no greater earthly blessing than to have a conscience at ease, as far as our weak nature will permit."

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THE MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR.

THAT there always will be poor in all communities, is, we believe, pretty generally acknowledged. It is, however, matter of debate, by what regulations the numbers and sufferings of the poor are most likely to be kept at a low amount. The opinions on this subject are very various and opposite, and the practice is also different in different countries. It is obviously a question for which a settlement is greatly desirable, seeing that the comfort of individuals and of communities in so great a measure depends on it.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that in England, since the end of the sixteenth century, the poor, both those who are so from helplessness, and those who are so from want of employment, have been supported by a tax on the more fortunate part of the community. From a period near the end of the last century, a special regulation existed, by which wages to a certain amount were guaranteed to labouring men; but as this was found to lead to abuses, it was abolished in 1834. In that year, the general arrangements respecting the poor underwent considerable changes; but the principle remains unaltered, that the poor, without the least regard to the circumstances which have brought about their poverty, are entitled to be supported out of the fruits of the industry of the rest; and supported they are accordingly, in mansions reared throughout the country for the purpose. The total sum required for the support of the poor in England and Wales in 1836, was L.6,413,119, being less by two and a third millions than was required in 1833, the last year of the abused system. The expense is calculated to be at the rate of about six shillings per annum for each individual in the whole population. In all the other European states, some provision is made for the poor; but it is only in the northern and some of the German states that there is a legal acknowledgment, as in England, of the *right* of every person to be rescued from destitution by the public; in others, namely, Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, the Sardinian States, Austria, Greece, and Turkey, the applicant's *legal right* does not seem to be so distinctly acknowledged, though provision is nevertheless largely, and in some cases amply, made from public funds for his relief. In Ireland, till very lately, there was no sort of legal provision for the poor; and in Scotland, though a legal provision has long existed, it is on a scale far beneath that of England.

What has brought the subject at this time under our attention, is the recent publication of a pamphlet, bearing particularly upon the management of the poor in Scotland,* but in reality illustrating the whole question in a manner calculated to arrest general attention. The author is Dr W. P. Alison, professor of medicine in the Edinburgh University, and late President of the Edinburgh College of Physicians—a gentleman whose name has not been heard in connection with the agitation of any of the great questions of the day, but who has at length deemed it proper to step out of comparative privacy in a cause which must interest every philanthropic mind. We readily own that, though we have long suspected great errors on this subject, we were never fully aware of them till we perused this admirable emanation of just reasoning and genuine benevolence.

In Scotland, the whole funds raised as a systematic provision for the poor amount to only about L.140,000 per annum, or about 1s. 4d. for every individual in the country, being in proportion less than a fourth of what is raised in England. A great part of the funds arises from collections at the church-doors; for, though there is an act empowering the raising of a rate, it is acted on only in about half of the number of parishes, and there very hesitatingly and inadequately. Practically, the helpless poor get, in most parishes, some small weekly pittance, generally about a shilling, often as low as ninepence, and even sixpence (the allowance for children being proportionally less); from which they are expected to support themselves in their own homes. In many parishes there is absolutely no relief of any kind, and in none is the claim of persons possessing health and strength admitted, however destitute they may be from circumstances. There are workhouses only at two places, and there the average annual sum expended on the support of paupers is about L.6. The smallness of all these provisions is not to be rashly attributed to want of feeling on the part of the nation. There is in Scotland a strong prejudice against all but self-dependent modes of existence. It is a general opinion that all succour held out to any but the helpless poor, is productive of evil instead of good, even to the poor themselves. This succour is thought to be particularly detrimental, when it is the result of a fixed assessment or rate, for then it is supposed that the poor are led more particularly to depend on the public charity instead of their own exertions. The smallness of the sums given to the helpless can only be attributed to this general prejudice against pauper relief, for it may be presumed, that, if there were another feeling in the case, the ordinary slender funds would be augmented by a sufficient assessment. What proves very strikingly, that opinion, and not want of benevolent feeling, is the main cause of the small provision, is, that the poor have as great a disinclination to ask public charity as the wealthier classes to give it. This is, in the rural parishes particularly, always a last resource, and one which is never resorted to without a pang of the severest kind. A wish to keep up a spirit of independence in the humbler classes, is perhaps one of the main sources of that anxiety which is always manifested by the wealthy to restrict by all possible means the amount of the funds devoted to the relief of the poor.

The object of Dr Alison's pamphlet is to prove that this system of restriction is attended by evils which ought to make it a subject of shame rather than pride to the community. He contends that, in large towns more especially, it is productive of wide scenes of misery, shocking to all benevolent feeling, and positively dangerous in some respects to the rest of the inhabitants. He shows that in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and other large cities, where there is no thorough system of relief for the poor, fever has been of late years prevalent to a degree quite unknown in any English town; a fact which must in the main be ascribed to the wretched condition of great hordes of people gathered in the meaner parts of those towns. Will it be believed that, in two late years, one-*sixteenth* of the population of Edinburgh, and one-*sixth* of the population of Glasgow, were affected by dangerous fevers? The average number of cases treated in the hospitals of Glasgow during the last seven years, has been 1842, while in Leeds, where the inhabitants are a little more than a half, the average for the same period has been 274; and in Newcastle and Gateshead, where the inhabitants are about a fourth, only 39; there being in Bath, during the same period, "only a few cases." It is true, that want of cleanliness, bad ventilation, and so forth, are among the causes of fever; but Dr Alison contends, and apparently with success, that destitution is the main and primary cause. He also shows that, as fever is more apt to carry off the adult than the young, it burdens the public with immense numbers of orphans, many of them the children of persons who, if spared, would have kept them above public charity. Thus, so far, the restrictive system seems to spread, instead of limiting, the evil of pauperism. When a fatal epidemic breaks out in one of the towns in question, subscriptions are generally raised by the wealthy classes to succour the suffering poor; and the evil is thereby perhaps alleviated in some, but only in a slight degree. The victims of the pestilence have been prepared for it by years of unrelieved suffering, and that generosity which once might have prevented disease, is now unable to arrest its calamitous progress.

The popular doctrine in Scotland is that advanced by some political economists, that systematic relief for the poor leads to habits of improvidence, and encourages marriages amongst persons unable to support their offspring, thus tending to increase, instead of diminishing, pauperism. Dr Alison, on the contrary, maintains that "poor-laws, such as exist in England, do not interfere with moral restraint, but support and strengthen it; and that moral restraint is nowhere so feeble, and population (in a long-inhabited country) nowhere makes such rapid progress, as where there is no legal provision for the destitute, and where therefore the prospect of destitution is always, clear, obvious, and immediate." He appeals in the first place to experience. "In England a poor-rate has been generally enforced for 250 years, and in some respects been carried to an injudicious height during at least fifty years. We know that the population of a country may be doubled in twenty years. There has therefore been abundance of time for the English poor-laws, if they really afford the 'direct, constant, and systematic encouragement to marriage' which has been supposed, to cause such an increase of the population there, and such an amount *not only of pauperism, but of misery*, consequent on redundant population, as would have put beyond all doubt the truth of the theory. But how stands the fact? * * * We find that the population of England has kept strictly within her proper limits, while that of Ireland has so completely outrun them, that famines in Ireland are of nearly periodical recurrence, the lives of the people are continually shortened by cold and hunger, and the overflow of her population has pauperised both England and Scotland, besides extending to America." England (in the opinion of Mr Senior) stands in the most favourable position of all the countries of Europe with regard to wages. The average annual expenditure of her labouring families is L.33, while that of Ireland is L.5, 8s. The proportion of the annual births to the whole population in England is small. The number of paupers is as one in ten, while in Ireland there are 2,300,000 people who are wholly or partially mendicants, out of an entire population of about seven millions. The difference is here too great, Dr Alison justly remarks, to allow of a supposition that the pauperism of Ireland is attributable solely to circumstances independent of pauper relief.

"It is true," he remarks, "that the lower Irish are a rude and imperfectly civilised people, but they are not so illiterate as many of the English poor, in whom the principle of moral restraint is much more powerful; and the law of nature, by which the improvidence of parents leads to the destitution of children, is, as Mr Malthus himself observes, 'intelligible to the humblest capacity.' Even if the advocates of the theory resort to the extravagant supposition that there is something in the Irish character specifically different from all others in this respect, and making them reckless and improvident where others would be pru-

* Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland, and of its Effects on the Health of the Great Towns. By William Pulteney Alison, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Blackwood and Sons.

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dent, this will not avail them, for any one who chooses to make the observation will see, that among the educated poor of Scotland the same union of reckless improvidence with extreme destitution, is uniformly found; and we shall see afterwards that the same holds of other countries.

The truth is, that below a certain grade of poverty, the preventive check of moral restraint has no power. Twenty-five years of observation of the habits of the poor have shown me, that there are none among whom population makes so rapid progress as those who see continually around them examples of utter destitution and misery. In such circumstances, men hardly look forward to the future more than animals. It is easy for us to say, that by cutting off from a poor family any prospect of relief, in case of destitution, we can make them careful and prudent. The practical result is widely different. Another alternative is uniformly embraced. *They lower their habits;* and those who have not been accustomed to observe them, are not aware how much reduction of comfort the family of a labouring man, disabled or deprived of employment, may undergo, and not only life be preserved, but the capacity for occasional irregular and precarious employment continue. Their better clothes may be pawned, their furniture and bed-clothes may be sold, they can lie on straw or shavings of wood, sometimes on 'bare boards,' and never undress; two or more families may be crowded into a single room, and struggle to pay the rent among them. Such associations of 'lone women,' who have only occasional employment, and of unemployed and disabled men, widows and orphans, are continually formed. They gather cinders on the streets late at night and early in the morning, they beg for bread, wherever they are permitted, among the rich, and if repelled from them, they seek for sympathy among the poor. Three meals in the week will support life for many weeks. I have known instances, where I had satisfactory moral evidence that the mothers of such families have submitted, for the sake of their children, to such privations for months together. If they fall sick, as after a time they infallibly do, the medical charities come to their relief. Thus, almost without visible means of subsistence, many of the poorest families in this and other great towns manage to pass the winter, while in summer they find precarious and desultory employment in fields and gardens. Now, if you mark the conduct of people who have fallen thus low, or watch the future progress of children brought up in this state of misery and degradation, you look in vain for the principle of moral restraint, or for indications of prudential motives, counteracting the natural tendency of human passions. Many of the children die miserably in early youth, and those who survive are uniformly reckless and improvident. The daughters of families thus circumstanced receive no education which fits them even for service; they are almost uniformly mothers at the age of twenty, and the progress of population is thus rendered most rapid in that portion of society which lies nearest the verge of absolute starvation.

On the other hand, when men are preserved from this state of hopeless and abject destitution, they all (or with few and trifling exceptions) gradually fall, more or less, under the dominion of *artificial wants*, and form to themselves a *standard of comfort*, from which they will never willingly descend, and to maintain which they will keep themselves under a degree of restraint unknown to those of the poor, who are continually struggling to obtain the first necessaries of life. Such observations have been very frequently made on a small scale by many others as well as myself, and they seem to me amply to confirm and easily to explain the result of the grand experiment in which Ireland and England have been engaged during the last two centuries. Indeed, the simple fact, already mentioned, of the habitual *cleanliness* of most of the English poor, even in the most pauperised counties, as compared with those either of Ireland or Scotland, is of itself sufficient to show where the preventive check is in fullest operation."

These views are striking, and they are supported by the experience of other countries. In the Azores, where there are no laws for granting succour to the poor, unless they be sick, "poverty does not appear," we learn from authentic evidence, "to check matrimony: in general, the poor people marry at an early age." The same, we find, is the case in Sardinia, one of the countries where there is no adequate legal provision for the poor. The swarms of Neapolitan lazzaroni need only be alluded to. On the other hand, in Denmark, Holland, and Prussia, where the provision for the poor is ample, there is comparatively much prudence with regard to contracting marriage. Again, the English peasantry eat wheaten bread, and maintain a generally high standard of comfort—a circumstance quite incompatible with the theory of a debasement or a redundancy of population by means of the poor-laws; whereas the Scotch are content with plainer fare, and the Irish live on the humblest of all esculent substances.

"The whole secret of the preventive check," says Dr Alison, "appears to me to consist in the growth and support of *artificial wants* among the poor. Now, in order to understand how these are fostered by the practical application of the poor-laws, it is necessary to look chiefly to their effect on the *rising generation*. Take the common case of a labourer dying in middle life, and leaving a family of young children; or disabled by injury or disease, and unable to provide for his family. If this happens in Ireland, his widow or family has no resource but in vagrancy and casual charity; and in Scotland, the legal relief granted is often a mere pittance: the children are brought up in misery, they cannot possibly acquire any artificial wants, or look forward to the enjoyment of any comforts, and all experience (if on so large a scale as to be freed from accidental fallacies) teaches, that in these circumstances there is no moral or prudential check on their increase. But in England they fall under the protection of the law; they are fixed to their parishes, and brought up under the eye of persons more or less interested in their welfare; their habits are prevented from degenerating; they grow up under the influence of artificial wants, and would feel themselves degraded if they were voluntarily to part with such of the comforts of life as they have hitherto enjoyed, and descend to the filth and penury of the Irish cabin. They live on wheaten bread, as Mr Malthus himself tells us, and are practically content to remain in smaller numbers than they might have been, had they been satisfied with coarser fare. Experience proves that their numbers do not become redundant, and that their standard of comfort in after-life does not degenerate from that of their fathers.

That the artificial wants, which nature never fails to awaken in the minds of all young persons who are brought up in tolerable comfort, are in reality an infinitely more effectual check on early marriages and excessive population, than the mere prospect of want of food is in the minds of persons brought up in utter destitution, must, I think, appear obvious to any one who reflects on the difference in this respect between the higher and lower ranks of society in all countries. How many men are there, in the different ranks which intervene between the lowest and the highest, who purposely defer the period of marriage until they shall be able, not merely to maintain a family, but to maintain it on that precise level on which they are themselves moving, and who die childless before they can accomplish their design! How many women of these ranks pass their lives in single blessedness, not because they are afraid of starvation for themselves or their offspring, but because taste, or vanity, or sundry other considerations, forbid their forming unions with men whom they consider their inferiors! How many motives of filial affection, of duty, of self-respect, of hope, of pride, of avarice, of ambition, combine to determine the question of marriage, or celibacy, in the ranks of which we now speak! These ranks, in reality, never become redundant; many die without offspring, but few of them descend into the lowest rank, and none have their lives shortened by mere privations. The lower in society that these complex motives operate, the more effectual is the preventive check. That some of them are in full operation in the English paupers, and restrain their increase, the facts already stated sufficiently prove; but which of them finds place in the Irish cabin?"

After some quotations from another author, showing that, in the interval between the Reformation and the commencement of the poor-law, the peasantry of England were nearly in the same condition as those of Ireland, with respect to mendicancy, misery, and agrarian disturbances, Dr Alison continues: "I assert, then, with confidence, that all experience teaches, not only that unrelieved suffering is quite ineffectual to teach prudence or moral restraint to the poor, but that it has uniformly the very opposite effect; and, on the other hand, that the natural effect of well-timed and well-directed public charity is not only to relieve suffering, but to *prevent degradation*, and so to support and strengthen the only check on excessive population which either policy or humanity will allow us to contemplate. It *is not the fear of lowering, but the hope of maintaining or bettering their condition*, which really constitutes that preventive check, and that hope is continually maintained among the poor, by the certainty of assistance in distress, in circumstances where it would otherwise have been extinguished in despair. The English poor have become cautious, just as they have become cleanly, not in consequence of positive laws or direct exhortations, but by the silent operation of those feelings of human nature which always raise the standard of comfort among those who are steadily preserved from the degradation of hopeless poverty."

Dr Alison meets successfully a number of minor objections which have been taken to poor-laws, as that they diminish voluntary benevolence, that they rank up the rich and poor in hostility against each other, and that they have an injurious effect on the application of capital and the wages of labour. We are not able to follow him through these reasonings, but cannot resist adverting to one triumphant fact on the first point—that, during the famine in the west of Ireland in 1822, L.100,000 was subscribed for its relief in rate-oppressed England, while the land-proprietors of one of the Irish counties where the distress was experienced, could only raise one hundred! Our author also enters into arguments to prove the direct practical advantages of legal provision, namely, its being much more effectual for the permanent relief of misery in the lower orders, and much more just towards the higher orders; its acting much more uniformly, its amount being much more easily adapted to the real wants of the poor, and its kind being in each case more properly suited to their character and circumstances; and its securing an interest in the concerns of the poor throughout the whole community. He finally recommends the required changes in the Scottish poor-laws, the most important of which is an uniform assessment sufficient to give relief to the whole of the poor, not only those who are sick or impotent, but those who from any cause are destitute, and this relief to be of sufficient amount, instead of being, as at present, a kind of mockery of the wants to which it professes to be applied. We greatly regret that we are unable to transfer any of the excellent arguments brought forward by Dr Alison against the common but short-sighted doctrine as to moral or other merits being necessary on the part of poor applicants to constitute a claim for relief. His views on this subject exactly meet those which we have oftener than once advocated in this journal. There are few things which have more forcibly impressed us throughout life than the unreasonableness of expecting all kinds of virtues from human beings when they are unfortunate, and *only then*.

We conclude with an earnest hope that the excellent purpose which this pamphlet has directly in view will not be disappointed, but that the attention which it has already excited in the more thinking circles of our two largest cities will be felt ere long over the whole country, and that, all existing prejudices being undermined, it will be the means of introducing a system of poor-relief more agreeable to our pretensions as a Christian community.

THE MULETEER.

A STORY OF RECENT OCCURRENCE IN SPAIN.*

One evening in the autumn of the year 183–, Cirisco Martinez, the muleteer or carrier who passed regularly between Madrid and Alicant, was seated at the gate of a hostelry near the western outport of the last mentioned city. Cirisco was almost ready to set out on his stated journey, one of a rather momentous character in the existing state of the country, and he was now enjoying himself for the last time with a few of his intimates, who were seated around him, smoking, and drinking from a leathern or goatskin bottle, already somewhat flaccid with passing from hand to hand. Cirisco was in high and jovial spirits, but he still had an eye to business. Taking a long pull at the skin, he exclaimed, "Hollo! uncle Melchor! master landlord! hang me if I shall put up any more at this hostelry of yours. Your wine is as sour as vinegar, and your Babieca up there, your sign of the Cid's horse, brings me no good luck. Here have I two of my mules yet without their load; neither passenger nor burden have I got to go upon them. Hollo!" continued he, addressing the casual passers by, "who will go to Madrid? It shall never be said that Cirisco Martinez went with an idle mule from Alicant. Who will go to Pavia, Monfort, Monover, Vecla, or Albacete? Come forward; you will find me accommodating."

The latter part of this address of the jolly muleteer did not pass unnoticed. A stranger stept forward, and said to Cirisco, "When do you expect to arrive in Madrid?" "In nine days," replied the muleteer; "that is to say, friend, I am bound by my engagement to deliver my goods at that time in Madrid. But, to tell you the truth, I always make a little reservation, and say, to myself at least, 'if time and tide permit.'" "Perhaps your goods would be inconvenient to a traveller, if he were to engage one of your mules," said the stranger; "are you heavily loaded? What kind of merchandise have you?" The muleteer pointed to a shed behind him, where his packages were lying under cover, and exclaimed, "For my part, I don't know what sort of stuff I am to carry, but if you are curious to know, you may look at those bales and packs. There is something written upon them, but I only know whither they are to go. That is my part of the business; and, besides, the fact is, that my eyes are too weak to read handwriting." The light-hearted muleteer winked as he said this to his companions, who immediately set up a loud laugh, knowing that poor Cirisco, like themselves probably, was no great scholar. Meanwhile, the stranger went forward to the packs, on a number of which were written, in pretty large letters, the words,

Vasos de Plata
y Pala era
Sacadens de
hierro y otros.

The meaning of this superscription, though somewhat obscured by the mode of putting it down, might readily have been made out to be, "Vessels of silver and virgin gold, with fancy-work of iron, and other articles."

After the stranger had looked attentively at the bales, he said to Cirisco, "When do you set out for Madrid?" "To-morrow evening," was the reply. "Very well," said the stranger; "I do not know yet, whether it will be convenient for me to go with you or not, but I hope you will have company by the way in any case."

* The above story is a version, without any alteration in the important points, of one which appeared in the Spanish journals within these few years. The facts of the narrative, for the reader must understand that the whole story is true, came out on the trial of the parties concerned, before the criminal courts of Alicant.

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On the evening of the following day, according to purpose, Ciriaco had his mules at the gate of the hostelry of Babieca, ready to depart. A young and high-spirited horse, the long grey tail of which swept the ground, stood saddled and bridled beside them, being a favourite animal, which Ciriaco preferred to ride while guiding his string of mules on their way. At its saddle-bow hung a goodly flask, wherewith its master might charm away the toils and weariness of the journey. With a horn slung round his shoulders, and a pistol or two at his belt, Ciriaco himself appeared, mounted his horse, bade a cheerful adieu to his host Melchor, and moved away slowly with his mules, chanting the while the old romance that tells the loves of Almansor and the fair Zoraide. For a short time the bells of his mules were heard tinkling in unison, but soon Ciriaco and his charge were both out of sight and of sound.

Towards the middle of that same night, the people of the hostelry of Babieca were roused from their quiet slumbers by a violent knocking at the outer gate. The sound was so loud, and so remarkable in its character, that every individual of the household was speedily on foot, under the impression that the gate would be knocked to pieces. On going to it, and opening it, their amazement was great to behold a riderless horse striking the door violently with its hoofs. Their surprise was still greater when they discovered it to be the horse of Ciriaco Martinez. The first thought which struck all, was, that Ciriaco had fallen asleep, and had been thrown to the ground by some false step of the animal. They opened the gate wide for the horse to enter. But although it came forward so far as to show that it was covered with foam and streaks of blood, it did not pass into its stable. Wheeling around before they could seize it, the horse set off at full speed in the direction whence it had come. The creature was wild and excited, and the blood which had been seen on its sides led the landlord Melchor to the sad conclusion that some serious evil had befallen the merry-hearted Ciriaco.

With the first dawn of morning, Melchor was out with two companions on the road which Ciriaco had followed in his journey. After travelling some leagues, they observed one part of the road to be peculiarly marked and trampled. They also saw footsteps leading aside from the place, and, pursuing them, they reached the middle of a piece of untilled ground. There, under a rudely and hastily piled heap of stones and furze, they discovered the corpse of the unfortunate Ciriaco Martinez. He had received a shot through the body, and his head, besides, was horribly mutilated. Melchor immediately went and alarmed the people of the two neighbouring villages of Monfort and Monover, and a hasty pursuit was commenced in all directions. Judging by the tracks of the missing mules, it was believed that the robbers and murderers had not continued the route to Madrid, but had taken some other course. Other travellers had been on the road, however, and this point was not easily determined. It is possible that the pursuit was not carried far enough; but however this may have been, certain it is, that the authors of poor Ciriaco's murder were not discovered by Melchor and his assistants.

Two or three days after this event, Juan de la Rosa, carrier between Madrid and Cadiz, chanced to be at the village of Caracuel, near Ciudad Real, where the news of the murder had not yet arrived. Juan de la Rosa was accustomed to lodge at the same inn in Madrid with Ciriaco Martinez, and knew him intimately. Great, therefore, was the amazement of Juan to see in the village of Caracuel the mules of his friend under the charge and in the possession of a stranger. He was sure about the mules, and in particular one of them, for he himself had long possessed the animal, and had only sold it to Ciriaco about two months previously. Of the identity of this mule he was perfectly certain. Taking an opportunity to ask the new owner how long he had possessed the mules, Juan received for reply that the other had owned them more than a year. This answer rendered Juan assured that something was amiss, and he informed a magistrate of his suspicions. This functionary went to the inn to examine the stranger, and look at his bales. On being asked to whom the bales belongod, the stranger first said that they belonged to himself, and then, on its being hinted as very unlikely that he should be possessed of what seemed to be valuable treasure, he stated that the bales had only been entrusted to him to be conveyed from Jaer to Bedajar.

These contradictions, and the suspicions of Juan de la Rosa, would perhaps have been insufficient to justify the detention of the man, but circumstances occurred which soon removed this difficulty. A crowd had assembled about the inn of Carscuel, where the magistrate had gone to examine the stranger, and some persons had noticed "Vasos de P.lata," &c. on the bales. One individual, more sharp-sighted than his neighbours, immediately suggested that the owner of the mules might be an emissary of Gomez, the lieutenant of Don Carlos, and that he was doubtless conveying treasure to some place or other, to serve the lieutenant's treasonable purposes. As, in the hurried shiftings of the Spanish civil war, treasure had often been buried for a time, and afterwards lifted, the opinion of the individual mentioned at once found believing auditors. "He is an emissary of Gomez," cried the mob, and the magistrate was compelled by their clamours to take the stranger into custody. At the same time, the bales were left untouched, and carefully locked up.

Putting faith in the statement of Juan de la Rosa, rather than in the suspicions of the mob, the magistrates of Caracuel did not neglect to send a messenger to Alicant, to inquire respecting Ciriaco Martinez. The answer was immediate and startling—"Ciriaco Martinez is murdered." The messenger also brought an order for the transmission of the stranger, who called himself Don Manuel de Basabru of Catalonia, to Alicant. This order was immediately obeyed, his guilt seeming beyond all doubt.

At Alicant, Don Manuel de Basabru was soon brought to trial. Besides the identification of Ciriaco's mules, and other criminatory circumstances, one man came forward in evidence, who had actually seen the murder. This witness was Juan Pacheco, a peasant of Monfort, the village adjoining the spot where Ciriaco was found. Juan de Pacheco deposed as follows:—

"At the end of last month, our *Barilla* plants were approaching maturity; and as the foxes are so fond of some parts of these plants that they sometimes destroy whole plantations in a night, it is necessary to watch them, and all the neighbours take the watch by turns. On the night on which it was my turn to watch, I lay down among some tufts of rosemary, in such a position that I could see, with the help of the moon, a large extent of country, without being myself perceived. I had not lain long, till I saw, very near me, a man whom I did not know, but who resembled the prisoner in form and stature. He was armed with a fusil, like myself, and it was my belief that he was one who had come out, like myself, to watch the foxes. In this impression I was confirmed when I saw him squat down behind some broom-bushes not far from me, and I was less heedful than I might have been in keeping myself awake. In short, sleep came over me, and I know not how long I continued under its influence. The sound of mule-bells awoke me, and the report of a gun followed immediately after. I raised my head, and distinctly beheld on the road, which ran close by the spot, a string of loaded mules, near which lay a man upon the ground, with another—the person I had before seen—standing over him, and apparently robbing his person."

Here the witness was interrupted by his examinators, who asked him why he did not run to the succour of the fallen man. The witness answered that "he was afraid of bringing danger upon himself," and was allowed to continue his narrative.

"The man upon the ground struggled, and I heard him cry to the other, 'Wretch! you will pay for this!' to which the robber answered, 'Yes, with the *demon's money*;' and as he spoke, he threw a large stone forcibly upon the head of the prostrate man, which appeared to kill him.* The assassin then threw the body over the back of a horse standing by, and took it into the middle of the adjoining field. On returning to the road, the murderer tried to mount the horse, but it escaped his grasp and galloped off. He followed it for some distance, and then returned to the mules, one of which he mounted, and then went off hastily with the whole. These circumstances (said the witness in conclusion) I related to others on hearing of the murder of Ciriaco Martinez."

When these and other circumstances had been brought out, Don Manuel de Basabru still stoutly denied all participation in the murder of Ciriaco. Regarding the bales of goods, he returned to his first assertion that they were his own property. The judges confronted him with the merchant from whom Ciriaco had received them in charge, yet Don Manuel, as he called himself, persisted in his daring denial.

"Then what do these bales contain?" said the judge, pointing to them; "it is visible that they have never been opened since first packed up, but you can inform us what they contain?"

"That is not difficult to tell, indeed," replied the prisoner boldly. "Any one who can read may tell their contents from the superscription which I put upon them, '*Vasos de plata y pala ora, acadenarios de hierro y otros.*'" (Vessels of silver and virgin gold, fancy articles of iron, and others.)

The merchant who claimed the property, when he heard Don Manuel make this interpretation of the superscription, was seized with a fit of laughter, so violent that neither the seriousness of the case, nor the gravity of the court, could check him. "Ah!" cried he, when he had partly recovered his composure, "I should kill myself with laughing at this, had that poor Ciriaco Martinez but been alive." Then turning to the prisoner, he exclaimed, "*Vessels of silver*, indeed! say rather vessels of *white iron: vasos de lata*, white iron."

The accused stared. "But the P.; the words are vasos de P.lata?"

The merchant could not help laughing again at the confounded look of the accused, and the confession which his question conveyed. "The P. is an abbreviation of *Pulita*, meaning *fine*, polished white iron."

The prisoner stared still more wildly, but, heedless of the consequences, he proceeded to satisfy himself. "But the *pala ora*, the native gold?" said he. "Oh," replied the merchant, "the words have been disjoined by my stupid apprentice boy in writing the superscription. The last words are *pala orasa, cadenas de hierro y otros*; meaning altogether, 'coarse shovels, chains of iron, and other articles.'"

The confounded prisoner, who, by thus misinterpreting the superscription, had been led to take away a human life, in the hope of acquiring valuable treasures, had nothing further to say for himself. The bales were opened in court, and he there saw the paltry utensils for which he had plunged into deadly crime. Though scarcely required, their testimony was conclusive against him. He was condemned to death.

The priest who attended him in prison, and on the scaffold, endeavoured to induce him to invoke the mercy of heaven. But he was never heard to utter a sentence excepting one, and that he repeated several times. "White iron!—it was but white iron! With the demon's money I killed him, and I have sold myself for the demon's money!"

* The "demon's (or devil's) money" is a phrase common in the kingdom of Valentia, and had its origin in the following traditionary story:—Two Moors, of the tribe of the Almoravides, were renowned in the eleventh century for their intimacy, and for their joint pursuit of the occult sciences. They were avaricious, and finally acquired so much power over the Evil Spirit, that he gave them as much gold as they desired, but only on condition that they retained their mutual friendship. However, the one killed the other, and fled towards Africa with the chests of gold which he had so won. But the fiend made holes in the chests, and the money dropt out. The coins grew into stones of various sizes, which retained something of their circular shape. They are common on the Valentian coasts, and are yet called the Demon's Money.

THE SALMON.

DETERMINATION OF THE QUESTION RESPECTING ITS FRY.

THE history of the salmon in the earlier stages of its existence has hitherto, as is well known, been involved in great obscurity, although the elucidation of it was desirable not only for the satisfaction of men of science, but for the protection of the fish itself, as a valuable article of commerce. The subject has at length been cleared up, and in a way and under circumstances which, in our estimation, give its elucidation additional interest.

The individual to whom the public is indebted for this good service is Mr John Shaw, resident at Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, and who holds, we believe, the situation of head game-keeper to the Duke of Buccleuch, on his grace's estates in that county. Directed solely by his own intelligence, Mr Shaw commenced some years ago a series of experiments for determining the early history of the salmon. He in the first place constructed three ponds on the bank of the Nith, one of them, which we shall call No. 1, being twenty-five feet long and eighteen broad, another (No. 2), twenty-two feet long and of the same breadth, and a third (No. 3), fifty feet long and thirty in breadth. A rill of spring water, descending from the neighbouring hill side, and abounding with larvæ and insects fit to be food for fishes, was parted into two streams, one of which fell into pond No. 3, while the other ran into No. 1, and thence passed on through a grated aperture into No. 2; the waste water from both being allowed to fall out through closely wired apertures, and find its way to the Nith. The arrangements were such as to make it impossible that there could be any communication between the river and the ponds, the bottoms of which were thickly bedded with gravel.

In January 1837, Mr Shaw caught a male and female salmon in the Nith, while they were engaged in spawning; and having pressed a quantity of roe or ova from the female, which he mixed with milt from the male, he deposited the ova, thus prepared, in one of the ponds. Fifty days after, namely, on the 23d of February, he "found the embryo fish distinctly visible to the naked eye, and even exhibiting some signs of vitality by feebly moving in the egg." On the 28th of April, they were excluded from the egg, when they measured about five-eighths or nearly half an inch in length, and had a small red transparent bag, like a currant, depending from the anterior part of their bodies. The temperature of the stream, at first 39°, was latterly 44°. To ascertain if a higher temperature was favourable to the developement of the young fry, Mr Shaw, on the 20th of April, placed some of the ova in a tumbler in his bedroom, allowing a stream of fresh water to fall into and out of it; and the result was, that in thirty-six hours the fish in this situation were disengaged from the ova, while the others, as already mentioned, did not appear till seven days later. An accidental irruption of mud destroyed the fish produced in the pond about a month after their birth.

Some ova, prepared in exactly the same manner on the 27th of January, and placed in pond No. 1, became fish on the 7th of May. Of this family, Mr Shaw had drawings made at ten days, forty-eight days, two months, four months, and six months old, which are to be found in Jameson's Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for January 1838. They show the creature in its growth from a shape in which the fish lineaments are scarcely to be discerned, up to the condition of the *parr of our rivers*. Between the family in the pond, and parr of the same size taken from the Nith, no difference could be discerned, excepting in depth of colour, the pond family being lighter, probably from the comparative purity of the water in which they were produced and reared. This difference, it may be remarked, is one which anglers are accustomed to observe in trout of various streams, the depth of colour being in every case determined by the comparative clearness of the waters. On this point Mr Shaw made a curious observation, which we shall give in his own words:—"In the course of my visits to the experi-

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mental pond, which were as frequent as other duties would permit, I had often observed, that while the little fish remained stationary in any particular part of the pond, they were always found to be of a colour corresponding to the colour of the bottom, and when they removed to any other part of a different colour, that, after resting on it for a few minutes, they gradually assumed a corresponding hue. Wishing, therefore, to prove the fact of this assimilation by actual experiment, I procured two large earthenware basins, one nearly white inside, the other nearly black. I then placed a living fish in each, while at the same time I kept up a constant supply of fresh water in them. The fishes were of their natural colour when first placed in the basins; but they had not remained there more than four minutes till each had gradually assumed a colour nearly approaching to that of the respective basins in which they were placed. I next took the fish out of the white basin and placed it in the black one, and the fish which was in the black basin I placed in the white, and the results were uniformly the same—the fishes changing according to the colour of the surface over which they were placed. I next placed both fishes in one basin, when the contrast for a short time was exceedingly striking. With the view of ascertaining what effect the light had in producing this extraordinary change, I next allowed the fish to remain in the white basin so long as effectually to acquire the light tint, when I excluded the light from them altogether by covering the basin with a thick mat, and on removing it a few minutes afterwards, I found the fish were again changed to a dark colour, which gradually disappeared on exposure to the light. The change of colour is produced alike under a bright or cloudy sky. This singular phenomenon, with which I have only now become acquainted, adds another to the many beautiful provisions nature has made for the safety and protection of her creatures. The cause, however, is a problem I make no pretensions to solve."

At twelve months old, Mr Shaw found the parr of his pond family to be about three inches and three quarters in length, and exhibiting the ordinary summer aspect of the parr of the rivers. In January 1839, when they were twenty months old, he found them six inches in length, and still displaying all the appearances of ordinary parr. But such as were allowed to survive till the 24th of May, when they were two years old, although they had then gained only half an inch in length, "*cast off the livery of the parr, and assumed that of the salmon*—this change consisting chiefly in the following particulars:—the black opercular spots disappeared, the almost colourless pectoral fins became suffused with an inky hue at their extremities, the broad perpendicular bars or blotches on the sides were effaced, and the prevailing hues of dusky brown and yellowish white were converted into deep bluish black above, and into silvery white below." The family had now, indeed, reached the salmon state, and were ready to migrate like their contemporaries in the river.

These experiments, conducted under circumstances giving strong assurance against fallacy, were in themselves very satisfactory; but Mr Shaw conducted another of a still more decisive nature. Having observed the male parr in the river attending on the female salmon when she was engaged in spawning, he took some roe from a fish of the latter kind, and mixing with it some milt from a parr, placed the spawn in one of his ponds. The hatching and subsequent growth of the young fish thus produced resembled in all respects that of the other family; and the fish themselves were evidently the same. Naturalists, who have been accustomed to regard the parr as a distinct fish, might suspect this to be a mixed or hybrid progeny; but the supposition has been shown to be untenable. The males of the family reared in pond No. 1 were found, in November 1838, when eighteen months old, to be possessed of milt, while the females as yet exhibited no trace of roe, the one sex evidently attaining maturity in this respect before the other. This was so far a proof of the identity of the pond-bred young salmon with the parr of the rivers; but it was more clearly tested still, by the result of an impregnation of roe from adult river salmon by the so-called parr of the pond, when it was found that the hatching and growth and appearances of the progeny were exactly the same as above described. Mr Shaw also kept in one of his ponds the male parrs he had taken from the river for his experiment, and found that, at the proper age, they assumed the migratory dress, and had become young salmon. A curious characteristic of the salmon family has thus been ascertained, namely, that the males are mature in one important respect while as yet very young and very small, and take a part in spawning before they leave the river of their birth. The disproportion of the number of males to that of females engaged in spawning, must be enormous; and the circumstance may be regarded as analogous to some similar eccentricities in the insect tribes; for example, the one female and infinite number of males in the bee-hive. No doubt, the arrangement is one rendered necessary by the circumstances in which the spawning takes place, and which has been *looked forward to and provided for* accordingly.

It may now, therefore, be considered as settled, that the young of the salmon, instead of migrating soon after birth, as heretofore supposed, remains *two years* in the rivers, and is the fish hitherto called parr, and erroneously supposed to be a different species. From these facts most important consequences arise. "The belief that the salmon migrates the same year it is hatched, has created an indiscriminate slaughter of that fish, at an age when it especially requires the protection of the legislature. There is no fish in our rivers that takes the fly more readily; and every little tyro who can cast his angle on the stream, can reckon pretty confidently on killing eight or ten dozen per day. Where a salmon river, therefore, runs through a populous country, the destruction of the fry from this cause alone is incalculably great. It is true the legislature has made provision for protecting the young salmon for one month, namely, during the brief period it remains in the river after assuming the migratory dress, but for the two first years of its existence it is at present entirely unprotected."

The experiments made by Mr Shaw were overlooked at various times by some of our most distinguished naturalists, who have heartily given him the credit of conducting them in a philosophical and correct manner. His observations have been presented, on three different occasions, to the Edinburgh Royal Society, the last time in December 1839. They were accompanied by preserved specimens of the various fishes, adult and young, so that the conviction produced by them might be said to be complete. It was a pleasing sight to see a body of learned and cautious investigators, all of them of elevated station in life, according the praise of successful scientific experiment to a rural and untrained philosopher like Mr Shaw. The Royal Society has more recently done themselves credit by presenting to him, as a mark of their approbation, the Keith Medal of this year.

SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM EMIGRANTS.

OUR readers will recollect the extracts which we some time ago* presented from the letter of Mr B——, a South Australian emigrant settled in Adelaide, and our promise to add extracts from any subsequent communication from him that might appear interesting to intending emigrants to that colony. By the kindness of a friend, we are now able to offer the following, which we gather from a letter written about a month later than the preceding. In this, as in the former communication, and also as in a private communication to ourselves (dated in September last), Mr B—— writes in no flattering terms of South Australia and its prospects, and even expresses a doubt whether he shall remain permanently in the colony, to which, it is quite evident, he regrets having proceeded. But we let the extracts speak for themselves:—

"I think that the colony cannot by any means be said to be well watered. There have been few streams or rivers discovered which afford sufficient inducement to take special surveys on their banks—marking the acknowledged deficiency of water in general. Sheep-runs for the most part are watered by a string of pools collected from the winter rains. To save speaking so much as to water in general, which affords at best unsatisfactory information, I shall give you a few particulars which you will better understand. At the Port there is no water fit for use, and till within a week or two it was all carried from a well at Hindmarsh Town, upwards of three miles distant. It is now supplied, I believe, from a well about one and a half or two miles distant. While the Germans were at the Port, I have passed a boy and girl with their small barrel of water, carrying it along in the broiling sun. S—— passed a week or two at the Port, on first landing, and had to carry his water himself; an exertion which he almost sank under. At Adelaide it costs two shillings a porter hogshead for water, from the stagnant pools in the burn Torrens; and those who have wells, have been obliged to go down sixty and eighty feet for water. On the Holdfast Bay, or Glenelg Road, there is a half-way house, at which a well has been sunk, and good water found at twenty-five feet down. At Glenelg, itself, there is a pool upon the surface which supplies a small quantity of water. This will give you some idea of the difficulty of obtaining water, where you will see the greatest possible need exists for it. We pay the above-mentioned sum for water from the Torrens, and *have to boil every drop of it*, ere it be fit for drinking—a great privation to such water-drinkers as both of us are. In a few years, I doubt not that all this discomfort will have passed away, and that Adelaide, by the *art of man*, may be as well watered as Edinburgh.† But I am speaking as to what *Nature* has done, and am bound to say, that she has almost forgotten the water, however well she may have supplied the land and climate. Settlers in the country will not experience so much difficulty in this respect, as their location will mainly depend upon the supply of water; but in Adelaide, the want of a sufficient supply of good water is a grievous want indeed, and probably is the cause of much of the disease that prevails; dysentery being traced to this source as well as to cold, as already mentioned. *As for showers*, the colony has not been in existence long enough to enable any one to say what rain may be expected in the course of a season; it is stated that there is almost no rain during summer, and that it comes in torrents (during the night chiefly) for a month or two in winter. We arrived towards the end of summer, and have seen also a few weeks of what is called winter; but so mild is it, that it will pass very well for summer at home. We have been in all above four months in the colony, and I think it has *rained* only twice or thrice heavy enough to leave any trace of it the next day—in short, what you would call a very heavy rain; and there have been, probably, other five or six light showers. My limited experience, therefore, inclines me to think that there is a decided want of occasional refreshing showers. That there may fall, in a few weeks, during winter, rain sufficient to send forth a luxuriant vegetation, I have every reason to believe, both from the accounts of persons, as well as from the appearance of the native grass; but I very much doubt that getting showers during any other part of the year will have much effect upon cultivation. Irrigation, I am afraid, is what we must look to for supplying such a requisite."

As to servants: "Contracts made in Britain with servants, I understand, are strictly enforced *here*, and that by a pretty rigorous law—fining a person *L.50* who knowingly employs a servant under contract with another. Although such be the law, I think that a person would stand very much in his own light (not to mention the want of honesty) to engage any servant much under the current rate of wages given in the colony. The servant in such a case would not fail to think himself taken the advantage of, and would, of course, not perform his duty faithfully and willingly, without which it were better surely not to have him. Instead of attempting to screw him down to the lowest scale of remuneration, I think it would be for the interest of every master first to find out servants properly qualified for his purpose, and firmly to take hold of them, by giving them a stated interest in the success of their labours. This is the surest and best law that could have been devised for keeping servants to their engagements.

I do not think that it would pay to send grain or grass seeds here at present; ploughs are in abundance, having been brought by every farmer who comes here; and as none of them have been employed yet, you can get them, as you may suppose, at or even under the British prices. Mills for grinding and cleaning corn we have more than plenty of, until we have corn to grind, which as yet there is no appearance of having soon."

Next, with regard to wages, prices, &c.: "The wages at present given in the following branches of industry I have obtained from a source on which I think I can rely; but these rates must, you will easily see, be liable to much fluctuation, as such numbers of labourers in almost every department are constantly pouring in, and as yet few outlets for their labour in the country are to be found. I should expect for one thing, that the rate of wages in the different trades will bear a pretty close approximation, on account of the facility in the present state of the colony afforded for turning from one profession to another. For example, printers' wages are 15s. a-day just now; but suppose twenty additional hands to arrive to-morrow, it might be expected that the former rate of wages could not be maintained, as the new comers would offer to work for less wages. But they would not. They would turn bricklayers or shepherds, or almost any thing in fact, and would obtain their 15s. a-day also. According to the best information which I can obtain, there is only a *demand* at present for additional hands as sawyers and blacksmiths; but this of itself need not discourage any who otherwise wish to come, as the wages cannot soon be much reduced at the worst. At present, the expense of living is very great; indeed there is almost a famine. The four-pound loaf is 3s. 6d.; butcher meat, 1s. per pound; butter (salt), 2s. 6d.; fresh, 3s. to 3s. 6d. per pound; eggs, 6d. to 8d. each; oatmeal, 6d. per pound; potatoes, 6d. per pound, and other things in the same *Malthusian* proportion. But this state of things cannot last, I hope, above a month or two; indeed, a vessel or two have been sent to America for flour, and when the Americans find their way to us, we shall not want for food. A Hamburg vessel is at present in with a considerable part of her cargo stores, which will be sold by auction, and the result of the sale will no doubt bring us many more ships from the same place. Wages are—for brickmakers, 15s. per day; bricklayers, 10s. to 13s.; blacksmiths, 10s.; chair-makers, 13s.; house-carpenters, 10s. to 13s.; coopers, 10s.; compositors, 15s.; cabinet-makers, 15s.; dairy-women, L.25 to L.30 a-year and rations; fencers and field-labourers, 5s. a-day; glaziers, 8s. to 10s.; harness-makers, 12s.; joiners, 13s. to 15s.; house-painters, 8s. to 10s.; plasterers, 12s.; ploughmen, L.40 per annum and rations; printers' pressmen, 10s. to 15s.; saddlers, 12s.; shoemakers, 8s. to 10s.; sawyers, 20s.; stone-masons, 15s.; quarrymen, 10s.; tailors, 8s. to 9s.; wheel-wrights, 11s. The above are all stated as so much *per day*, of course, unless otherwise mentioned.

Your next inquiry as to 'the general character of

* No. 406.

† [There seems no reason to infer that this ever can be the case. B—— must well know that Edinburgh is perhaps the best supplied town with water in the world; and water, too, of the finest quality.]

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the settlers, and if they appear contented and happy,' is perhaps nearly as difficult to answer as the former one. Permit me, however, to add, that if you have a definite idea of the question, you may also make something of my answer, which is in the negative. There are a few, no doubt, who are contented and happy, because they would be so any where; a number more may be in the like enviable state of mind because they are acquiring wealth beyond their most avaricious expectations; but I think the general character of the settlers is by no means contented and happy, arising, perhaps, in the first instance, from a feverish anxiety for making money; second, from a thousand different and opposite ways of making it; each one of these holding out a higher per centage than another, and thus fairly bewildering a person as to which he ought to choose, ending in general in doing almost nothing, or not doing the best; altogether destructive of mental peace and quiet; and that such is wanting in the general case, I can have no doubt; and I think the above-mentioned sources of discontent are sufficient to produce the effect. I need not add, that these operate upon all; but there are, besides these, thousands of other grounds of discontent applicable to individuals alone.

Your final question, as to 'the expediency of emigration, and the augmentation of capital likely to be thereby derived,' is one which every person must and can only answer for himself. The latter part of the question I have already answered to the best of my ability. On the first part, I would merely remark, that, to the best of my judgment, a person's motives for coming here (in the present state of the colony, at all events) should be for the exclusive purpose of making money. If he come with any other object, he is likely to be grievously disappointed. The class of people who are best fitted to succeed here, and least likely to entertain regret for leaving their 'ain countrie,' are those who have been brought up to a country life, and those in towns who have had their minds entirely engrossed with their own affairs, and the making of their fortunes, and who, providing they accomplish this end, let the world without and all its concerns go as it will. The letters from people here, which appear in the '* ** ** **,' give, I *still* think, a one-sided view of things. These letters, you will find, emanate from *mere labourers*, or from people of *large* capital, both of which classes are no doubt decidedly better here; but those with *small means*—the small farmers so strongly invited to come here—will find themselves grievously disappointed. I do not say that their *limited means* and their labour will not produce much more here than at home; but the success held out to them is not to be obtained so easily as they are led to imagine, nor without sacrifices which rarely would be voluntarily made, if known before-hand. The small capitalists, *as yet*, I believe, have sunk to mere labourers in the first instance—they may rise again. This you can easily understand, as there is no *cultivation yet*; and the small farmer did not know what to make of his means; and after looking about him for a short time perhaps, and spending the most of what he had, was then obliged to work to keep himself alive.

Emigrants of all classes continue to come in great numbers, but I should not be at all surprised although a temporary check was interposed in the shape of a commercial crisis, to which I think we are rapidly hastening. We shall very soon have no specie here; it is all going out of the colony for provisions, &c.; and for a considerable time to come, we can have no exports to an extent capable of relieving us. Gold at the banks is at a premium of two and a half per cent. This is the effect of the universal land-jobbing, to the neglect of every kind of cultivation."

Such are the passages which we have thought worthy of quotation from the letter of Mr B——, who, though he may not be a comprehensive theoriser, is, we feel perfectly assured, honest in intention, and trust-worthy in his facts. Of the correctness of these we have no doubt, and are in some measure able to corroborate them by the following extract from a letter, dated Adelaide, August 25, 1839, written by a gentleman who emigrated from England, to follow the profession of a teacher in South Australia. It has been handed to us by a correspondent in Liverpool, who gives us his address.

"Five months elapsed from the period of our leaving the Downs, till we arrived at this place. We anchored in 'the Creek' on the 16th of May, but the difficulties and delays we met with were such, that it was not till the 22d July that I could open school. I have only seven boys; I am to open an evening school, and my wife a girls' school, to-morrow. This is the *first* letter that I have sent from this colony. I have always hoped the house would be ready at such a time, and the school the same; but if I were to wait till I can say whether we are likely to succeed or not, I may delay three months more.

I bought a four-roomed, weather-boarded house, from Manning, London, the price of which on board was L.45; freight, L.10; cartage from Port Adelaide (seven miles), L.5; foundation, L.4, 10s.; setting up, L.15; chimney, L.14; land, 150 square yards (including title-deed), L.47, 5s. 6d.; shingles (wooden slates), and putting on, L.16; pisé (crammed earth, pronounced *pee-zay*) walls for kitchen and school, L.13, 10s.; roofing do., L.18; painting and glazing, L.16, besides school door and windows not put in yet; earthen and lime floor for kitchen, 18 feet by 6 feet, and school, nearly 18 feet square, L.4; whitewashing outside and in, L.2; besides nails for house floor, and L.2 for a deal and post, short sent by Manning.

It was five weeks before all the materials for the house could be got, as they were mixed up with forty or fifty other houses.

The captain was very kind to us during the passage, and also on coming to anchor. Finding provisions so high, he pressed us to become his guests in the cabin, for three weeks, hoping in that time our house would be ready for us; but we had to pay L.1 a-week for two rooms for four weeks, and 8s. a-week for a shed as a kitchen for seven weeks; water, 3s. to 4s. a-week; wood for fuel, 4s. to 7s.; eatables, 18s. to 19s. a-day.

I have a promise of some more boys at the end of the quarter, and of four young men to begin evening school, at 3s. per week, including candles (2s. per lb.), ink (3s. per wine bottle), and pens. Boys and girls, L.2, 2s. per quarter.

Most people are very much disappointed in this place; many who came out as cabin passengers have been very much at a loss what to do to exist; some have become carters (on their own account); some that had a talent for it, have undertaken jobs as carpenters, painters, &c. Several have laid out their few hundred pounds in building pisé cottages to let. So many ships are still arriving with hundreds of passengers, that both rent and provisions are extremely high. This colony has not produced grain sufficient for *one day's consumption*. In fact, there is next to a famine both here and in Van Dieman's Land; which we have been draining, as well as Sydney. Flour has not been under 8d. per lb. these four months past, and generally 9d. to 1s.; barley, 5d. to 7d. per lb.; meat, 11d. to 14d.; milk, now 8d. per quart, till last week 10d. to 1s.; potatoes, last week 6d. to 7d., now 4d. per lb.; turnips and carrots, 4d. per lb.; all other vegetables equally dear. Cheese, 2s. to 3s. per lb.; salt butter, 2s. 4d.; fresh, 3s. 6d. to 4s., now down to 3s. during the rainy season; salt, 3d. per lb. No fruit in general; now and then small apples from Van Dieman's Land, 2d. per *mouthful*; eggs, 4d. each; fowls, 6s. to 8s. each.

Now, at the best season for it, there is scarcely any grass within six or seven miles of Adelaide. I believe there is none in the colony with the blades close together. The surface of all the ground that I have seen, is either sand with a tuft of coarse grass, a yard or two asunder, or else it has the appearance of land that the sod has been pared off. Farming is out of the question with any but very large capitalists, as enclosing even in the cheapest manner is 1s. per lineal foot. Wages, 6s. to 10s. per day; and from the great heat and long drought, the crop is uncertain. The town has the appearance of a race-ground, with booths and huts for temporary accommodation in all directions, and here and there a brick or stone house, and in one place a considerable village. In May and June the ground seemed all bare red or brown earth, or sand, with a few blades of scorched grass here and there. The river (as it is called), now towards the end of the rainy season, would require some caution to wade through it; but for two months after we arrived, it was in some places only two feet wide and three inches deep.

The population of this town is about 8000, and more are arriving every week. Land in town is L.300 to L.1800 per acre. Seamstresses get only 1s. per day and victuals, and many cannot find employment. Mechanics, &c., cannot always find full employment, and many have more difficulty here than in England."

It is impossible to read these letters without feeling assured that South Australia is a very different thing from what it has been usually represented. How far it may be suitable in the interior for sheep-farming, we possess no means of judging, and therefore on that point have nothing at present to say. We would fear, however, that the natural character of the country has been misjudged by those who first recommended it as the seat of a colony. Its prevalent want of water for the most simple domestic purposes, let alone vegetable irrigation, is a fact quite incontestible. At Adelaide, we are told, stagnant pool water sells for 2s. per barrel, and in most other places this indispensable article appears to be equally bad and scarce. Who, in their sober senses, we ask, would voluntarily proceed to a country so utterly deficient in one of the prime necessaries of existence? But whatever be this natural misfortune of the colony, it is not less distressing to learn that there is a universal dearth of every species of rural produce. It may be alleged that highness in the price of commodities, and highness of wages, are an evidence of a flourishing state of affairs; but this is a gross delusion as respects South Australia. No country can be said to be prosperous which does not produce within itself either the articles consumed by the population, or other fruits of industry by which these may be purchased from without; and we see no proof of such productiveness in the colony. It is true there is a system of money-making in Adelaide and its neighbourhood, but so was there in Paris from the Mississippi scheme, so was there in London from the South-Sea bubble, so is there at Crockford's and at every gambling table. The factitious run upon lots of land, purely for the purpose of selling them over again at a premium, may be a winning game to some, but in the end the losses must be great, and distressing in their effects. The "universal land-jobbing" now carried on so briskly, does not add one penny of capital to the colony. The colony is in fact living upon England. Every mouthful of food has to be imported, and paid for in money taken from this country. Highness of price! Why, there is the same kind of highness of price in towns in a state of siege, when a pound of horse's flesh sells for a guinea, and a jug of water for a dollar. Such prosperity may be very agreeable to those who possess an ample supply of the horse's flesh and the water, but it is the very reverse to those who are condemned to be the purchasers. South Australia seems to be enjoying this species of prosperity. It is producing little for exportation in comparison to what it is compelled to import; its settlers, instead of pushing off into the country and commencing agricultural operations, or any other kind of industrial occupation, are employing themselves in gambling with each other in the article of town-lots; and its only apparent means of existence is the debarcation of fresh emigrants with money, which is immediately embarked in these wild speculations, and forms the principal fund out of which payment is to be made for the productions of foreign countries. This is surely a wrong state of things, which cannot last. It is not to be supposed that Englishmen will long continue to proceed to an unproductive region on the coast of Australia, for the mere pleasure of there spending their money, and living in an encampment of hovels. Cabin passengers, with small capital, we are informed, are glad to become carters, carpenters, or to engage in any kind of rude employment to keep themselves from starving; in other words, those who have not sufficient cash to game in town-lots become the servants of those who can. A more deplorable state of affairs is hardly to be imagined. Let us hope, however, that something will speedily be done to dissipate the pernicious spirit of land-jobbing which absorbs the attention of the settlers, and that they will have dispersed themselves abroad in pursuit of those means of profitable industry which the colony may chance to afford.

WILDE'S NARRATIVE OF HIS VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

Mr Wilde is a young and accomplished Irishman, belonging to the medical profession, who in the autumn of 1837 accompanied his friend Mr R. Meiklam in a voyage in search of health and amusement to Madeira, the Canary Islands, and a number of places of note and interest on the shores of the Mediterranean and Levant. To perform the excursion agreeably, Mr Meiklam employed a handsome and commodious yacht, of 130 tons, "the Crusader;" and the party being quite at their ease as to time, means the most advantageous were afforded for gathering an ample store of the most interesting materials for the work now before us. The result proves that the author made the best possible use of his time during his visit to foreign lands. The work is full of glowing and apparently faithful descriptions of what came under the writer's observation at the different places he visited in his excursion, mingled with a liberal share of information on matters of natural history and sanatory statistics. In a production so abounding in amusing narration, it is difficult to make a selection of any part more worthy of notice than another; we, however, venture on the following extracts in reference to Madeira and one of the Canaries.

MADEIRA.

Arriving at Funchal, the capital of Madeira, in the month of November, when we in this country are beginning to shiver with cold, he is delighted with the prospect which presents itself. "I had often heard and read of the beauty of this place, but it far surpassed all idea I had ever formed of it from description. The town runs along the edge of an open roadstead, forming but a shallow indentation in the line of coast, embosomed in limes and orange groves, coffee plantations, wide-spreading bananas, and thousands of the rarest plants and exotics. The hills rise in terraces, almost from the town, clothed with vines and the most luxuriant vegetation; these are studded with the lovely quintas of the inhabitants to a height of several hundred feet. A striking object catches the eye of the traveller, the Mount Church; a large white building, that stands surrounded by some of the finest venaticos and chestnut trees, at an immense height above the town. Behind this the mountains rise still higher, clothed with verdure, beautified by cascades and waterfalls, and their sides torn into ravines, which vary the landscape by their deep black shades, alternating with the brightness of the surrounding foliage. Above all, the bald tops of the Turhenias rise to a height of several thousand feet from the borders of the Coural.

* Curry and Company, Dublin. 2 vols. 8vo. 1840.

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Our friend Mr Shortridge kindly offered us the use of his house, which we accepted; it is one of the best in the town, and is a good specimen of an English Funchal merchant's residence. The under part contains cellars, offices, and counting-house—above that are parlours looking towards the street, the windows shaded by cool verandahs; over these are drawing-rooms, opening upon platforms that command a view of the lovely sides of the mountain; these, if one may so speak, are green-houses in the open air; the *hoya carnosa* clothes the walls; the *passiflora quadrangularis* hangs its glowing blossoms from the trellised roof; the *cobœa scandens* and other creepers twist round every cornice, and the *heliotrope* and *olea fragrans* perfume the adjoining rooms. Above are the dormitories, and the whole is crowned by a high turret, which commands the sea-view. The house of every merchant has a turret, with a good telescope, to sweep the sea, and catch the first view of any vessel bound for their port, or in which they may have an interest. It is, generally, the coolest and one of the best rooms in the house: for, being raised above the neighbouring buildings, it catches whatever sea-breeze may blow. Below are extensive yards, surrounded by offices, where the wine is stored, and the different processes of fermentation are conducted. Besides these, the merchants have, generally, country houses situated in the hills, at higher or lower elevations, so that the climate can be had of any temperature in those delightful retreats.

The town of Funchal is clean and well paved, with an air of bustle and business, and has a fine cathedral, and handsome public walks. Never was a spot more formed to cheer the sufferings of an invalid, to heal the wounded spirit, or reanimate the sinking frame. The dry and balmy air which produces this never-ending spring, makes the step buoyant, and raises the hopes of the sufferer, who a few days before left the choking fogs, the rains and chilly damps, of the Thames or the Medway. Here all is sunshine; the green bananas, with their beautiful feathery tops, tell him he has bid farewell to Europe; the orange-trees hold out to him their branches laden with golden fruit—

> 'Green all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush
> In social sweetness on the selfsame bough.'

Plantations of coffee-trees fill the spaces between the houses; the splendid coral-tree hangs over his head; and the snowy bells of the tulip-tree mingle with the scarlet hibiscus. If he wishes for exercise, he has the most inviting walks, and the most tempting shades to shelter him; wide-spreading plane-trees, and willows of gigantic growth, bend their slender arms over the streams that murmur from the hills. If he leave the town, and begin to ascend, the beauty increases, and the sea-view opens to his sight. The roads though steep are well paved, and the horses trained to an easy pace. On one side of the road, and sometimes both, is a little channel a foot broad; the Levada, by which the water is conducted to the different plantations from the hills, murmuring gently as it ripples by his side. He rides through a perfect vineyard, where in many places the vines are carried on trellises over the road, and the large bunches of grapes hang within his reach. Hedges of geraniums, fuschias, and heliotropes, border those narrow paths, and shade him from the sun; myriads of insects with golden wings sip the nectar from these delicate flowers, and add the music of their tiny wings to the melody of the surrounding woodlands. The *ficus indicus* clothes the cottages, which are shaded by the most magnificent chestnuts and venaticos; the *salvia fulgens* and the Guernsey lily sprinkle the vineyards; the beautiful *capillus veneris* creeps through the walls, and the *camellia Japonica*, now in full blow, adorns every quinta.

As he rises, the scene becomes still more varied, and expands beneath his eye. The valleys are covered with the luxuriant light green foliage of the yam (the *arum peregrinum* of Persoon.) The aloe and the agave border the enclosures of sweet potato; and the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, grows to a great size; rows of enormous hydranges flourish at this height, but, instead of their natural pink colour, are blue, owing to the ferruginous soil, or to their elevation. Small dragon-trees and cedars appear among the quintas; and heaths and pines rise to the highest elevations. Huge prickly pears (*cactus opuntia*) grow along the cliffs and lower parts of the island; and so inherent is the vitality in this singular plant, that it is only necessary to lay a single leaf, with a few stones over it, on a wall, and it will commence growing. The fruit is much eaten by the inhabitants. The large zebra spider, peculiar to this plant, weaves its immense thick ropes from thorn to thorn; its cocoon is hung in the centre of this suspension-bridge; it is somewhat in the shape of a kettle-drum, and the insect incubates at night, sitting on the flat side of it; the cord of which its web is composed is so thick as to procure for it the name of *epiera fasciata*.

The fruit-market is magnificent, and is beautifully situated in a grove of noble plane-trees. Here, besides the usual fruits of Europe, the orange, lemon, grape, green figs, and pomegranates, we have bunches of the most delicious bananas, piles of guavas, custard apples, and alligator pears. This latter is the fruit of the *laurus persea*; it grows to a great size, and, when eaten with pepper and salt, is most delicious. The water and Valencia melons, with gourds and pumpkins of enormous growth, and the numerous tribes of cucurbitæ, which costs hardly any trouble in cultivation, give the market a singularly rich appearance."

Setting out on an excursion, he meets parties of peasantry in a different mood from that in which we behold persons of that class in Britain. "The morning was delightful, and the groups of peasantry, coming into the market, which we met along the roads, made it quite enchanting. Companies of eight or ten, in some places, sat under the umbrageous shadow of a pine, eating their morning's meal, or completing their toilette, before entering the town; others hastened along, loaded with the various produce of their gardens, consisting of bunches of yellow bananas, strings of crimson pomegranates, &c.; others carrying fowl, firewood, or fish, to Funchal. Each little party was preceded by its guitar player. The instrument is small, with wire strings, and much in use among the natives. At times the performer accompanied it with his voice, and the whole group joined in the chorus. The men were well dressed, somewhat in the costume of English sailors, with a little cap, not unlike a funnel, on the top of their heads; this is worn more for ornament than use, as it could not be the least protection against the weather. It crowns the head-dress of the women also, being placed over the white muslin handkerchief which covers the head, and hangs down over the shoulders; their gay chintz gowns, and scarlet pelerine, gave them an air of lightness, and added much to the picturesque appearance of the groups. The Madeiranese, both men and women, are a very fine race, much more so than those of the mother country."

With respect to Madeira as a place of resort for invalids, Mr Wilde observes—"Far be it from me to say that the climate of Madeira *can cure consumption*; but this I will say, that, independent of its acknowledged efficacy in chronic affections, it is one that will do more to ward off threatened diseases of the chest, or even to arrest them in their incipient stages, than any I am acquainted with. A dry, warm climate, with a healthy and equable state of the atmosphere, are no doubt the most powerful remedial agents we are acquainted with, more especially for parts where only such agents can be brought in contact. It is a remedy for which, in many cases, we have no adequate substitute, and the discredit into which its sanative efficacy has been brought, 'is to be sought for, not in the remedy, but in the manner in which it has been prescribed.'*

After the most accurate investigation for several years, the annual mean temperature is found to be 65 degrees, and the daily temperature is now (November) from 70 degrees to 72 degrees, and seldom falls more than 3 degrees or 4 degrees during the night; and so slight are the dews falling in the town, that clothes are frequently hung out to dry during the night; the lowest degree to which the glass was ever known to fall, even just before sunrise, was to 50 degrees. With so little rain or dew, it may naturally be asked how vegetation appears so luxuriant? Outside the town, and in other parts more elevated on the island, very heavy dews fall, and, in addition, vegetation is amply provided for by the quantity of water coming from the hills, which irrigates even the lowest parts of the island. Its insular position possesses many advantages over that of a continent, and this is here increased by the height of the mountains that rise in the centre. As the equability and comparative mildness of temperature experienced at sea, are greater than that on land, so is an island such as this, in these respects superior to a continent. I said before, that the temperature can be varied by ascending the hills, but this will seldom be required during the winter months, and few invalids remain in the summer when the siroc prevails for a few days.

It moreover holds out a hope, that no other country can fulfil to the same extent, of LIFE to those remaining members of families, many of whom have been carried off one after another by hereditary phthisis. Cases of severe and protracted rheumatism may find the West Indies a preferable climate; and speaking from personal experience, I should say that asthmatic sufferers will not be totally free from attacks; but I must at the same time state, that mine were generally brought on by fatigues encountered among the hills, often at a very great elevation. No doubt many have been deceived by the promises held out of Madeira, and now rest beneath the cypress and orange grove. But who were they? Patients whose cases were so utterly *hopeless* that not a chance remained for them; and, besides the domestic inconveniences, the effects of their removal have been such that some have died upon the voyage, and others immediately after landing. I am happy to say, professional men do not now yield to the importunities of patients whose cases they look upon as irremediable, by sanctioning their removal to Madeira—an advice as cruel as it was useless.

That Madeira can *prolong life*, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, the case of the late lamented Dr Heineken is a proof. This gentleman came to the island when his case was pronounced, by some of the most acute physicians in Britain, as rapidly approaching to a fatal termination—yet, under those circumstances, he lived *nine* years in Madeira, certainly with the greatest watchfulness, until going one day to collect some fossils on the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, a storm overtook him, and he suffered all its hardships in an open boat; he returned next day to Madeira, and died that night. He requested a professional friend to examine his lungs after death, and Dr Renton, who performed the autopsy, informed me that his astonishment was, how he could have sustained life with so small a portion of respiratory apparatus; hardly a vestige of one of his lungs remaining, and the other in a condition such as could not exist in this climate. The death of this gentleman is the more to be regretted, as he had done much to investigate the climate of the island. His life was spent in the furtherance of science—he died in her cause, and bequeathed to her the most interesting legacy he or any mortal can bestow, the tenement of his immortal spirit, that his fellow men might be enlightened and benefited by a knowledge of that fatal malady which had hastened him to an early death, as it has but too many of his countrymen.

Of the salubrity of this volcanic island, Sir James Clark has well said, 'When we take into consideration the high temperature of the winter, and the mildness of the summer, together with the remarkable equality of the temperature during the day and night, as well as throughout the year, we may safely conclude that the climate of Madeira is the *finest* in the northern hemisphere.'"

For a further account of Madeira and its capital, we must refer to the work itself, and proceed to the author's account of his journey to the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, which is in one of the Canary Islands, a day or two's sail from Madeira.

EXCURSION TO THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

Leaving Oratava, a small sea-port in the neighbourhood of the Peak, he proceeded with his friend Mr Meiklam on horseback, with two sumpter-horses to carry provisions, and a body of guides. The departure was at 10 o'clock in the evening. After some trouble, and encountering a great depression of temperature, the cavalcade reached the "pumice-stone plain," which lies at the foot of the actual Peak. And here it was that the novelty and sublimity of the scene made an impression on the party. "There was a peculiar wildness in the hour and the scene; the night was truly propitious—not a cloud to be seen throughout the intense azure of the starry vault above us; not a breath of air stirred around us; the full moon shone forth with a splendour the most dazzling, as she sailed majestically through the broad expanse of blue, barely allowing the stars to appear as they twinkled in her path, whilst an occasional plant would now and then start up as if to challenge her borrowed radiance. Before us lay the clear and boldly defined outline of the Peak, frowning in all the grandeur of monarchy, and the great rarity of the atmosphere showed every break and unevenness that bounded our horizon; all was wrapped in the most solemn stillness; the deep silence seemed to impress each of us, not a little increased by our momentarily decreasing temperature, which had now completely silenced our melodious muleteers. The tread of the horses made not the slightest noise, as we wound our way across that weary plain, where for the first time I felt sleep come heavily upon me; indeed, I did dose for a few moments, and it was on awaking that I so forcibly perceived our loneliness.

At the end of the plain our horses were forced up a steep and rugged ascent, for about half an hour, when we arrived at the Estanza des Inglises, 'the resting-place of the English,' at half-past five o'clock, and although so closely muffled, our sufferings from cold were extreme, and our hands perfectly benumbed. This was the highest point where horses can possibly get up, and we only wondered they ascended so far. We expected to have found some sort of a resting-place here, but it was only a small enclosure, made by the fragments of some enormous rocks which nature has piled around it—and one of the most dreary spots that can be well conceived. The men set about kindling a fire with some bits of retama which they had carried up with them. The mercury in the thermometer was 36 degrees, and falling rapidly. We now had recourse to our blankets, in which we enveloped ourselves, and reclined against one of the sloping rocks on the outside of the cavern, our faces anxiously turned towards the east to watch the scene that momentarily opened upon us. In our then almost petrified condition, we looked as like as could be to a pair of Egyptian mummies laid against the rock.

Sunrise.—As soon as we had taken our place, we perceived a thin vapoury rose-coloured tint to stretch along the eastern horizon; the moon was still full up, but she had thrown the shadow of the Peak over where we stood. As we continued to gaze steadfastly on this first blush of morning, it every second increased, especially towards the centre, extending likewise in length along the horizon. This hue soon deepened to a pink, and then followed such a glorious halo of colours, in which the flower and the metal lent their most dazzling lustre, as to baffle all attempt at description; and the hasy undefined light that ushers in the day, began to chase the moonlight shadows from the plain beneath. At six o'clock, the thermometer stood at 18 degrees, the light increasing, the cold intense, and the heavens presented a scene such as we read of in the arctic regions, being formed by the resplendant glories of the aurora, but with this difference, the most brilliant colours gathered here as it were into a focus. All the east presented a lustrous semicircle, which, if you took your eyes off for a moment, seemed to increase tenfold. Between the horizon and the spot on which

* Clark.

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we stood, floated a confused sea, which we at first took for the ruffled bosom of the ocean, but it turned out to be nothing more than a thin white mist. At a quarter past six, the temperature fell as low as 15 degrees, and sunrise took place a minute after; he rose very suddenly, and his whole disc was almost immediately clear of the horizon. It was a glorious sight, and cheering, after all the cold and suffering of the preceding night, to see the great centre of light and heat come up to speed us on our way. I have often tried to form to myself a comparison of sunrise and sunset, and on this occasion have settled the question in favour of the former. Our guides reminded us it was time to recommence the ascent; and to fortify ourselves on the way, we breakfasted. Every thing we had carried up with us was frozen; the eggs were perfect balls of ice; we had also brought with us a bottle of coffee, which, having contrived to heat, proved the most grateful of all our refreshments.

We left the old man to guard the horses, and again set forward. Large masses of pumice, lava, and scoriæ, continue some way farther up to the small platform of Buona Vista, where there is a plant or two of stunted retama, and here the domain of vegetation ends. From this we climbed up a steep ascent, composed of detached masses of sharp rock basalt and obsidian, some loose, and others with a coating of scoriæ; it reminded me of a magnified rough cast. Our halts, as might be expected, were frequent. At half-past seven o'clock, during one of these stoppages, I found the glass had risen to 33 degrees. From the moment the sun rose, the heat began to increase, making us throw off our extra garments, and leaving them in the ascent. With a good deal of difficulty we at last reached the *base* of the cone, which crowns the summit; the effects of the last irruption.

It is much smaller and more perpendicular than Vesuvius; it stands upon a level platform, somewhat broader than its base, and rises like the great circular chimney of a glass-house to the height of sixty feet. Here our extreme difficulties commenced, for the fatigue we had already gone through left us but little strength commensurate with the ceaseless efforts which were to be put forth, and the exertion the task demanded. The external coating is composed of loose stones, lava, pumice, and ashes, in which we sank ankle-deep, and obliged us to rest every few minutes; we had each to strike a separate line in our ascent, as the composition is so loose, that if once set in motion, large quantities would come *powdering* on the heads of the persons who have the misfortune to be beneath. Here and there a few reddish volcanic rocks jut out, and afford a resting-place; but there are other whitish looking stones that seem equally inviting, but which are nevertheless far from being hospitably inclined, as a young friend of mine wofully experienced.

We reached the summit at half-past eight o'clock, and my first impulse was to crawl to the highest pinnacle upon the wall of the crater, on the south-east point, whence it slopes on both sides towards the west. This solfatara (or half-extinguished volcano) was more active than usual this morning; large wreaths of smoke proceeding from numerous cavities and cracks in the bowl of the crater. This was smaller than we expected, not being more than a hundred feet in the widest part; shallow, and the edge very irregular, of an oval shape, having a margin of dense whitish lava.

The view that awaited us on the summit amply repaid us for all the toils of the ascent. The morning was beautifully clear, and without a cloud; the finest that had occurred since our arrival. The whole island of Teneriffe lay in the most vivid manner like a map at our feet, with its white towers, its vine-clad valleys, and pine-crowned hills.

Immediately around the Peak, the mountains form a number of concentric circles, each rising in successive heights, and having it as a centre. It is this appearance that has not inaptly gained for it the simile of a town with its fosses and bastions. These are evidently the walls of former craters, on the ruins of which the present has been reared. What a fire must have come from the first of these, which enclosed a space of so many leagues! Or, again, how grand the illumination that once burst forth from the place whereon we stood, a height of nearly 13,000 feet, and which it is calculated would serve as a beacon at a distance of 200 miles at sea on every side. The crater or circle next below us appears to rise to the height of the Estanza des Inglises, 10,000 feet.

There are a number of smaller cones scattered irregularly over the island; their red blistered summits glance in the sun like so many mole-hills; the largest is towards the west; it rises to a great height, and is the most elevated point on the island next to the Peak itself. Towards Santa Cruz, the marks of recent volcanic action become less, the stratification more perfect. There is less appearance of lava or pumice, and the basalt assumes more of the columnar form. We could perfectly distinguish the few vessels that lay opposite the port of Oratava, a direct distance of thirteen miles, while the ascent is calculated at about thirty. So clear was the atmosphere, that our friends at the port could distinguish us distinctly with the glass. They had been anxiously looking out for us, and hoped, more than expected, our accomplishing the ascent. The Archipelago of the Canaries seemed as if stretched at our feet; Grand Canary was particularly plain, being immediately beneath the sun. Palma and Gomera seemed so near that you could almost grasp them in your hand: and far away in the distance, Heiras seemed to mingle with the horizon."

The descent from this elevated spot was rapid in the extreme, and was fortunately attended with no accident to any of the party.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

THE FAIRIES OF BRITISH SUPERSTITION.

Among the various supernatural beings to whom the ignorance and credulity of mankind have given an imaginary existence, the Fairies occupy a prominent place, and are especially worthy of notice. The characters of different classes of spirits have become so mingled and confounded together in the lapse of time, that it is difficult to define individual species with correctness and precision; but there is one characteristic which appears to distinguish the fairy from every other being of a similar order. Most spirits could contract and diminish their bulk at will, but the fairy alone seems to have been regarded as essentially small in size. The majority of other spirits, also, such as dwarfs, brownies, and the like, are represented as deformed creatures, whereas the fairy has almost uniformly been described as a beautiful miniature of the human being, perfect in face and form. These points of distinction, with a dress of pure green, are the principal ones which mark the personal individuality of the fairies as a supernatural race.

The origin of the fairy superstition is ascribed by most writers to the Celtic people, but the blending of the Gothic tribes with the Celts led to the admixture of many attributes of the northern spirits with those proper to the fairies. Thus, the latter race, which appears to have been intrinsically good and benevolent, has been gifted with attributes of the very opposite kind, borrowed from the Trolls and Elves of the north. In Scotland, and other countries where the Celtic traditions predominated, the fairies retained, in part, the original and better features of their character, and were usually called the Good Neighbours, or the Men of Peace; but even there, their character was deteriorated by a considerable leaven of elfin or dwarfish malignancy. This evil part of their nature caused much annoyance to mankind, and, more especially, their propensity to the kidnapping of human beings. Unchristened infants were chiefly liable to this calamity, but sometimes adult men and women were also carried off. The reason for these abductions is to be found, according to the authorities on this subject, in the necessity which the fairies lay under of paying "kane," as it was called, to the master-fiend, or, in other words, of yielding up one of their number septennially into his hands by way of tribute. They greatly preferred on such occasions to make a scapegoat of some member of the human family. They also carried off young married women to be nurses to their infants; and in Ireland, at this day, when a young woman falls a victim to puerperal disease, the country people firmly assert that she has been removed for this purpose.*

The necessity for the latter kind of kidnapping shows the fairies to have been *family* people. They are always represented as living, like mankind, in large societies, and under a monarchical form of government. The Salique law seems to have had no countenance among them, for we more often hear of fairy queens than of fairy kings, though both are frequently spoken of. The Land of Faerie was situated somewhere under ground, and there the royal fairies held their court. In their palaces all was beauty and splendour. Their pageants and processions were far more magnificent than any that eastern sovereigns could get up, or poets devise. They rode upon milk-white steeds. Their dresses, of brilliant green, were rich beyond conception; and when they mingled in the dance, or moved in procession among the shady groves, or over the verdant lawns of earth, they were entertained with delicious music, such as mortal lips or hands never could emit or produce. At the same time, most of the legendary tales on the subject represent these splendours as shadowy and unsubstantial. When the eye of a seer, or any one gifted with supernatural powers, was turned upon the fairy pageantries or banquets, the illusion vanished. Their seeming treasures of gold and silver became slate-stones, their stately halls became damp caverns, and they themselves, from being miniature models of human beauty, became personifications of fantastic ugliness. In short, the Fairy Eden was a dream—a thing of shew without substance.

This is the general account given of the fairy state, but few of the legends on the subject agree on all points. From a very early period, however, every fairy annalist concurred in giving to the king and queen of the fairies the names of Oberon and Titania. Oberon is the Elberich or Rich Elf of the Germans, and was endowed with his modern name, as well as with new attributes, by the old French romancers, who represented him as a tiny creature of surpassing loveliness, with a crown of jewels on his head, and a horn in his hand that set all who heard it to the dancing. Titania was his wife, and resembled him in general qualities. She figures, though not under this name, in the tale of Thomas the Rhymer, one of the very earliest traditions relative to the fairy people. As the details of this story have formed the basis for almost all the subsequent fairy legends of Scotland, it may be worth while to give an abstract of True Thomas's adventure. It is scarcely necessary to tell British readers that this personage was a distinguished poet and prophet, who flourished in Scotland at the latter end of the thirteenth century. He is by Sir Walter Scott supposed to have been the author of the romance of Tristrem, remarkable as the earliest specimen of English verse known to exist. It is more certain that he was proprietor of Erceldoune, in Lauderdale. His predictions long excited interest in his native country. The following adventure, which we shall give partly in prose and partly in the words of an ancient ballad, befell this famous individual. The scene is the Eildon Hills in Roxburghshire.

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank;
A ferlie spied he with his ee;
For there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.
Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

The saddle of this visionary beauty's steed was of ivory inlaid with gold, and she had a quiver of arrows at her back, while one hand held her bow, and the other led three beautiful hounds in a leash.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven,
For thy peer on earth I ne'er did see!"
"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me:
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee."

True Thomas became bold on learning that his visitant had not the awful character of divinity, but she gave him a candid warning, that, if he kissed her lips, he became her slave. Thomas was not deterred, and the consequence was, that though the lady was immediately changed into a hideous hag, he was necessitated to follow her. They entered a cavern, and after wading through pools of blood, and amid darkness and horrors, for three days, they reached a beautiful orchard, on breathing the air of which the lady became more lovely than before. She here showed him various sights, and finally took him to a gorgeous castle, the palace of herself and her husband. She at the same time commanded True Thomas to be silent during his stay in the castle,

"For if you speak word in Elfin land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

In the castle Thomas found knights and ladies dancing unintermittingly, except when they sat down to feast on venison. The favoured mortal joined in the revelry, till, at the end of a period that seemed to him amazingly short, the queen took him aside, and told him that he had now been in the castle seven years, and that it was time for him to return home. "Know that our *kane* is paid to the fiend to-morrow," continued she; "so handsome a man as you would attract his eye, and I would not for all the world suffer you to be betrayed to such a fate." These words overcame the scruples of Thomas, and the queen soon conveyed him back to Huntly bank again. On parting, she gifted him with the "tongue that could not lie." To this he would have objected, and upon judicious grounds—

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said,
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.
I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
"Now hold thy peace," the lady said,
"For, as I say, so must it be."

The "tongue that never lied" gained Thomas, hence called *True* Thomas, great celebrity during his subsequent stay among men. According to the legend, he finally disappeared from earth, not in the way common to mortality, but in consequence of some remaining tie between him and the fairy queen. While feasting the Earl of March in his tower of Erceldoune, it was announced to Thomas that a *hart* and *hind* were seen moving slowly towards the tower, heedless of the people who looked upon them in wonderment. "This sign regardeth me," said the prophet; and, with the words, he arose from the board, joined the hart and hind, entered the woods with them, and was seen on earth no more.

The ballad of Young Tamlane, of which a perfect copy is given in the Border Minstrelsy, shows the manner in which, according to the popular belief, it was possible to restore to earth any individual who had been carried away by the fairies. Tamlane tells the lady who loved him, and to whom he appeared in the shape imposed on him by his fairy-kidnappers, that, in order

* See "Residence at an Irish Watering-Place," in No. 357 of this Journal.

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to recover him from their power, she must present herself at a certain spot on Halloween night, and that she would then and there see an unearthly band of riders pass by. He directs her to seize the rider whom she would behold mounted on a certain milk-white steed, and to pull him to the ground.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake:
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maik.*

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask,
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast.

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad of airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm."

Janet is represented as having done her lover's bidding, and bravely endured these and other trials, for which she was rewarded by the recovery of Young Tamlane. By dipping him "first in a staund of milk, and then in a staund of water," she secured him from a repetition of his former danger. When such a trial as that of fair Janet is made, the heart must not fail, else is the kidnapped person lost for ever. "A farmer in Lothian (says Dr Leyden), who had lost his wife, set out on Halloween, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the procession of the fairies. At the ringing of the fairy bridles, however, and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last had rode past, the whole troop vanished, with loud shouts of laughter and exultation, among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her for ever." The same writer mentions a similar but *real* incident which took place at North Berwick within the memory of the last generation. A woman died in convulsion fits, when alone in her husband's house. The distortion of her features, though only a consequence of her disease, led the ignorant neighbours to believe that she had been spirited away by the fairies. The widowed husband soon afterwards found it necessary, for the comfort of his family, that he should marry again, and had fixed upon his new partner, when, one night, his late wife appeared to him in a dream, and commanded him, if he loved her, to cause her body to be dug up, and certain prayers to be said over it; after which, she assured him, her corpse would start up, and, if pursued by a swift runner, might be caught and restored to his arms. [This was the approved formula for recovering a buried person from the fairies.] Harassed by his dream, the widower went to the clergyman of the parish, and applied for counsel. Being a man of sense, the minister advised the widower to have the banns immediately proclaimed for his second marriage. But ere this matter was completed, the widower had a second dream, in which his late spouse again appeared, and loaded him with reproaches for disobeying her. Again he went to the pastor, who "fell upon an admirable expedient to console him. This was nothing less than dispensing with the further solemnities of banns, and marrying him, without an hour's delay, to the young woman to whom he was affianced, after which no spectre again disturbed his repose."

Unchristened children, it has been mentioned, were peculiarly liable to be carried off by the fairies, who sometimes left little changelings, of their own blood, in place of the infants of mortal kind. Ben Jonson, in his Sad Shepherd, makes the tending and nurture of human changelings to be one of the favourite elfin employments.

"There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves, that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms."

Various charms were used in Scotland for the restoration of stolen children. The most efficacious was believed to be the *roasting* of the supposititious child upon live embers, when it was understood that the false infant would disappear, and the true one be left in its place. It is to be hoped, that this cruel and monstrous practice was seldom followed. The possession of what are called *toadstones* was also held to be an efficient preservative against the abduction of children by the fairies. In Waldron's Account of the Isle of Man, we find various stories of children kidnapped by the fairies. In one case, where a woman had given birth to a child, her attendants were enticed from the house by a cry of "Fire!" and while they were out, the child was taken from the helpless mother by an invisible hand; but the sudden re-entry of some of the gossips compelled the fairies to drop the child, and it was found sprawling on the threshold. The fairies, who seemed to have taken a particular liking to this woman's offspring, tried to carry off her second child in the same way, but failed again. On a third trial, they succeeded, and left behind them a changeling, a withered and deformed creature, which neither spoke nor walked during an existence of nine years, and ate nothing but a few herbs. It is to be feared that this changeling-superstition must have been the cause of much deplorable cruelty. That very member of a family, who from natural misfortunes and defects required the kindliest tending, would but too often be neglected and wretchedly misused, on the plea of its being an alien. We may smile at many of the credulous fancies respecting the fairies, but there are in this order of superstitions, as in almost all others, some points which strongly exhibit to us the baleful effects inevitably attendant upon ignorance of every kind.

To sleep on a fairy ring, as certain well-known circles of green grass are called, was sure to excite the anger of the elfin race, or at least to expose the slumberer to their malicious trickeries. In the last century, it is said, a poor man, having fallen asleep on a fairy ring on Peatlaw, a hill in Selkirkshire, was amazed to find himself, on awakening, in the midst of a populous city. His coat was left on Peatlaw; and his bonnet, which had dropped off in the course of his mysterious transportation through the air, was found on the steeple of the church of Lanark. The poor man was totally bewildered by his situation, and would have been in a serious dilemma, had he not met with a carrier from his native place, who told him that he was in Glasgow, and who conveyed him homewards in a much less expeditious way than that by which he had left Peatlaw. Dr Leyden remarks very meaningly, that his abduction was "ascribed to the fairies by all who did not reflect that a man may have private reasons for leaving his own country, and for disguising his having intentionally done so."

A tradition, akin to the preceding one, existed in the seventeenth century, concerning an ancestor of the baronial family of Duffus, who, while walking in the fields, was carried away, and was found next day at Paris, in the wine-cellar of the French king, with a silver cup in his hand. Being seized and brought into the royal presence, he told the monarch, that, when in the fields in his native country, he had heard a whirlwind-like noise above him, with many cries of "Horse and Hattock," and that he also cried "Horse and Hattock," when immediately he was caught up into the air by fairies, and soon found himself in a wine-cellar, where he drank heartily, and fell asleep. It is said that the king gave him the cup and dismissed him. If there be any foundation for this story, one cannot but admire the cleverness of the rascal (possibly an English resident in Paris), who thus got rid of the consequences of what was probably only a drunken frolic.

As fairies lived underground, of course the operations of the mortals above sometimes interfered with the comforts of the subterranean residents. A Gallovidian gentleman, Sir Godfrey M'Culloch by name, was once accosted, near his own house, by a little old man dressed in green, and mounted on a white palfrey, who told the knight that he came to complain of a drain or sewer which had been so formed as to "empty itself directly into his *chamber of dais*." Sir Godfrey was much amazed, but, suspecting the true character of his visitor, told him that the evil should be remedied. The knight kept his word. Many years afterwards, Sir Godfrey killed a man in a duel. He was tried, and would have been executed, had not the old man on the white palfrey appeared on the scaffold and carried him off. The Gallovidian knight was never seen again.

Numberless stories of a similar kind have been told relative to the intercourse of the fairies with mankind. Some of the poor creatures arraigned in Scotland in past times for witchcraft, admitted having had correspondence with the fairies. There can be little doubt that these wretched beings, whom the *torture* forced into the confession of *some* kind or other of supernatural traffic, were induced to admit an association with fairies, in the hope that this would be looked upon as less sinful than a league with the enemy of mankind. The trials of Bessie Dunlop and Alison Pearson, in the years 1576 and 1588, illustrate this statement. Bessie Dunlop avowed that her familiar was one Thome Reid, the ghost of a soldier slain at Pinkie in 1547, and who after his death seems to have become an inmate of Elfland. She related that this Thome Reid, who appeared frequently to her in the likeness of an elderly man, grey-coated and grey-bearded, wished her to go with him to the fairy country, and gave her herbs to cure various diseases. He even once brought to her the queen of the fairies, who, to the confusion of poetry, was a fat woman, fond of ale, and, in short, most unlike the Titania of romance. Alison Pearson also admitted her familiarity with the fairies, from whom she frequently received herbs for the cure of disease. It is remarkable that Patrick Adamson, an able scholar and divine, who was created archbishop of St Andrews by James VI., actually took the medicines prescribed by this poor woman, in the hope that they would transfer an illness with which he was seized to the body of one of his horses. This feat, it was believed, was accomplished by the prescription. The unfortunate women who confessed these things were deceived in the expectation which led to the act. They could not so save themselves. They were both convicted, and perished at the stake.

It would be improper to conclude this paper without an allusion to the fancies of the poets on the subject of the fairies. Shakspeare stands pre-eminent in this department. His Midsummer Night's Dream is a poem of exquisite beauty, and one corresponding in every respect with the delicately fanciful nature of the subject. In Romeo and Juliet, he has also described an important fairy, Queen Mab, who has almost dethroned Titania of late years. Mr Tennant's Anster Fair has been of great avail to the fame of Mab. Whoever chooses to consult Drayton and the poets mentioned, will have the pleasure of observing and enjoying the exercise of poetical fancy of the highest order on the subject of the fairies. We must content ourselves with this reference.

The superstitions now described are not yet extinct in the British islands. In Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and Wales, in particular, the fairies are yet objects of general belief. Education has not yet shed its enlightening influence there, and by education alone can the darkness of superstition be dispelled. This is almost a truism, for superstition and ignorance are nothing else than equivalent terms. The spirit is abroad, however, which will extinguish this remnant of barbarism, and it is consoling to think so, for the ills that have flowed from this source are numberless.

* Maik—match, partner.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts:—for every flower sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of Worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread.
The intensely Bright, the Beautiful, the Dread—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
These are my lightnings!—filled with anguish vain
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the Avenging One!—the Armed, the Strong,
The Searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-birth
Of Memory, Thought, Remorse:—be holy, Earth!—
I am the solemn Night!

—*Mrs Hemans's Poems.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

There is a Scotchwoman who travels about our neighbourhood with a basket, of the name of Jane Stirzaker, or Jenny Tysick, as she is commonly called. She owns a small dog that generally accompanies her. A few years ago, she had a young child which the dog was very fond of, being in the habit of lying with it in the cradle. But it so happened that the child took an illness and died. Jenny was at that time living at Hawkshead, but her infant was buried at Staveley. From the mother's distress of mind at the time, little notice was taken of the dog; but soon after the funeral it was found to be missing, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. But the poor mother passing through Staveley, thought she would visit the churchyard where the infant was interred; when, behold! there was the little dog lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched over the child's grave! It was in a most emaciated state from hunger and privation. It had been seen occasionally for some days in the streets of that village.—*Kendal Mercury.*

Scarcely a post arrives which does not bring us a number of letters from unknown individuals, craving information or putting questions on subjects affecting their own peculiar interests and prospects. Although very desirous to be as useful as we can in our humble sphere, it is utterly impossible for us to attend to the requests of these numerous epistolary correspondents. To do so in a satisfactory manner, would occupy a large portion of every day, and therefore greatly impede us in the performance of duties which are absolutely essential to the well-being of the present sheet. Some writers, more considerate than others, request us to answer their queries in the JOURNAL; but this is a thing which it would be highly imprudent in us to do. The pages of the JOURNAL belong to the entire body of readers—they contain matter *designed for all*; and we should consider it a dereliction of our duty as editors, to occupy the space of a single line with information applicable to only *one* out of the large mass of individuals whom we have the pleasure weekly to address. We make this general announcement, therefore, of our inability to comply with the requests of our numerous correspondents, and express a hope that the above reasons will be accepted as an explanation of our silence.

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VISIT TO AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR PRESERVING FRESH MEAT.

We lately had an opportunity of visiting an establishment of this nature—one of the very few which as yet exist in these islands—and were so much struck by what we saw, and by a consideration of all the connected circumstances, that we have thought it might be worth while to submit the whole to the public.

The establishment visited by us was that of John Gillon and Company in Leith, which stands almost alone in Scotland; there being only three on a limited scale in the provinces; while in England there are, to the best of our knowledge, only two, and in Ireland two or three. The Messrs Gillon and Company's establishment was set on foot so lately as August 1838, and already it is, in mercantile language, a great concern, the individuals employed being upwards of a hundred, while the capital must be many thousand pounds. It is distinguished by several improvements, which make it worthy of particular notice.

It is perhaps necessary for the sake of most readers to explain that the object is to preserve fresh food, animal and vegetable, in air-tight tin cases, so that it may be sent to any part of the world, and used at any distance of time from that when it was prepared. Those who have been accustomed to think of only the ordinary and well-known ways of preserving meat, by salt (or some corresponding foreign body), or by extreme drying, will be taken somewhat by surprise when we advert to a method which dispenses with those expedients, so sure to be injurious to the meat; and proceeds upon the simple expedient of a complete seclusion of the substances from contact with the atmospheric air. This was a principle totally unknown till some French chemists, amidst the exigencies of the Revolution, discovered it; since which time, the means for effecting it have been greatly improved, so that the trade of preserving cooked food, and sending it abroad, is now pursued to an immense extent in France. It is a scientific discovery worthy of a nation which, more than any other, seems to aim at rendering science directly subservient to the increase of human happiness.

A large irregular pile of building, situated in a court entered from Mitchell Street in Leith, is the scene of Messrs Gillon and Company's operations. Certain apartments serve for stores of meat, fowls, and other articles of provision; and there is one devoted solely to the business of cleaning neats' feet, of which many hundred sets are used weekly. The whole of the uppermost floor of a large portion of the building is used as a place of cookery, the steam and fumes flying off through ventilators in the roof. Along one side are ranged nine boilers upon furnaces, of 100 gallons contents each, in some of which neats' feet are boiled for the purpose of obtaining the gelatinous product, a large element in soups of various kinds; while in others are boiled knuckles of beef, and those other inferior parts of meat from which cooks extract what they call *stock*, the basis of all soups. Each of the boilers is fitted with an inside case, pierced like a cullender, and in this the meat is boiled, so that it never can adhere or burn during its preparation. The liquor from the feet and the liquor from the meat are received into troughs, where they are cooled. There is in both cases an oily scum from the boilers. From the neats' feet comes a whitish oil, which is sold for greasing the machinery used in silk factories. From the inferior parts of meat is derived an oil of superior quality, resembling butter, which is very useful as an element for the preparation of barley broth and other messes. The last is sold at fivepence a pound, and is at that price cheap and economical. The poor people are so sensible of its value, that much more is called for than can be supplied, and sometimes they will come for it from a great distance. The soups, of which nearly twenty kinds are exported by Messrs Gillon and Company, from real turtle and mulligatawny down to ox-tail, are prepared in the usual way from the stock and other proper materials, but on such a scale of concentration, that, when used, it is necessary to add water equal to half the quantity. They are poured into round canisters, in pints, quarts, and larger quantities, and then sealed up in a manner which will afterwards be described. Several peculiar Scottish soups are prepared at Messrs Gillon and Company's establishment, chiefly for the sake of Scotchmen resident abroad, particularly those in the East Indies. Amongst these are sheep's-head broth, hotch-potch and cocky-leeky; the last a strong soup prepared from a cock, which is spoken of by King James in "Nigel" as an excellent article. The haggis, "great chieftain of the pudding race," is another peculiar dish prepared by the Company. It is, as is generally known, composed of minced tripe and liver mixed with suet, oat-meal, and spice, and boiled in the stomach of a sheep. One of these savoury messes, which are only too good for those who affect to loathe or despise them, was in January last eaten at the celebration of Burns's birth-day in Dumfries, after having made a voyage to India and back. Burns's own haggis, if, instead of being eaten fifty years ago, it had been subjected to the same process, would have been in a state equally fit to regale the company.

In the same upper floor which contains the boilers, we saw a host of women engaged in preparing various dishes, fish, flesh, and fowl. Many were busied in cleaning and cutting vegetables, as parsnips, beet-root, turnips, and carrots, the two last being amongst the largest articles of export to the East Indies, where, it seems, they do not grow. Two women, whose fate we could not help pitying, though perhaps without just cause, had a whole day's work before them in the peeling and cutting of onions—sage and onions with gravy being much in demand at sea and abroad, for sauce to ducks and pork. Four men were busy cutting away flesh from the bones of mutton and beef, to be arranged in roasts, of from two to six pounds, a whole cloud of which we saw spitted upon a novel-looking jack, of ingenious construction, before a large fire. These little roasts are put into the ordinary cases, which are then filled up to near the top with gravy. We may vainly attempt to imagine what a treat such a thing must be to a little cabin company dining in the middle of the Pacific, or to an officers' mess posted in Affghanistan, in whose ears, perhaps, the "Glorious Roast Beef of Old England" is at the same time sounding. In another part of the room we saw great quantities of minced collops in preparation. Such, if we recollect rightly, were all the objects engaging attention for that day. If we had returned on another, we should of course have found the people at work on other dishes, there being about ninety in all prepared in the establishment. It would be tedious to enumerate these; but we may mention, that, amongst the number, are corned and seasoned beef, veal in seven different forms, roasted and jugged hare, cow-heel and potted head, turbot, haddocks, salmon, and other native fish, together with oysters and lobsters, both for separate eating, and to be used as sauce. We may add, that we have tasted some of the oyster soup, as well as the separate oysters, after they had been to Calcutta and back, and found them both excellent. The king of Prussia is a regular customer of Messrs Gillon and Company for these two articles and turtle soup. We must not omit cream, by which tea might be sweetened in China itself, and a certain kind of concentrated gravy in very small packages, designed to furnish an invalid in any part of the world with the soothing and nourishing dish styled amongst us beef-tea. Neither perhaps ought we to overlook a special article entitled *Meg Merrilies Soup*, a composition from game of all conceivable kinds, designed to imitate that with which the gipsy of Derncleuch regaled the terror-chilled soul of Dominie Sampson.

We were next conducted to the workshops where the cases are made, a part of the establishment by no means the least important, for it employs thirty tin-plate workers, every three of whom have a boy under them; that is, forty persons in all. Some cases are made in a square trough-like form, with a lid closing the top, being designed to hold herrings laid at length. But the shape mostly used is that of a round canister, and of this shape there are cases of all sizes, from that of an ordinary snuff-box to a boy's hat. Lids are prepared for these cases, with a hole of an inch or half inch diameter in the centre, and these lids are soldered on after the viands have been put in. There then remains the hole in the centre, upon which, at an after stage of the process, a suitable piece of tin like a button is soldered on, thus closing up the whole, but still leaving a vacancy within filled with common atmospheric air, which, if suffered to remain, would taint the food, and defeat the whole aim of the persons concerned. With respect to the subsequent process for extracting the air, we are not at liberty to enter into particulars, a mercantile interest being concerned in it. When the cases have been exhausted of air and finally closed, they are japanned, for their preservation from damp, labelled, and tested as to their soundness, the ultimate proof of which is their exhibiting, if quite tight, a dimple or slight collapse in some part of their surface, generally in the bottom. Being now finished, they are stored in binns along the sides of a great wareroom, exactly like bottled wine in a merchant's cellar; and are thence taken by the warehousemen, and packed up in barrels for exportation. It may be added, that, when the meat is to be used, the case can be cut up with a seaman's knife, or, more conveniently, with what is called a *lever knife*, an implement invented by Mr Gillon, and of which specimens are sent abroad with almost every package of goods. This knife consists of a handle, no more than sufficient to fill a single hand, with a small but firm hook projecting from it, somewhat in the form of the blade of a reaper's hook, and with the same degree of sharpness, but with a close instead of a sweeping curve, the whole being of such a size that it might be carried in a waistcoat pocket. The point being inserted through the tin, the operator is enabled to cut up the case with ease, by using the fore end of the handle as a fulcrum, on which to rest the instrument, while the handle is alternately and quickly raised and depressed.

The prices of the food thus prepared are not high, considering that bones and all other refuse are excluded, that it is cooked, often in a concentrated fashion, and that there is in every instance a case varying in cost to the preparer from twopence to a shilling. We have been informed, that, in older establishments, higher prices have hitherto been exacted, and the general use of prepared fresh meat at sea and in distant countries thereby prevented. This is short-sighted policy, for moderate prices would secure a greater amount of business, and yield in the long-run greater profits. Messrs Gillon and Company have proceeded upon the more enlightened principle, and, while taking the utmost care with regard to the quality of their goods, have contented themselves with moderate profits.

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The consequence is, that, while the use of preserved meat is not now necessarily confined to invalids and persons of luxurious habits, as in a great measure it was formerly, they have already obtained an amount of business much exceeding that of several concerns which have been a good many years in operation. On the day when we were there, an order had arrived from Liverpool for nearly five thousand cases of different kinds of animal and vegetable food, the aggregate price of which would probably be from four to five hundred pounds. Messrs Gillon and Company usually prepare from 800 to 1000 cases per day; and as yet they have never been able to accumulate a considerable stock of any one article. Not long ago they had a contract for no less than eight tons weight of meat and vegetables (including eight thousand little cases of concentrated gravy) with the Lords of the Admiralty; the whole being for Captain Ross's antarctic expedition, and every article warranted to keep sound for three years. It may be added, that, in the mercantile service, soup and bouilli and some other antiscorbutic soups are now given by many owners to their crews, under the conviction that they are cheaper, as well as more wholesome, than prime mess beef.

Our visit was upon the whole a most gratifying one, though many of the sights presented were not of the kind which in ordinary circumstances are beheld with pleasure. We regarded the establishment as in itself a remarkable result of enterprise and ingenuity, seeing that Mr Gillon might almost be said to have struck out the trade for himself, had bethought him of many signal improvements in it, and had found business and prosperity where many men in his circumstances would have languished in comparative indolence and obscurity. But the establishment appeared in a far more interesting light when we considered it as a practical result of science, holding forth an augury of great reductions in the existing amount of human discomfort and misery. At present, excepting in the small extent to which this mode of preserving meat has as yet operated, the fate of all who sojourn on the face of the deep, and of many other individuals placed in peculiar circumstances, is to diet upon salted meat alone, a form in which it is much less agreeable to taste, much less digestible, and apt to be productive of disease, as was signally shown in the condition of the British navy fifty years ago. Of what great importance must it be to such persons that they should be able, in the longest voyages, to feed more or less upon fresh provisions! Looking only to the feelings which must possess the many wanderers in remote climes when they eat what they have been accustomed to partake of amongst their friends at home, and what therefore cannot come before them without awakening the most tender memories and associations, we must see a great importance in the preparation of preserved fresh food. Other utilities in the discovery might be pointed out, as, for instance, its enabling nations to send to each other, in a fresh and sound state, the various animal and vegetable products of their respective countries. It is obvious that, if the cases only be made thoroughly exclusive of the atmosphere, we might have the turtle of Cuba fresh, instead of their being starved by a long voyage, and might, in exchange, send out the mutton of the Scottish Highlands and the salmon of our rivers, in all their original delicacy of flavour. At present, the price of an oyster in the market of St Petersburg is exactly a ruble, or tenpence, there being no such creature in the seas of that part of the world. Not long ago, while as yet Edinburgh could boast that she *had* oysters, the same money bought a *long hundred*, or 120. There can of course be no need for the Russians paying so exorbitant a price for the article, if it can be readily sent to them from a country where it is to be had at such a low rate. The absolute certainty of preservation by exclusion of the air, is the one little point on which such results depend; and that this is easily practicable, and that the food will accordingly be preserved in all climates, and for an indefinite length of time, has been satisfactorily proved. Last year, some turtle was eaten in Dublin, which had been kept in a similar way for *twenty years!* It would have been not less eatable in the thirtieth century, if the case could have held good so long; for with the great principles of nature it may well be said that a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Perhaps the principle might be carried out to even more wonderful results. It is well known that fishes and reptiles, if congelated, or frozen up in a mass of ice, may be revived at any distance of time by merely thawing them. Our readers will further remember some speculations which appeared in a former number of the present work, respecting the instances of such creatures found alive in masses of solid rock, our theory being that they must have been embedded while in a frozen state, and, the air being excluded, had been thereby prevented from reviving when the temperature was altered. If these views be sound, the salmon of the Tay might quite well be packed up alive, but frozen, and sent in air-exhausted cases to Hindustan, where, on the cases being opened, we venture to predict that the animals would be found as hearty as when they made their first visit to the ocean.

A TALE OF TAHITI.

In the island of Tahiti, one of the loveliest of the many gems that stud the mighty Pacific, the earliest messengers of the Christian faith found themselves altogether unable to accomplish the objects for which they had left their homes, and sacrificed all the ties of friendship and comforts of civilisation. They could not uproot the idolatrous delusions, watered by the blood of countless human sacrifices, which time had so firmly planted in this oasis of the ocean, nor break the hold which designing priests had gained over the minds of their countrymen—a race of people naturally quick in intellect, and well disposed, but simple, ignorant, and credulous. The first Tahitian missionaries were compelled to leave the island, partly from despair of doing good, and partly to ensure the safety of their lives. But their labours had not been utterly thrown away. After their departure for neighbouring islands of better promise, Tahiti fell into a state of strife and disorder, and several chiefs, who had paid particular attention to the missionaries, were led to think with regret of their peaceful and virtuous lessons. An old chief named Utami, above all others, became impressed with such feelings, and longed for the return of the teachers of the new and mild religion. His wishes were ultimately gratified.

During the civil broils alluded to, the Tahitian king had been banished to the neighbouring island of Moorea. Adversity made him, like Utami, regret the loss of the men of peace, and he got several of them recalled to Moorea. With them came M. de Freron, a French Protestant, whom early misfortunes had deprived of every social tie, but whose benevolent nature, far from being thereby rendered morose, had only become imbued with a double portion of philanthropy. His saddened spirit sought relief in visiting climes far remote from the scenes of his former happiness; and having himself found consolation in religion, he devoted himself to the task of pointing out that great source of comfort to others who knew it not. For this purpose he had visited Tahiti with the South Sea missionaries, and with them he had been forced to leave it, but not until he had formed various friendships there, and particularly with Utami and his family, the latter consisting of a daughter, two sons, and an adopted nephew of the old chief. On being recalled to Moorea, M. de Freron took the earliest opportunity of crossing to Tahiti, to see these dear friends, to whom he had been a cherished counsellor and guide.

M. de Freron was landed at the beautiful village of Matavia, whence, in the evening, he walked alone towards the inland dwelling of Utami. Around him, on his route, lay a most lovely landscape, in which the cocoa-tree, with its graceful head, the bread-fruit and plum-trees, with their respective garbs of dark and light green, and the plantain, conspicuous for its gigantic leaves, held a prominent place. At length, the abode of the chief, composed of upright pillars of wood, and thatched with pandanus leaves, like other native huts, came within the traveller's sight; and he recognised the creepers upon the walls, and the hedges of prickly pear, which he had instructed and helped the family to plant, making the place far more beautiful than common native dwellings. All was silence as M. de Freron approached, and he entered, with his wonted salutation of "Peace be to my friends who dwell here!" Looking forward to the upper end of the long apartment, he then saw his old friend sitting on the ground, with his daughter, and his adopted son. As M. de Freron advanced a few steps farther, he comprehended, at one glance, by the listless folding of their hands, their bent heads, and eyes fixed on the ground with looks of profound grief, that they were deploring some heavy misfortune. But he had barely time to make this observation, when the girl started from the mat on which she was sitting at the feet of her father, and came forward to meet him. The form of Amaita was of the most graceful and symmetrical proportions, and her garments of snow-white native cloth floated round her in light drapery, while, contrary to her usual custom, her long black tresses were hanging round her shoulders, instead of being gathered and fastened on the top of her head. The paleness of her clear and slightly olive complexion, the mournful expression of her features, and the tears that were dimming her bright black eyes, showed M. de Freron, as she came towards him under the light of the candlenuts, that he had not been mistaken, and that some recent calamity was pressing heavily on her heart.

"Our good friend has returned," she exclaimed in eager accents; "a messenger from the true God has come to console my father."

"Welcome, welcome to the wisher of peace!" cried the old chief, "but peace can dwell no longer here, for I no longer behold the light of the sun, and a darkness yet greater than the want of sight hath fallen upon me. He who was to me brighter than the morning sky, my son—my Fetia-ura (red star)—hath set in blood, and *my race is doomed.*" Full well did their auditor know the horrible meaning of these latter words, which seemed to curdle his blood as they were pronounced.

"Trust in the God of the Christians, my father," said Amaita, as she pressed the old man's withered hands to her forehead, to her cheeks, and to her lips, while her bright tears fell rapidly upon them.

"Yes, my father," said Paitia, his adopted child, "this good teacher will instruct you how to pray, and the great God will listen, for he is merciful, and unlike our gods, whose cruel priests take delight in our blood and our tears." But the old man's grief was too strongly mingled with a thirst for vengeance so natural to the heart of a savage, to admit of his reaping any consolation from the mild doctrines of meekness and resignation which he knew would be inculcated by his visitor, who, foreseeing that it would require some time to calm his wounded and exasperated spirit, sought for the present merely an explanation of what had happened. The tale was soon told by Paitia, who beckoning to M. de Freron to leave the hut with him, was no sooner out of the old chief's hearing than he commenced his short narrative.

The respect, it appears, in which the old chief held many of the truths which emanated from the religion brought by the missionaries, though they had not shed on his darkened path the steady light of the sun, had like bright meteors served partially to illumine his way, and in their light he had renounced many of *his* former errors. Among those, was his habitual regard for a singular society of men called Areois, whose pretensions to the respect of their countrymen arose from the alleged divinity of their origin, and their close connection with the priests. These Areois were a multitudinous set of idle and privileged profligates, whose lives were spent in journeying from place to place, and in performing pantomimes and dances, and in encouraging the most degrading vices, which they represented as being religious rites particularly pleasing to the gods. Whenever these people appeared in a district, it was the duty of the chiefs belonging to it to provide them with sumptuous entertainments, and for this purpose to lay such heavy contributions on the people around them, that famine and misery were the inevitable consequences of their visit. The Areois had come near to the dwelling of Utami, and had demanded the usual boons. The old chief repulsed them, and the consequence was an outcry of so violent a nature as alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Still Utami persisted in his contempt of their mad and wicked claims, and the Areois and the priests, in a state of savage irritation, came to his house to punish him. One of them fired off a gun close to his face, and, though loaded only with powder, it destroyed the poor old man's sight. Nor did the vengeance of the Areois rest here. A few days afterwards Utami's eldest son disappeared, and as the Areois were known to have offered up a human sacrifice at the time, no doubt existed as to the victim. This was a catastrophe the more terrible, as it was the well-known custom of this fanatical band to consider a family, from which they thus took *one* victim, as "doomed," and to go on with their revenge until they had cut off *every male* of the house. Fully aware of this, Utami wished his family to fly from Tahiti, but this they could not and would not do, because he would not go with them. "I am blind—I am useless—I am *doomed*," *said he*; "I will stay." The noble Amaita offered to stay with her father, and entreated that her younger brother, and her father's adopted son Paitia, should fly, but the boy alone was prevailed upon to go. He escaped by night, and in secret, to Moorea. Paitia, to whom Amaita was far dearer than any object of mere relationship, would not leave Utami and his daughter. Such was the account given to M. de Freron of the condition of the chief and his family.

When M. de Freron re-entered the house, he found that Amaita had spread out for him, on plantain leaves, a repast of fruit at once delicious and refreshing. This finished, the good stranger entered into converse with the unhappy family, who hourly looked for the second coming of the Areois to take off the old man as their next victim. That night, and many successive days, M. de Freron passed in the house of Utami, being only absent occasionally at Matavia, engaged in the task of teaching all who would listen to him. But it was when beside the old chief, his adopted son and his daughter, that M. de Freron felt most deeply interested. The two latter persons loved each other with a love simple and pure as their own hearts. They had no need of lovers' vows; they understood what passed in the minds of one another as if by intuition. The tears of the one had never fallen without those of the other; the smile came at one moment to the lips of each. Paitia had but one wish—to give pleasure to Amaita. For this he had climbed the loftiest rocks, and had often travelled many leagues alone in his frail canoe, to bring up pearls for her from the bottom of the deep. These gems Amaita prised, not because of their intrinsic value, but because they had been sought by him for her, and won at the price of toil and danger. The sight of this pair's affection was delightful to M. de Freron, as it broke out and revealed itself even amid agonising suspense and distress. He had the pleasure, too, of noticing, that at each succeeding visit, his arguments appeared to impress the old man more strongly, and to render him less and less averse to the idea of personal flight from Tahiti.

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Encouraged by this change, M. de Freron went back, on one occasion, to Matavia, with the purpose of craving the help of some young men who were favourable to Christianity, and whom he could trust, to procure a canoe, in which with their assistance he hoped to convey the old man, with Amaita and her lover, to Moorea, and determined, if Utami still persisted in his obstinate refusal to accompany them, to brave his anger, and by overpowering him and forcing him into it, to save him and his family from destruction.

In this plan he was hastened by a visit which he received late in the day from one of the priests of Oro or Orene, the principal deity of the natives, who had become a secret convert, and who informed him that a human sacrifice was to be offered on that very night, and that either the old chief or his adopted son was to be the victim. Meantime, we shall return to Amaita, who on the evening of the same day received the like information from a young man usually employed about the principal marae or temple. This lad had been saved from the jaws of a shark by her deceased brother, and a strong sense of gratitude caused him to seek Amaita, and promise that, by means he dared not divulge, he would make himself acquainted with the time of the next sacrifice, and inform her of it. This promise his vigilance had enabled him to perform, but too late to be of material service. No sooner, however, did Amaita become acquainted with this astounding intelligence, than she prepared to execute a desperate resolution previously formed in dread and in silence. M. de Freron, who had made known his schemes to Amaita respecting her father, had not been deceived in believing that a change had passed over the mind of Utami, and the latter now granted to her vehement entreaties and touching persuasions a promise that he would no longer oppose their plan for his escape. This promise she caused him to repeat in the most solemn manner; and, satisfied that he would keep it under whatever circumstances, she left him to seek her lover. Him she urged to set off without delay for Matavia, to inform M. de Freron of her having prevailed on her father to depart, and to aid in bringing round the canoe in which they were to make their voyage, that he might direct in mooring it at the mouth of a small river, in a situation where it could be effectually concealed till her father reached it.

But though Paitia agreed with her that M. de Freron should be immediately made acquainted with her father's change of purpose, he refused to be himself the messenger, and proposed sending a person he could trust, violently opposing the idea of leaving her. "No, no!" he said, "I cannot go from you; something will happen to frighten or to hurt you in my absence—tell me not to leave you—I will not go!" Much perplexed by this opposition to her wishes, and dreading every moment that he might penetrate her purpose, though profoundly ignorant of the information she had just received, she used every entreaty to persuade him; and finding them inadequate, she at length reproached him with want of true regard to her, while each word she uttered smote upon her own conscience and upon the tenderest sensibilities of her nature. These reproaches he could not bear from her who was infinitely dearer than all besides; and with a foreboding which foretold some dire misfortune to her he loved, he rapidly set off for Matavia, when the evening was far spent. Again did she ply her father with tears and caresses, till his reiterated assurances of keeping his promise to leave Tahiti rendered her completely easy on that subject. Thus, having satisfied herself that all had so far been managed to her wish, she addressed herself to the task of preparing for that fearful fate which she had long contemplated, as the only means by which it might be in her power to serve her father and her lover. The escape of her youngest brother was kept a secret, and she had still some of his clothes. The complexion of the males of Tahiti, even in youth, is much darker than that of the females. She had provided herself with the juice of a plant which dyed her skin of the masculine hue. She was one year older than her absent brother; and when she had put on his clothes and added the tipirta, or upper garment, having an aperture through which the head is passed, and which covered the shoulders, breast, and back, she could scarcely have been distinguished from him even by the searching light of day, and therefore felt secure in the deception, for she knew that her murderers would not arrive till midnight.

And this dreadful hour had nearly come, when, thus equipped, she turned on her old blind father one long last look of eternal farewell, and walked forth, under the overspreading trees, to the opposite verge of the open meadow, now illumined by the splendour of a full moon, and near to that valley through which it was necessary that the expected emissaries of the priest should pass. And here she waited, that she might be ready to present herself when they appeared; and while she there leaned her back against a tree, and stood in all the majesty of true heroism and self-devotion of woman's love, whether she sent upwards her earnest gaze towards the starry worlds rolling above her in the clear vault of heaven, or clasped her hands upon her breast, and bent her head in the act of fervent prayer to the God of the Christians, the fearful and overawing thoughts of death mingled strangely and appallingly with those of tenderness and triumph. "They may kill my body," she said, "but they cannot touch my spirit; that will rejoice for ever in having saved my father, and my more than brother, who will soon know how Amaita loved them!" At length she bent her ear towards the ground, and distinctly heard the approach of footsteps, while a sickness of soul came over her, which seemed to suspend all vital motion. Again she stood erect, and presently four men emerged from the wood. She darted forwards with frantic haste, and stood with her figure conspicuously revealed in the bright moonlight.

At that instant a yell issued from the cruel wretches, who immediately perceived and ran towards her. Two of them began to ascend a cocoa-nut tree, to gather the leaves with which it was their practice to construct a long basket, into which they put the body of the victim, while bearing it to the temple. The other two approached the trembling girl, while their eyes glared fearfully upon her, and their whole features were distorted by an expression terrific, revolting, and unnatural. They seized their silent and unresisting victim, and drew her towards the edge of the darksome wood. Already was the arm of her assassin raised high above her head, while his hand grasped the fatal club which was to prostrate her on the earth, when, hark! a voice close at his ear—wild, loud, and threatening—called to him to desist, and Paitia, clearing some intervening brushwood, with the bound of a tiger springing on his prey, and with his eyes flashing fire, his whole frame violently trembling, and the big drops of cold perspiration standing on his pale forehead, seized the man's arm, and exclaimed—"Touch her not—it is a woman—it is Amaita—no disguise can hide her from me. Ah, cruel that she is, she wears her brother's clothes, who hath escaped far beyond your reach. If you doubt," he said, "behold how she has deceived you;" and he tore from her shoulders the upper garment which concealed them, and exposed to view the contrast between the dyed part of her skin, and that which lay under the tapirta. It was enough; they were satisfied of the deception; but all the rage of their hearts burst forth at being thus foiled. "Come," they said with imprecations, "this Paitia is the adopted one; he is knit to the old man's heart as his own son; it shall suffice to lop off this branch till we return to hew down the withered tree;" and they attempted to seize him, but he slid through their hands like an eel. He was fleet of foot, and, darting from them, had gained the skirts of the forest in an opposite direction, when one of the men who carried a musket fired, and he fell. The frantic shrieks of Amaita were prolonged amid the woods and the rocks, as she flew towards the spot, while the men, feeling now sure of their victim, and calling to their comrades to join them, approached it more slowly. Vain, however, was their search; Paitia was nowhere to be seen; while Amaita, who had followed them for a time, now returned to the open meadow, in the fond hope of his having found a place of concealment, from her knowledge of the spot towards which he had bent his flight, and lest, by her approaching it too nearly, she should excite suspicion.

Meanwhile, M. de Freron had arrived along with the trusty friends who were to convey the old chief and his daughter to the boat; and having seen him safe on his way towards it, he had set out in search of Amaita and Paitia. The latter had left him at Matavia, and, fearful of the least delay, after learning what the priest had communicated to M. de Freron, had flown by all those shorter paths which he alone knew, and thus gained the time which saved Amaita. M. de Freron found her, and had no sooner heard what had just passed, than he urged her to join her father, and offered himself to remain and seek Paitia. To this she would not listen, but fearing for his safety should the murderers return disappointed, she advised that they should hide themselves till their departure; and having crept into the underwood, they lay there till the men returned, and passed so near that they distinctly heard their conversation. From this they learned that they had not found Paitia, and that having been equally unsuccessful in their search after the old chief, they were then hurrying on to select some other victim for the approaching sacrifice. Scarcely were their figures lost in the gloom of the valley, when Amaita flew with the speed of lightning to the spot where Paitia had fallen. Her friend, though unable to keep pace with her, followed the sound of her footsteps as fast as he could, till he reached a small open space amid the trees. While he stood here, Amaita came to his side. She appeared to emerge as by enchantment out of its solid mass, followed by Paitia, while she cried out in accents of the wildest joy, "He lives! he lives!" He had been wounded, but not dangerously. The musket ball had struck and glanced off from the joint of his left shoulder, and his two friends having bound up the wound with a sleeve torn from M. de Freron's shirt, he was able to accompany them. The cavern where he found refuge had been pointed out to him some time before by Amaita, and he had, as she conjectured, made for it when escaping from death. Feeling still unassured till they should reach the canoe, they now hurried on their way towards it. But their path lying in the direction of Amaita's habitation, they perceived as they approached it, that a red lurid smoke obscured it from their sight, and presently saw the red embers of the few trees that had immediately surrounded the hut, and the building itself prostrate on the ground.

Amaita had loved her dwelling and the beautiful plants she had long so fondly trained around it, and she left the desolated spot as one turns from the grave of a buried friend. But her friends were still safe; she had lost no riches; and this feeling quickly gave place to joy when she entered the boat, and once more embraced her father, and saw Paitia at her side. The canoe had escaped the search of the murderers, though they had approached so near that their voices were heard by those who were in it. Their safety arose from the boat being moored in a dark alcove formed by the branches of the aoa or banian of the east—that most magnificent of the vegetable tribe. As the light canoe left the shore and breasted the waves, all was for some hours silent in the lovely scene around, save the dash of the waves which rolled deeply and grandly on, till they struck the outward ledge of the coral reef. But when the glorious sun arose, and all, save the blind old chief, beheld the lovely tints of earth and sky, and the calm ocean lying around like one immense sapphire, so brightly smooth and so deeply blue, and they began to near the beautiful island of Moorea, every pulse beat with delight, and a new stream of life seemed poured into the veins of Amaita.

Few days had elapsed after reaching a place of safety, when the lovers were baptised by one of the missionaries; and after another short space, the benevolent M. de Freron had the pleasure of seeing these young people, whom he loved with a father's affection, united for life. And when some time after the king and his adherents were recalled from banishment by the people of Tahiti, and profound peace and brotherly love reigned among the natives, who became Christians almost to a man, and her father was resigned to his fate, and grateful for the blessings still left him in a promising son, and the heroic Amaita, she was completely happy. M. de Freron, whose kind and guileless heart had known nothing but misery amid artificial life, determined to set up his staff of rest in the elysium of Tahiti; and by doing all in his power to advance the temporal and eternal interests of its inhabitants, ensure to himself that affection without which the world is a desert.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH AGRICULTURE.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.—SECOND ARTICLE.

Having described the progressive improvements on a Scotch estate, and the enterprise of the gentleman by whom these improvements were effected, I shall now, for the sake of contrast, offer an account of a supposed tract of land in Munster or Connaught, of the same area and quality with that in Dumfriesshire. Admitting that such tract had fallen under the absolute control of the owner subsequently to the extinction of the forty-shilling freeholds, and granting, for illustration sake, that the impediments of excessive population on petty subdivisions of land had been surmounted, by dragging the wretched occupants out of their homes "by hook or crook" on the expiration of their leases, by their voluntary emigration on receiving reasonable gratuities, or, as has been far more usual, by a humane and gradual consolidation of little holdings, I am justified in asserting, that the Irish landlord (with such rare exceptions as confirm the general hypothesis) would not have set his shoulders to the work of improvement in the same way, on the same scale, and with the same skill and perseverance, marked out and pursued by Sir Charles Stuart Menteath.

The Irish landlord would probably have planted trees extensively, and formed fences round his plantations; he would have formed and executed roads, but at the expense of the country, through his estate; he would have endeavoured to let his lands in the largest lots which the circumstances of the country in general, or of the estate in question in particular, would have permitted, but he would never have dreamed of forming hedges or wall-fences for the accommodation of tenants or the embellishment of the estate, far less would he have expended three years' rental from his own pocket, according to Scotch practice, on the erection of substantial houses and offices for a respectable class of yeomanry. No: he would have let his farms at the highest rates, and left every description of improvement, and the building of their houses, to the tenants themselves, who by this system too frequently find that their capital is prematurely exhausted on unremunerating though necessary labours: nay, if there were limestone on the property, the landlord too often would have left the expense of forming limekilns to the tenantry, and made no exertion to facilitate the conveyance of fuel to them, or of actively developing any of the resources of his property, though his own interests and those of his successors were so deeply involved.

Since the abolition of the "forties" as a *desirable* class of tenantry, and their consequent disappearance from the soil in a great degree, and the introduction of a somewhat higher class of occupants, with a general improvement in rural economy, there has been no doubt an increasing attention to many of those principles which long experience in Great Britain has

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proved to be sound and beneficial as regards the enlargement of farms, the *encouragement* of draining, and building and manuring; but still these improvements are not in the first instance executed by the Irish landlord as a matter of rule and necessity. It is true he often contributes a portion of the materials, such as slates and timber, for farm buildings, if the tenant engages to raise the walls with stone and mortar in a permanent manner, but in the great majority of instances, even this aid is withheld.

It is not easy to account for all the contradictions of practice between the Irish and Scotch landlords (for it is these only who are here compared); and the difficulty of solution is increased by the consideration that some landlords have estates in both countries, and yet pursue diametrically opposite modes of management in each; they do not or can not assimilate their practice in each.

There are, I think, two very obvious causes for the difference to which I have alluded in these modes—the difference of tenure, and the remarkable disparity in the number of rural occupiers of all classes.

First—A lease in Scotland expires at the termination of nineteen years. In Ireland the lease continues very frequently for thirty-one years, with three concurrent lives, and rarely for less than twenty-one years, with three lives concurrent. Practically, these leases may last for sixty or seventy years; and at one time it was not unusual to grant leases which endured for nearly a century.

These long leases in Ireland are most pernicious in their effects. They indispose the landlord from doing any thing for his property, and render the tenant indifferent as to his mode of general management, for he views the grounds very much as if they were his own property, or an inalienable inheritance in his family. Experience proves that leases for farms should neither be too short nor too long, but be of a fair duration, say for nineteen or twenty years at the utmost, and drawn up in such terms as will give both landlord and tenant a deep interest in the well-being of the farm. There can be no question, as far as the interests of agriculture are concerned, that it is beneficial to infuse occasionally new energy, new modes of practice, as well as speculative experiment, into farm management; and it is clear that, according to the plan of long leases, nothing of the kind can be done in Ireland, except the farmer possess the rare qualification of being both a capitalist and an enthusiast in his profession.

Second—The remarkable disparity in the number of rural occupiers of all classes.

The number of those who have any just pretensions to the appellation of farmers, is not a fifteenth in the agricultural counties of Scotland that it is in any of the well-cultivated parts of Ireland. And this, among other causes, is attributable to the prevailing practice on the part of the Scotch heritor, of providing houses for the tenantry. This policy leads him to build as few as possible, and he therefore consolidates his farms to the utmost.

In the pastoral districts of the southern parts of Scotland, there is also the same contrast as to population, when compared with that of the hills and mountains of Ireland. The Irish traveller is in truth amazed as he perceives the manifestations of very extended tillage, without the numerous cottages or cabins on which his eye has been used to rest, either in frequent villages or isolated cottages. "Where are the labourers?" he says to himself; "where can they live?" When he sees some half dozen solid and unpicturesque little habitations in a single row near a great stack-yard, he thinks it impossible that these can contain one-fourth of the work-people necessary to cultivate some hundreds of acres in the perfect way which he beholds, perhaps for the first time in his life.

When told that on a farm of six hundred acres, under a four or five shift rotation (one-fourth or two-fifths being in pasture), seven ploughmen only are employed; that one hedger, one shepherd, one steward, with nine or ten women in winter and fifteen in summer, execute the entire *ordinary* work of the farm, his surprise is unqualified:

> The man exclaims with lifted eyes,
> "Can *these* till farms of such a size?"

They can, and do, with some extra hands in harvest. And this unvaried system of employment provides most comfortably for the families which are located on the respective farms. Every occupier of a farm cottage being bound to furnish one workwoman or grown-up boy, there is no necessity for looking beyond the regular occupiers of the limited number of hinds and cottars for extraneous labour, unless draining or other extraordinary operations should be required. We thus see that in Scotland farming is conducted according to the strictly correct rules of economical science; the plan is to obtain the largest possible amount of produce, and at the same time not deteriorate the ground, at the lowest possible outlay, and this is accomplished in a manner the most interesting and surprising.

On six hundred acres of fully cropped land in Ireland, there would be five times as many labouring families; of these, many of the males would be irregularly employed, and the women only in the spring and harvest periods; and there would be continual applications for "leave to toil" from the wretched inhabitants of the hamlets and small towns adjacent to such farms, presenting, as Burns has remarked, that most mortifying picture of human life, "a man seeking work and finding none." But besides the disparity of numbers, the traveller is struck with the great difference, in the means of subsistence, or in the wages of labour. I shall place the wages in juxtaposition, and, as regards the Scotsman, on a *much* lower rate than that given in a published work by Mr Sellar of Sutherland, who supposes the labourer to earn, with his wife and *children*, L.51, 9s. 4d. per year; but this appears to me excessive.

SCOTCH LOWLAND HIND.

5 bolls of oatmeal at 35s.	L.8 15 0
2½ bolls of barley at 30s.	3 15 0
1 boll of peas	1 10 0
*1000 yards of potato drills, at least	2 0 0
Carriage† of six carts of coals	1 10 0
Keep of a cow	7 0 0
Liberty to keep 6 hens and 1 cock, or money instead	0 10 0
Cash	2 0 0
Lint (flax) ground, or 500 additional drills of potatoes	1 0 0
Workwoman's labour	6 10 0
	L.34 10 0

If the hind has a son employed on the same farm in the same capacity, he has the same allowance, except a cow, in lieu of which he receives L.5 in cash, so that one family may earn about L.60.

IRISH LABOURER.

By wages, at 10d. per working day, about	L.13 0 0
Spring and harvest work by wife or children	1 10 0
Fowls and eggs sold	1 10 0
Profit on a pig (fed, however, entirely by himself)	2 10 0
	L.18 10 0

This is a lamentable contrast for the Irishman, who could not subsist at all, were it not that he usually takes potato land manured, for which he pays about L.6, 10s., and by the produce of this he may be said to support his family altogether. He has, however, very frequently an acre of rented land himself, in which case he is much better off; and if he has a grown-up son or two to earn wages also, the unfavourableness of this account is considerably diminished. I have not in either case estimated the value of a house and little garden, though this is greatly in favour of the Scotch cottar or hind, who pays for a good habitation, *kept in repair* for him, only one month's harvest work by his workman, who is fed by the farmer during that period. The Irish cottar has either built his own cabin, paying a rack-rent for the land connected with it, or pays in cash or labour from L.1, 10s. to L.2 for the use of it; and if it should fall upon his head without crushing his brains, he has no assistance from his employer in most cases for rebuilding or repairing it. Not so in Scotland. In the comparison of wages I have placed to the account of the Irish cottar L.2, 10s. as the profit upon his pig, and L.1, 10s. for his poultry, because it is necessary to show his entire means of subsistence; but for these items he is not indebted to his employer in the slightest degree; they constitute no part of his *wages* in any shape, so that he really earns, in general, but L.12, 10s. per year! Compared with the hind of any common farmer even in the pastoral districts of Yarrow or Ettrick, he is miserably paid.

These have in money wages *at least*	L.10 0 0
5 carts of potatoes	6 0 0
Keep of a cow	5 0 0

Besides the wages of a female occasionally, and liberty to cut peat, which is led home for them.‡

If the difference in the *number* of cottages on Scotch and Irish farms respectively be great, so also is there a wide distinction in the external appearance and internal condition of them. Many of the Irish cottages may be gaily whitewashed in the exterior, and in this respect they seem superior to the houses of the Scotch peasantry. But look within! In the comforts of the interior, the neat bedsteads, clean bedding, well-formed floor, general furniture, and cleanliness, the Scotch cottages of all classes, even in those pastoral districts to which my observations have just now referred, have a manifest and decided superiority. The clothing, also, of the inhabitants is incomparably better, as may be expected where there is no surplus supply of labourers, and where the rates of labour are so ample.

And as to *food*; who sees hams and flitches of bacon suspended over the fireplace of the Irish peasant, or the ample supply of meal which the Scotch hind possesses? Alas! my country! would that many of the distinctions which now prevail, and to some of which I have adverted, were removed altogether! But among these I do not include the great disparity in the size of farms. The consolidation of these to any thing like the degree attained in Scotland, would be totally unsuited to the existing circumstances of Ireland, as they regard population and capital. Farms of from thirty to fifty acres are better suited to the pecuniary means and the general condition of the people of Ireland, than those of much greater extent; and any violent effort to increase this average limit would be both cruel and impolitic.

* The hind finds seed only, and hand-hoeing.

† He pays for the coals at the colliery.

‡ [The writer of this being a stranger in the country, presents, we think, rather too favourable a view of the condition of the Scottish hind. He is evidently not aware of the fact that these hinds, or farm-labourers, are liable to dismissal at pleasure at the end of yearly terms, and, upon the whole, lead a drudging and body-killing life. When they get old or enfeebled, they are frequently turned adrift, to make room for others more young and vigorous, and thus the provincial and large towns have become receptacles for aged paupers from the landward districts. This is unquestionably a serious evil, and has been often made the subject of complaint by town authorities.—*Ed. C. J.*]

[From this comparison between Scotch and Irish agricultural arrangements, the result seems to be, that in Scotland rural affairs are conducted in a spirited and energetic manner, and with the employment of considerable capital, so as in effect to reduce farming to a profitable and precise course of business, while in Ireland, which lies within sight of its shores, all kinds of agricultural operations are conducted in a rude and far from profitable manner, whether the interests of the farmer, the landlord, or the public, are concerned. Whatever be the advantages of the Scotch system, they are clearly traceable in the first instance to the exertions of the landed gentry, of whom Sir Charles Stewart Menteath is an honourable example. The Scotch landlord rarely scruples to sink capital on his farms for the purpose of improving them and of reaping the benefit at the distance of a few years. This, it seems, is done by only a very few Irish land-proprietors, who, generally speaking, leave their poor tenants to struggle on without professional skill, capital, or enterprise; and the consequence is that meagre, disorderly, and unprofitable husbandry, which one sees in nearly all quarters of Ireland, and which is often a burlesque on the name of agriculture.—ED.]

WILDE'S NARRATIVE OF HIS VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

SECOND NOTICE.

MR WILDE, in the course of his voyage southwards, touched at Corunna, on the coast of Spain, where the yacht remained with the party for a few days. In the course of his stay he visited the memorable field of Corunna, accompanied by a remarkable personage, George Daboish, otherwise "Old Russian George," as guide. The history of this man presents a striking example of the instability of human affairs. We give it in Mr Wilde's own words.

OLD RUSSIAN GEORGE.

"His history is remarkable—by birth a Russian—an Italian by descent—married to a Spaniard—and, although naturalised in Spain, claiming England for his country. Few men in his condition have seen more of what is termed *life*. He has with truth 'braved many a rough sea's storm' in his day—the very sport of the element he made his home. At an early age he was bound to the master of an English merchantman trading to the Black Sea, out of which he was, shortly after, pressed on board a British man-of-war. From this he took *French leave* at Cork, and having travelled across the country for some days, alone and penniless, he found himself at what he not inaptly calls the *mutiny* of Vinegar Hill. He re-entered the merchant service, and some years afterwards was wrecked returning from the West Indies as mate—having suffered unspeakable hardships in an open boat for three weeks, during which time they were reduced to the horrible alternative of

> 'Who should die to be his fellow's food.'

From this state of misery and privation they were providentially rescued by one of our Kinsale hookers, for the inhabitants of which place he still retains feelings of the utmost gratitude. He again entered the navy, and immediately after served at the Nile; was wounded at Trafalgar, on board the Bellerophon; boasts the honour of an acquaintanceship with Nelson; and was present when Parker suffered at the yard-arm, after the mutiny at the Nore. He served in one of the transports in this bay, at the time of the retreat, and seems perfectly acquainted with all the transactions concerning it. After this he betook himself to the merchant service; soon rose to be a master, and had acquired some wealth, but was again shipwrecked, and he alone of all his crew saved. He was thrown ashore, and beside him lay his ship's compass, the sole remnant of all his earthly possessions. He still preserves it with the greatest veneration, and exhibits it with delight to strangers.

The ocean's greedy wave had robbed him of his home; the rocks and sands had spoliated his wealth; the drenching spray had damped, but could not quench, the fire of his enthusiasm, so characteristic of his calling, till love, all-powerful, induced him to resign the ocean for one of the dark-eyed maids of Corunna. He married; and here, by years of industry and perseverance, he rose to comfort, if not to wealth.

Short-lived was his day of happiness. In the year 1823, when the French bombarded this town, his house, which stands outside the walls, was struck by a random ball, and in the very spot where he had concealed all his treasure (some thousands of dollars), which the French soldiers soon pounced upon; and fearing their vengeance for concealing his *own* property he had actually to swim to one of the Spanish vessels in the harbour. Still he has weathered the storm, and supports himself in some comfort by the proceeds of a small posada sacrata, or lodging-house. He is now a stout old man of seventy-six—a fine honest tar of the olden days of long queues and wide trousers. He has seen much of the world, and, what is rare in his profession, profited by it; to use his own expression, 'a man who travels much seldom dies a fool.' He is master of most of the European languages, and speaks English well. His long yarns of the days of Nelson, and the various scenes he had been partaker in, were highly amusing. He is universally known in Corunna as 'old Russian George.'"

* Curry and Company, Dublin. 2 vols. 8vo 1840.

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LOPEZ THE CARLIST.

Corunna, whose population belongs to the Queen's or Christino party, has been fortunately exempted from the effects of civil war; yet circumstances have occasionally occurred to remind the people of this desolating contest. Carlist brigands frequently intercept the mails, and render travelling exceedingly dangerous. An event occurred in connection with one of these robberies, a few years ago, so characteristic of Spanish law and injustice, that Mr Wilde cannot help recording it.

"Towards the latter end of October 1835, the insurgents of Gallicia posted a notice, that all persons found conveying the mail of her majesty the Queen of Spain should be shot. The government courier proceeding from Corunna to Madrid, soon after this notice, was murdered, the bags cut open, and the letters destroyed, it was supposed, by a Carlist named Lopez.

Count Pablo Morillo, then captain-general of that province, enraged at such conduct, declared, that if they shot *another* courier, he would shoot the brother of Lopez. These brothers had been previously tried for an offence in no way connected with political affairs; were both acquitted; but the unhappy victim to injustice was detained in prison on suspicion, while his brother joined the insurgents as their chief.

The captain-general would not listen to the advice offered him by many, and amongst these several of the consuls of the place, to issue a proclamation of his intention to shoot the brother of Lopez if they committed a similar act. In a few nights after, on a Saturday, a courier, with both his horses, was shot two leagues from Corunna.

The count, a most violent man, would hear no remonstrance, and instantly ordered this unfortunate man for execution, and would not even allow him time to prepare for the other world, but hurried him off, desiring the confessor to do so on his way to the spot where the courier was shot the night previous.

At two o'clock on a Sunday, this man was led out, accompanied by a prisoner named Ramos—the one to be shot, the other to witness the fate he next was to suffer, should another courier fall by rebel hands.

When they arrived at the place of execution, and Lopez was told by the provost-marshal his excellency's order, he replied, 'What do I know of all this!—I have been in prison a year, and know nothing of my brother's crimes; why should I suffer for him! But I have long thought I should—I am ready,' and sat down on the chair. * * * *

The company of Urbanos returned, after this sad scene, with Ramos riding on an ass, sunk and unmanned. Both prisoners were in the queen's uniform as officers.

It were but to be expected that the brigand Lopez would commence a fearful retaliation. He still haunts the mountain passes in this neighbourhood, the terror of those who have wealth to lose—the *Rob Roy* of Gallicia. Although the thirsty soil may have drunk up the stream of life that flowed from the wounds of this innocent man—the hot vapour rising from off that purple tide has ascended on high, an evidence against this guilty land."

EGYPTIAN COFFEE.

In voyaging up the Mediterranean, the yacht touched at Gibraltar, Algiers, and Alexandria, and from the latter place the party proceeded inland by the Nile to Cairo. So much has been written lately of Egypt and Mohammed Ali, that we spare the reader any extracts on the subject, and confine ourselves to the author's account of the Egyptian mode of preparing coffee, and a curious fact in natural history.

"We generally dined early; and as there were at Cairo several visitors of various countries, who like ourselves could not obtain accommodation in the other inn, we were not at a loss for society, both agreeable and instructive, as we enjoyed our pipes and coffee. I was anxious to see and become acquainted with the manufacture of coffee, which far surpasses ours in flavour and aroma. The preparation of this is another royal monopoly. I visited the factory, a large oblong room, containing a series of roasters over stoves running down the centre. Here the fresh beans are placed, attended with the greatest care, and watched with such nicety that a single minute is not allowed to elapse after they have acquired the desired state of torrification until they are removed. They are then placed in large stone mortars, set in a raised bench of stone-work, which surrounds the whole apartment, and opposite each of these is placed a man who pounds the contents with an immense metal pestle, worked with both hands, to a state of the finest comminution. The coffee is then sifted, the coarser grains separated, and again submitted to the pounding process, which is continued till it is reduced to an almost impalpable powder; so fine, indeed, that it not only imparts its flavour and essence to, but absolutely mixes with, the water. All the men engaged at the work were black slaves, nearly naked, as the heat is very great; and in producing the finest description, some spend a whole day at a few pounds of berries. It is not ground in a mill, but is always reduced by pounding to a state of the finest powder. When the coffee is about to be prepared for use, the water is boiled in the coffee-pot, the coffee put in at the point of boiling, suffered to simmer some time, the vessel shaken, and allowed to stand a few minutes in order to settle, and then poured off; and it has this peculiarity over every other, that so fine is the powder that both with what is dissolved and suspended in the fluid, it is *thick*, and at the same time perfectly *clear*. This is its state of perfection; a state not always got in the kahwehs or coffee-shops, where it is often muddy, and always too thick for the taste of Europeans."

THE SCARABŒUS.

In travelling over the desert—"Another animal that particularly called my attention, and excited my admiration, was the Scarabœus, or sacred beetle; these were running about in all directions in the warm sunshine, engaged in rolling their balls over the desert with such industry, and in so curious a manner, that I cannot refrain, although on the path to the Pyramids, from stopping to notice the little animal so famed in Egyptian story, and that formed so conspicuous a part in the symbolic language and the mythology of this ancient people. The more I consider the habits and manners of animals, the more am I convinced that it was an accurate observation of their natural history and instinct that arrested the attention of the ancients, and on which was formed much of their hieroglyphic system. This was not peculiar to the Egyptians, for we find the car of Bacchus drawn by tigers, evidently alluding to his conquest of a country to which those animals were peculiar; and in like manner are represented the conquests of Alexander, not expressed in words or any written character, but shown forth by the representations of the animals peculiar to each region, as depicted in the mosaic pavement at Præneste.

These little creatures, which are possessed of amazing strength and perseverance, form balls of clay and camel's dung, which they mix up into a kind of mortar, very like that used by swallows to construct their nests; in these they deposit their eggs, and thus it forms a crust or shell to the larvæ within; they then roll these balls, when sufficiently dried, over the sand in a truly remarkable manner. The male is provided with two projections in the form of horns on the head, and uses them as a lever to raise and push the ball forward from behind, while the female mounting before keeps it revolving onwards by drawing it down with her fore feet. Sometimes three or four will get about one ball, either for the mere sake of work, or to get it over any impediment. Others, again, propel them with their hind legs, and will sometimes assume the most grotesque attitudes, literally standing on their heads and pushing at them with their hind feet.

So far as I am able to judge, they keep rolling these balls about over the sand for the whole day, and do not merely place them in holes, like other coleopterous insects. I have watched them at evening; and as soon as the sun had set, they invariably deserted their charge, and returned to their holes; and what is more remarkable, if the day became suddenly clouded, off they waddled, and left the ball till a gleam of returning sunshine again called them to work with renewed vigour. It appears to me, from the manner they rolled these balls, they intended that the sun should act equally on all sides of them, and thus secure the heat in the process of incubation. It may, however, be but for the purpose of drying the surface.

Scarabæi, in every shape and attitude, and of all sizes, are figured on the Egyptian monuments, are used in the hieroglyphics, and models of them are generally found on the breasts of mummies; besides, many of a smaller size form part of the necklaces worn by such. In these two latter positions they may have been used as amulets. Others are carved in different stones and gems, as signets having the names of the Ptolemies, &c., cut in hieroglyphics on the face. It was the emblem of creative power, of the earth, and of the sun, in which latter case the ball alone is often used."

STEAM-BOAT DISASTERS IN AMERICA.

In the North American Review for January last, there appears an article of some interest on the steam-boat disasters which so frequently occur on the Mississippi and other western waters. The causes of these disasters, as we are informed, are very various, but are mostly traceable to a reckless carelessness and selfishness on the part of the owners and captains. Some vessels are pierced and instantaneously sunk by *snags*, or logs of drifted timber adhering to the bottom of the stream; others come in tremendous collision with each other at night, on making sudden bends in the river, and on these occasions one is usually sunk; a fully greater number of boats are burnt by the falling of ignited sparks of wood from the flues upon the piles of dry wood, cotton, and other inflammable articles on the upper decks, and to avert which casualties no care whatever is taken; but the principal disasters are explosions of the boilers, the causes of which we shall shortly explain, condensing our information from the article before us.

The greater proportion of the steam-vessels on the western waters, and also on some of the eastern, are built on the leading principle of *excessive speed*. They are built lightly and fragilely, and carry boilers and high-pressure engines, which are urged to exert a power perfectly appalling to think of. The pressure on the sides of the boiler is never less than one hundred pounds to the square inch, and the boiler is in no case submitted to previous trial. This strain, however, though much greater than it should be, is trifling in comparison to what is very generally employed to urge the engine to the top of its speed. Instances are not uncommon of pressure to the extent of two hundred and fifty and even three hundred pounds being employed. Strange to say, the knowledge that excessive and undue pressure is used on board any particular boat, does not prevent passengers from crowding to it in preference to proceeding by boats under more prudent management. Such is the universal desire to "get on" with the greatest possible speed, that steady boats of moderate power are invariably deserted, if boats of the more speedy but more dangerous class are at hand. Of course, boats are generally constructed to suit this prevailing mania. The reviewer presents the following incident as an illustration of the recklessness of captains and imprudent indifference of passengers:—

"In the spring of 1838, it was our lot to embark at St Louis in a new and very splendid steam-boat bound for Pittsburg. Her captain was a young man of some experience on the river, and of a very ambitious and energetic character. The boat was evidently built with a view of embracing all the accommodations and improvements then known; and our party were congratulating themselves upon the comfort and cleanliness of the cabin, and the order and neatness apparent throughout. Before casting off her fasts from the shore, steam was got up beyond the limits of safety, and the boat shot up the strong current of the Mississippi, and, turning above the town, dashed by the wharves with a velocity frightful to behold, but which seemed peculiarly exhilarating to both crew and passengers. As this, however, was no more than the usual practice for *crack* boats on leaving port, we thought nothing of it; but the haste with which her necessary landings for wood and other purposes were managed, and the excited condition of her crew, soon made manifest (what was afterwards confirmed by the express declaration of the captain) that it was intended to make a *brag trip*. Now, there were no doubt some few among the passengers, whom a knowledge of this really alarming fact rendered uneasy and apprehensive; but upon a large majority it produced no other feelings than those of pleasing excitement; and the watching of her rapid progress, and estimating from time to time her rate of speed, seemed to form an agreeable relief from the usual monotony of a steam-boat voyage. No boat was for some time encountered whose speed was equal to our own, and one after another was easily passed, till, between Louisville and Cincinnati, a vessel was discovered in our wake, whose two escape pipes and double engine showed her to be one of the mail-boats that ply between the two places, and reputed to be one of the fastest boats on the western waters. As each bend of the river occasionally disclosed her to view, it was evident that she was gaining on us. The excitement on board of our boat now became tremendous. Captain and passengers vied with each other in stimulating the exertions of the firemen. Rosin was freely thrown into the furnaces, and the thundering of her paddles, and the quivering of the boat, told of the increased action of the steam upon her engine, while no warning voice was heard from the passengers, those who felt alarm contenting themselves with keeping astern, as far as possible from the scene of danger. These efforts, as it proved, were unavailing. The power and speed of the mail-boat carried her by us, while our captain concealed his mortification as best he could, swearing a deep oath, that the next time he encountered this rival, he would pass her, or blow his own boat out of the water. Fearfully was the pledge redeemed. His time, however, had not yet come. We landed in safety, and all tongues were loud in applause of our captain and his fast boat. The newspapers recorded the trip just accomplished as the quickest ever performed, and the challenge was thus in effect thrown out to all other captains to emulate this dispatch.

A few days afterwards, in Philadelphia, a friend, aghast with horror, informed us that news had just arrived, of the most frightful explosion which had ever signalised the western waters. The question rose instinctively to our lips—Was it the Moselle? It was but too true. The rashness of the captain had most fearfully recoiled upon his own head, hurling with him to destruction more than a hecatomb of innocent victims, and this, too, the result of an effort to pass the very boat which had outstripped him on his previous trip.

This disastrous explosion, the most terrific, we believe, recorded in the history of steam, awakened for a time the public from their apathy. In Cincinnati, the scene of the disaster, a public meeting of the citizens was called, where, among other resolutions having for their object principally the relief of the surviving sufferers, one was passed, raising a committee of five, to inquire into the causes of this calamity, and 'to report such preventive measures as may be best calculated hereafter to guard against like occurrences.' The result of the investigations proved that the explosion on board of the Moselle, which utterly demolished the boat and destroyed the lives of one hundred and fifty people, took place while there was a sufficient supply of water in the boilers, and was the natural and inevitable consequence of the increased expansive force of the steam, confined by an overloaded safety-valve, while she lay for fifteen or twenty minutes with boilers closed, and a furnace as hot as dry wood would make it. Satisfactory evidence was procured to show that the valve was loaded with a weight which would have required a pressure of two hundred and thirty-seven pounds to the square inch to raise it."

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An act was passed by Congress in 1838, to prevent steam-boat disasters, such as have been above enumerated; but the act is exceedingly defective, and, so far as it goes, its provisions are nearly inoperative, because, as we are told, it would be imprudent for magistrates, constables, or other functionaries, to risk their popularity at elections by putting the law in execution. This very strange state of things is alluded to in a work quoted by the reviewer.

"In our peculiar form of government, where almost all officers are elective, even to the constable, no officer is willing to risk his own popularity by the enforcement of an unpopular law. Thereby it is that our laws are so little enforced; that hundreds of our most valuable citizens are deprived of life against all law, because it would be against the *interests of trade* for an inquest to examine too closely into the causes of such fatal consequences, or to institute legal proceedings to bring the perpetrators to justice. If half the citizens of this country should get blown up, and if it should be likely to affect injuriously the trade and commerce of the other half, by bringing to justice the guilty, no elective officer would risk his popularity by executing the law, without some alternative which should weigh stronger on his mind than the loss of office; and perhaps an appointed officer would find it a rather dangerous business to execute an unpopular law during an excitement, unaided by numbers, which he seldom has at command."

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS TOWN LOTS.

[By G. P. Morris.—From the New York Mirror.]

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone!" A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realise" by slow and sure degrees, but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl Street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbours had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterwards attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth, and square, and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer; "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them!"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer; "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr H., they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham Street, and he determined to buy, and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, monsieur;* I will give you von hundred dollar a-piece, for de lot vid de valuable vatare privalege; *c'est ca.*"

"Only one hundred a-piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*" said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall *excuse moi* if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to de lot vid de valuable vatare privalege. Von leetle bird in de hand be vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell, den, *allons.*"

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East-river running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field,

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuable vatare privalege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat, I will row you out to them!*"

"Vat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible *at low tide*. When this part of the East-river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it, *and are now all under water.*"

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again. There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labours of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you *chez vous*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter!"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot dat you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, but I do not like it at all."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dere is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vatare."

"You joke."

"I do not joke. I nevare joke; *je n'entends pas raillerie.* Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money dat I pay!"

"Certainly not."

"Den vill you be so good as to take de East-river off de top of my lot!"

"That's your business, sir, not mine.

"Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the *land.*"

"No, sare; but I have trew it away in de *rivare!*"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of *de l'argent.*"

"Hello, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You cheat me out of all de dollar dat I make in Chatham Street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, *miséricorde! je suis abimé.* I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten tousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuable vatare *privalege* dat is left me *à present!*"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let *him* cross the East-river to the Wallabout, and farmer J—— will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water!*

BOODHISM.

HITHERTO we have possessed little or no knowledge of any religion prevalent in the East, except that of Brahminism in Hindustan; and Christian missionaries being consequently ignorant of what they had to contend with in their respective fields of enterprise, a very serious obstacle was placed in the way of their success. There need, however, be no longer any ignorance on the subject. Boodhism, or the religion of Boodh, which prevails over an extensive region in Asia, and numbers more adherents than any other religion in the world, has been lately described in a most luminous manner by Mr Howard Malcom, in his Travels in the Burman Empire,* and from this credible authority we make the following abridged statement:—

"Boodhism is probably at this time, and has been for many centuries, the most prevalent form of religion upon earth. Half of the population of China, Lao, Cochin-China, and Ceylon; all of Camboja, Siam, Burmah, Thibet, Tartary, and Loo-Choo; and a great part of Japan, and most of the other islands of the southern seas, are of this faith.

Boodh is a general term for divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been innumerable Boodhs, in different ages, among *different* worlds, but in no world more than five, and in some not any. In this world there have been four Boodhs, namely, Kan-ka-than, Gau-na-gong, Ka-tha-pa, and Gaudama. One is yet to come, namely, Aree-ma-day-eh.

It has often been supposed that Boodhism resembles Brahminism or Hinduism, which is a great mistake. No two systems can be more opposite, or bear less evidence of being derived from each other. Brahminism has incarnations, but Boodhism admits of none, for it has no permanent god. That has a host of idols; this only one. That enjoins bloody sacrifices; this forbids all killing. That requires atrocious self-tortures; this inculcates fewer austerities than even Popery. That makes lying, theft, and other vices, sometimes commendable, and describes the gods as excelling in these enormities; this never confounds right and wrong, and never excuses any sin. That makes absorption into deity the supreme good; this annihilation. In fine, I know of no important resemblance.

Boodhism inculcates no principle of caste, which is a striking difference from what prevails among the Hindus, and from this and other causes it is believed to be much more ancient as a religious faith than Brahminism. The probability seems to be, that Brahminism grew out of Boodhism, and gained power and numbers in Hindustan till the close of the first century of the Christian era, when the Brahmins were able to commence that persecution of which their own records speak, and which drove out the teachers of Boodhism into Farther India, whence it extended into China.

The most extraordinary peculiarity of Boodhism is the want of any existing God. Adoration or respect is merely paid to the image of Gaudama, who was a god at a former period, but is now annihilated, or entered into annihilation. Gaudama was the son of a king,

* People's Editions: published by W. and R. Chambers.

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and born about 626 years before the commencement of our era. He had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, and passed through innumerable conditions in each. In *this* world he had been almost every sort of worm, fly, fowl, fish, or animal, and in almost every grade and condition of human life. Having in the course of these transitions attained immense merit, he at length was born son of the above-named king. The moment he was born, he jumped upon his feet, and, spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "Now am I the noblest of men! This is the last time I shall ever be born!" His height, when grown up, was nine cubits. His ears were so beautifully long, as to hang upon his shoulders; his hands reached to his knees; his fingers were of equal length; and with his tongue he could touch the end of his nose! All which are considered irrefragable proofs of his divinity.

When in this state his mind was enlarged, so that he remembered his former conditions and existences. Of these he rehearsed many to his followers. Five hundred and fifty of these narratives have been preserved, one relating his life and adventures as a deer, another as a monkey, elephant, fowl, &c. &c. The collection is called *Dzat*, and forms a very considerable part of the sacred books. These legends are a fruitful source of designs for Burman paintings. Of these I purchased several, which do but bring out into visible absurdity the system they would illustrate.

He became Boodh in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and remained so forty-five years, at the end of which time, having performed all sorts of meritorious deeds, and promulgated excellent laws, far and wide, he obtained "nic-ban," that is, entered into annihilation, together with five hundred priests, by whom he had been long attended. This occurred in Hindustan, about 2380 years ago, or B. C. 546. At his death he advised that, besides obeying his laws, his relics and image should be worshipped, and pagodas built to his memory, till the developement of the next Boodh. He is invariably represented in the same manner, except that sometimes he is made to wear a crown, necklace, ornaments on his arms, &c. I have seen them of all sizes, from half an inch long to seventy-five feet—of wood, stone, brass, brick, clay, and ivory.

The next Boodh is to appear in about seven or eight thousand years from the present time. His height will be eighty cubits; his mouth will be five cubits wide, and the length of the hairs of his eyebrows five cubits. The precise time of his arrival is not predicted. No laws or sayings of the first three Boodhs are extant. Those of Gaudama were transmitted by tradition, till four hundred and fifty years after his decease, when they were reduced to writing in Ceylon, that is, A. D. 94. These are the only sacred books of the Burmans, and are all in the Pali language. They are comprised in three divisions, each of which is divided into distinct books, or sections. The whole is called *the Bedagat*.

According to the Bedagat, the universe consists of an infinite number of systems; each system consists of a great central mountain surrounded by seas, and four great islands, each surrounded by five hundred smaller ones. This earth is the southern cluster of islands, and we are living on the larger one. It is a convex plane, not a sphere; and is divided by mountains and navigable seas. Below its upper crust, on which we live, is water twice as deep as the earth is thick. The whole is supported on a stratum of air twice as deep as the water. Beneath is a vacuum. The celestial regions consist of twenty-six principal heavens, one above another; and the infernal regions of eight principal places of punishment, each surrounded by sixteen smaller ones. In one of the heavens, there are pleasant habitations for mortals after death; and at the king's principal residence there is an elephant of stupendous size. This animal is of immense height, and has seven heads; each head has seven tusks, and each tusk seven tanks. In each of these tanks grow seven lilies; each lily has seven blossoms; each blossom has seven petals; each petal bears up seven palaces, and in each palace are seven nymphs, or wives of the king, each surrounded by 500 attendants. Another elephant has one great head, thirty uzenas long, on which the king occasionally rides; and thirty-two smaller heads, for the thirty-two royal princes. Of the principal hells, four inflict punishment by heat, and the other four by cold.

Not only has the universe and all its systems existed from eternity, but also the souls of all the inhabitants, whether animals, men, or celestials. These souls have from eternity been transmigrating from one body to another, rising or falling in the scale of existence and enjoyment, according to the degree of merit at each birth. This rise or fall is not ordered by any intelligent judge, but is decided by immutable fate. In passing through these various forms of existence, the amount of sorrow endured by each soul is incalculable. The Bedagat declares that the tears shed by any one soul, in its various changes from eternity, are so numerous, that the ocean is but a drop in comparison! Existence and sorrow are declared to be necessary concomitants, and therefore "the chief end of man" is to finish this eternal round of changes, and be annihilated.

The great doctrines of this faith are five, namely, 1. The eternal existence of the universe, and all beings. 2. Metempsychosis. 3. Nic-ban, or annihilation. 4. The appearance, at distant periods, of beings who obtain deification and subsequent annihilation. 5. The obtaining of merit. Of the first four of these, enough has been already said. The last is more deserving of notice, embracing, as it does, the whole system of morals.

Merit consists in avoiding sins, and performing virtues, and the degree of it is the sole hope of the Boodhist. The sins which are to be avoided are described in a moral code, consisting of five principal and positive laws:—1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor. These are explained and branched out, so as to include all sins of the same kind, under each head. The first of these laws is extended to all killing, even that of animals for food. The very religious will not kill vermin. War and capital punishments are considered forbidden by the first law.

Sins are divided into three classes:—1. Those of the body; such as killing, theft, &c. 2. Those of the tongue; as falsehood, discord, harsh language, idle talk, &c. 3. Those of the mind; as pride, covetousness, envy, heretical thoughts, adoring false gods, &c. The sacred books pourtray strongly the evils of pride, anger, covetousness, and inordinate appetites. Men are urged to avoid excessive perfumes, ornaments, laughter, vain joy, strong drink, smoking opium, wandering about the streets in the night, excessive fondness for amusements, frequenting bad company, and idleness. Those who aspire to nic-ban are cautioned to abhor sorcery, not to credit dreams, nor be angry when abused, nor elated when approved, not to flatter benefactors, nor to indulge in scorn or biting jests, and most carefully to avoid enkindling strife.

The states of the mind are resolved into three classes—1. When we are pleased in the possession of agreeable things. 2. When we are grieved and distressed by evil things. 3. When neither do good things gratify us, nor evil things distress. The last is the best state, and in it a man is rapidly preparing for nic-ban. In this there is no small resemblance to the doctrine of the Stoics, and some approach to the Christian doctrine of weanedness from the world. Some of their books abound in good comparisons, such as, that he who runs into sinful enjoyments is like a butterfly who flutters round a candle till it falls in; or one who, by licking honey from a knife, cuts his tongue with the edge. There is scarcely a prohibition of the Bedagat which is not sanctioned by our Holy Scriptures, and the arguments appended to them are often just and forcible.

Merit is of three kinds:—1. *Theela*, or the observance of all the prohibitions and precepts, and all duties fairly deducible from them; such as beneficence, gentleness, integrity, lenity, forbearance, condescension, veneration for parents, love to mankind, &c. &c. 2. *Dana*, or giving alms and offerings. This includes feeding priests, building kyoungs, pagodas, and zayats, placing bells at pagodas, making public roads, tanks, and wells, planting trees for shade or fruit, keeping pots of cool water by the way-side for the use of travellers, feeding criminals, birds, animals, &c. 3. *Bawana*, or repeating prayers, and reading religious books.

Alms-deeds are meritorious according to the objects on which they are bestowed, according to the following general scale:—1. Animals. 2. Common labourers, fishermen, &c. 3. Merchants and the upper classes, when in necessity. 4. Priests. For alms of the first class, the rewards are long life, beauty, strength, knowledge, and prosperity, during a hundred transmigrations; for those of the second class, the same during a thousand transmigrations; for the third, the same during ten thousand; for the fourth, a vastly greater number, but indefinite, being graduated according to the degree of sanctity the particular priests may possess.

Many discourses said to have been delivered by Gaudama are given in the Bedagat. In these, the duties of parents, children, husbands, wives, teachers, scholars, masters, slaves, &c., are drawn out and urged in a manner which would do honour to any casuist.

The following is part of one of these, addressed to a distinguished personage, who sought his instruction how to avoid evil:—

'Know thou, that to keep from the company of the ignorant, and choose that of learned men, to give honour to whom it is due, to choose a residence proper to our station, and adapted for procuring the common wants of life, and to maintain a prudent carriage, are means to preserve a man from evil doings. The comprehension of all things that are not evil, the exact knowledge of the duties of our station, and the observance of modesty and piety in our speech, are four excellent modes of renouncing wickedness.

By ministering a proper support to parents, wife, and family, by purity and honesty in every action, by alms-deeds, by observing the divine precepts, and by succouring relations, we may be preserved from evil. By such a freedom from faults, that not even the inferior part of our nature manifests any affection for them, by abstinence from all intoxicating drink, by the continual practice of works of piety, by showing respectfulness, humility, and sobriety before all, and gratitude to our benefactors; and, finally, by listening often to the preaching of the word of God, we overcome evil inclinations, and keep ourselves far from sin. Docility in receiving the admonitions of good men, frequent visits to priests, spiritual conferences on the divine laws, patience, frugality, modesty, the literal observance of the law, keeping before our eyes the four states into which living creatures pass after death, and meditation on the happy repose of nic-ban—these are distinguished rules for preserving man from wickedness.'

Pagodas are innumerable. In the inhabited parts there is scarcely a mountain peak, bluff bank, or swelling hill, without one of these structures upon it. Those of Pegu and Siam are all formed upon one model, though the cornices and decorations are according to the builder's taste. In general they are entirely solid, having neither door nor window, and contain a deposit of money, or some supposed relic of Gaudama. From the base they narrow rapidly to about mid-way, and then rise with a long spire surmounted with the sacred tee. Some of those around Ava, and especially those at Paghan, are less tapering, and more resembling temples.

Zayats are not exclusively religious buildings. Some are intended to contain idols, and some are for the accommodation of worshippers and travellers, and for town-halls. The majority contain no idols, and are intended only to afford shelter for worshippers and travellers. Some of these are mere sheds, open on all sides; but in almost all cases they are built in a far more durable and costly manner than dwelling-houses.

Every village has a zayat, where the stranger may repose or stay for many days, if he please; and many a time I found them a comfortable lodging-place. Like the chultries of Hindustan, they are of unspeakable utility in a country destitute of inns, and where every house has its full complement of inmates. Many zayats, especially near great cities, are truly beautiful, and very costly. The ceilings and pillars are not only elaborately carved, but completely gilded, and the stucco floors rival marble in hardness and polish.

Worship is not performed collectively, though crowds assemble at the same time on set days. Each one makes his offerings and recites his prayers alone. No priests officiate; no union of voice is attempted. On arriving at the pagoda, or image, the worshipper walks reverently to within a convenient distance, and laying his offering on the ground, sits down behind it, on his knees and heels, and placing the palms of his hands together, raises them to his forehead, and perhaps leans forward till his head touches the ground. This is called the *shecko*. He then utters his prayers in a low tone, occasionally bowing as before, and having finished, rises and carries forward his gift, laying it somewhere near the idol or pagoda. Some proceed first to one of the great bells which hang near, and strike several times with one of the deers' horns which always lie beneath. When one goes alone, this is seldom omitted. There are four set days in every lunar month on which the people assemble in greater numbers at the pagodas to offer their individual prayers. These days are at the new and full moon, and seven days after each; so that sometimes their Sabbath occurs after seven days, and sometimes after eight.

Boodhist priests are not a caste or hereditary race. Any one may become a priest, and any priest may return to a secular life at pleasure. Thousands, in fact, return every year, without the least reproach. On becoming a priest, a yellow robe is assumed, and celibacy, with numerous mortifications, is enjoined. Their office may be called a sinecure, as they seldom preach or perform any service, except teaching and giving special religious advice. They are of different degrees of rank, and subsist entirely on the contributions of the people. Their number is very great. Ava, with a population of 200,000, has 20,000 priests.

No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other, but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of the Holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the Bedagat which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities, no sanguinary or impure observances, no self-inflicting tortures, no tyrannising priesthood, no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

At the same time we must regard Boodhism with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a Heavenly Father forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible, and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus, to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness, for every thing is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage. Sympathy, tenderness, and all

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benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the Boodhist assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears, that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head.

The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be so. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit, and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude.

Boodhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyoung or pagoda will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors, for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues.

May the favoured ones of our happy land be induced to discharge their duty to these benighted millions!"

GEOGRAPHICAL CIRCUMSTANCES AFFECTING THE DISTRIBUTION OF RACES.

[This is a brief extract from the Messrs Blacks' new and comprehensive geographical work, founded on the systems of Malte Brun and Balbi, of which the first *part* only has as yet appeared. As far as we can judge from the specimen before us, we are inclined to think that this work will be one of the most faithful, and, in proportion to price, most ample works of the kind as yet presented to the British public.]

In casting a rapid glance over the globe, we perceive at once that the parts that enjoy the mildest and most equal temperature, that most abound in rivers, and present the longest line of sea-coast thus possessing the easy means of communicating with other places, are or have been formerly also the most numerously peopled, and the most anciently civilised. In all countries, whatever may be their condition as to civilisation, it is along the gulfs, at the mouths, or on the banks of rivers, that we find the densest population. Mankind, in their migrations and their increase, are subjected to laws as invariable as those that guide and control the lower animals. They spread themselves in all the places that offer them the means of subsistence, and stop where they find these no longer; and if we inquire, what is the order which they follow in their migrations, we find they are distributed by families, in the same manner as the waters are divided. If, for example, in any country, we ascend from the mouth of a river to the sources of both the main stream and its tributaries or affluents, we generally find, upon both banks, people belonging to the same family, speaking the same language, or dialects of the same language, and having similar manners and customs. This fact, which seems to exist in all countries, is most easily observed in those of Europe. Several large rivers rise in the Alps, near each other, but run to the sea in different directions. If we ascend the Po and its affluents, we find on all their banks people of the Italian race; if we ascend the Rhine and its affluents, we find on both banks people of the Teutonic, Dutch, or German race; if we ascend the Rhone and its affluents, we find people who speak the French language; but in the mountains, where all these river basins meet, there is found a confederation of different people, consisting of French, Italians, and Germans. These divisions are independent of political combinations, and of the kinds of government to which the people are subjected. Thus, those who dwell in the basin of the Rhone all speak the same language, although they are distributed among five independent governments, namely, France, Sardinia, Valais, Vaud, and Geneva. The people of the Rhine are all of the Dutch race, although divided among the governments of France, Switzerland, Prussia, Holland, and many others. The people of the basin of the Po belong all to the Italian race, although some of them live under the Swiss confederation, some under Italian governments, and others are subjects of Austria. Diplomatic arrangements and political violence often disturb the natural divisions of people, but this order, though often shaken, can hardly ever be effaced. Unity of government will be found equally powerless in uniting people who are divided by natural arrangements. Piedmont and Savoy have been for centuries subjected to the same government, and yet the manners, language, and interests of the inhabitants of these two countries, are as distinct at this day as before they were politically united. In like manner, in Switzerland, Dutch, Italians, and French, are united under the same federal government, yet each race preserves its distinctive characteristics. In France, successive governments have employed every possible means to give unity to the diverse races subject to their authority. The territory has been cut up into shreds; uniform legislation, administration, and systems of education, have been introduced into that country, and yet the desired object has not been attained. In France there are almost every where two idioms, that of the country and that of the seat of government; the former spoken by the mass of the population, and having for its natural limits the crests of the mountain ridges; the latter spoken out of its native country only by the agents of government and by the educated classes. Nor are the interests of these divided races less distinct than their languages. The same phenomenon is exhibited on a still greater scale in China. That country is divided into many natural provinces by the water-sheds of its river-basins; each of these provinces has its own dialect and separate interests; and the agents of government, and the literary class, are obliged to communicate with the people in the vernacular tongue of the latter; but every where carry on their intercourse with one another by means of the language of Kiangnan, the seat of the Imperial court under the last native dynasty. India, under the dominion of the Moguls and the British, is another instance; and almost every other country exhibits something of the same kind, varying, of course, with different modifying circumstances.

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow:
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn,
Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footstops at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear:
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

—*Poems of John Malcolm.*

HIGHLAND DEER.

Donald M'Kay, a farmer, who lived in a remote glen on the estate of Reay, in Sutherland, received so much injury from the depredations of the forest deer, which made continual inroads upon his crops, invading him from the west and from the north, that he at length marched off to Tongue, the residence of his landlord and chief, to endeavour to obtain some redress. Having obtained an audience, Lord Reay, who probably gave little credit to his tale, told him to go back and pound the deer whenever they trespassed in future. Donald did not presume to say aught against his reception, though he was bitterly vexed at having walked forty miles for nothing. On his arrival at his little farm, he set his wits to work to devise some place for making use of the permission which had been conceded to him. Donald was a shrewd fellow; but it was not particularly easy to pound the denizens of the mountains. He was pretty secure for the present, as he had built a large barn, and kept his crop on rafters, out of the reach of all depredators. When the winter came on, he put part of this crop very carefully into one end of this barn, and barred it in with sticks and fir roots in such a manner that no beast or person could get at it. About the end of November, a very heavy fall of snow came on, and the ground was wholly covered with it. The second or third night after the storm fell, the wind was from the west, and Donald spread the sheaves on the rafters, the barn door giving eastward: he then threw the door wide open, and tied a long rope of hair to it, the end of which he took in at the only window that was behind the dwelling-house. He took his station within the window, with the end of the tether in his hand. He had not been long in this situation before he saw the gaunt and starving animals approaching. They came forward slowly and cautiously, stopping at intervals, and examining every object: at length the cravings of hunger prevailed, and two hinds walked into the barn, and began eating the corn. The stags soon followed, and some of them had great difficulty in getting their antlers through the narrow door. As soon as ten had entered, Donald pulled the tether, and made the door secure. More blythe than before, he set off a second time for Tongue, travelling as fast as his legs could carry him. On his arrival, he craved an audience of Lord Reay, and told in Gaelic that he had followed his advice, and pounded ten of his deer. "I might," said he, "as well have had a hundred as ten; but I could not afford to give them straw, whilst I come to report the affair to your lordship." Not a little incredulous, Lord Reay dispatched two men to ascertain the truth of the matter. The deer were found imprisoned, and were liberated. M'Kay then came to terms with his chief, who very handsomely gave his farm rent free for his life, on condition that he did not pound any more deer.—*Scrope's Deer-Stalking.*

MATHEWS AND THE IRISH BEGGAR.

Mr Mathews had a great dislike to carry money about him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, while in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry on horseback, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a single shilling to pay the ferryman:—"Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder*-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. My husband, however, assured the applicant (who declared he was 'making his way back to ould Ireland without bit or sip for days together, and that a halfpenny itself would be a treasure to him') that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature, still importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseless perseverance, after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself, at that moment, in a situation to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (November), compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr Mathews's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise, he might leave his horse behind him as security, the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honour, I'll lend you the money! It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man; 'it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—divil the lie's in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relafe? Your honour's lame; now, I've got my legs anyhow, and that's a comfort, sure!' Then, taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelvepence, and proffered them to Mr Mathews, who, willing to *put the* man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held *out his hand* for the money, at the same time inquiring, 'How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it? My house is some miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed?' 'Oh, thin, may be, when your honour meets another of my poor distrist countrymen, you'll pay *him* the twelvepenny; sure, it's the same in the end.' Mr Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but, desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country. The man took his leave with, 'Long life to your honour,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Mathews waited till his friends arrived, then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it."—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

One evening she felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice, expressed by the company then present, against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music; some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction. Malibran in vain endeavoured to maintain *that all countries* possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies, peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers, Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c.; declaring her belief, that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the works of a Signor Vescovo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising and Espagnolising their names, they would *faire furore.* In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarreria. She commenced—the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began:—

Maria trayga un caldero
De aqua, Llama levante
Maria pon tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro te.

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument, if the same air sung adagio should be found equally beautiful when played presto. The parties were agreed; when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody, which she had so divinely sung, was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song, by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

Maria trayga un caldero,

means literally, "Molly, put the kettle on!"—*Memoirs of Madame Malibran.*

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MALAGROWTHERING.

MALAGROWTHERING is a branch of a very important art—the art of ingeniously tormenting. It derives its name from Sir Mungo Malagrowther, an ancient Scottish gentleman described, in a certain veracious history entitled "the Fortunes of Nigel," as attending the court of James I. of England, where an uncouth visage, joined to lameness in one leg, and the want of three fingers of the right hand, made him a somewhat conspicuous figure. Sir Mungo had been brought up in the school of suffering, for, the king and he having been educated together, it was his duty to receive all the whippings due to his majesty for slovenly tasks and positive misdeeds, in addition to all those chastisements incurred by his own proper demerits; and he had thus contracted an irritability of spirit which clung to him through life, and caused him to feel pleasure only in the misfortunes and failings of his fellow-creatures. It was Sir Mungo's custom to go about amongst his friends for the purpose of gratifying this propensity of his nature, his personal deficiencies and the pity due to his poverty protecting him in most instances from the resentment which he rarely failed to inspire in every one with whom he conversed. An amusing scene will be remembered, in which he contrived, while walking arm in arm in the most friendly way with Lord Glenvarloch, to fill the heart of that youth with bitterness by allusions to certain rumours which were flying about respecting his lordship, as that he had become a gamester, that he was one who gamed safely and meanly for the sake of money, and much more to the like purpose. This was a remarkably fair specimen of the powers of Sir Mungo in inflicting a little torture in a friendly way.

Malagrowthering, however, was by no means invented by this venerable gentleman, but is an art of the remotest antiquity, albeit neither Goguet nor Beckmann makes any reference to it. We hold it likely that the population of the world was no sooner sufficient to maintain a dialogue, than Malagrowthering took its rise, seeing that it has a foundation in human nature itself, and only requires the requisite number of persons, a Malagrowtherer and a Malagrowtheree, to be called into exercise. Nor is this likelihood in the least diminished by the consideration that the first two who lived on earth were a married pair, but quite the contrary, a civil mode of mutual tormenting being extremely suitable to that condition in life. Ever since then, Malagrowthering has been a well-known and much bepractised art, although not recognised under any definite name till a comparatively recent period. We shall now proceed to consider the various rules and modes of the art, as exemplified in the practice of its greatest masters—and mistresses.

Tastes differ, notoriously, in all things, and in this amongst the rest; but it cannot be denied that it is a large and most respectable section of the ancient order of St Mungo who generally prefer, in their practice, the comparatively candid mode of torment called touching on the sore heel. We need scarcely explain that by this is meant making allusions to painful circumstances in the past lives or present situation of one's friends, always, of course, in a polite manner. Suppose, for instance, that your friend has committed some notedly imprudent or rash act in the course of his life, or at any time from any cause made himself a public laughing-stock, or is now suffering under some wound inflicted on his vanity or his fortune, all you have to do is to bring the conversation to that point, whatever it is, and enjoy the affected tranquillity with which he talks of it, all the time that you know his heart is burning within him. There is one great advantage attending this mode of Malagrowthering, that it can be performed with an appearance of frankness extremely honourable to one's self. You may appear to fall in a good-humoured blundering way upon the subject, and keep up a good laugh all the time you converse about it. Then it looks downright, and maintains a character for openness, under favour of which you may in time become what is called a privileged person, and so be able to say all kinds of disagreeable things at all times to any body. This mode was the favourite one of Sir Mungo himself; a fact which should in itself go far to recommend it to all who rank themselves under his banner.

Less direct natures will generally prefer the next mode, which chiefly consists in acquainting one's friends with depreciatory opinions which are, or may be supposed to be, entertained of them by others. This mode may want some of the advantages of the candid plan, but it is safe and pleasant, and quite as effective. It calls, it is true, for a slight exercise of dissimulation, and occasionally even a little positive lying; there are also people who may think it shabby to report things said by others, and worse than shabby to invent them and lay them in the name of persons who never so much as dreamt of them. But all these are matters between one's self and one's conscience; and if the operator chooses to disregard them, we cannot well see what title any one else has to interfere. Besides, it is an acknowledged maxim amongst the honourable body of tormentors, that the end sanctions the means; and as their purpose is generally the laudable one of taking down pride, or the equally laudable one of letting the wind out of vanity, or perhaps the still more useful one of inspiring a little prudence into the brains of folly, why, we should suppose that, instead of blame, they deserve some public mark of approbation. We recollect, for instance, being ourselves much indebted to a lady Malagrowtherer, at a time when youthful vanity had persuaded us that we possessed a gift for the sacred art of poesy. This lady had the great kindness to inform us, that a certain gentleman of her acquaintance had spoken of our verses as things which, at a maturer age, we should be ashamed to have written. It was a staggerer at the time, but we have since acknowledged that it did us good. So also do we remember this same lady effecting some considerable reformation in the external aspect of her friend Mrs Gayflower, by informing her of a remark which a certain gentleman had made upon her, to the effect that she was a handsome woman, but always greatly overdressed. If this simple remark did not cause Mrs Gayflower to lay aside a set of ostrich feathers, and put off some dozen yards of pink ribbons for three whole weeks, may we never again take pen in hand! Certain other persons were supposed to have been much obliged to our friend for the hints she gave them of what was generally said by the public respecting their style of life. This was a point on which she was apt to give herself rather more than the usual scope, for, not being in flourishing circumstances herself, she thought it unjust that the children of affluence should enjoy themselves immoderately. It is supposed that Mrs Girdwood, the rich brewer's wife, did not give any kind of party for a whole month, and that champagne was banished from her husband's dinner-table for the better part of a winter, in consequence of our friend having informed them one day, that there were some people in the world spiteful enough to say that they were straining to imitate the county gentlefolk, and that all their fine entertainments were only laughed at by those who attended them. So also it was generally believed that Mr and Mrs Dashwood laid down their britzka and two dun ponies, for no other cause than her reporting the remark of a neighbour (whom she pretended in common with Mrs D. to hate very much), that it was really wonderful how the colonel's half-pay was made to go so far. A woman who exercised the gift in this way might rather be considered as an useful monitor or reformer than any thing else. Her object was to gratify the wish of the poet—

> Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!

Startled by the images reflected in her mirror, people trembled and were corrected. Undoubtedly it would be for the good of mankind, if there were more persons, possessed of the same moral courage, and the disposition to exercise it in the same way, going about amongst them.

Genuine Malagrowtherers, particularly of the gentler sex, know another mode of using third parties with effect. Whenever they hear of any friend you have got, whether that friend be the faithful and kind associate of long bygone years, or only the acquaintance picked up at random a few weeks ago, they immediately set themselves to learn all they can to his disadvantage, which they take the first opportunity of reporting to you. This is a still safer mode than any of the preceding, for it is not so likely to excite sudden and high resentment as the attack upon one's self. It is, however, equally tormenting in its general effect. A man may have sufficient candour to listen quietly to a discourse calculated to set his friends in a low light—he may listen, and even assent; but in the long-run he feels himself degraded by his presumed connection with such persons. If he is a man of nice honour, he writhes to hear that one whom he has invited to his house, and allowed to dance with his daughters, is thought by many to be a black-leg. If he is simply aristocratic in his feelings, he loathes the day on which he was prevailed upon by easy good nature to dine with one whom he now finds to be reputed as the son of a retired ship-chandler. If he be a generous and affectionate man, he is shocked to hear such sad stories of one whom he had long allowed himself to regard as a friend. A mercantile person will, on the other hand, be annoyed to be reminded of one of his most endeared associates who has lately become a bankrupt under unpleasant circumstances. One way or another, a Malagrowtherer of any tact may easily manage, by this mode, to give a considerable amount of pain. The treat is greatly heightened when the poor wretch makes a miserable attempt to deny the friends so much undervalued, or speaks of them as persons whom he has only met once or twice. To know that a real intimacy has subsisted, and to hear it thus explained away, while the twinged countenance betrays that the truth is not disguised within, must be a joy which only Malagrowtherers can fully appreciate.

Malagrowthering is an art, it may be said, of nice gradations. The touch on the sore heel is candid, but coarse. The reporting of what a third party has said is more refined, while equally efficacious and more safe. Then come the insinuations against friends, more refined still. Last, and finest policy of all, though perhaps too fine for all occasions, is that form of the art which consists in holding up a person's real or supposed faults to his own inspection, by frequent reference to these faults, either abstractly, or as exemplified in some third person, that person being real or imaginary as may suit the pleasure of the artist. If, for instance, a lady has a young friend whom she wishes to torment, but very covertly, so that there shall be no chance of the patient defending herself in an offensive way, all she has to do is to take up one of the young lady's faults, or some fault at least at-

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tributed to her, and harp upon that form of human error, with illustrative examples, for half an hour at a time, once in the morning, a second time in the middle of the day, and a third time in the evening, or perhaps oftener if there be opportunity, always taking care to keep upon hypothetical grounds, and never making the least approach to a direct charge. Where the patient chances to be a person of fine feelings, and considerable love of approbation, the pain inflicted is generally very great, for not only has she the sense of being held guilty of the fault, but she is deprived of all power to vindicate herself by denying or extenuating, seeing that to assume the lecture as intended for her own correction would at once be to acknowledge the assumed guilt, besides implying that her counsellor was guilty of Malagrowtherng. Here, also, the Malagrowtherer usually has a great additional enjoyment in witnessing the conduct of the patient under her knife. Her propositions are usually so very much in accordance with established maxims, as that pride is bad, and vanity much to be despised, that they cannot be denied. A whole lecture will be so sound in its morality, that the victim must assent to every word of it. The examples of the vice drawn from imagination or from real life will be so frightful, that every dash of the pencil must elicit a new exclamation of horror from the sufferer. Thus she is made, as it were, to sign and seal her own condemnation, and this she usually does with so many ill-concealed twistings and writhings, that even the Malagrowtherer herself, one would think, must sometimes be disposed, though only for a moment, to relent. Relenting, however, is a failing of which no true follower of Sir Mungo is ever guilty. Patients often run under their guns to ask quarter—that is, take the occult satire in good part, in the hope of being held free of the imputed error; but there is, to the best of our knowledge, no well-authenticated case of one of them being spared a single pang for all their submissiveness and good nature.

There is a variety of the first plan, which may be most properly introduced at this place. If your friend, for example, has met a severe loss through simplicity or imprudence, tell him how sorry you were to hear of it, how severe it must be upon him, and so forth. Do not forget, however, in the first place, to express incredulity as to the report, and then you will have the additional satisfaction of making him confess his error, and go over the whole recital of what evidently lowers him to the dust in his own esteem. Be sure not to be sparing in your expressions of pity, for pity humiliates its object, all the time that it looks so proper and even creditable in him who professes it. There is one variety of this department of the art which never fails of success. Every body has poor relations, and many have depraved ones. Nobody likes to hear of such persons in his own case. At the same time, it is held discreditable to disown or speak otherwise than kindly of them. Calculating these things, the same mistress of the art who has been above alluded to, made it her business to learn all about the humble kinsfolk of all her friends, before whom on proper occasions she would bring forward references to the unfortunate people in all sorts of plausible ways; stating that she had been applied to by one for a situation, and wishing to know her character; or that she had met another one day, a very old, infirm, and poor person, who had given her a tale of personal woes quite distressing to listen to; or perhaps it would be, that she lamented to see that wild young cousin of yours come back once more from America, to be a torment to his parents, and a vexation to the police, particularly after so much money had been spent on his last outfit. All this she used to manage under cover of such an earnestly friendly manner, that no one could shake her off or express positive offence, while a stranger hearing her for the first time would have been inclined to think her a woman who took an uncommon interest in the poor, and looked with eyes of Christian leniency on the wicked. Such, indeed, was the blandness of her style, that even the patient did not at the time (in most cases) feel his wounds. Usually, it was not till left to his own solitary reflections, that he discovered how severely he had been lacerated, and became aware how tremendous a power is that of the Malagrowtherer.

The only serious drawback from the pleasures and advantages of Malagrowthering, is, that it does not in the long-run conduce to the popularity of the adept. It is sure, sooner or later, to be seen through, more especially when practised frequently or systematically; and some degree of resentment is the unavoidable consequence. This sentiment may not show itself in the sufferers at the time, either from their not then being conscious of it, or because there is no opportunity of expressing it. And the Malagrowtherer is apt, accordingly, to suppose that no more will be said or thought about the matter. But this is in most cases a great mistake. If there be a secretive mode of inflicting pain, there may also be a secretive mode of retribution. Covert sarcasm may be met by covert sarcasm. One corny toe may pay for the treading upon another. Or the Malagrowtherer may be simply disliked and avoided, which is the more likely and general consequence. But one consolation then remains, and we seriously recommend it to the attention of all regular performers, that such has been the fate of all who have endeavoured to chastise the follies and correct the morals of mankind since the beginning of the world.

PHYSICAL AGENTS AFFECTING MAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a recent number, some attention was devoted to the consideration of those physical agencies which exert an injurious influence on the well-being of the poorer classes of society in large cities, and which exist and operate independently in a great measure of their social condition and moral habits. The want or imperfection of sewers, the existence of stagnant pools and ditches, accumulations of vegetable and animal refuse, the improper state and position of slaughter-houses and burial-grounds, and the crowding together of buildings in courts and alleys, were pointed out as the chief causes, falling under the head just mentioned, which impair the health of those living in situations exposed to their influence. An attempt was also made to show in what manner and to what extent these evils were remediable. But there are other causes affecting to a greater extent the health and well-being of the same orders of society, and, consequently, still more deserving of attention. This second class of detrimental agencies is connected with the circumstances, habits, and modes of life of the poor in large communities. A pretty clear line of distinction is thus drawn between that branch of the subject formerly considered, and the one to which we propose to devote the remainder of the present paper.

In the Report of Drs Arnott and Kay upon the causes of Fever in the British Metropolis, the following sources of disease, springing more or less from the habits of the poor, are enumerated:—1. The state of the lodging-houses of mendicants and vagrants, and of a certain class of the Irish poor. 2. The crowded state of the dwelling-houses, which, in certain districts, contain several families under one roof. 3. The gross want of cleanliness of the person, dress, and habitations among certain classes of the poor. 4. The prevalence of intemperance. 5. The habit of dwelling in previously deserted houses, cellars, &c. 6. Keeping pigs, &c. in dwelling-houses. 7. Indisposition to be removed to the hospitals when infected with contagious disease. 8. The neglect of vaccination.

That this is an accurate and well-founded statement of the causes that more immediately operate in producing disease among the lower orders of large communities, can scarcely be denied. Yet, assuredly, these are but the proximate or secondary causes. To what is the crowded state of the lodging-houses, as well as of the private dwellings of the lower orders, fundamentally owing? To the *destitute state* of those who frequent and inhabit them—to their inability to pay for and maintain better places of abode. Again, destitution, if it does not directly and entirely take away from those subjected to it the power and means of being cleanly in person, dress, and dwelling, takes away at least the spirit and anxiety to be so; they have not the heart to bestir themselves for the preservation of this minor source of comfort and health, while suffering under the heavier inflictions of indigence and want. A starving family cannot whitewash walls, or brush the dirt from rags. As to intemperance, it is scarcely possible for human beings, in a state of destitution, to resist the temptation to drown care in intoxication, whenever an opportunity occurs. The habit of dwelling in deserted houses, and of keeping pigs, &c., in human habitations, is plainly referable, in a great measure, to the same primary cause; and there can be little doubt, moreover, that the unwillingness to enter hospitals, and to have children vaccinated, is attributable, to a considerable extent, and in the majority of cases, to that spirit of reckless negligence which is generated by the constant pressure of the actual evils of indigence, and which cannot but lead those exposed to them to care but little for evils that are only possible and prospective.

All this is so clear, so obvious, that it may be said we are merely stating truisms. What then? If it be admitted that destitution is a primary cause and source of those habits and circumstances from which spring contagion and disease, does it not follow, that in considering the ways and means of preventing or remedying these evils, we ought to keep in view, first and foremost, their radical fount and spring—Poverty? It may be said that this is an irremediable evil; and, certainly, to extirpate it altogether from society, may be impossible; but it can scarcely be questioned that its extent and severity may be modified and moderated, by a proper system of social polity. If so, the establishment of such a system should ever form a leading object with all who study to improve the sanatory condition of their country.

These latter remarks were in some measure anticipated in a recent article, in this periodical, on the subject of the general Management of the Poor, which had it in view to consider the propriety of making stated provision for that class, wherever they had it not already. As one argument for the establishment of such provision, it was there mentioned that Dr Alison, in his late able pamphlet upon the state of the poor in Scotland, traces the fevers and diseases of the lower orders, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, mainly to destitution. The evidence which he brings forward in support of his views is strong and conclusive. We shall only allude to two impressive points in his statements, by way of convincing our readers of the justice of the opinions already expressed here. In the first place, it is found by Dr Alison, from an extensive observation of the history of epidemics, that they almost universally prevail with the greatest virulence after the occurrence of some catastrophe, spreading pecuniary and mental distress through the community in which they appear. Several great epidemics have raged in Ireland since 1700, each of them of nearly two years' duration. In 1740, a long and severe frost occurred, and was followed by a fearful epidemic. In 1799 and 1800, a scarcity (besides the insurrection) afflicted the land, and a two years' epidemic was the consequence. In 1816, another scarcity occurred, and this, along with the distresses attendant on the "transition from the war to peace," caused another terrible epidemic. In 1708, 1720, and 1731, similar events took place, with similar consequences. Now, it is natural that a frost or a scarcity, accompanied by agricultural or commercial distress, should cut off many victims; but unless destitution promoted contagious diseases to a striking extent, why these regular, successive, and long-continued *epidemics*? In Edinburgh, while commerce flourished on the deceptive basis of the war-prices, the number of fever cases admitted annually to the Royal Infirmary, for twenty years, never exceeded 130. In the three years following 1816, when the war-bubble burst, they averaged 905 annually. Commerce regained its balance, and up to 1825, the admissions were fewer, but during the three years following the great failures of 1825, they rose to 1173 in the twelve months. After another interval of decrease, the admissions were raised by the new crisis of 1835, to 3270, on an average, in the years 1836, 1837, 1838. The increase of the population must be allowed for here, but, taking this fully into account, can any thing more strikingly exhibit the great influence of depression of circumstances, or destitution among the poor, in producing disease?

The first and second sources of disease, mentioned in the Report, are the "state of the lodging-houses of mendicants and vagrants," and the "crowded state of the private dwelling-houses of the poor in certain districts." The third cause mentioned, is the "uncleanliness of the poor in dress, person, and domicile." Without supposing any great change in the circumstances of the parties concerned, certainly these evils are capable of very considerable diminution. That they really exist, and in a deplorable degree, is placed by the Report beyond doubt, as regards London, and we fear that London is at least no worse than Glasgow, Edinburgh, and some other large cities, in these points. Small lodging-houses of two floors frequently contain from thirty to forty people each night, and these people, all of the lowest description, are taken in for their wretched pittance, whether sick or healthy, clean or dirty. Four or five beds are ranged around each small close room, and three or more persons usually sleep in each of these beds, all perhaps strangers to one another. What a scene such a house must present by night! And yet it is a common one in the low lodging-houses of London. The consequence is, that "during the whole year, disease, or fever, never leaves these places." In a small cluster of such lodging-houses, called Mill's Lane, the attending surgeon visited, according to his own statement, "*eighty-two cases* of fever in the year ending March last." The private dwellings of many of the poor are scarcely less crowded.

As to want of cleanliness in point of dress, person, and habitation, the Report gives us a melancholy picture of the poor in London. Other places are even worse in this respect. The evil of uncleanliness is a more serious one than is commonly imagined. It was formerly mentioned, upon Dr Southwood Smith's authority, that when a portion of atmospheric air, loaded with putrescent exhalations, was analytically examined, a poison was found mixed with it, of so deadly a nature, that, when injected into the veins of animals, it produced fever and death. Now, what do uncleanly houses contain, or what do individuals uncleanly in person and dress bear about with them, but the refuse of animal and vegetable matter? From the walls of their habitations, and from their own bodies, their lungs must be perpetually inhaling that vitiated effluvium which actual experiment has shown to be a baneful poison, capable of producing, according to its degree of intensity, all varieties of fever, from the slightest species of it to the fatal yellow fever of the tropics. The cleanliness of individual persons, and more especially of individual houses, is obviously of nearly as much consequence to a large community, as the general cleanliness of a district, its courts, streets, and lanes.

The Report on the Fevers of London suggests the following steps for securing the cleanliness of lodging-houses, and the dwellings of the poor generally. A Sanatory Board of Guardians exists in that city, and the Report proposes to give to the Board sufficient powers to accomplish the following ends, at the public expense:—1. "To direct the removal of accumulations of filth from houses, the yards of dwelling-houses, &c., whenever two medical officers certified in writing that the state of such places was likely to prove injurious to the health of the neighbourhood. 2. To cause from time to time an inspection of the lodging-houses at

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which paupers, vagrants, and mendicants, are reported by their officers to lodge. 3. To cause the whitewashing of the rooms of such houses at least twice every year, and if, after notice to that effect from the clerk of the Board, dated ten days previously, the inspector shall find that the occupier has neglected to comply with such direction, to authorise the Board to cause the house to be whitewashed by such persons as they may appoint for that purpose, and to recover the cost of such whitewashing and cleansing by application to the occupier or owner of such property, or by a summary mode, upon refusal, of either of them. 4. When the inspector shall report that three or more families live under the same roof, to authorise the Board to cause such house to be whitewashed and cleansed in a similar manner at least twice a-year, at the expense of the owner."

These are the principal suggestions of the Report which bear on the point under consideration. As, in spite of the pauper night-houses, and other similar establishments which may be erected, and which it is highly advisable to establish, many of the indigent poor will always flock to lodging-houses of the kind now existing, these suggestions may be attended to with advantage in every great city. But, in addition to whitewashing and cleansing, the necessity of ventilation, or the admission of free currents of air into human dwellings, ought ever to be kept in view. With constant renewals of fresh air, even a lodging-house, or a crowded workhouse, may be healthy. Dr Southwood Smith mentions a striking case in point. In the Whitechapel workhouse, 89 out of 104 girls were recently attacked with fever; and this has been but a too common occurrence there. In the Jews' Hospital, again, situated nearly in the same locality, and exposed to the same general influences, fever has never once occurred as an epidemic among the children for these eight years. Dr Southwood Smith was much struck by this circumstance, but, on inquiring into the matter, his wonder ceased. He saw clearly that it was owing to the different mode in which the dormitories of the two houses were ventilated. He found that 104 girls slept in close-placed beds in the Whitechapel workhouse, in one long room, only seven feet high, with sloping roof, and most imperfect ventilation. The children of the other house had dormitories with lofty walls, well separated beds, and ten large ventilators in the roof. Dr Southwood Smith calculated that the Jews' Hospital dormitories had a supply of air four times greater than that admitted into the other one. As if to place the matter beyond doubt, it proved on inquiry that the Jews' Hospital children had scarcely ever been without fever at one time, but the evil had entirely ceased when their dormitories were altered and more fully ventilated. Thus, nearly at one and the same time, 89 out of 104 poor girls in the Whitechapel establishment have had fever, through want of ventilation. A strong case like this is preferable to a thousand arguments.

It is true that the possibility of effectually ventilating single houses depends greatly on the state of the air in the locality where they are placed. But we are supposing that, where changes are made at all, steps shall be taken for the improvement at once of districts, and of particular spots, courts, lanes, and houses, in these districts. The mode in which a house is built, also, materially affects its capabilities for ventilation; but, generally speaking, in any tolerably open and clean locality, houses may receive a pretty free supply of air, if the inhabitants fully appreciate its value, and take care to promote it. The Report already quoted proposes that the Board of Guardians of London be empowered to prevent the formation of any street less than a certain number of feet in width, of courts with covered entries, &c. Roominess is the great desideratum, whether in street, court, or dwelling. Were it merely for the sake of admitting *light*, the residences of human beings should be open and unconfined. Plants die in the total absence of light, and a similar effect, to a certain extent, is produced by it on the animal frame. Through the agency of light, man is supplied with no inconsiderable part of the oxygen upon which his life depends.

As to the "habit of dwelling in previously deserted houses, cellars, &c., and the keeping of animals in dwelling-houses," the risk of contracting disease in the one case, and, in the other, of generating putrescent effluvia of a noxious kind, is so obvious that the safety of the community demands the extinction of these practices wherever they may be found to exist.

On another cause of disease among the poor of large communities, namely, intemperance, we do not consider it necessary to dwell here. The evil has already been often adverted to in this Journal, and indeed is treated of at some length in another part of the present number. Besides, the subject is at this day undergoing ample discussion in this and every other civilised land; and in the numerous publications devoted especially to the question, the injurious influence of the practice upon health may be seen stated at length. That this is an evil of the first magnitude, is undeniable.

The poor have a very general dislike to be removed to hospitals when attacked by illness, or to permit any member of their families to be taken thither in the like circumstances. How injurious such prejudices are in their practical effect, will appear from the following case, one of many that might be adduced. The surgeons of the workhouse at Bermondsey state that a family came under their care, consisting of "three branches, one residing in Upper Russell Street, one in Raven and Sun-yard, the other in Ebenezer Row. Of the former, the whole family, five in number, have recovered; of the other family, eight in number have been attacked, and all got well except the mother, who died shortly after her admittance into the workhouse; the children recovered, and, after being some time in the house, were removed to an adjoining parish, and from thence sent back to Ebenezer Row, though we gave a certificate that it was dangerous and improper to do so. One child admitted on Monday last, was the *fourteenth* of this family which has been received into the workhouse attacked with fever, so that no sooner has one been cured than another has come in; whereas, if we could have insisted upon their earlier removal, the parish would in all probability have been saved the expense of maintaining them during so long a period." It would be superfluous to multiply examples of the same thing. There can be little doubt that it is the interest and indeed the duty of poor people who have large families, and are not possessed of the means to ensure the proper tending and treatment at home of such of them as may fall ill, to send them to these establishments erected for them by the generous charity of their country, where they may have a fair chance of recovery, and where they will be out of the way of involving relatives and neighbours in the same mishap with themselves.

The neglect of vaccination by the poorer orders in almost all large towns, is very general, and at the same time very inexcusable. There are in all considerable cities, either establishments for the purpose of vaccinating the children of the poor, or medical men who are ready to perform that duty gratuitously in their several districts. Sheer indolence and carelessness lead the lower classes to leave their children unvaccinated, or to have it done by improper persons; and the consequence is, as we see from the reports of medical men in London, that small-pox, often of a malignant kind, is of very common occurrence in the densely populated districts. Medical men, we repeat, invite the poor to adopt the remedy for this evil, and give their services for nothing. It is inexcusable, therefore, to hold back; but some means should be adopted, if possible, to make vaccination obligatory upon the poor. As in the case of other contagious diseases, they not only injure themselves by their neglect, but endanger the health and comfort of the whole community amid which they are placed.

The arguments in this paper, and the one which preceded it, will not be altogether, we hope, without their effect. Their object has been to show the prevailing causes of disease, and, above all, contagious disease, among the poor of large communities; or, in other words, to point out the physical agencies chiefly affecting man in civilised society. The vitiated state of the atmosphere in particular localities or districts from general causes, the destitution of the lower orders, and a train of causes, such as uncleanliness and intemperance, mainly dependent on that destitution, have been indicated and adverted to in detail, as the influences chiefly injurious to the well-being of man in society. Whether or not any immediate or direct good flows from such an inquiry as this, a reflecting mind may at least draw from it consolatory hopes of future good; for every thing that has been now said, we think, will support the satisfactory position laid down at the commencement of our former article, that, by the wise and benevolent arrangement of the Divine Being, all or nearly all of the physical evils to which man is subjected in this world, are to a great extent remediable by his own exertions, and that by a close observation of the laws of nature, he may secure a large measure of health and happiness in the present scene of existence.

A STORY OF SWEDEN.*

CHRISTINA of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant faith, ascended the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character, and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nursed into more than masculine strength. Her wilfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she had advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, as she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetries. Hereby hangs the tale we have now to tell.

The young Queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fête or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fête had a peculiar character, and one which doubled its splendour and attractions, while exhibiting, at the same time, the ruling foible of the heroine of the north. Christina wished, for one night, to have the pleasure of openly and expressly bearing the character of the English princess, and to reassemble around her all that was brilliant and distinguished at the court of her model. For this purpose she had given orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and, in particular cases, she conferred on individuals the honour of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of Essex and Leicester had a significance attached to them, which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play Burleigh, as easily as is done in Mr Puff's famous drama; but no common man durst assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favour, however, might venture on the garb of a Raleigh, and more than one young courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter, on this brilliant evening. The Swedish queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal personages to be represented. Thus, the verisimilitude of the scene was rendered perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both, indeed, from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of discrepancy apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to show herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself as much as possible out of the common eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the queen, as she moved from place to place in the splendid assembly. Ultimately, the young cavalier appeared to succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation, though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned, from their secluded nook, the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humoured review.

"Ah," said the lady, "look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?"

"Poor fellow! he does not see that the queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him into such a garb!" said the gentleman in return.

"Lord Burleigh's representative," continued the lady, "has got the *wig*, at least—but nothing more."

"And see," rejoined her companion, "how Sir Christopher Hatton bears himself! The English chevalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking minuet."

In such a style did the cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last, the lady, with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion, "Apropos—the queen herself—how do you like her?"

"The queen!" replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

"Yes," continued the lady; "do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?"

"Between *us*—just as much as *Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of France!*" was the youth's answer. As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale. His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark. "Admirable!" cried she, and signalised her sense of the joke which was conveyed to her by the words, by a hearty laugh. But her mirth received a sudden check, as her eye fell on the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

"Who is this *Madame Laura?*" said the Queen Christina; for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overheard all that had passed.

At this question, the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to lean on the window. But he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the queen's interrogatory, "Madame Laura, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honour to resemble the Queen of France—both in dignity of manners and beauty."

Christina looked on the speaker with an air of doubt and indecision. "Count d'Harcourt," said she after a pause, biting her lips at the same time, "this is a trait of French gallantry for which the Queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period." Nodding slightly and haughtily to the count's fair companion, Christina then turned away, and with majestic step moved to the spot where a band of courtiers were engaged at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue, "The queen has spoken *particularly* to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made." The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment muttering to himself, "I am ruined—lost!" And taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went

* Translated from the French.

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directly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd. "I have a favour to ask of your excellency," said she, "under the seal of secrecy." "Your majesty has but to speak," said the diplomatist gravely, "and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power." "I assure you," returned the queen, "your power will not be severely taxed at present. It is but a trifle—a bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire but to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of *Madame Laura*?"

"Madame Laura—Madame Laura!" rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes on the ground.

"Yes, Madame Laura," said the queen impatiently; "does your excellency know her?"

Upon the diplomatist avouching that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed. "Then your excellency," said she at length, with an imperious voice, "will have the goodness to favour me by finding out the lady. Let an express set out for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay with full details respecting the position and character of this Madame Laura." The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the Queen of Sweden imitated or at least resembled Elizabeth in her fashion of coquetting with some favoured noble of her court. The personage on whom, at the date of our story, the favour of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman, who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helena of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own, and the widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned d'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked ball, Christina had herself deigned to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on answering the hint of the queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sidney, widow of Sir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his countess, the baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. Hence the unwillingness of d'Harcourt to attract attention at the masquerade, the baroness being then his companion. Well would it have been for the young noble had he been equally cautious with regard to his speech! But, in reality, the costume of Christina, which had called from him the mysterious remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat ridiculous. The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual dress, with all its other stiff and stately points, were very much out of place on the restless, careless, and petulant Queen of Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious of this on reflection, and the more galling was the idea of being an object of ridicule to the man she favoured, and, above all, to her rival in his regard.

The impatient queen received an answer from Paris in eight days, so actively did the courier fulfil the orders given. "Madame Laura," said the document which he brought, "is a court lady who has become *mad*. Her mania consists in a belief that she is queen of France, and in her endeavour to rival the real sovereign, Maria Theresa, in all her dresses and decorations. The poor woman passes her life in this sole occupation. The queen never assumes a habit, which is not seen immediately afterwards on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive as ridiculous, nobody meddles with her, and she is every where known in Paris by the name of the *queen's caricature*." This dispatch had additional details of the same kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portraiture of poor Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and looking inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the Queen of Sweden knew no bounds. She had conceived that there was some little point about d'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavourable, but to find that she had been compared altogether to a vain and ridiculous madwoman—she, the heroine and pride of the north—she, who had almost allowed the author of this gross insult to know that she loved him—she, to be an object of contempt to this strange youth and his Lady Sidney, the woman for whom he seemed to reject herself—such a thought was torturing to the heart of the proud and wilful princess. "Wretches!" she exclaimed, "this is the comparison you would have had me to believe a compliment!" Filled with such emotions, the queen again chanced to look at the detailed account of Madame Laura. "Innocent as the madness of the lady really is," said one part of the paper, "she is an austere sovereign, and by no means inclined to admit clemency among the royal virtues. She speaks ever of executing justice." The passage tallied with the state of the queen's mind. "Yes," cried she, "if I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to her in all things." Then she set herself to discover a fit chastisement for d'Harcourt. None appeared to her sufficiently heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper, passed the day on which she received this galling document from Paris.

Sleep, or the calm of night, brought a change over her feelings. She arose with an altered mind from her couch, and in place of an order for his confinement in a dungeon, she sent to d'Harcourt, on that morning, the brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The count, who had been preparing himself for leaving Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on receiving this intelligence. He was the more so, as he had not the least doubt but that the queen must have discovered the secret of his allusion to Madame Laura, from some of the Frenchmen about the court. The conduct of Christina thus appeared to him in a most magnanimous light, and a light very dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness de Steinberg. Still more was this the case, when after the lapse of but a few months, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and, subsequently, on the occasion of his performance of a gallant action, was honoured with the rank of general, and the key of chamberlain of the household. He was induced also to become a naturalised Swede, as a step to further greatness.

All eyes were now turned upon the rising young Frenchman, and it was thought that the premiership, if not a higher honour, was within his grasp. He was in a trying position. He was charmed with the queen's generosity of heart, and believed that she must love him, though nothing but her kindly actions, and, it may be, her looks, had indicated it hitherto; and he had never dared to enter upon such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was by the prospect of personal favour from a young, powerful, and not unlovely princess, d'Harcourt still felt his heart to be with the Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the latter, and his ambition, came at length to a direct trial—a struggle for superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg had seen, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the elevation of her lover, but the sense of pain predominated. She saw that ambition was estranging him from her. One day, accordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her intention to leave Stockholm that evening, but plainly indicating that if he yet loved her enough to retain her, she would not go. At the same moment, almost, the count received a letter from the queen, desiring his immediate presence at a private consultation with her council. This was equivalent to an announcement of a new honour awaiting him. The count was deeply agitated by this dilemma, but ambition, or what he would fain have called *duty*, gained the day. He neglected the invitation of the baroness, and went to the palace, seals and portfolios dancing before his mind's eye by the way.

The queen was seated in council when he was announced. All smiled upon the favourite; but Christina signified her wish for the whole to retire, and d'Harcourt was left alone with her. She was pale, and he also was agitated. It seemed to him as if the moment was come when a crown was to fall on his head. After a pause, the queen lifted a portfolio, stamped with the royal arms, the symbol of supreme if not royal power, and holding it out, said, "Do you desire it?"

The smile of the queen made the intoxicated young noble interpret this into, "Do you love me?" and he fell on his knees, exclaiming in answer, "Yes, I love you, as much as I reverence and admire you!" He continued in this strain for a short time, when the queen interrupted him—and what an interruption!

"Enough!" cried she, in a tone that froze the blood in the count's heart, a tone resembling that of a player who casts aside a mask he has worn for a time. The dismayed count would have risen, but she imperiously signed to him to remain. "At length," continued she, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "at length I see you *there*—and the hour of my revenge is come!" D'Harcourt fell back, with his head upon a fauteuil, dumb, and motionless. "Yes!" resumed Christina, "I knew that you *loved* me, but I wished to hear you declare it, as I can now say, as a *woman*, what I might long since have said as a *queen*, that I—scorn and despise you!"

A groan was all the reply of the undeceived and unfortunate count.

"Yes, I have raised you," continued the queen, "only for the enjoyment of this hour. *Elizabeth* raised the *Earl of Essex* step by step to place and honour. So have I done by you. But there is a further step. If I cannot be Elizabeth, as *Madame Laura*, whom I resemble so much, and who is equally cruel as mad, I may fairly finish the similitude. You remember the end of Essex!"

"Death!" exclaimed the agitated count involuntarily.

"Yes! death on the scaffold," said the queen. "I have taken care to naturalise you in Sweden, and you are at my discretion. But I will conclude this affair in a manner more worthy of Madame Laura, and consequently of *me*," added Christina bitterly. As she spoke, she summoned the councillors to re-enter.

"This man," said she to them, "is insane. Let him be conveyed to the *madhouse*!" Dumb with horror, the Count d'Harcourt was taken from the royal presence.

Insanity really attacked the unhappy man. But, from the tenderness of one woman, he found a partial remedy for the cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom, which was mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg, forgetful of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her future days were dedicated to the solacement of the broken-spirited Count d'Harcourt.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE BOOKSELLING BUSINESS IN AMERICA.

The present Journal is regularly reprinted by Mr Jackson, bookseller, New York, and has been so since January 1838, several previous American republications of the work having failed. We have been informed that Mr Jackson sells 2500 copies, and hopes to sell more hereafter. It is sold in weekly numbers and monthly parts, but to subscribers only; that is, to persons who undertake to receive the work regularly for a year, and to them the annual charge is two dollars and a quarter, or about ten shillings, being about one-half more than the British price. We only introduce these circumstances to notice, as connected with a remarkable feature in the business of the publisher and bookseller in America, which we have never seen noticed. It is, that in America no single number of a periodical work can be had, either from the publisher, or from any retail bookseller. *It is necessary* to subscribe for them for the year, or not at all. There is no recognised price for a single number: the only price known is the *price per annum*, and this whether the work be weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Thus, the North American Review, the Knickerbocker (a monthly magazine), and the New York Mirror (a weekly sheet), are respectively five dollars per annum. No number of these works bears its own price upon its cover, as with us, for no single number is ever sold. Neither is any work to be had any where in the town where it is published, but at the office of the publisher, or in other towns but at the shop of the single agent for the work. It is easy to see how these practices *must* affect any periodical work, whether originated or reprinted in America, in which an effort should be made to proceed upon the principle of making an extensive sale compensate for a low price—in short, what is called in this country a cheap periodical. Trammelled by such a mode of publication and sale, there can be no such thing as a cheap periodical in America. A combination of the first intellects of the country to establish such an organ of popular instruction and amusement, would probably fail in its object, merely on account of its not being a custom of the bookselling trade to deal in single numbers of any periodical work. The vast class below a certain grade who could afford to buy the work weekly, or occasionally, but who could not become subscribers for a year, and pay the amount beforehand, or at least in one sum, would be excluded, and the work therefore would require to be calculated, in price, for only a moderate sale amongst the middle classes. This is surely a state of things not creditable to America. The custom is clearly a bad one, and ought to be altered immediately. In Britain, not only is there no difficulty in obtaining a single number of a periodical work from any ordinary bookseller, but there is now, in most towns of considerable magnitude, especially those containing a manufacturing *population*, a class of booksellers planted in neat *small* shops, generally in the suburbs, who make a decent livelihood almost exclusively by the sale of periodical publications, chiefly those of the cheap kind, and who may be considered as amongst the most useful of our trading citizens. Unless there should be local obstacles of which we are not at present aware, we should expect that a business of the same kind might flourish in the cities of America, and the more so that the higher booksellers would probably be the last to give into the new practice.

MEN SURVIVED BY THEIR FIRMS.

It is very common when any individual or copartnery has been successful in business, and when the business survives its originators, to make no change in the *firm*, or business designation, in order that the new man or men may have the benefit of a respected name to second their own efforts and deserts. In the eye of a strict morality, this can in no instance be quite right, for it certainly involves a modification of the crime of obtaining money under false pretences. Sanctioned, however, by custom, and practically not productive of any evil consequences, it may be overlooked in all ordinary mercantile concerns, where one honest and active man of business may be fairly presumed to be as good as another. Clearly, however, it is not so excusable in business concerns in which special personal qualities are called into exercise. Say, for instance, that an ingenious man has become famous for his skill in making musical instruments, and that instruments of his making bring a higher price or meet a quicker sale than those of other makers, it would obviously be an act of deception for any person or persons, after his death, under the pretence of keeping alive his business, to make and sell similar instruments marked with his name. Here the business is not simply mercantile: there must have been some peculiar ingenuity, skill, or shrewdness in the original man, which it is in the highest degree unlikely that his successors possess; and therefore they are not entitled to keep up his name. So, also, if an engraver of maps has acquired celebrity in his particular art, it is plainly

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wrong to keep alive his name in a business concern after his death, seeing that the art of engraving maps involves a degree of geographical knowledge, or at least of conscientiousness and industry in consulting authorities, as well as of skill and taste in engraving, which another man may not have. His successors may say, the late man did not in his latter days engrave maps with his own hand, but employed clever subalterns, all of whom we still have about us, so that in reality the work issued from our office is now as good as ever it was. All this may be true, but it is far from being satisfactory. If the late man did not latterly do any thing with his own hand, he probably exercised a general superintendence which was useful. At least, he gave the guarantee of his name that the work was properly executed—that name being generally recognised as that of a man of credit and renown in the construction of maps, and who might be supposed to be on his guard lest it should suffer by appearing in connection with inferior work. But, now that he has been dead and gone for many years, the superintendence may be of a very different character, the maps may be engraved under circumstances much less advantageous for neatness and accuracy, and the guarantee given is not that of the persons concerned, but that of a man past all human accountability. Neither will it do to say that the death of the original man is well known, and that the phrase "engraved by —— ——" can deceive nobody. His death must be unknown to a great number of persons, who, in trusting to the above phrase as a recommendation, must unquestionably be deceived. It may even chance that individuals, ignorant of the reputation of the man, may purchase the productions of his successors, merely from seeing his name paraded in a way meant to convey the idea of recommendation. Can this be called *so deceiving?* Take the case, however, in any way we will, it must appear as a kind of imposture. The phrase itself, "engraved by —— ——," the person meant having been dead for years, is a downright statement of what is not true. It is a false statement, obviously designed for a purpose, and that purpose must be the benefit of those who use the phrase. If not, why do they not at once use their own names, or adopt the phrase "successors f" in either of which cases there could be no dubiety. Obliquities of this sort are, we humbly conceive, unworthy of men engaged in honourable callings. Solomon's Balm of Gilead may be sold after Mr Solomon himself is dead, and no one, who swallows the balm itself, will strain at the matter of the name. But when we find any thing partaking of the nature of imposture in connection with intellectual pursuits or operations, we unavoidably feel shocked, because it is in such pursuits and operations that we naturally expect to find the purest integrity and candour.

TAIT'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT IN MUNSTER.

Mr Tait's Magazine has the great merit of being much cheaper than others of the same class. Laying aside its politics, which, after all, occupy but a small portion of the work, its literary matter, especially in the department of tales, is generally of a high character. In the number before us, the leading article is one descriptive of the late abstinence movement in the south of Ireland. We have seen this movement alluded to by snatches in many newspapers, but have not before met with any thing like a historical summary of the affair, and we therefore consider the present paper as one of considerable interest and importance. It will probably for the first time afford a just idea, on this side of the water, of Father Matthew's operations, which, though exemplifying, we believe, all the features of the moral epidemic, and therefore resting, we fear, on not the soundest basis, are certainly in the mean time of a most beneficial character, and may even be supposed to promise some measure of permanent good.

Mr Matthew is, as is generally known, a Catholic clergyman in Cork. Early in 1838 he established in that city a Total Abstinence Society, which on the 20th of January 1840, numbered 500,000 members. "This rapid increase," says the author of the article before us, "is sufficiently remarkable in itself, but it calls for our deepest attention if it can be shown to proceed from a great national movement; a voluntary effort on the part of the people, which developes some of the most peculiar features of Irish character." He has watched and witnessed the progress of the business, and he has come to the conclusion, "that a great majority of those who have received the temperance pledge from Mr Matthew, took the step in consequence of observing the improvement visible in the health and circumstances of friends and neighbours who had joined the society, and that in comparatively few instances was any persuasive attempted by superiors, either lay or clerical." We shall now quote the account given by our author of the history of the society.

"The first attempt to establish a total abstinence society in the south of Ireland, was made in Cork by some members of the Society of Friends. This was attended with little or no success, and they solicited Mr Matthew to commence one on similar principles, rightly judging that twenty years' zealous performance of the duties of his office, which had gained for him the enviable reputation of being the poor man's friend, was the best of qualifications for an apostle of temperance. The reverend gentleman was not sanguine of the success of his undertaking. We have it on his own authority, that at the commencement he would have thought himself fortunate in obtaining five hundred members. A public meeting, however, was held, and on the 10th of April 1838 the society was formed on the widest possible basis, the only form requisite on admission being a repetition of the following pledge: —'I promise, so long as I shall continue a member of the Tee-Total Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, unless recommended for medical purposes, and to discourage, by all means in my power, the practice of intoxication in others;' Mr Matthew adding, 'May God bless you, and enable you to keep your promise.' At first, but few converts were made, and those chiefly due to Mr Matthew's influence with the lower orders, whose confidence he had previously gained; but a great improvement taking place in the health of those who had discontinued the use of spirits, it was immediately supposed that some healing power was possessed by the reverend gentleman, of which the tee-totaller received the benefit. This gave a great impetus to the society; and the halt, the maimed, and the blind, crowded to Cork to take the pledge and be healed. Mr Matthew at once set his face against this delusion, and the society was left to rest on its own merits; but there remains a strong impression that the pledge administered by Mr Matthew is superior in efficacy to that administered by others. We have questioned many tee-totallers on this subject, and their answer has uniformly been, 'We have seen notorious drunkards reclaimed by going to Cork, men who had resisted the most serious appeals from their own clergy, and broken the most solemn vows, taken voluntarily, against drinking; and, therefore, we should prefer walking a hundred miles to take it from him, to staying at home and taking it from any one else.' We are told that this is rank superstition, but we confess our inability to discover why a man is not equally free to select a physician for his moral imperfections as for his bodily ailments; why, to bring it nearer home, the poor Irishman should not sling his shoes across his shilelah, and walk to Cork, just as reasonably as the rich Englishman should put four horses to his chariot and drive to Leamington.

The rapid increase of the Tee-Total Temperance Society soon began to attract public attention, and several applications were made to Mr Matthew to visit various towns for the sake of making converts. These he uniformly refused, alleging that all who were in earnest would come to him, and that the fatigue and privations incident to a long journey, especially if made on foot, would be likely to impress the occasion of it deeply on their minds. The first exception to this rule occurred when he visited Limerick to preach a charity sermon, on which occasion troops were obliged to be called out to prevent loss of life, from the mere pressure of the thousands who crowded to take the pledge. Mr Matthew was subsequently requested, by his ecclesiastical superiors, to visit Waterford and Clonmel, as the numbers of country people who flocked into Cork were in many instances overreached and plundered by designing individuals, who professed to accommodate strangers. It thus appears that, after the first establishment of the society, no further measures were required on the part of Mr Matthew than the enrolment of the crowds who daily presented themselves for admission. To make this clear, we will allow the tee-totallers to speak for themselves, merely premising that, in all the cases we shall bring forward, the witnesses were examined by ourselves; some casually when in our employ as guides, boatmen, &c.; others when in their shops, or engaged in their trade or business, as tailors, shoemakers, &c.; and that the drift of our questions has always been to discover the immediate cause of their taking the pledge, and its effects upon their health and circumstances:—

1. John Fleming, aged forty, guide and bugleman at Killarney, took the pledge in June 1839. After receiving money, he never could rest till he had spent it; and when he could not drink it all himself, used to treat others. Joined the Tee-Total Society in consequence of having sold his bugle, and enlisted when very drunk. Was imprisoned for taking money on false pretences, he having taken the money to enlist when too old to enter the service. When released, was persuaded by his sister-in-law, who keeps a whisky shop, to go to Cork. Walked there, and drank two glasses of whisky and two pints of ale on the road; walked back next day, drank milk, and found the road shorter. Used, after drinking, to sleep badly, and eat no breakfast; now, sleeps uniformly well, and can eat any thing. Has, in the course of the summer, paid many pounds of debt previously incurred, besides living on a superior diet. At first the publicans offered to treat him to whisky, punch, &c.; now, no one thinks of proposing it to him. Is much better in health, and never feels the want of spirits either when wet or cold.

2. John Collins, turned seventy, boot and shoe maker at Killarney. Went to Cork, August 7, 1839. From his childhood was in the habit of drinking whenever he could get the price of a glass of whisky. Used to take the money for his children's breakfast, and buy whisky, leaving them and himself without food. Had four sons, whom he taught to drink as well as himself; and when they came home at night drunk, used to fight his sons, and kick and beat his wife. [By the solicitations of his son, he went to Cork, and took the pledge from Father Matthew.] The next day he tried to walk from Cork (fifty-eight miles), taking nothing but a little sour milk; thought he should have died, but felt quite content, though sure that a glass of whisky would cure him. Felt faint and weak for three weeks; since that, has never found the want of drink; is better in health, lives well, and on the best terms with his family. Used to have potatoes, perhaps dry bread, very often nothing; now, has meat once a-day, and tea or coffee for breakfast; the same again before going to bed.

3. Francis Donnoghue, aged forty-one, druggist, Killarney, a freeholder for the county of Kerry, took pledge July 8, 1839. Drank hard; was committed to Bridewell for a street row twice. The second time, was supplied with liquor by his friends; got drunk, and set the Bridewell on fire; drank himself mad, and was in the lunatic asylum for some time, but recovered, and drank again. When a patient came to him to have a tooth drawn, or to be bled, he would offer them a glass of whisky, as he always had a large bottle before him. Drank himself into difficulties, and pawned every thing he had. In the first week of abstinence, felt the want of a glass; after that, has never missed it. His circumstances are improving, and his family bless the day on which he went to Cork. Is apothecary to the Killarney Society; nearly 500. Only four have been ill, for six months; none of them have suffered from leaving off spirits.

4. Denis MacCarthy, aged fifty-seven, boatman at Killarney, took the pledge 2d September 1839. Began to drink as a waiter. Used sometimes to drink as much as a quart of whisky in the morning. Put money in his shoes at night, when going to bed, lest his wife should find it. Lost his appetite latterly, so that, perhaps, he would not eat more than once in forty-eight hours; but lived on whisky. His face became as red as a rose, and he found that two glasses in a morning would make him stupid and drunk. This told him his constitution was going; and he went to Cork, with six others of the greatest drinkers of the neighbourhood. Could now eat, three or four times a-day, any thing set before him. Is convinced he was as great a drinker as any man in the country, but has never felt the want of it since he spoke the words.

5. Timothy MacCarthy, aged thirty, carpenter at Killarney, took the pledge 11th July 1839. Began to drink at nine years old; stole a note from his mother, to spend in drink, when not more than ten. Drank so hard that he frequently couldn't taste food for six days in the week. When he first heard of the tee-totallers, he was very glad; but thought it could not apply to confirmed drunkards like himself. Used to be mad when drunk; knocking down every body he met in the street; sometimes tried to kill himself. Taken up by the police for a drunken row, and whilst on his way to prison, kicked a man who passed; broke the watch in his fob; caught up live ashes in the Bridewell, with his naked hands, and threw them into the bed, and nearly suffocated himself. When he saw that old drunkards had been to Cork, and were reclaimed, he set off, spent fifteen shillings all but fourpence on the road, chiefly in drink, and went to Father Matthew more than half drunk. Mr Matthew recommended him to wait till next day, but he refused, and declares that from that moment he never has felt the slightest wish to drink. Has recovered his appetite, and is in constant work, at high wages.

6. John Brien, aged thirty-nine, bellhanger at Killarney, took the pledge 8th June 1839. Before he took the pledge, was drunk, more or less, every day. Wonders, now, how he could have got through his business: lost many of his employers, and got involved, so that no one would credit him; generally had some of his clothes in pawn. Thinks no one drank from such pure love of whisky as himself. Lost Lord Kenmare's employment, and then determined to go to Cork. When his neighbours heard of his going, they shook their heads, and said, 'If Brien gives up drinking, we'll think something of Father Matthew's new system. He'll never get back from Cork without getting drunk.' When he came back sober, they said, 'He can't hold out a fortnight.' At the end of a fortnight they gave him six weeks; and seeing him still sober, they went themselves."

Other nine cases, much resembling these, are given; after which the writer proceeds to consider the question which must naturally arise in every mind, "Will this last?" He is inclined to augur that it will, with many at least, and this for various reasons—first, that improved health, wealth, and comfort, are found to flow from temperance; and, second, because, being so universal, surrounding example and precept are favourable to its continuance. We now follow him into an interesting part of the subject.

"It will readily be supposed that the abstraction of half a million of drunkards from the population must exercise a very decided influence on the statistics of the province; and, accordingly, we find a considerable falling off in the duties on spirits during the past year, and an increase in those upon tea and other excisable articles. We could also refer, with the greatest satisfaction, to police reports, and addresses of magistrates at petty sessions. But we are aware that the great diminution in crime observable in the south of Ireland, for the last twelve months, is, by many, attributed to the absence of all political excitement; and we therefore prefer to confine ourselves to those facts which

cannot possibly be attributed to any other cause than tee-totalism. Of this kind are the following details, communicated to us by Dr Bullen, surgeon to the North Infirmary in Cork, one of the largest hospitals in Ireland; an hospital which, during the last eleven months, has received 1258 in-door, and 14,500 out-door, patients. Dr Bullen states, that cases of casualties, consisting of personal assaults consequent upon drinking, after payment of wages on Saturday night, have within the last nine months been reduced to one-third of their former average amount. That the cases of wives brought to the hospital in consequence of brutal beating or kicking by their husbands, which formerly averaged two a-week, have within the same period nearly ceased. That the casualties arising from falls from scaffolding, injuries by machinery, &c., have been reduced fifty per cent. He also states that, in the course of his extensive practice, although frequently meeting with *delirium tremens*, and other dreadful complaints brought on by excessive drinking, he has not met with one case of disease referable to the sudden and total disuse of spirits. At the last renewal of licences, in the city of Limerick, eighty publicans and venders of spirits abstained from applying for a renewal. In the small town of Killarney, fourteen have given up dealing in spirits; and we are happy to find that in most cases they have established soup and coffee shops, bake-houses, and other similar accommodations for the poorer classes, which will materially assist in diminishing the temptation to a relapse. At Cork, in addition to a great diminution in the applications for spirit licences, sixteen publicans have been declared insolvent, all of whom attributed their failure to Mr Matthew's success. Similar details might be collected from almost every town south of Dublin; but as the progress of the society was, for the first year, comparatively slow (at the end of twelve months about 7000 members had been enrolled), the effect of so good a change in the morals and habits of the people will not be fully apparent in the statistics of the country for at least twelve months to come."

The writer concludes with some speculations on the probable effects of sobriety in Munster upon the cultivation of the soil, and in admitting English capital and enterprise to come into the province. That it will, if lasting, work great good in these respects, will scarcely, we suppose, be doubted.

MRS HALL'S MARIAN.*

MARIAN is a young lady befriended by an affectionate Irish nurse, named Katty Macane. In the first of the two following extracts, Katty gives her views respecting a well-known employment for young ladies—severely true in the main, though perhaps a little exaggerated. In the second, Marian is represented as actually in a *situation*, but of a somewhat different kind.

GOING A-GOVERNESSING.

"I will be a governess," said Marian, triumphantly; "great women have been teachers, I have heard Miss Kitty say—great and good women. Kings must have teachers; queens must have governesses."

Katty Macane compressed her lips and elevated her brows.

"To go a-governessing is looking at the world through the back windows. I never heard such folly! To be, as a body may say, between hawk and buzzard; too low for the drawing-room, too high for the kitchen; belonging neither to the earth beneath nor the heavens above; slighted by the mistress; insulted by the servants; winked at by the gentlemen visitors, and shook off by the lady ones; blamed for the faults of the children; barked at by the dogs, scratched by the cats; a thing without a place; a free woman, treated as a born slave. Listen to me, avourneen. I have known at home and abroad, big and little, thirteen governesses in my time; twelve were born miserable, and were always kept so; the thirteenth was lucky, *for she died in her first place*. Och, alanna! God break hard fortune before any woman's child—I'd raythor, or as soon, see you in yer grave, as going a-governessing."

"Better than living a dependent," said Marian, still more proudly; "any thing better than that."

"Now listen to me. Ye're too young yet to dream of such a thing, for if ye war a rock o' sense, and a tree o' wisdom, which I never knew gentle or simple to be at your age, my precious darling, stately as ye're looking—setting a case you war all I say, did you ever know a governess, who, if she worked the brain out of her head, let alone her fingers to the bone, wasn't considered a dependent?"

"She earns her income," persisted Marian; "she gives her talents for her employer's money; one could not do without the other."

"Och, good-morrow to ye, my lady!" exclaimed Katty, with the bitterness of a woman who knows the world; "ye've read *that* in some romance. Look in the newspapers—though, indeed, it's better ye didn't. I, that have been a camp follower for many a year—served under the duke (God keep him in health, and strength, and happiness, and glory, which he can't fail to be in, to the end of his days, and longer, seeing he's taken the shine out of Bonyparte and Marlboro', whose fine place is close to where the big boys goes to school—Oxford they call it)—well, I never looks at a paper on account of the wakeness in my eyes, and the pot-boy not lending me the loan of one, barrin' on Sundays, on account of the small drop of beer I take; and then I see so much badness in it, that I'm glad it's a Sunday I see it, for it can't be so bad that day as any other; and, indeed, there's nothing in a paper much worse than advertisements for teachers, where they are expected to be the most edicated and wonderful of God's craytures—with every quality of angels—French, and Latin, and algebra, and music, and to have the charge of only five or six children, and needlework, and hard-work, and wardrobe-work, and the devil knows what—and then, at the heel of the hunt comes in, *that as it's a comfortable situation, no salary the first year*."

Marian laughed at her nurse's picture; but she had built her own castle, and resolved, poor girl, to inhabit it the first opportunity.

MARIAN AS A COMPANION TO A LADY.

One night Marian had exhausted all her arts of pleasing (those who are constrained to please ever feel as if they lacked the means to do so); she had quilled her patroness a *new tour de tête*, invented expressly for the purpose of concealing the junction between the real and false hair; she had gauffred a frill; she had oiled her curls; she had played her favourite waltzes, and practised a new quadrille; she had gone to the fruiterer's to select some raisins; she had been called stupid and idle and ill-tempered before the grinning servants, and had bitten her lips to enforce silence to insults she dared not reply to; she had made some blanc-mange, attempted to clear obstinate opaque jelly, and been called from it to attend to some trifling alteration in the pinning of a riband or the trimming of a shoe, by which means the blanc-mange was spoiled, and the jelly left to run cold—for servants always make common cause against an humble companion, particularly if she be honest and independent. Finally, she undressed Mrs Trufit; and then, while she tried on various nightcaps, and wailed and moaned and egotised, was obliged to half-dress her again, as she declared her bed was ill made, and Marian must remake it; then she ordered her to sing her asleep. Marian commenced with a lullaby; but no, *that* would not do. How could Marian suppose she could be sung to sleep like common people, particularly common stage-people, who always go to sleep to a lullaby? No, she could go to sleep to nothing that was not light and animating; and the poor girl was forced to suffocate her feelings and sing the song of mirth in the region of misery. When her tormentor was fairly asleep, instead of going, as a servant could, to her regular repose, poor Marian was obliged to return to the narrow precincts of what the fantastic lady called her "boudoir"—a back-room within a back-room—and there write various letters and orders which she had been directed to dispatch "the first thing in the morning." Her young eyes ached, her cheek was blanched, yet, long after the clock struck one, she commenced her task. All the servants, except the footman, had gone to bed, and he waited for his master. She had known that her only real friend—her poor Irish nurse—had watched the entire day to see her, and she had cried more than once at the impossibility of meeting her faithful friend.

Her fingers performed their almost mechanical operation, while tear after tear dropped upon her hand. "I would not bear it!" she exclaimed, as a torrent of painful recollections crowded on her remembrance; "I would not bear it, but that she has no other to serve her faithfully in the whole world but me; and she was kind to me in my childhood—she *was* kind to me in my childhood." And then she continued her task until the loud knocking of Mr Trufit and a continuation of louder talking in the hall assured her that "the master" had returned; presently she heard the sound of several footsteps ascend to the front drawing-room, and then Mr Trufit say to the servant, "All gone to bed!—cook gone to bed! Call her up, and let her hunt out the larder, bring the tray up here! What! no candles—no fire!"

"I will fetch candles, sir, and I suppose there is a fire in my mistress's boudoir, as Miss Marian is there."

Mr Trufit took the candle from the footman's hand, and, having done so, half reeled, half walked, followed by his companions, into the room where Marian, trembling she knew not why, was occupied with her pen.

"Have you got the keys?" he inquired, in the thick inarticulate tone of drunkenness. "No, sir."

"Then go and get them."

"Yes, sir, but"—— replied Marian, rising.

"What but—what do you mean?"

"Mrs Trufit has been very unwell, sir, all day, and she is only now gone to sleep—must I disturb her?"

Marian lit a taper, and proceeded slowly up stairs.

AN OLD GENERAL.

The sun was shining brightly on the Thames—the trees were glittering in their draperies of frosted silver—a fire had been kindled before daylight in the sacred drawing-room, and sparkled brightly within polished bars of the purest steel. The apartment was solitary as usual. The general was at his breakfast table in the library—the urn and necessary appendages were of plain gold—the chair he sat in was covered with Genoa velvet of the deepest crimson.

The old officer's appearance was as singular as his dwelling. No one could have mistaken him for an ordinary person. He was exceedingly small of stature, and of delicate proportions; his feet and hands as minute as those of a beautiful woman—and there is no perfection of beauty where they are not exquisitely moulded. His features were prominent, though not large; his nose high and arched; his lips thin and compressed; his eye black as jet, and only seen distinctly when he elevated his thick shaggy brows, which were of snowy whiteness, and hung completely over his eyes; his forehead was high and wrinkled, surmounted by an abundance of white hair, which, instead of lying straight and smooth, as it generally does in old age, curled and bushed about his head, in a way that showed it was much cared for by his valet.

A stayed respectable-looking woman sat opposite to her master, and prepared his tea, which she handed him as he sat, or rather sank, in his cushioned chair. His dress was in keeping with his house. His stockings were of white-ribbed silk; his shoes brightly polished; his waistcoat was of white embroidered silk; and the skirts of his brocaded dressing-gown were spread upon his knees, while the ermine collar appeared as if never disturbed from its position round his throat. His cravat was trimmed with lace, and fell upon his bosom; and the loose sleeves of his dressing-gown, as they fell back nearly to his elbows, showed that his shirt was of the finest linen, and his sleeve-buttons composed of superb brilliants. A beautiful Persian greyhound had laid its head upon its master's knee, and looked wistfully up to the face which, severe as was its ordinary expression, smiled kindly, if not sweetly, upon Hafiz.

"Has this paper been wiped and dried?" inquired the old gentleman, as he looked at the Morning Post. "Yes, Sir Henry, it is perfectly dry and clean, I assure you." "It is very odd, Mrs Upton, that you never remember to put the paper on the right-hand side of the muffineer." "I beg your pardon, Sir Henry; I did place it at the right hand, but Mullins displaced it; I should have seen to it." "Thank you, Mrs Upton. You are sure it is not damp? Very good—very good."

And he forthwith commenced reading a paragraph, and then taking his tea, toast, muffins, and cold pie, in rotation, and in a manner which proved him an adept in the art of good living. When the general had finished his repast, Mrs Upton poured some cream into a cup of water, and presented it to Hafiz, and then the old general smiled, and, folding the paper, handed it, with a courtly inclination of his head, to Mrs Upton, saying, as great newsmongers generally do, after reading from the title to the printer's name, "There is nothing in it." The housekeeper curtseyed her thanks—the breakfast things were removed—the gentleman's chair wheeled round to the fire, and his reading-table placed by his side.

"Please, Sir Henry," said the urbane Mrs Upton, "would you be so good as to tell me if you expect any one to-day, and what you would desire for dinner?"

"I dare say," replied the general, "I shall see my grandson this morning. When I was his age, I would have been a-field before this hour; but times are changed—times are changed!"

"Master Peronett's a fine youth, though, Sir Henry—a very fine youth; so much handsomer than Master Godfrey, his cousin!—I suppose the soup, sole, haunch of mutton, with some light things, will be enough?"

"Quite, thank you—quite enough, Mrs Upton. You think Henry better looking than Godfrey? Well, I can't say I do, Mrs Upton. Godfrey has the Peronett eye—the Peronett eye; very peculiar that—I never saw any person, not a Peronett, have the eye, and few Peronetts without it. Now, *Henry* has not *the* eye."

"But the *nose*, Sir Henry! Master Peronett *has* a nose!"

"God bless my soul, Mrs Upton, to be sure he has!—a nose very like his poor father's. But a nose is of little consequence—the eye—the eye is the thing!"

"Undoubtedly, Sir Henry—the eye is the distinguishing feature."

"In noble families," said the little man, crossing his legs with evident self-complacency, "the eye always *is* the distinguishing feature; in the Peronett family, as you have heard me before observe, it is peculiarly so. The eye is the window of the soul. No; Master Peronett's eyes are not like Godfrey's: I am sorry for it, for I should have liked the property and the eyes to go together, as they have always done heretofore—but it can't be helped. I wish Mrs Gibbs would take back these bantams—they are not of a size; now, I like to see five or six of those white bantams exactly of a size—will you have the goodness to get them weighed to ascertain? Good morning, Mrs Upton. By the way, I forgot to tell you that I fear the housemaid is incorrigible; I assure you the towels in my dressing-room were again folded in three."

"I will see to it myself, Sir Henry," said the housekeeper.

"Thank you, Mrs Upton; but that is not what I desire; it would never do to set a drill-serjeant to do privates' work—you understand me?"

Mrs Upton curtseyed again, and had got as far as the door, when she was called back.

"Mrs Upton, pray do not suffer Master Peronett to imagine that I am at all disappointed at his wanting the Peronett eye—it might make him unhappy—dissatisfied with his eyes; and then, Mrs Upton, there is no knowing what the young man might do."

"Very true, Sir Henry—he might even think of spectacles!"

General Sir Henry Peronett cast a most indignant look at the housekeeper, who, seeing that she had erred, endeavoured to remedy her error.

* Three volumes. London, Henry Colburn. 1839.

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"I saw young Lord Roebuck in spectacles yesterday, Sir Henry; and I thought—that is, I *heard*—that, being short-sighted, he wore glasses."

"Very likely, madam; but I do not see what Lord Roebuck's eyes have to do with the eyes of the Peronetts. Perhaps you will inform me?—I wait for information, Mrs Upton," added the testy old gentleman.

"Oh, Sir Henry, of course there can be no comparison; I ventured on the remark without any object ——"

"Which, let me tell you, Mrs Upton, was like stepping out of the ranks—very unsoldierly conduct for the wife of a gallant officer."

"I will be more careful, sir," replied the widow, curtseying, and now thinking herself fairly off. But she was mistaken.

"Has the gardener trimmed those geraniums, and seen to the fire in the green-house?"

"Yes, Sir Henry."

"Very sorry to trouble you, my good lady, but the catalogue of plants?"

"Is quite ready, Sir Henry."

"Thank you, Mrs Upton; you deserved, madam—you deserved to be a soldier's wife!"

ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER TIMES.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THIS was the first man who ever succeeded in entertaining an audience for a whole evening by his own unassisted powers of amusement. He was a native of London, of obscure birth, and originally designed for some mechanical employment, but in early youth became an actor. The beginning of his career in life was marked by vice and folly, until disease and penury brought on repentant feelings. Such is his own statement in a poem entitled "Religion, or the Libertine Repentant," which he published in 1751. After a provincial career, he came to London in 1752, and obtained an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, but did not succeed in making himself a favourite. He prosecuted the profession for several years with no marked success, and also from time to time published novels and prepared short dramatic pieces, but was after all chiefly noted as a witty and amusing companion, and a prime figure at several convivial clubs. It is to be feared that, after he recovered from the sickness in which his first poem was written, his early habits were resumed, and that for some years his life was far from reputable. There is extant a letter which he wrote from Yarmouth jail, while imprisoned there for debt: it is so characteristic of the man, that it may here be reprinted.

"Dear Sir,

When I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives—I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to write mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term still-life; having, since February 13th, been confined in this town jail for a London debt. As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, my share taken off, and no support left, save what my wife can spare me out of hers.

'Deserted, in my utmost need,
By those my former bounty fed.'

With an economy which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been with the aid of good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days—the trimmings of a waistcoat as long—a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman—and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees: the sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks—the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it is ill jesting with edge-tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me.

You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that, while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule: but, sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable, and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution. However, sir, to show that I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it. Here, sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature, humanity, &c.; but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of obtaining my liberty; and you know, sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick: be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor.

G. A. STEVENS."

A lucky accident at length opened a way by which this poor son of Thespis attained wealth and some share of distinction. While acting as manager in a country town, his attention was attracted by the happy way in which a mechanic employed in the theatre sketched off the characters of the members of the corporation. The idea germinated in his mind, which naturally was one possessed of considerable powers of delineating whimsical character; and he soon after wrote the first draught of his celebrated lecture on heads, which was delivered by Shuter the actor. Here the object was to exhibit a head, either carved in wood, or drawn on pasteboard, and to make a few sprightly remarks upon it; after which another was brought forward and remarked upon, and so on; the persons represented being mostly of a character open to ridicule, such as an old starched bachelor, a *blood*, a fine lady, and so forth. The mechanic who gave the first idea helped Stevens to make the heads, little thinking what a reception they were ultimately to meet with from the public. Much effect was also produced by a judicious use of wigs, head-dresses, and other *properties*. At first, in Shuter's hands, the exhibition did not meet with success, perhaps in some degree for want of a sufficiency of the required apparatus; but Stevens soon after expanded the lecture considerably, and, procuring a proper head and dress for each character, went himself to try its fortune in the country. This was about the year 1764. In a country town, where regular theatricals are unknown or of poor character, any one who can furnish an evening's tolerable amusement at a moderate price, has a good chance. The Lecture on Heads proved to be quite of the character suited to such places, besides that it was in itself a complete novelty. It *took* amazingly, and the author, returning with some reputation to London, exhibited it with great applause in the Haymarket Theatre. Thence he proceeded on an extensive tour of England and Scotland, every where meeting the same success. In 1766, by way of varying the entertainment, with a view to re-appearing on the same ground, he brought out a new Lecture, but it did not succeed so well as the first. He afterwards visited America, where the lecture was so much relished, that he was detained in the country two years. At Boston he was apprehensive that the austere spirit of the place would be against him; but even there he met with a flattering reception, and had crowded audiences for six weeks. Quaker Philadelphia was equally gracious to him. The profits of these exhibitions were very great, for he had no associates to pay; and in a few years it was estimated that he had made ten thousand pounds by the adventure—a vast sum to have been realised by a player in those days. It has been said that he did not husband his little fortune with the care which it deserved. Towards the end of his days, he sank into that paralytic state in which the animal powers survive, while the mind is totally gone, and thus was a most pitiable spectacle to all connected with him. Previous to this period, he had sold his lecture and apparatus to Mr Charles Lee Lewis, who consequently delivered it to the best of his ability; but there must have been some comic relish peculiar to Stevens's performance, for Lewis failed exactly as Shuter had done, and the Lecture became an entertainment dead to the public. The author himself paid the debt of nature at Biggleswade in Bedfordshire, September 6, 1784, when probably aged little above sixty.

The Lecture was till a recent period kept constantly in print, with wood engravings representing the heads; and we must own that, in our young days, we were amongst those who found amusement in it. On perusing it lately, we discovered that most of the characters were of a temporary kind—representatives of manners fully as much as of forms of natural character—and that much of the wit was also the wit of a passing mode. Nevertheless, there are some passages which may yet excite a laugh, and which deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which the volume seems to have fallen. Those in ridicule of lawyers are perhaps the best—always, of course, reserving the point as to the justice of the satire. The following are extracts:—

"We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand 'em. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a *woman* happens accidentally to be slain; then the verdict is always brought in *man*-slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the *beginning*, or *incipiendum*; the second, the *uncertainty*, or *dubitandum*; the third, *delay*, or *puzziendum*; fourthly, *replication* without *endum*; and, fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*.

All which are exemplified in the following case, Daniel against Dishclout. Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cookmaid; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr Serjeant Snuffle; he began, saying, 'Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a roundabout circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand. I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan; therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in Broughton's Reports, Slack *versus* Smallwood, it is said that *primus stroous sine joous, absolutus at provokus*. Now, who gave the *primus stroous*? who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan.' The next counsel on the same side began with, 'My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once; at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor: the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr Biblibus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes, page 1286, where he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man; not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *profecto ipse* he; but is as he should not be, *defecto tipse* he.'

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, 'My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my lord, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filligree work. Some people may think them an embellishment; but to me it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse, nor a washhouse, a brewhouse, nor a bakehouse, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum saucepannis, stewpannis, scullero, dressero, coalholo, stovis, smoke-jacko, pro roast-andum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calve's-head-hashibus, cum calipee et calipashibus.*

But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my lord, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial; for, as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do? for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.' * * *

We shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall show a compendium of law [*takes the wig*]; parts of practice in the twist of the tail. The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaster, seems to show us that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

We shall now beg leave to change the fashion of the head-dress, for, like a poor periwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patterns on the same block. [*Puts on the wig, and takes the nosegay.*]

Law is law, law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic; they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called 'Bullum *versus* Boatum:' it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers; farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seised or possessed of a bull: farmer B was possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of

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the ferry-boat had made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hayband. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hayband: the boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying, 'My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull.'

The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—'My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?' I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose. How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—'*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, clavis, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus reveris lakis, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus, solus;*' that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly on the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but, such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*."

VISIT TO THE RECEPTACLE FOR THE INSANE IN CAIRO.

Mr Wilde, whose travels have already been alluded to, gives the following account of his visit to the receptacle for the insane in Cairo:—

"On reaching the door we were stopt by our conductor, to purchase a few cakes of coarse bread, a supply of which is always kept in the adjoining porch for supplying the visitors, who thus become a principal though precarious means of supporting its wretched inmates. We were led through a narrow passage, where all was still and silent as the tomb; a few steps farther, and we were introduced into a large oblong room, when a yell arose of the most unearthly kind my ears were ever assailed by—so startling, that some of our party involuntarily drew back with horror. Our sight—our smell—our hearing—were overwhelmed with a combination of disgusting realities, such as I believe no other place can exhibit. Around this apartment were arranged a number of dens, about four feet square, closed in front with massive iron gratings. In each of these gloomy filthy cells was a human being, perfectly naked, or with the remnant of the tattered rag he may have worn on his entrance years before, fantastically tied about some part of his person. His hair and beard long and matted; his nails grown into talons; emaciated; covered with vermin, and coated with unutterable filth; an iron collar riveted about his neck, binding him by a massive chain either to a ring in the wall, or connecting him through a circular aperture with his fellow maniac in the adjoining cell.

Upon our entrance, each, like a ravenous animal in a menagerie, when the keeper arrives with food, roused from his lair or his lethargy, and rushed with savage wildness to the grating, extending a withered hand for the expected morsel. The foam of frenzied agony was on every lip; the fire of maniac fury was in every eye; and the poor madman's yell softened into the jabber of satisfaction as each in turn snatched his morsel, and devoured it with a growl I can only liken to a tiger's.

I will not disgust my readers with a recital of the sickening scene I witnessed in the female department, where the frown and the whip of the savage keeper rendered unnecessary the chain, the collar, or the grating.

Even with the care and attention shown to those unfortunates in our own country, the sight of madness is one of the most humiliating and pitiable we can witness; but here, where no pains are taken to improve their condition, no care for their wants, and no medical skill to inquire into the causes of their malady, or the possibility of their cure, it is a truly awful spectacle. I need hardly say, that recovery is rare. Indeed, it would be a miracle, as the first glimmerings of returning reason must be instantly and completely destroyed on the patient finding himself immured in a dungeon, replete with such horrors."

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

DESCRIPTION OF STONEHENGE.

Daniel (1563-1619.)

And whereto serves that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon, when as the gazing passenger
Had greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long agon;
Inquires and asks his fellow traveller
What he had heard, and his opinion.

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Brittany, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's sleight.

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley, in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
Seeing after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That rev'rence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our early credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are;
And though she avouch the right, she scarce hath right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stand'st corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;

Thou shall stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the heaven's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The following account of the mode of life of Louis Philippe is given by one of the French journals:—"He is called very early, and is no sooner up than he begins to read the diplomatic dispatches and the secret and confidential communications of the ambassadors. He works until eleven o'clock, and then breakfasts upon plain bread and a pitcher of beer. He rarely, indeed, indulges in the luxury of butter. After his breakfast he transacts business with his ministers, and prefers receiving them individually; and, these interviews over, receives other visitors, with whom he converses familiarly on trade, manufactures, buildings, mechanical inventions, &c., all which subjects he understands thoroughly. At three o'clock he shuts himself up in his cabinet, reads the journals and the reports from the police, on which he makes notes, and gives audience to intimate and devoted friends. At five o'clock, when he is at Neuilly, he goes out; and when he is at the Tuilleries, walks in the balcony which overlooks the garden. At six o'clock he dresses himself for dinner, but seldom arrives until it is nearly over; for he will not allow his family to wait for him. He is his own barber, and dresses with the greatest simplicity. When at dinner, he sits between the queen and his daughter, the Princess Clementine—helps himself to soup—cuts up a *poulet au riz*, nearly the whole of which he eats—takes a cup of tea—and jumps up from the table with some dried fruit in his hand, which he eats whilst conversing, after dinner, with architects and builders. He returns to pass a part of the evening with his family, and examines his sons as to their scientific studies. The visitors who arrive are received *en famille*, and politics are generally avoided. At ten o'clock he retires to his cabinet, and then, except on very important occasions, he does not allow himself to be disturbed. At midnight he closes his books, and commences his correspondence. He frequently remains in his cabinet till day-light, and then goes to bed, but is invariably called at seven, and sometimes six, in the morning. Sometimes he sleeps for an hour or two in the day, and, when on his journey to and from Neuilly, sleeps soundly in his carriage. When in the country, if he does not go out after dinner to look at his masons or his gardeners, he stretches himself out on a sofa, and sleeps for an hour."

[The person who wrote this paragraph must have been imposed upon. He perhaps describes correctly enough one particular day of the king's life, or such a day as occasionally happens; but it is not in nature that any man could lead a life of such labour and excitement, with so little sleep, *habitually*. Probably many other such statements respecting remarkable men have had the like origin—one or a few days of extraordinary exertion taken as examples of the whole.]

SHARK-KILLING.

On the coasts of Sumatra, sharks are sought for and killed as a sporting exercise. A traveller thus speaks of this dangerous pastime:—"I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found on inquiry that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, *Tan, tan!* The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal."—*Egan's Book of Sports.*

HOW TO KEEP TAILORS HONEST.

The tailors of Inverness are an ingenious race of men, and fully as good craftsmen as their brethren in the south. We find, however, that their predecessors, a hundred years since, were somewhat suspected. In the letters of Captain Burt, written from this place about 1730, it is mentioned as a "notable precaution against the tailors' purloining," that the following plan was adopted by the inhabitants:—"This is to buy every thing that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight."—*Inverness Courier.*

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DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE.

In Albums, Annuals, and other such works in light literature, disappointments in love are always treated in one way—that is to say, according to the formula established with them upon this subject: the heroines never recover the shock, but are sure to fall into consumption at the very least, and be carried off within the year. This may be very useful as a means of winding up a story; and it may even occasionally have a moral effect, showing to young ladies the danger of precipitate passion, and to young gentlemen the impropriety of asking hearts where they do not intend to seek hands. But it strikes us as a sad waste of human life, and also as apt to be attended with some positive harm. Were a physician to look upon every doubtful case as past cure, and tell the patient so, he would probably find himself in many instances right, merely through the despair he had inflicted; just so must it be hurtful to a young lady disappointed in love, to have it dinned into her ears from all quarters, that hers is an invariably mortal wound. It might be better, we think, in this, as in most other cases, if the downright truth were told.

Let us review the various kinds of disappointments under the head of Love.

We would touch with reverence on that occasioned by death. Sad as it is, it is not perhaps the worst to bear. The affection over which the grave has closed has indeed a feeling of eternity, but it has none of pain or infirmity. Time (present time) does its work even here, and most perfectly with the young. In other words, a changing succession of new feelings to new objects must flow on and fill the mind for ever. New impressions must arise, and old ones grow faint. Thus are our sharpest sorrows brought to a pleasing sadness. Affliction rightly dealt with, may, nay, must turn to blessing. It raises us above the petty vanities and discomforts of life. It enables us better to understand, and, therefore, to console, the unhappiness of others. It deepens a sense of religion, the reward at once and consolation of a tender and elevated mind. We shall avoid a foolish superstition and a gloomy fanaticism, if we can test our aspirations after a better world by their practical influence on our conduct in this one.

To turn to a less dismal disappointment. A young lady has fallen (a fall rightly expressing the precipitancy of the movement) in love with a young gentleman, who simultaneously falls (or, to save female delicacy, we shall say previously has fallen) in love with her. The symptoms are many and various. They have met at a ball, and he has danced with her a whole evening in spite of etiquette and chaperons—has talked most agreeably between the dances—has attended her in a morning walk, and offered his arm preparatory as it were to offering his hand—has intrigued successfully to get himself invited wherever she is to be—has escorted her home of an evening in all weather. What shall we say more? Has looked all sorts of unutterable things, and has uttered a few of the same sort of things, poetical prose as it were; but if he should happen to be a downright rhyming poet, he may have sent a copy of verses adapted to the new fair one's name. Well, our young gentleman is over head and ears in love with our young lady, and *vice versa*, for at present it is much the same case with them both. But then comes a difference. *He* goes home or goes abroad; to college again; to a counting-room or a wareroom; into the army or the navy; goes away, in short, no matter where. He disappears from the eyes of our young lady; that is, from the eyes of her head, but not from her mind's eye—her memory. *She* nourishes a hopeless passion, pines, and *dies!* This, at least, is what she ought to do, if she follows the example set her in all the histories of all the forsaken maidens she has ever read of. Nobody ever felt as she felt. Mrs Anybody's grief for the loss of a husband, or Mrs Somebodyelse's lamentations over the grave of a child, are nothing to hers. Her father and mother are a worthy happy couple; but what can they have known of love? "What a commonplace, unromantic person mamma is! and old contented aunt Betty, can she ever have had a lover or a disappointment?" What a complete want of *true feminine* feeling it would be in our afflicted heroine, ever to forget her woes, and be good for any thing again in this world! And, yet, is there not a great deal more of fancy than of affection here? We like to borrow the language of poetry to give advice in:—

> "Rouse thyself, and the weak wanton Cupid
> Shall, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
> Be shook to air."

Here is another disappointment! A male flirt, without further intention than to gratify his vanity, feigns a passion, or, perhaps, feels just enough to enable him to feign well, excites both love and hope in the breast of a woman, draws her on to betray them, and then leaves her. Should she die? Dear young lady, you have been ungenerously, nay, unjustly treated. We don't say, Be on your guard for evermore. The chance of your ever again meeting with such an injury is but small; but were it greater, it is better to be deceived than to grow suspicious. Take a lesson, however, from your disappointment, which even you may require. Never let your vanity, or mere desire of pleasing, entrap you to lay traps for others. Think how much more respectable it is to be deceived than to deceive—how much you have, in fact, the superiority over the vain man you are aggrieved by—what a bad husband he would have made. We don't recommend that you should hate him. Life is surely too short, and all human beings too unfortunate, as well as imperfect, to allow of your indulging in such an unchristian-like feeling; but you will be agreeably surprised to find in how short a time you will become *indifferent*, if you will only give yourself fair play, and not suppose that you were born to fall a victim to man's arts. Make no boastful show of this indifference, nor lower yourself to enter the race of vanity with your faithless swain, for the purpose of mortifying him. The triumph of virtue will then be complete, and, let romancers say as they please, you will live to enjoy its reward.

Treachery of a more open and decided kind than that we have just been considering, may amount to a breach of promise of marriage, and may occasion a serious disappointment. This sort is not so strictly an affair of the heart; and the variety of disappointments it is attended with, rather weaken, as we conceive, the force of it on the whole. It is shared by a family too, and there are sympathy and indignation and resentment, sometimes revenge, to console the sufferer. The legal fiction (that remnant of feudal barbarism), by which only a breach of promise of marriage is made punishable, is not favourable to female delicacy; for, when the rank and character of the aggrieved party puts personal injury or pecuniary loss out of the question, what shall we think of a compensation in money being accepted for her unrequited affection, or, worse still, the alternative of an unwilling husband?

It is plain, that, when a compensation cannot be made at all adequate, it should not be attempted. On this pretence, therefore, there seems no plea for damages, and indeed it seems to us very doubtful whether the peculiar breach of faith that regards marriage can be reached in any manner by law. If, however, for the purpose of deterring men from it, still more of preventing others, when under the influence of a just resentment, from taking the law into their own hands, some punishment is thought desirable: one of disgrace, such as fine or imprisonment, seems at once more suitable and more certain than the present one. *Our* business, however, is not with the law, but with the ladies; and we say to them, Even should no other promise without a breach in it ever occur to you, you are still well rid of a man who has either deceived you or himself.

A word or two on the subject of *Indifference*. Falsehood, perjury, cruelty, selfishness, are so constantly associated by poets and novel-writers with any falling off in passion in a lover, that we scarcely expect to get young ladies to believe that indifference *may* arise without deserving such hard names. Long-tried friendships, where esteem, good offices, and mutual interest, cement an union, are not indeed liable to this sudden death; but the fancy of a moment, excited by difficulties, may be vanquished by another fancy. There may be occasion for pity on the one side, but not much for blame on the other. All we can suggest of consolation is, that the sudden fit of *no love* which has come upon your lover, might have happened to you the complainant, and a consideration of this circumstance ought to mollify your resentment. Besides, are you, the forlorn fair, no way blameable in souring the affection of the individual who has declared himself your admirer? We leave this trying question to be solved by your own feelings and recollections.

There is a disappointment very common in real life, and which the Gems and Amulets make very pretty stories of; we shall call it the disappointment *by prudence*. Papas and mammas disapprove of a connection, and use their interest to prevent its taking place. Both sexes are liable to disappointments from this cause: but the female mostly so—woman being, from her dependent situation, more under the influence of the advice and authority of friends. To what degree she ought to be subjected to this influence, is a question foreign from our present consideration. It is certain that parents have often attempted to exercise a very unjust control over the affections of their children, sometimes from a tyrannical disposition and interested motives for themselves, but much oftener from a view of benefiting their children, forcing them, as it were, to be happy. When Richardson attempted to give parents a lesson of warning against improper interference, in his admirable novel of Clarissa Harlowe, his descriptions of domestic tyranny might not, and we believe did not, appear exaggerated to our grandmothers; but we have an agreeable proof of how much times are changed in their seeming to us so unnatural. The old and the young will never, however, in any stage of the world's improvement, be quite of the same way of thinking; for they look on the same object with the very different eyes of fear and hope. It is only by mutual sympathy, by laying together romantic feeling and worldly prudence, that the old can make their experience of any avail to the young.

Poverty is in real life the commonest obstruction to early marriages; and poverty is not, as the romantic young lady may conceive, a mere privation of personal comforts and luxuries, which she may assert truly are nothing to her. It is never endured alone, and when it exists to a great degree, is a cause of mental suffering of the most constant and harassing, if not of the most exquisite kind.

Say that a maiden has given her heart to a man who proves unworthy. Villains are not so common in life as in poetry; but there are faults which, once discovered, make it impossible to go on loving. This situation occasions a most painful revulsion of feeling; for not only must we call in all the tenderness which was wasted upon an undeserving object, but have the mortification of finding that we could be so mistaken. It is a shock to pride of every kind. It may even endanger our belief in virtue; for where shall we seek it if we have not found it in him whom we adored? It is natural for the young to embody what they admire in whatever chance object finds favour in their sight. After such a bitter disappointment, the cherished idea of the beautiful and

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the good will with difficulty be realised again; the judgment will be on the watch to guard the affections. So far, perhaps, is well; but it would be a pity to grow so *wise* as never to be able again to feel a partiality. Suppose the faults discovered are less atrocious, less decidedly fatal to love. "The idols we made, we may find clay," but should we "love through all things?" Shocking absurdity, and lowering to the female character. To attempt to love or live with any sort of low and degrading vices, is no merit, and is not a duty even in a wife.

There is the disappointment both of vanity and affection; when a girl has construed some unmeaning civilities on the part of a man into serious attentions, and admiring and approving of him, first discovers, on hearing of his marriage with another lady, that she has been mistaken, and at the same time that she has been in love! Well, what then? She must lock the secret for ever in her own bosom, say all the authorities on the subject, and "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek," &c. This is very pretty in poetry, but not to be made a rule of conduct in life. There is a degree of pride which *humiliates*; feminine dignity may not allow of the confession of unrequited affection, but need not wither inwardly at having conceived it. If you have known, fair forlorn one, what it is to love, and, making allowance for human infirmity, to love purely and tenderly, you have gained something in experience, in feeling, in humanity, though you may have lost a lover. New sources of enjoyment have been opened to you; you will have learned better to appreciate the charms of poetry, of painting, of music, above all, of nature; you will be a better and a wiser woman for the rest of your life, and therefore may become a happier one. Then, why die? Feminine dignity does not require that, though the "Albumers do."*

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT.

Like man himself, with all his prominent habitudes, opinions, and prejudices, witchcraft seems to have taken its rise in the East, and at a very early period of the world's history. In ancient times, however, this superstition differed considerably from the one recognised under the same name amongst modern nations. In eastern and southern countries, witchcraft was regarded as the power of magical incantation, through the agency of familiar spirits of good and evil propensities, or through certain mysterious and secret influences in nature, which are manifested in dreams, omens, meteors, and other phenomena bearing no particular signification to the uninitiated eye and mind. Thus considered, it operated not only as a heavy bondage of fear over the human intellect, but tended grievously to repress the progress of learning and science; for any unusual achievement in these departments was almost sure to be ascribed to a secret practice of witchcraft, or the art magical. From an early era, it was taken up and pursued as a trade by knowing wretches, who found it possible to thrive better by playing upon the weaknesses of their fellow creatures, than by following any more useful employment. In ancient Rome, whither these delusions were imported from Egypt and Greece, there were many practitioners of this order, who usually took the character of conjurors or fortune-tellers, and exercised a most baneful influence on society at large.

According to the Roman civil code, however, the practice of supernatural arts was a crime. For example, it was a capital offence for any one to increase his rural produce by magical incantations. Pliny narrates a remarkable trial which took place under this law. Cresinus, a laborious and skilful husbandman, was charged by his envious neighbours with having crops of such abundance that it was manifest they could be produced by no other means than the power of magic. The sturdy agriculturist met the accusation by bringing into court his implements of husbandry, oxen, horses, servants, and also his daughter, who formed an able assistant; and he assured the judge that these were "the only witchcraft which he had used." This intrepidity had the desired effect; the accusers were covered with shame and confusion, while Cresinus was dismissed with honour from the tribunal. How many similar cases occur in modern times, in which the success that rewards the skilful and industrious is ascribed to "luck," "fortune," or any other cause than the real one! Let the slothful and envious remember the defence of Cresinus, the Roman husbandman.

The practice among the Greeks of ascribing powers of supernatural vision to the Sybils and Pythonesses of the sacred oracles, appears to have introduced and familiarised the idea of female magicians, and of witchcraft being an art less congenial to the male than the female sex. It is at least certain that sorceresses and their arts are frequently alluded to by the Roman poets. Thus, Tibullus, in describing the wonderful powers of a female necromancer, tells us that

> She plucks each star out of his throne,
> And turneth back the raging waves;
> With charms she makes the earth to mone,
> And raiseth souls out of their graves:
> She burns men's bones as with a fire,
> And pulleth down the lights from heaven,
> And makes it snow at her desire,
> E'en in the midst of summer season.

Virgil likewise speaks of a witch who, by the use of certain herbs, could transform herself into a wild animal, fetch up souls from the dead, and work divers wicked pranks on the crops of the husbandman.

It is to be observed, that neither among the Romans nor the Pagan nations of northern Europe, was witchcraft deemed an offence against *religion*; in some instances, indeed, the witch was supposed to derive her powers from spirits friendly to mankind, and her profession, though feared, was held in honour by her infatuated dupes. Upon the introduction of Christianity, witchcraft assumed a new form, though retaining all its old attributes. Instead of ascribing the supernatural powers of the practitioner to the gods, to Odin, to spirits of good or evil qualities, or to supposed mysteries in nature, the people imputed them to the great fallen spirit mentioned in Scripture. This potent being, from a wicked desire to destroy all that was good and hopeful in man's destiny, was believed to enter into a compact with the aspirant witch, in which, for an irrevocable assignment of her soul at death, he was to grant all her wishes, and assist in all her malevolent projects. These new features in witchcraft, as we shall speedily perceive, thoroughly changed and prodigiously extended the superstition throughout Europe. From being rather a sportive kind of jugglery, or trick in practical magic, and at most only a civil offence, it was recognised as a crime of the deepest dye, meriting the most severe chastisement which the ecclesiastical and civil power could inflict.

We must here notice, however, that the demon or master-fiend of the witchcraft legends was a very different being from that great fallen spirit, held, in a graver view of things, so deeply to influence the best interests of humanity. As this superstition gained force in the Christian world, which it did by slow and successive steps through the whole of the middle ages, or from the fifth century till about the fifteenth, the devil—for it is impossible to avoid the mention of this emphatic name, disagreeable as it is commonly said to be to ears polite—gradually lost many of the former features of his character; or, rather, a different being was substituted for him, combining the characteristics of the Scandinavian Lokke with those of a Satyr of the heathen mythology—a personage equally wicked and malicious as the sterner spirit of evil, but rendered ludicrous by a propensity for petty trickery, and by such personal endowments as a pair of horns, a cow's tail, and cloven feet. There can be no doubt that the demon of the middle ages borrowed these attributes from his human representatives in the old mysteries and plays, where a laudable endeavour was made to make the evil one as ugly as possible. We are told, it is true, that he could at will assume any specious disguise that suited him, but the eye of the initiated observer could readily detect the "cloven foot"—or, in other words, penetrate his true character. Such as he was, he played an important part in the annals of modern witchcraft, which was supposed to rest entirely on the direct and personal agency of himself and the imps commissioned by him. Nor was this supposition confined to the illiterate, or to persons of peculiarly credulous temperament. Authors, distinguished for sense and talent, record with great seriousness, that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig; and that at another time he took up house in Milan, lived there in great style, and assumed, rather imprudently one would say, the suspicious yet appropriate title of the "Duke of Mammon." Even Luther entertained similar notions about the fiend, and, in fact, thought so meanly of him as to believe that he could come by night and steal nuts, and that he cracked them against the bed-posts, for the solacement of his monkey-like appetite.

The powers ascribed to this debased demon were exceedingly great. The general belief was, that through his agency storms at sea and land could at all seasons be raised; that crops could be blighted and cattle injured; that bodily illnesses could be inflicted on any person who was the object of secret malice; that the dead could be raised to life; that witches could ride through the air on broomsticks, and transform themselves into the shapes of cats, hares, or other animals, at pleasure. An old writer, speaking of the powers of witches, says—"1. Some work their bewitchings only by way of invocation or imprecation. They wish it, or will it; and so it falls out. 2. Some, by way of emissary, sending out their imps, or familiars, to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke, howle, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. 3. Some by inspecting, or looking on, or to glare, or peep at with an envious and evil eye. 4. Some by a hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing and blowing on. 6. Some by cursing and banning. 7. Some by blessing and praising. 8. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turnes. 9. Some ingratefully, and by occasion of good turnes. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by getting something of yours into their house. 12. Some have a more speciall way of working by severall elements; earth, water, ayre, or fire. But who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise to put in practice?"

In the present age of comparative intelligence, it is difficult to understand how human beings could be so deplorably ignorant as to entertain such a gross superstition. We must, however, recollect that the belief was greatly fostered by religious impressions, and that it was long considered a mark of impiety to doubt the existence of witches. Various other circumstances helped to cherish and magnify the error. The true causes of the majority of natural phenomena were unknown. The nature of the atmosphere, and of certain meteoric appearances—of the laws which regulate storms at sea, and tides—of human maladies and their remedies—were enveloped in obscurity. Natural causes being unknown, and the very doctrine of them unacknowledged, the weak and easily terrified mind flew to the conclusion that all evil proceeded from a power malignant to man, and that by certain impious dealings it was possible for man himself to direct that power against his neighbour.

The superstition seems to have approached its height about the end of the fifteenth century. In his bull of 1484, Pope Innocent charged inquisitors and others to discover and destroy all such as were guilty of witchcraft. This commission was put into the hands of a wretch called Sprenger, with directions that it should be put in force to its fullest extent. Immediately there followed a regular form of process and trial for suspected witches, entitled *Malleus Maleficarum*, or a Hammer for Witches, upon which all judges were called scrupulously to act. The edict of 1484 was subsequently enforced by a bull of Alexander VI. in 1494, of Leo X. in 1521, and of Adrian VI. in 1522, each adding strength to its predecessor, and the whole serving to increase the agitation of the public mind upon the subject. The results were dreadful. A panic fear of witchcraft took possession of society. Every one was at the mercy of his neighbour. If any one felt an unaccountable illness, or a peculiar pain in any part of his body, or suffered any misfortune in his family or affairs, or if a storm arose and committed any damage by sea or land, or if any cattle died suddenly, or, in short, if any event, circumstance, or thing occurred out of the ordinary routine of daily experience, the cause of it was witchcraft. To be accused was to be doomed, for it rarely happened that proof was wanting, or that condemnation was not followed by execution. Armed with the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the judge had no difficulty in finding reasons for sending the most innocent to the stake. If the accused did not at once confess, they were ordered to be shaved and closely examined for the discovery of devil's marks; it being a tenet in the delusion that the devil, on inaugurating any witch, impressed certain marks on her person; and if any strange mark was discovered, there remained no longer any doubt of the party's guilt. Failing this kind of evidence, torture was applied, and this seldom failed to extort the desired confession from the unhappy victim. A large proportion of the accused witches, in order to avoid these preliminary horrors, confessed the crime in any terms which were dictated to them, and were forthwith led to execution. Other witches, as has been said, seemed to confess voluntarily, being probably either insane persons, or feeble-minded beings, whose reason had been distorted by brooding over the popular witchcraft code. A few extracts from the work of Dr Hutchinson will show the extent of these proceedings:—

"A. D. 1485. Cumanus, an inquisitor, burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the county of Burlia, in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they may be searched for marks. He continued the prosecutions in the year following, and many *fled out* of the country.

About this time, Alciat, a famous lawyer, in his *Parergis*, says, 'One inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the people rose against the inquisitor, and chased him out of the country.'

A. D. 1488. A violent tempest of thunder and lightning in Constance destroyed the corn for four leagues round. The people accused one Anne Mindelin, and one Agnes, for being the cause of it. They confessed and were burnt.

About this time, H. Institor says, one of the inquisitors came to a certain town, that was almost desolate with plague and famine. The report went, that a certain woman, buried not long before, was eating up her winding-sheet, and that the plague would not cease till she had made an end of it. This matter being taken into consideration, Scultetus, with the chief magistrate of the city, opened the grave, and found that she had indeed swallowed and devoured one-half of her winding-sheet. Scultetus, moved with horror at the thing, drew out his sword, and cut off her head, and threw it into a ditch, and immediately the plague ceased! and, the inquisition sitting upon the case, it was found that she had long been a reputed witch.

A.D. 1524. About this time a thousand were burned in one year, in the diocese of Como, and a hundred per annum for several years together."

From other authorities it is learned that the devastation was as great in Spain, France, and northern Germany, as it was in the Italian states. About the year 1515, five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in three months, and in France many thousands. An able writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review,* sums up the following particulars respecting the executions for witchcraft in some of the German states.

"In Germany, to which indeed the bull of Innocent bore particular reference, this plague raged to a degree

* A phrase from "The Doctor."

* No. XL. 1839.

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almost inconceivable. Bainberg, Paderborn, Wurtsburg, and Treves, were its chief seats, though for a century and a half after the introduction of the trials under the commission, no quarter of that great empire was free from its baneful influence. A catalogue of the executions at Wurtsburg for the period from 1627 to February 1629, about two years and two months, is printed by Hauber in the conclusion of his third volume of the Acta et Scripta Magica. It is regularly divided into 29 burnings, and contains the names of 157 persons, Hauber stating at the same time that the catalogue is not complete. It is impossible to peruse this list without shuddering with horror. The greater part of this catalogue consists of old women or foreign travellers, seized, as it would appear, as foreigners were at Paris during the days of Marat and Robespierre: it contains children of twelve, eleven, ten, and nine years of age; fourteen vicars of the cathedral; two boys of noble families, the two little sons of the senator Stolsemburg; a stranger boy; a blind girl; Gobel Babelin, the handsomest girl in Wurtzburg, &c. And yet, frightful as this list of 157 persons executed in two years appears, the number is not (taking the population of Wurtsburg into view) so great as the Lindheim process from 1660 to 1664; for in that small district, consisting at the very utmost of six hundred inhabitants, thirty persons were condemned and put to death, making a twentieth part of the whole population consumed in four years.

How dreadful are the results to which these data lead! If we take 157 as a fair average of the executions at Wurtsburg (and the catalogue itself states that the list was by no means complete), the amount of executions there in the course of the century preceding 1628, would be 15,700. We know that from 1610 to 1660 was the great epoch of the witch trials, and that so late as 1749, Maria Renata was executed at Wurtzburg for witchcraft; and though in the interval between 1660 and that date, it is to be hoped that the number of these horrors had diminished, there can be little doubt that several thousands fall to be added to the amount already stated. If Bainberg, Paderborn, Treves, and the other Catholic bishoprics, whose zeal was not less ardent, furnished an equal contingent, and if the Protestants, as we know, actually vied with them in the extent to which these cruelties were carried, the number of victims from the date of Innocent's bull to the final extinction of these prosecutions, must considerably exceed 100,000 in Germany."

While these horrors were transacting on the continent, the superstition was attended with similar effects in Britain; but of these we postpone any notice till a future occasion.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

A SIMPLE STORY.

Some years ago there lived in a little town in one of the southern counties of England, an old watchmaker and his son, the latter a person of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and bearing the name of Hugh—Hugh Barton. The father, named Simon, was a widower, and laboured hard at his trade along with his son, the two sticking to their employment from sunrise till bedtime, whenever they had work to stick to; and this was almost always the case, for there are comparatively few instances of a thoroughly willing and good tradesman being long in want of employment. Nevertheless, in spite of their incessant toiling, and although they never went into company, Simon and his son were always miserably clothed, and lived in the very meanest way. Hence, the people of the town formed the idea that they were avaricious, and given to pinching and hoarding at the cost of all the comforts of life. They gave to Simon the familiar name of "the Miser." As for Hugh, they thought no better of him; and whenever they spoke of him, their common sneer was, "Like father, like son."

Near to the humble dwelling of the watchmakers, there lived, in a still humbler dwelling, an old beggar and his daughter. Old Michael Blane was a mendicant of the better order, and lived rather upon stated and voluntary charity, than upon casual and courted contributions. Yet he was poorly enough off, to be sure. His residence and usual begging station being close by the habitation of the Bartons, the attention of the neighbours used to be arrested by this juxtaposition of *real* and *factitious* indigence, and many remarks were made, very unfavourable to the watchmakers, and, on the other hand, very advantageous to Michael Blane. They gave their pity and their pittance to poor old Michael, but their contempt to his neighbours. The former was almost loved and respected by them, being thought poor because he could not help it; while the watchmaker and his son were despised as being willing slaves to privation and misery. They pointed the finger at the "mean old hunx," as they called Simon, on all occasions.

Simon Barton seemed to care nothing for all this; he bore it coolly and stoically. He pursued his own way, without swerving aside for an instant on account of the jeers he was subjected to. He wrought hard, spent nothing that he could keep, and gave away not a penny in charity, either to Michael Blane or any body else. Hugh followed the same course; but it was noticed that the young man sometimes spoke to the old mendicant's daughter, Mary, and even made her presents of some little ornamental trifles of his own workmanship. Mary Blane was pretty; and such was the odium which the silent and reserved young watchmaker had incurred with the public, though chiefly on his father's account, that they hesitated not to say he had evil intentions with respect to the poor girl. Some very good-natured people went the length of saying so to Michael, and bade him take care. The old man did appear affected and influenced by the suggestion, as Hugh Barton was seen to speak less afterwards to the beggar's girl.

Many years had passed over the heads of these parties, and they still remained in the same condition, separately and relatively. At length (as the story was told by those who knew the circumstances well) Mary Blane came running one evening to the house of the clergyman of the place, and, with tears in her eyes, bade him come to her father, who was dying. The good parson hurried to the beggar's dwelling, and there found old Michael stretched on his humble pallet. He seemed to be in a state of the greatest distress, though of a mental as much as a bodily character. He expressed the greatest fears to the clergyman on the subject of death, declaring himself unfit to die, and certain of dreadful punishment afterwards. His spiritual attendant tried to bring him to a state of greater calmness; and, finally, Michael became composed enough to disclose the source of his uneasiness and fears.

"Oh! sir," said he, "I am a guilty wretch! For ten years, now, that I have been in this town, I have basely usurped the esteem and charity of the good people around, and have allowed scorn and insult to fall on the head of poor Simon Barton, the watchmaker! Yes, sir, I have stolen the respect that was due to him alone, and have sat down in quiet, and seen injuries heaped through me on his honest grey hairs! But I will make some amends—I will do him right yet, as far as I can.

Simon Barton, sir, lived in the same town with me, before either of us came here. He there suffered heavy pecuniary losses—by a misfortune no man could avoid—at a time when he was in my debt for a very considerable sum. We both came hither, he to work, and I, who was fully younger than he, and had less occasion, every way, to take such a step—I came to *beg*. Good, honest, and industrious, Simon imposed on himself and his son the severest labour, and the proceeds of all their toils he brought to me, with the exception of the smallest pittance to keep himself and his boy in life. No mortal knew the full extent of the privations to which they subjected themselves for this end; and how patiently they bore the insults which were heaped upon them, by those who were ignorant that the men they abused were acting upon a principle of self-denial of the noblest kind! Simon would not undeceive them; I had done him a favour when he became my debtor, and he would not reveal what would have turned the tide of abuse from himself upon me."

The old beggar paused for a moment, with an expression of shame and remorse upon his countenance. "Simon Barton," he then continued, "was still more sharply tried, and still through me. You remember, sir, when this place, where I now lie, took fire, some two years ago. The debt of Simon was then more than half paid. The watchmaker and his boy were the first to come to my aid; but in place of feeling grateful for this service, I adopted, Heaven forgive me for it! an evil suspicion against them. Simon, I thought, had wished to destroy my proof of his debt, and had set fire to the house himself. In reality, after the flames were extinguished, I could not find the document establishing my claim against him. I was greatly alarmed, but said nothing, for obvious reasons. Some days passed away, and then Simon came one morning to me, holding in his hand a scrap of half burnt paper. 'Look at what the wind had blown away, Michael,' said he; 'I found this in the ditch behind our house.' I looked, and saw that it was the very paper missing; but it was useless—the fire had burned the essential part of it, and I knew that I had no legal claim against the watchmaker.

In the rage of the moment, my suspicions being strengthened, I grasped Simon by the collar, and exclaimed, 'Rascal! you have robbed me—you did all this mischief on purpose!' What more I said, I do not know; but I clutched Simon as if I would have strangled him, till, being necessitated to do so, and being much stronger than I, he shook me off, and set me down on a seat. 'You do not know me,' said he, with the greatest calmness; and taking a considerable sum of money from his pocket, he laid it down before me, saying at the same time, 'I have had good work these two months past, and here is the money for it. This clears a good part of what now remains of my debt; and as for the rest—of which the destruction of that paper would acquit me—see here!' He then held out a slip to me; it was a new and proper acknowledgment, which he had drawn out, for the remainder of the debt!

Ah, would you believe it, sir?" continued the dying beggar; "I was as suspicious and hard to Simon Barton afterwards, as ever! He continued to toil on, and bear patiently with the appellation given to him of 'a mean miser,' though it was on me, whom every body countenanced and treated well, that that name should have fallen. *Avarice* has been my evil spirit. Simon paid up his debt. The last payment was made within these few weeks, and I believe that it is from my ceasing to look with the greedy suspicion of a creditor upon him, that I have at last been led to reflect on the real nature of his conduct and of mine, and to do him justice. I have become ill, both in body and mind, from thinking of these things, and feel that I am now dying.

I have but one thing more to say. Hugh Barton is a good lad, and has been his father's friend and confidant. My poor girl, who has been a friend to *her* father too, but who has never till this hour been—and well for her—his confidant—at least in some part of his actions—she is liked by Hugh, and she likes him. I formerly forbade her to speak to the lad. Now, it is my dearest wish that she should marry him. Perhaps Simon will then forgive me. Lift the corner stone out of the wall on the right side of the fire (the old man pointed to the spot), and you will find all my money. Part of it was gained before I was a beggar, and from fair earnings. Simon's money is also there. Mary (continued the old man, addressing his weeping girl), you will be happy with Hugh; he has been taught in a good school—'Like father, like son.'"

Michael Blane had the pleasure, before he died, of receiving Simon Barton's forgiveness. As he wished justice to be done openly to the good name of the watchmaker, the story was told by the clergyman, with as much tenderness as possible to Michael's memory. It soon spread abroad. The tide of public opinion underwent an instantaneous revulsion, and the Bartons became every where as much honoured as they had been despised. They took the praise as calmly as they had borne the scorn; having done what they did, not for the applause of others, but for the gratification of their own sense of honour and rectitude. Hugh Barton, after being married to Mary Blane, did not belie the words of her father. To him was ever applicable, through life, but in a very different sense from that in which it had once been applied to him, the proverbial saying, "Like Father, like Son."

SPITALFIELDS AND ITS WEAVERS.*

The district of Spitalfields, now included within the north-eastern boundaries of the metropolis, is the oldest seat of the silk manufacture in England, and though in a greatly fallen off condition, still employs several thousand looms. Anciently the district was an open space of ground without the city walls, belonging to the Hospital or 'Spital of St Austin—hence its present name—and it was not till about the beginning of the last century that it became fully covered with houses, or was made a seat of the silk manufacture. The immediate cause of this change in its condition was the revocation of the edict of Nants in 1685, when at least 50,000 refugees, most of them weavers and other craftsmen, arrived from France, and threw themselves upon the charity of the English nation. In consequence of previous religious persecutions on the continent, many thousands of silk weavers had arrived in England and been permitted to reside and carry on their trade at Canterbury; the new host of refugees, having spread to the metropolis, were permitted to settle in Spitalfields, and relieved from immediate starvation by a parliamentary vote of L.15,000 per annum. We should suppose this munificent donation did not require to be long continued, for the weavers of Spitalfields quickly became very flourishing; and in 1713 the silk trade had attained such importance, that upwards of 300,000 persons were maintained by it in England.

For a considerable time the population of Spitalfields might be considered as exclusively French. That language was universally spoken, and even within the memory of persons now living, worship continued to be performed in French in the chapels originally erected by the pious refugees. The district, though a suburb of London, might not improperly have been called Petty France. French songs were sung in the streets, there were French coffee-houses, and all social intercourse was strongly marked by French manners. The houses, also, had a dash of the old French style about them; many of them had porticoes, with seats at their doors, where the weavers might be seen on summer evenings enjoying their pipes, and chatting in their own language upon subjects which

* The above article is drawn up from Dr Mitchell's Report to Parliament on the Condition of the Hand-Loom Weavers, a document written with much ability, and from which we have already made some interesting extracts.

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employed their leisure hours. This very agreeable and old-fashioned state of things lasted through the greater part of the last century. But the golden age of Spitalfields, like every other golden age, had its day, and the time came when French was scarcely heard spoken, when the coffee-houses were transformed into tap-rooms, when the porticoes and summer-seats were removed from the doors to make way for straight lines of pavement and lamp-posts, and all else peculiar was vulgarised down into modern English expediency. Before proceeding, however, with the history of the decline and ultimate prostration of Spitalfields, let us pause one moment over the glorious old French era, when prices were prices, and the intellectual and physical condition of the Spitalfieldians was something very different from what it is in these degenerate days.

The weavers of Spitalfields were long noted as a class for their sprightly and intelligent character. They were artists in their profession, addicted to scientific studies, and cultivated a number of harmless and exhilarating amusements. Many men who attained eminence in different branches of practical science, were originally from Spitalfields. The well-known Dollond, senior, the improver of the telescope, was at one time a weaver; Simpson and Edwards were also weavers, and from this employment they were taken by government to teach mathematics at Woolwich and Chatham. Respecting Mr Simpson, the following anecdote is told; it affords an example of modest merit happily discovered and rewarded. "After the publication of his Treatise on Fluxions, in 1737, and while living and working as a weaver in a garret in Angel Alley, Bishopsgate Street, he was waited upon by a gentleman to engage him as a teacher of the mathematics to the cadets at Woolwich. The gentleman gave a lad a few halfpence to find out Simpson, and tell him that he wished to speak with him. Simpson came down from the loom in a green baize apron, very meanly dressed. The gentleman said, 'I want to see Mr Simpson;' to which he replied, 'I am Mr Simpson!' 'But I want to see *the* Mr Simpson,' said the gentleman. 'I am *the* Mr Simpson,' was the reply. 'But I want to see the Mr Simpson who wrote the work on fluxions,' said the still incredulous gentleman. 'I am the Mr Simpson who wrote the work on fluxions,' was the reply, 'and if you will come up stairs, I will show you the manuscript at the loom.' The gentleman did so, was satisfied, and engaged him; and on asking when he would commence, was answered, 'When I have finished the piece of goods in the loom.'" After Mr Simpson's appointment to the professorship of mathematics at Woolwich, he wrote and edited several works on geometry and algebra, which are still among the best extant.

With such men as Simpson among them, the Spitalfield weavers of these times originated a number of scientific and other societies. The Spitalfields Mathematical Society was second in point of time to the Royal Society, and still exists. There was an Historical Society, which was merged in the Mathematical Society. There was a Floricultural Society, very numerously attended, but now extinct. The weavers were almost the only botanists of their day in the metropolis. They passed their leisure hours in their little gardens in the environs, and there generally the whole family dined on Sundays in small summer-houses about the size of modern omnibusses, with a fireplace at one end. There was also an Entomological Society, and they were the first entomologists in the kingdom; the society exists no longer. They had a Recitation Society for Shakspearian readings, as well as reading other works, which is now almost forgotten. They had a Musical Society, but this also has perished. There was a Columbarian Society, which gave a silver medal as a prize for the best pigeon of a fancy breed, chosen by the society on show; this society is extinct, but the fondness for pigeons still remains, and a few flights are kept, more for profit than amusement. Many anecdotes are told of the extreme attention paid by the weavers to their pigeons, and their fondness for them. They were great bird-fanciers and breeders of canaries, and still in some instances keep a few songsters to cheer their quiet hours at the loom. Some cultivated a particular breed of spaniels called splashers, which they delighted to exercise at odd leisure hours; but the number of these animals is much diminished.

The existence and strong support of such societies and amusements as have been described, prove that in former days the weavers were in comparatively easy circumstances, and were, for their rank in life, a refined body of men. We are not, however, to suppose that the whole of them spent their time and money in this way. With a large portion of the weavers, the animal enjoyments adapted to their condition were the chief objects of desire. One of the old weavers still alive mentions that "Monday was generally a day of rest; Tuesday was not severe labour; Saturday was a day to go to the warehouse, and that was an easy day for the weaver. In those times we could afford to have balls, and to go and spend money at fairs, and we could afford to take our wives and families to a tea-garden; but it is as much as we can do now, working hard all the week, and sometimes on Sunday besides, to be able to get a bare living, and such as work so many hours destroy their health and strength."

There is still a remnant of the love of gardening among the Spitalfields weavers. On the east of Bethnal-Green is situated an enclosure of about six acres of ground, called Sanderson's Gardens. This space is divided into 170 small gardens, some larger than others, and each separated by palings from the others, as well as from the intersecting pathways. In almost every garden is a neat summer-house, where the weaver and his family may enjoy themselves on Sundays and holidays, and where they usually dine and take tea. Much care is bestowed on the cultivation of these spots. When visited in June 1838, some of the gardens had cabbages, lettuces, and peas, but most of the cultivators had a far loftier ambition. Many had tulip beds, in which the proprietors not a little gloried, and over which they had screens which protected them from the sun and from the storm. There had been a contest for a silver medal amongst the tulip proprietors. There were many other flowers of a high order; and it was expected that the show of dahlias for that season would not fail to bring glory to Spitalfields.

Having given an account of the weavers in former times, we now turn to a sketch of their recent and present condition. The first fact which it is important to notice, is, that the number of Spitalfields weavers is very greatly reduced from what it was at any time last century. According to the investigations of Dr Mitchell, the following was the number of looms, and individuals employed upon them, in July 1838. Looms worked by men, 5098; by women, 3395; by boys, 440; by girls, 296; by apprentice boys, 61; by apprentice girls, 12; total, 9302 looms, which belonged to 4299 families. Of these 9302 looms, 2527 were employed in weaving velvets; 24, jacquard velvets; 499, jacquard or figured goods; and 6252, plain goods. There is no doubt a small additional remnant of looms and weavers beyond what has been ascertained, as some individual weavers work towards Stepney and Poplar, and a small number at Greenwich; but, estimating the whole, it does not appear that there are more than 10,500 looms employed in the silk manufacture in and about London.

The weavers of Spitalfields are employed by manufacturers, or persons who deal in velvet and other silk goods, and from these they receive certain weekly wages for their labour. The introduction of machinery at Manchester and elsewhere, and the excessive competition among employers to produce low-priced goods, also changes in taste, have conspired to abridge the number of weavers, and to lower their wages. In July 1838, the highest average weekly earnings were for the finest work, waistcoat velvets, 20s., and, the lowest, for plain work, light satins, 8s. 5d. But from these and all intermediate prices, 3s. are to be deducted for the weaver's necessary expenses, thus materially lowering the exact amount of earnings. It appears from the tabular statements given in by employers, that the individual weekly wages vary from 4s. 1d. to 17s.; but that from 9s. to 12s. is more commonly paid. "Mr Cole, and a committee of weavers, handed in a list of 20 plain weavers, employing, between them and the members of their families, 37 looms, and whose united wages amounted to L.14, 14s. 11d.; this would give nearly 11s. 6d. a loom, and deducting 3s. expenses, would leave 8s. 6d. as the net earnings per loom per week." With respect to the 3s. for expenses, this is in most cases gained by the children of the family; so that it is often no real deduction from the family income. Some parents let out their children at from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 2d. per week each. The child receives the odd 2d. in these sums.

"Mr Thomas Heath, of No. 8, Pedley Street, has been represented by many persons as one of the most skilful workmen in Spitalfields. He handed in about forty samples of figured silk done by him, and they appear exceedingly beautiful. This weaver also gave a minute and detailed account of all his earnings for 430 weeks, being upwards of eight years, with the names of the manufacturers and the fabrics at which he worked. The sum of the gross earnings for 430 weeks is £322, 3s. 4d., being about 14s. 11¼d., say 15s. per week. He estimates his expenses at 4s., which would leave 11s. net wages; but take the expenses at 3s. 6d., it is still only 11s. 6d. He states his wife's earnings at about 3s. a-week. He gives the following remarkable evidence:—

Q.—Have you any children? *A.*—No; I had two, but they are both dead, thanks be to God!

Do you express satisfaction at the death of your children?—I do; I thank God for it. I am relieved from the burden of maintaining them, and they, poor dear creatures, are relieved from the troubles of this mortal life.

There are many persons who represent the earnings of weavers at your branch as much higher than what you state?—Many persons deceive themselves by omitting to take into account the time which they lose by 'play;' that is, the time which we are unemployed. I took home a piece to-day, which I had wove in six days, and I got 30s. for it. Some people would say that my earnings were 30s. a-week; but it is no such thing. I paid 4s. expenses, which reduces the amount to 26s., and then it will probably be a week of play before I am set to work again. The manufacturer will wait until he can get an order for what I am doing; he will do no work on the chance of sale; so it will be only 13s. a-week. I have been as fortunate as most of my trade. I have never been discharged altogether; I have always been attached to some warehouse; but then I have had a great deal of play, as others have had. I have not been able to buy a coat for these five years.

What rent do you pay?—A more proper question would be, what rent ought I to pay? Paying rents is become an unusual thing with the weavers. I ought to pay 5s. 6d. a-week; and that is one hardship on the trade, that we must pay so much rent. A bricklayer or a carpenter can get a place to live in for 1s. 6d. a-week; but we must have a large house, well lighted at the top, to enable us to do our business. I was obliged to get an opening made in the ceiling, which was only eight feet high, which is the usual height of the rooms, in order to place my jacquard machine, which requires a height of ten feet. My place is quite out of repair, and I can get nothing done.

What does your landlord say?—He says, that as he can get no rent, he cannot afford to do any repairs. I have heard that a great many landlords in Bethnal-Green have considered that, after paying all the outlay, their property was not worth holding, and have abandoned it accordingly."

All concur in representing the houses and streets inhabited by the weavers as of the poorest and most unwholesome description. The houses are generally of two stories, built of brick, and having damp foundations. The streets are mere roadways, composed of earthy and soft rubbish, and destitute of common sewers or drains. Living in such wretched places, and insufficiently fed, the weavers of Spitalfields exhibit a physical condition marked by general feebleness and liability to disease. The long hours of labour in ill-ventilated apartments have the most detrimental effect on the health. The work being often at intervals, great diligence is required to make up for necessarily idle time. Mr William Garland being asked, "What hours do you work?" he replied, "When I have full employment, I work in the summer from six in the morning until dark; and in winter I work from daylight frequently to eleven at night." From this, however, hours for meals are to be deducted. Another weaver says he works, when fully employed, thirteen hours a-day; and he adds, "Some work much longer. You will sometimes hear the looms going at two or three in the morning; and besides that, in some of the back streets and courts and alleys, where the poorest class of weavers dwell, you will see lights and hear the looms on Sunday evenings."

From other evidence it appears that the weaving population, male and female, are by no means indisposed to work on Sundays, for few attend any place of public worship; some excuse themselves from going to church on account of a lack of proper clothing, but the greater proportion are above this piece of hypocrisy, and flatly say they wont go, as they prefer spending their time otherwise. A very common way of spending Sunday, as we are told, consists in "sitting together to talk on indifferent subjects, and accompanying their conversation with occasional sips from a pot of porter." The weaver's wife, unfortunately, is too often engaged in working as well as her husband during the week, and therefore Sunday is adopted by her as the only day for washing, mending clothes, and executing other duties in her household, all which has also a tendency to lower the moral tone of the family. Notwithstanding these degrading circumstances in the weaver's condition, as well as a general inability to read or receive any instruction from the products of the press, it is gratifying to find that the Spitalfields weavers are, upon the whole, a well-behaved body of men, and remarkable, in particular, for their honesty. Dr Mitchell, in the Report before us, offers the following statement on this point:—

"From all the information which I have been able to obtain, the impression on my mind is, that there is far less embezzlement than previous accounts, and the reports respecting such matters in the north of England and in Scotland, would have led me to expect. Many of the manufacturers are ready to speak highly of the honesty of the operatives as a body; and when it is recollected how often the weaver is in deep distress, and has a portable and saleable property under his absolute control, it is no small trial of his virtue under such circumstances to restrain himself. There is undeniable evidence that amongst some select bodies of weavers, the embezzlement is so small as to be almost an invisible fraction." To ensure care in the management of the property of manufacturers, the weavers have societies among themselves, and the protection which these afford against embezzlement reduces the loss to the merest trifle. In the case of the weavers of one society, the deficiency is little more than 1d. per L.100 of property committed to the weavers' care; and, as observed by Dr Mitchell, "honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find."

Within the Spitalfields district there are a number of schools, supported partly by religious bodies or societies, and at which the usual fee for instruction is 1d. per week. The schools are pretty well attended, though only by a fraction of the juvenile population. Of 14,000 children, between the ages of five and fourteen, in the parish of Bethnal-Green, there are less than 3000 receiving daily school instruction, or an average throughout of 1 in 5. It is alleged that the small fee of 1d. per week acts as a serious bar to the greater spread of education among the weavers' children; but this we have great reason to doubt. The chief impediment here, as elsewhere, to education, seems to be the necessity which the parents are under to make

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something by the labour of their children, in order to eke out the means for the family subsistence. Be this as it may, the case is deplorable, and well deserves the public attention. The instruction which is given to the fraction who attend school, is meagre in the extreme, and has no sensible effect in elevating the intellectual capacities of the people.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIVING ON THE CONTINENT.

MANY persons enjoying but moderate incomes have a desire to follow the example of numerous absentees of fortune, by going to reside somewhere on the continent. In those cases in which the comparatively severe climate of Britain produces an injurious effect on the health, it may be advisable to proceed abroad; but in almost all other cases, as, for instance, for the sake of cheap living, a permanent residence in a foreign country is not to be recommended. It is of importance to make our meaning clear on this point. In many places upon the continent, certain articles of meat and drink, as bread, beef, vegetables, wines, and spirits, are considerably lower in price than in any part of England; house rent is also much lower; but most other things are either dearer, or cannot be had at any money. The comforts we daily enjoy consist of innumerable trifles; and unless these be obtained with tolerable ease, it matters little that a few pence, or it may be a few shillings, are saved weekly in the purchase of bread, and one or two other necessaries.

The English, generally speaking, who reside abroad, are not to be envied. For the sake of cheapness they may have planted themselves in one of the neat little German towns on the Upper Rhine, or in some part of France; but we doubt very much if in the long run they save money by being absentees, or if their comforts, all things considered, be equal to what they could have procured at home. The following are the drawbacks to which they must in general submit:—Winters of more intense cold than in Britain; houses built more for show than comfort, and extremely ill adapted for the severities of the cold season; no coal; wood for fuel very dear; many small luxuries or necessaries, of tropical product, not to be had, or excessively high-priced, being loaded with duties from England; all kinds of furniture of a poor description, as, for example, plain rush-bottomed chairs; carpets, none; no grates, fire-irons, or fenders, brick stoves being generally used; many houses without bells; the towns at night badly lighted; malt-liquors execrable; needles, pins, nails, and all kinds of metal articles, either imported from England and dear, or of bad native manufacture; most kinds of clothing, ditto. To these disagreeable points may be added—the prevalence of a strange tongue, manners, medical practice, and religion. The matter can scarcely be said to be mended where there is a pretty numerous circle of English residents, because it may happen that some of these are persons who have gone abroad for the mere sake of enjoying a cheap indulgence in certain kinds of liquors, gaming, or some frivolous species of amusement, and with whom it might not be agreeable to associate.

In all points of view, a permanent residence in any part of continental Europe is not to be recommended, on the score of great cheapness of living, health, or general comfort. There are, doubtless, many places where a foreign residence may be rendered agreeable in the way of variety, and change of scene, but only for a few months in summer or autumn. Those who wish to make a small income go as far as possible, have an opportunity of doing so to good advantage within the compass of the United Kingdom. There are places in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, fully as healthful, far more comfortable, and, probably, as cheap as most of the crack places of living on the continent. The truth is, many rush to the continent to do that by *compulsion* which they could as well do *voluntarily* at home. They will submit to privations in Germany, which would be considered too great a degradation in England. The same cheapness of living may be attained here as abroad, provided we sink to that stage of comfort which the continent generally yields. There are few cottages of our peasantry which are not more comfortable, take them all the year round, and all that they usually contain, than the palaces in most parts of the continent; their bedding, their furniture, their cooking and eating apparatus, even the handles of their doors, and window fastenings, are all superior. It is evident, therefore, that cheapness is only of comparative value, and may be procured at too dear a rate. This, as well as the preceding hints, we leave to the consideration of those who may have formed a design to leave their native country for a foreign residence.

USE OF FLANNEL.

No modern improvement in dressing has proved so beneficial to health, as the use of a woollen garment next the skin. This simple expedient has saved many lives, and would save many more, if adopted to a greater extent, and better understood. The subject is to the last degree commonplace; but as it involves a question of very serious importance, we hope to be allowed to say a word or two regarding it. In our variable climate, although we know nothing of extremes of heat or cold, we are constantly liable to be chilled or overwarmed, both within and without doors, and it is of importance that we should adopt such clothing as will suit either of these conditions, and prevent us from feeling the change. Flannel effects this desirable object. It keeps our persons warm when exposed to cold, and in the case of heat relieves us by becoming an absorbent for moisture, which it throws off insensibly, leaving the skin in a state of comparative comfort. Linen utterly fails in accomplishing these points. Flannel is thus equally useful in summer as in winter. Some persons imagine that it should be employed only in the winter and cold spring months, and they consequently throw it off on the approach of summer. This is a dangerous fallacy. Flannel should be worn all the year round, never left off for a single day on any account. If thrown off from an idea that the weather is getting warm, the skin becomes immediately exposed to the atmospheric influence; the perspiration, if any, cools on the person; the unprotected pores shrink and close; catarrh, or some other disease, under the general name of "a bad cold," ensues; and the victim of imprudence perhaps barely escapes with his life. We strongly recommend all persons whatsoever to avoid this great error, as they value their health or their lives. To wear flannel properly, it should remain upon the person both day and night, and be shifted only once a-week, or thereabouts, according to circumstances. Too frequent shifting is injurious. When employed in this careful manner, and when the tepid bath is also occasionally used, the person is preserved in that comfortable and proper condition, exteriorly, which is most conducive to health and longevity.

MR P. E. TURNBULL'S TRAVELS IN AUSTRIA.*

MR TURNBULL, accompanied by his brother, employed the years 1834-5-6 in making a tour of various countries of Europe; and he now publishes his observations on the Austrian Empire in two volumes, the first being descriptive of his journeyings and what he saw of the external features of the country, while the second is devoted to a view of its social and political condition, under the various heads, religion, education, finances, jurisprudence, domestic and foreign policy, &c. He is evidently no hater of the present forms of society and government under the three great monarchies of Eastern Europe; at the same time, he seems moderate and candid, and is probably, therefore, no unfaithful reporter. His second volume is by many degrees the more valuable of the two; but its contents are the least calculated for notice in the present place, and we therefore pass it entirely over. The volume of travels is the cheerful narrative of a man of good education and respectable powers of observation, and one who, from his allusions and his general tone, may be presumed to have moved, abroad as well as at home, in what is called good society.

One of the most interesting parts of the volume relates to a visit which the author paid to the exiled royal family of France, at a retired country-house which they occupied about thirteen English miles from Prague. As a friend of the Baron de Damas, governor to the Duc de Bordeaux, Mr Turnbull had been admitted to familiar intercourse with that young prince before the Revolution, and he still looked back with melancholy pleasure to those days. "Puschtierad," says he, "is a valuable domain belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but its value consists in the abundance of its products, not in its natural beauty or artificial decoration. The country around is cheerless and bare of trees.

The rude shrubberies immediately near it can hardly be dignified with the name of pleasure-grounds; and the chateau itself is a large long building of two stories in height, generally of one room only in depth, with all the windows fronting the north, and the doors opening into corridors, which on the southern side run along the whole extent of the façade. On arriving there, I found on the doors of each room along the corridors, except those immediately occupied by the royal personages, cards affixed with the names of their respective tenants. No attendant appeared about the passages, or the rooms within, or the courts without—all was still and silent, and gave the idea of a monastery rather than a palace.

In this gloomy and cheerless dwelling, which seemed to harmonise too faithfully with the fortunes of its present inhabitants, were now assembled the old King Charles X., the Duke and Duchess d'Angouleme, Mademoiselle, and the Duke de Bordeaux; together with a few attached adherents, who still followed the fortunes and formed the little court of him whom they regarded as their lawful sovereign. The Cardinal de Latil had lately taken his departure for Rome. The Baron de Damas and the Duchess de Gontaut, who had directed the education of the prince and princess, had been compelled by circumstances of a peculiar and painful nature, to quit their charge, and had retired into France. Some others who were properly members of the establishment, were absent in other parts; and those now at Puschtierad were the Duke de Blacas, the Duke de Polignac, the Count O'Hegerty, the Abbé Fraissinous, M. de Barante, the Countess d'Agoult, and one or two other ladies in attendance on the Duchess d'Angouleme and Mademoiselle. My first visit was to the young duke, who was now in his fifteenth year. When I had seen him at Paris, and afterwards immediately on his arrival at Lulworth, he was of slim and delicate form, full of vivacity, but, in appearance at least, of rather doubtful health. I now found him a fine stout healthy youth, with the Bourbon features strongly marked, and a clear ruddy complexion. He was by no means tall for his age; but his figure was broad and thick-set, and gave indications that in this respect he would rather resemble his father than his grandfather. On his intellectual powers, our interview was too short and too constrained to allow me to form any accurate judgment; for that frank and free communication which I might have expected under the high authority of M. de Damas, was not permitted by the gentleman now acting as his tutor, who remained by his side during the whole of my visit, and to whom I was personally a perfect stranger. The young prince expressed pleasure at seeing me, although it is not very probable that at his age he would have remembered with any distinctness the smaller circumstances which had occurred several years before; but it appeared to me, from some indications, that he felt a painful consciousness of the change of his condition, and of the altered circumstances under which he was now placed. Be this as it may, the tutor seemed decidedly desirous to repress rather than to encourage his observations, by interfering to assume the conversation to himself; and thus leaving me little more than the opportunity of forming a general opinion, that he was altogether a fine and promising boy. In the Duchess d'Angouleme, to whose apartments I next proceeded, I saw little change. She was suffering from a severe cold, but otherwise her health was good; and to say that her general tone was melancholy and dejected, is only to say that she was, in the exile of Puschtierad, what she had been in her brightest hours at Paris. She spoke much of her nephew, of his clearness of intellect, and his close application to his studies—but without the expression of any sanguine expectations of the future; and, indeed, the sad retrospect of her own past life would afford little encouragement for the illusions of hope. However opinions may differ as to this princess, with reference to the political tendencies of her character, it is impossible to reflect on the sorrows of her life without a sentiment of deep compassion. After a childhood of royal splendour, her earliest remembrances are those of the prison and the scaffold. She saw her parents led forth to public execution—she was herself conveyed from the cells of the Temple to pass twenty years in exile, little alleviated by domestic happiness. Her entrance into Paris after this protracted banishment was rendered to her a period of anguish; for, by some unfortunate arrangement, she was made to pass over the site of the prison where herself and her parents had been immured; and I well remember (for I was a spectator of the scene) the agitated and almost convulsive expression of her countenance, during the celebration of the Te Deum at Notre Dame, which preceded her approach to the Tuileries. Short was the interval after she had resumed her position in the palace of her ancestors ere she was again driven forth into foreign exile; and I now beheld her, after her third emigration, in the dreary monastic solitude of Puschtierad. Her main support here was that strong and deep religious fervour, which, during the short period of her prosperity, may have been sometimes lamented as excesive, but in which she now found a firm and unfailing consolation.

Strongly contrasted with the appearance and demeanour of this unhappy princess, were those of the aged monarch. I was introduced into his apartment by the Duke de Blacas, and was honoured with a very long and agreeable interview. His tall thin figure looked even more lank than in former days, owing to the long brown frock, or rather greatcoat, in which he was arrayed, which closed tight round his slender form, and descended to his heels. He stooped much; but otherwise, although now in his seventy-eighth year, he showed little marks of age, and his countenance and manner were lively and animated. Charles X. was still, as he had ever been, a fine specimen of the old French gentleman—kind and familiar in his address, polished but easy in his manner, and gay in the midst of adversity. With him, was neither restraint nor melancholy; and, as he chatted familiarly of France, and Spain, and England, of the events of his own past life, and of the fortunes which he trusted might hereafter beam upon his house, I am willing to hope that he may have de-

* Austria. By Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. 2 vols. London, Murray. 1840.

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rived a momentary satisfaction from the visit of disinterested respect thus paid to him by one, who, however comparatively lowly in station, and however discordant from him in many important points of opinion, still retained a grateful remembrance of the kindnesses and hospitalities received within the walls of his palace, during the days of his royal domination. The French volatility with which he passed rapidly from subject to subject, was sometimes tempered with a feeling, not mournful but pensive, with which he alluded to his own advanced age, and the doubtful expectations he entertained (for he seemed not wholly bereft of hope) of another restoration for himself. His anticipations in favour of his grandson were expressed in more sanguine terms. He spoke of him with much affection, and said that the great object of himself and his family was to render the young prince worthy of any destinies that might await him. His favourable reception in England, and the attentions shown to him in Scotland, were subjects on which he evidently liked to enlarge, for he recurred to them more than once. He was full of anecdote as to the events of his residence at Holyrood, in the first emigration, and some of them were singular enough: but the circumstances on which he dwelt with most evident satisfaction were those of his favourable reception at Poole and other parts of Dorsetshire, on his last arrival from France; in all of which he had been made to apprehend that he would have met with insult and outrage. His political observations on individuals and parties in the different countries of Europe, would perhaps be of little interest to the reader; but, whether such were the case or not, I cannot permit to myself the publication of opinions and feelings, however in themselves unimportant, expressed in a casual interview by an exiled king. I will only observe, that, in speaking of the existing rulers of France, no unkind expression escaped his lips; and that a sentiment of compassion only, not of anger, appeared to exist in his mind towards those who had been his subjects. More than once I made my half inclination to depart, but the good-natured old sovereign was so full of vivacity, that he still prolonged the interview; and I believe it was owing to some suggestion of the Duke de Blacas, who had, during the whole time, remained in silence near the royal person, that I ultimately received my dismissal.

Charles X. was still in possession of great bodily power, and every autumn enjoyed the pleasures of 'la Chasse' on the domains of certain high Bohemian nobles, with all the relish, and almost all the vigour, of his early years. His confidential friend and principal counsellor was the Duke de Blacas—a nobleman of great wealth and large possessions both in France and Germany, and who sacrificed the pleasures and the luxuries of life, to attend on the person of his former sovereign. As the duke was minister of a kingdom bounded by a garden wall, so Count O'Hegerty was grand-master of the horse to a prince without a stud. The royal establishments were on the most limited scale. The servants were very few; the carriages were hired when required; and of horses, Charles X. was possessor of two only, which were kept for the exercise of the Duke de Bordeaux."

Mr Turnbull remarks with surprise that this poor court was split into two factions, the source of contention being the question whether Charles X. or Henry V. was the legitimate king of France. Charles, it seems, had taken some scruple respecting his abdication, which he could not now be prevailed on to ratify; and this was one cause why the Duchess de Berri succeeded so ill in her enterprise in La Vendee, many royalists refusing to concur in a scheme which had for its object the advancement of the king's grandson to the exclusion of the king himself. Charles X., we are told, afterwards engaged a journal in the south of France to advocate his rights, and the Duchess de Berri immediately bought another to defend the claims of her son. So much was the court of Puschtierad torn by these contentions, that some of the individuals composing it actually refused to sit at table with each other! Mr Turnbull seems inclined to fear that the education of the young prince has been conducted on a narrow scale.

Our author's descriptions of Vienna, Prague, Trieste, and other large cities, as also his accounts of the mines, particularly those of Idria, are prominent parts of his book; but we have only space for a short passage relative to the first of those capitals, in which a curious and we should suppose authentic anecdote is given of one of the most remarkable of the present reigning sovereigns of Europe. "One object more I shall mention, before ending the subject of Vienna. It is the vault below the Capucin monastery, in which repose the mortal remains of eighty members of the imperial family, each under his monument of marble. They are chiefly ranged along the walls. A more central spot is occupied by the tomb of Maria Theresa, and not far from it is that wherein are deposited the remains of the late Emperor Francis II. On the 2d of November, All-souls Day, this chamber of death is open to the public; and I have seen it then crowded with curious and well-conducted spectators: but the occasion of my mentioning it at present, is a visit paid to it while we were at Vienna, and which well exhibits the active habits and rapid movements of another imperial personage. One day early in October (1835), when walking in the Herrengasse, one of the principal streets, I noticed the arrival of two open calèches or britzkas, in post, which, after a short halt near the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, proceeded to that of the Russian embassy. The circumstance of the first of these light open carriages having so many as six horses, attracted notice; and it was soon known that the two gentlemen in it, muffled up in cloaks against the rain and cold, were the Emperor Nicholas accompanied by Prince Charles of Liechtenstein, whose attendants followed in the second calèche. The Austrian emperor was at this period absent; accompanied by the imperial princes, and the officers of state, he had been making a tour of inspection through his Bohemian provinces, at the close of which he had met the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia at the conferences at Teplitz, and had returned with them from thence to pass a few days at Prague.

This sudden and rapid visit of the Russian emperor to the Austrian capital at such a moment, was made the subject of singular political speculations, not only at Vienna, but also in most of the foreign journals—all of them, as I believe, without the slightest foundation. The simple fact appears to have been this. Long years of confidential intercourse had produced, in the late and present Russian emperors, a warm personal affection for the late Emperor Francis, whom Alexander used to flatter with the title of his political father. Being so near as Prague, Nicholas determined to visit the tomb and the widow of his departed friend, and he carried this determination into effect with his usual rapidity of movement, and aversion to ceremonious preparation. Calling, one morning, on the Austrian emperor at Prague—'I am come,' said he, 'to ask your majesty's commands for Vienna.' 'How!' said the astonished Ferdinand. 'Are you going to Vienna? When?' 'Immediately—the carriage is at the door;' and he immediately departed, declining the offer of an avant-courier, to make preparations. He took with him Prince Charles of Liechtenstein, as a companion, or aid-de-camp of honour. A courier was dispatched by Ferdinand to announce the important guest; but Nicholas reached Vienna five hours before him. He drove first, as I have observed, to the Russian embassy, where he changed his dress (it was then four o'clock), and proceeded to Schönbrunn, three miles from Vienna—remained some time with the imperial widow who there resided in the greatest seclusion, and returned to pass the evening with the Princess Metternich, whose husband was at Prague. The following morning, having seen two or three persons of his acquaintance, he paid a reverential visit to the tomb of Francis—beside which he continued some time on his knees apparently in prayer. He then went to several shops and bought small articles—called for a few minutes on the archduchess, and on Princess Metternich—went out again to Schönbrunn, and dined at half past one with the empress mother—returned to Vienna, and left it at five o'clock for Prague; which he reached on the third day of his absence, and while Ferdinand was still there."

FALCONER AND BRUCE,

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

In the year 1788, an event took place at Dundee, which excited a great sensation all over Scotland. On the night of the 16th of February, the office of the Dundee Banking Company was broken into, and robbed of the sum of L.422, 2s. 6d. It was discovered that the robbery had been effected by means of a hole made in the ceiling, through which the plunderers had effected their entrance and escape. The interests of so wide a circle of persons are involved in the security of a bank, that it was natural for such an occurrence to create much stir and alarm, though the sum stolen was comparatively small. Accordingly, a reward of one hundred and fifty pounds was immediately offered for information respecting the offenders, part of the sum to be paid on conviction. For some time no discovery was made, but at length a person named Alexander Macdonald, tailor in Dundee, came forward and gave information, implicating three individuals, James Falconer and Peter Bruce, merchants in Dundee, and James Dick, late shipmaster there, in the affair of the bank robbery.

On Wednesday the 13th of August, the trial of Falconer and Bruce took place in the Edinburgh Justiciary Court, before Lord Hailes and other judges. Dick had left Dundee before the charge was made against him, and appears to have been out of the way during the whole progress of the business. When Macdonald was brought forward for examination, the leading counsel for the panels offered some objections to his testimony. The counsel declared himself able to prove that Macdonald was a person of bad general character; that he had once stolen a bill; that he had personated an exciseman, and had made a seizure of tea under that character; besides being guilty of several other illegal acts. But the judges held that a conviction and sentence in a proper court were the only circumstances that could justify the rejection of a party's evidence in a criminal cause. Accordingly, as Macdonald had never been so tried and convicted, he was allowed to give evidence, although, in addition to the preceding objections, it was also proved that he had *claimed the reward* offered in the case now under examination; a circumstance which he himself had previously denied to the court in the most positive terms.

Macdonald deposed that, eight months before the commission of the crime, he had been requested by Falconer, Bruce, and Dick, to join them in a plan for robbing the bank, and had been repeatedly spoken to about the same scheme afterwards, being at the same time bound to secrecy by a terrible oath. Two other persons were concerned, according to the witness, with the three mentioned; but either these men were out of the way, or the court appears to have permitted him to keep the names of these parties to himself. Macdonald then proceeded to state, that Falconer and his companions had called upon him late on the Saturday night on which the bank was robbed, and desired him, with threats, to rise out of bed and follow them to the bank. They left him, and he rose and dressed himself. On going into the street, he met two women, Anne Valentine and one Menzies, the former of whom was seeking a boy, her son. With these women he went towards the town-house, which is above the bank, the hall of the town-house being separate from the bank office only by a single floor and ceiling in one part. In the Guildhall he saw the glimmer of a light, and conjectured that the plunderers had made their way into it. He and his companions went up the town-hall steps, and there, on looking through the key-hole, they saw Falconer with his coat off, and Bruce and the others engaged in fastening a rope around his waist, for the purpose of letting him down through a hole which they had made. Macdonald saw Falconer let down, after which he and those with him left the town-hall steps, and went back to the street. They remained there till the five plunderers came out, and were seen by them. This took place about one on the Sunday morning.

This was Macdonald's evidence, and it was corroborated by the women Valentine and Menzies, as respected the seeing of the pannels on the street, and in the town-hall.

This was the whole evidence against Falconer and Bruce. The counter-testimony was of various kinds. The accused were persons of respectable station and character; their accusers were *not*. A living friend of Bruce, who was his schoolfellow and intimate friend, declares to us that no one who knew him believed for a moment in his guilt. Again, each of the prisoners brought witnesses to prove an alibi, and these witnesses were of respectable character; but unfortunately their testimony did not bear upon the precise hour at which the robbery was committed. Three witnesses saw Falconer in his own house between ten and eleven, and the latest visitor saw him in *bed*, complaining of illness. Three witnesses deposed also to Bruce being at home late on Saturday night; one person heard him reading at *twelve o'clock* at night. Moreover, the counsel for the prisoners declared that it was *impossible* for Macdonald and the women to have seen the hole through which the robbers had descended into the bank, from their position at the town-hall door. Strange to say, this point, which would have utterly subverted the whole criminatory evidence, does not appear to have been thoroughly examined into.

Notwithstanding the bad character of Macdonald, the main witness, and the strong points in favour of the accused, Lord Hailes, the presiding judge, summed up against them, and the jury gave a verdict of guilty, by a plurality of voices. The prisoners were condemned to death; yet, as the jury were divided on the case, so do the highest authorities of the land appear to have been. The unfortunate men were respited two different times. At their trial, as well as during the whole of their confinement, they uniformly denied their accession to the robbery, and all knowledge of any intention to perpetrate it. They were at last executed at Edinburgh on the 24th of December 1788. "Their behaviour on the scaffold (says the Scots Magazine of the day) was devout, serious, and becoming; and in their last address they implored that mercy and forgiveness might be extended to those unhappy persons by whose testimony they had been thus untimely cut off. It is hoped that time, which unveils the dark and hidden doings of the most artful, will yet reveal to the public the whole history of this mysterious affair."

Little more than a year after the execution of these unfortunate men, who died in the prime of life, a cause was brought before the Court of Session, in which Alexander Macdonald, Alexander Menzies, and Anne Kermack, were the parties on one side, while the heirs of William Bruce, late shipmaster in Dundee (and either father or uncle to the executed Peter Bruce), were implicated on the other side. Macdonald had instituted a process for the recovery of L.284, for which he held a bill purporting to have been granted by William Bruce. The result of the trial was, that Macdonald was found guilty of a gross fraud in obtaining the bill, and his witnesses and accomplices convicted of direct perjury. Macdonald was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years, expelled from Scotland for life, and declared infamous. Menzies received the same sentence, with this difference, that his transmarine exile was for seven years; and in sentencing him, the Lord President declared him to be a "most infamous man, dangerous to society, and one who feared neither God nor man." The

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woman received a sentence more lenient, but was also declared infamous, according to the forms of law of the day.

The exposure of this conspiracy excited a dire suspicion in the public mind. The name of Mensies will be remembered as having been that of one of the evidences against Falconer and Bruce. In short, there appeared too much reason to fear that Macdonald had induced a band of confederates to perjure themselves on both occasions. The public thought so; for, in sentencing the man, Lord Henderland said, that, "had it not been for the peculiar situation of the pannel, he should have proposed that a public whipping be added to the punishment; but he feared the rage of an incensed populace would prove fatal to the prisoner." The Lord President also remarked, that "from what had appeared in this bill affair, there was room for a melancholy doubt whether all was right with respect to a late trial, but that he would leave this to God and the prisoner's own conscience." Macdonald, who is described as a man evidently "possessing superior talents," and as having spoken for himself at the bill-trial with "an energy and address worthy of a better cause," had the hardihood to stand up and answer the Lord President's hint, by solemnly asseverating that Falconer and Bruce were really guilty of the robbery of the Dundee Bank. He also made an appeal against the sentence of banishment, which produced no effect.

Although a great portion of the public was now firmly persuaded of the innocence of Falconer and Bruce, believing from Macdonald's audacity in bringing a fraudulent claim against the aged relative of Peter Bruce that he was a man capable of any villany, yet a mystery hung over the subject to a certain extent. However, in the middle of the year 1790, two years after the execution of Falconer and Bruce, an extraordinary sensation was caused in Edinburgh by the commission of a number of mysterious robberies, the author or authors of which contrived to evade the vigilance of the authorities. These robberies followed each other in quick succession. For example, William Proctor, grave-digger, was knocked down and robbed, at the back of the Castle, on the night of July the 31st. Thomas Elliott, tacksman of Heriot House toll, was knocked down and robbed at the Sciennes, on the night of August the 2d. James Logan was knocked down and robbed of a gold watch on the Earthen Mound, on the night of August the 4th. Within the same five days alone, a housebreaking and another robbery took place. From descriptions and other circumstances, the criminal authorities were led to believe these acts, with many others, to have been committed by one daring and active man. But all their exertions were inefficient in tracking the guilty party. At length suspicion fell upon a soldier in the Castle. Inquiry and a trial followed, when it was discovered that this soldier, William Gadesby, then only twenty-eight years of age, had not only committed the series of robberies which had attracted so much attention, but had carried on a similar course, with almost unexampled success and daring, from the age of fourteen upwards. Since his enlisting, he had contrived to leave the Castle repeatedly by night: he mentioned at his trial that hackney-coaches, going in and out at late hours from the officers' barracks, afforded him his usual means of passage. This singular malefactor, whose exploits also form a theme of remark in fireside tales in Scotland, was sentenced to die on the scaffold, on the 20th of February 1791.

Amongst his greatest crimes, though not one of those for which he suffered, must be reckoned that of his having allowed two innocent men to go to the scaffold for a crime not their own, but his. Such was the case. William Gadesby was the robber of the Dundee Bank. The wretch Macdonald, and the women who supported his evidence, had been actuated by the miserable desire to possess the stipulated reward, and had burdened their souls with the heavy crime of perjury in order to accomplish that object. Speaking of the execution of Gadesby, the Annual Register for 1791 states, "With his last breath he declared Falconer and Bruce, who were executed here two years ago for robbing the Dundee Bank, to be innocent of that crime, and acknowledged his own guilt!" The deed had been committed by him before entering the army.

It is impossible to read the case of Falconer and Bruce in the present day, without an indignant sense of the mercilessness with which the laws were administered fifty years ago in Scotland. Here, upon manifestly bad and insufficient evidence, two men of good repute were put to an ignominious death, for a crime which, even had they been guilty of it, would have been far too dearly expiated by the sacrifice of two lives. It was atrocious in the first place to condemn on such evidence, and doubly atrocious in the second place to execute two men for such a crime. Judges sincerely anxious to do justice might have been expected to take some pains to sift and test the evidence, particularly by the obvious expedient of ascertaining if it was possible, from the Guildhall door, to have seen the robbers descend into the bank. None of the ordinary records of such events hint at such an inquiry having been made. And, considering the dubiety of the case, the supreme authority might have been expected to commute the punishment. But all persons in those days entrusted with the administration of the laws, from royalty itself downwards, were hurried away by an insane anxiety to punish. Life was held as light in the balance against the most trifling article of property; and servile juries were found to yield to the dictates of judges in whatever they were pleased to command. We may surely congratulate ourselves on the better spirit which has since dawned on all these parties, and the superior value which is now put on human life—invariably one of the clearest marks of an advanced civilisation.

PAINTING UPON GLASS.

GLASS-PAINTING is understood to have had its origin in the third century, and in the eighth and tenth centuries we have clear proofs of its having been used for the decoration of church windows. But it was not till the fourteenth century that the manner of fixing colours in glass, or enamelling, was discovered. This was a most important addition to the resources of the art, and from the period of its discovery, glass-painting began more especially to flourish. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it reached its acme, and a prodigious quantity of coloured glass resulted from the labours of that age. Great painters gave their aid in the ornamenting of churches in this way. In Germany, Albert Durer thus gained great celebrity. France and the Netherlands abounded in artists who devoted themselves to the same task. England, also, was visited by Bernhard de Linge, a Fleming, in the reign of James I., and by him a school was there founded, which continued the exercise of the art for many years afterwards. But the taste for thus decorating churches declined soon after, and in the eighteenth century, glass-painting fell altogether into decay. It has, however, been revived on the continent in the nineteenth century. M. St Frank of Nuremberg has recently attained to a great distinction as a painter on glass at the royal porcelain manufactory of Munich. In France, still more recently (within these five years), M. Thibaut and M. Thevenot have revived glass-painting at the manufactory of Clermont, and have executed some works that will bear comparison with aught produced in past times. The chapel of Notre-Dame de Beaume has been enriched by M. Thibaut with beautiful paintings of this order, and he has produced two other great pieces, an Annunciation of the Virgin, and a representation of Anne of Bourbon at her devotions. The cathedral of Metz, too, has been recently adorned by some exquisite glass-paintings of the Virgin and others. In France, in short, the art has experienced a complete resuscitation. The government has lent its patronage, able artists are directing themselves to the subject, and at all the late exhibitions of art, specimens have been exposed that have attracted great attention. We may expect soon to learn that all the great buildings of the country are beautified by this art, the products of which have a superlatively rich and attractive effect.

It may be imagined by some that the art of glass-painting is neither of sufficient importance, nor of sufficient difficulty, to call for such observations. But the case is otherwise. We have had an opportunity of witnessing the process in this country, and hearing its details explained, and can readily perceive that the execution of a great work of this order must be a thing of no easy accomplishment. Certain metallic oxides and other mineral preparations, chiefly of the precious metals, are the substances constituting the paints or colours. Soft glass is the material operated upon, crown glass being too hard for the purpose. The glass-painter, besides being provided with a colour shop, has a large oven in his work-place, above the furnace of which are large shelves of iron, such as are used in stereotyping. The purpose of this is to receive the glass when made ready in the following manner: The workman having chosen his colours, and mixed up the materials as in ordinary water-colour painting, spreads the compost over the glass with a fine brush (supposing that this is all to be painted of one colour), and takes great care to divide and disseminate the paint accurately and nicely. The plate of glass is then introduced into one of the oven shelves, and there exposed for a time to a strong heat. The pores of the glass are to a certain extent opened, and the metallic pigment becomes incorporated with the body of it, without destroying the form, transparency, or polish. The glass, on being taken out, cooled, and cleaned, is found to have acquired the tint of the pigment. If the substance, however, has been spread unequally, one part will be more deeply tinted than another, and the heat, also, must be regulated carefully by experience, otherwise the glass will be more or less fused, and its form and texture destroyed. The painter can destroy the smooth surface of the glass when he chooses, and this is done in *obscuring* glass, as it is called, by the use of a white mineral pigment. This is spread as before, and after the glass is properly heated, it comes from the oven with the surface rough, precisely as if it had been ground like the common obscured glass of an argand burner.

This is certainly an easy process, where a plate of glass is simply to be tinted of a single colour. But matters are altered when figures of many hues are to be intermingled, or, in other words, where a fancy painting is to be put upon one glass. Here, in the first place, is to be exercised all the skill of the common pictorial artist, as well in designing as in colouring, and this has to be accomplished, moreover, with limited means, seeing that certain paints only can be used in the process; while, in the second place, extraordinary care is demanded for the regulation of the heating process. The practice of glass-painters is not to design with the pencil, though this might be done, but to cover their ground with the colours, and outline the desired figures by scraping out the rest with a knife.

It may now be readily conceived how great will be the difficulty of executing a great painting in this manner. Such figures as diamonds, hearts, and the common ornamental designs of windows, are done with considerable ease, where the coloured part consists of a single uniform tint. But though designs including human figures and dresses are much more difficult, they are, generally speaking, well worth the trouble they cost, their effect being so rich and beautiful.

By the inferior modes of glass-painting, which consist simply of laying on the colours on the back of the glass in a cold state, as in ordinary canvass-painting, beautiful works of art have also been produced. The different styles may be mingled to a certain extent, and indeed frequently are. In Edinburgh there are but two mercantile houses, we believe, which carry on the mode of enamel-painting just described, and in these many very beautiful pieces have been produced; but their operations are conducted on a comparatively small scale, there being no demand at present for great pieces for the decoration of public edifices in this country.

CURE OF SQUINTING.

WE extract from the British and Foreign Medical Review, the following account of cures of congenital squinting performed by Professor Diffenbach, of Berlin. The reviewer quotes from the *Medicinische Zeitung* for November 13, 1839, and February 5 and 12, 1840.

"The following cases are masterpieces from the hand of a master. The operation is beautiful in its simplicity, and the result delightful to contemplate. Who shall set bounds to the progress of surgery? These operations are the first of the kind ever performed on the living subject; but Stromeyer has the merit of having suggested the operation, and he performed it on the dead body, with a direct view to proving its practicability on the living.

'CASE I.—The subject of this operation was a child seven years old, whose eye was drawn far into the inner angle of the eyelids, so as to produce considerable disfigurement. The operation was performed in the following manner:—The head of the child was held against the chest of one assistant, while another with two hooks kept the eyelids widely apart. The operator then passed a third hook, which he gave to a third assistant to hold, through the conjunctiva, and to some depth in the subjacent cellular tissue at the internal canthus. He next fixed a fine double hook in the sclerotica at the inner angle, and, taking it in his left hand, drew the eye outwards. Then cutting into the conjunctiva close to the ball, where it is continued from it to the internal canthus, and penetrating more deeply by separating the cellular tissue by the side of the sclerotica, he divided the internal rectus muscle, close to its insertion, with a fine pair of scissors. The eye was immediately drawn outwards by the external rectus, as if it had received an electric shock; and in another instant became straight, so that there was no difference perceptible between its direction and that of the other eye.

The hemorrhage during the operation was but slight, though sufficient to impede it. The after-treatment consisted of cold lotions; no inflammation ensued, and within eight days the cure was completed.

CASE II.—Carl Gerhard, aged ten, affected with squint since his fourth year. His parents wishing him to become a printer, were anxious to have this defect removed, as it interfered with composing. The right eye was so completely drawn into the inner angle, that on a first view the point of junction of the iris and sclerotica formed the centre of the anterior surface of the eyeball. By an effort the eye could be drawn from the canthus and placed straight, but could not be turned at all outwards. The operation was performed as in the last case, the conjunctiva being cut through, and the sclerotica laid bare to the extent of four lines, in order to bring the muscle into view, which was cut with a curved scissors as before. The squint was gone; the eyeball, when at rest, stood nearly straight, or rather a little turned outwards, and could be turned more readily by the patient's efforts in this direction than inwards. All the other movements of the eye were free. The bleeding was here much less than in the former case, and caused no interruption. The sudden turning of the eyeball outwards, observed in the first case, did not take place here.

The boy felt quite well on the following day. He could separate the eyelids without difficulty. The conjunctiva in the inner angle of the eye was red. The eye was nearly straight, only turned a little more outwards than the other. In eight days the cure was complete, and the eye quite straight.

CASE III.—Albert Victor, aged fifteen, affected with strabismus of the left eye since his earliest infancy. The eyeball was turned deeply into the inner angle, but by an effort of the will it could be turned straight; but on this effort being relaxed, it instantly returned to the former position. The operation was performed precisely in the same manner, it being only here specified that the external incision in the conjunctiva was semilunar, and that the muscle was cut by introducing the pointed blade of the scissors beneath it. As soon as the hook that held the eye was removed, the ball turned at first outwards, but in a moment returned to the straight position. The edges of the wound did not gape, so that the external incision was barely perceptible. The eye was covered with a cold poultice, and the patient subjected to the antiphlogistic regimen. In eight days the cure was complete, and the squint entirely gone.'"

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Column for Young People.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

THE following arithmetical puzzles are from the delightful children's book, "Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest,"* of which a new edition in the cheapened form of one volume has been submitted to our attention by the publishers. We gladly do what is in our power to make known a book in which the effort to convey science under the attraction of a dramatic form, has certainly been made with rare skill and success.

"The next booth in the fair into which our party entered was that of Crank Smirky, the celebrated conjuror, who invited the company to witness his wonderful display of the art of legerdemain: he was dressed as an astrologer, with a loose gown of green velvet, and a red cap; he had a long grey beard, and his nose was bestraddled by a pair of green spectacles.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said the mystic professor, 'I shall have the honour of convincing you this day, that my single hand is more than a match for all the sharp eyes of Overton. You will admit that a beautiful eye makes silence eloquent—a kind eye, contradiction an assent—and an enraged eye, beauty deformed; out my hand shall, by its magic influence, make eloquence dumb, assent a contradiction, and deformity beautiful.'

So saying, the professor beckoned a villager, who sat near the stage, to approach and assist him in the performance of his first grand trick.

'Dobby,' exclaimed his terrified wife, 'sit thee still; that man has dealings with the old one; I would not that he should touch your garment for all the gingerbread in the fair.'

This exclamation of the terrified wife set the whole audience in a roar, and produced a confusion which the skilful conjuror is always anxious to create, when any sly work is to be performed. In truth, this scene had been previously concerted by the renowned Crank Smirky, who had engaged this said Dobby as his confederate. A series of very amusing tricks were then performed with cards and counters; such, for instance, as desiring some person to draw a card from the pack, and having observed what it was, to return it; which card, to the wonder of the company, was immediately found in Dobby's pocket. Mr Seymour informed his children that the explanation of this trick would serve to show the manner in which most of the deceptions by cards were performed. He said, that the conjuror's pack of cards always contained a card, technically termed a '*brief* card,' or 'the *old gentleman*,' which is one made on purpose by the cardmaker, and is a little larger than any of the rest; the performer always knows it by feeling it, and can easily force it upon the unsuspecting drawer; should he, however, attempt to take any other, the conjuror, under some pretence, shuffles again, till at length he induces him to take the one intended for him. After the card has been introduced again into the pack, the performer, without any difficulty, withdraws it, and the confederate is called upon to produce the duplicate which had been previously placed in his pocket.

The children were told that the several deceptions with coin, or counters, which they had witnessed, were accomplished by a species of dexterity acquired only by practice, and termed '*palming*;' it consisted in being able to retain a shilling, halfpenny, or counter, in the palm of the hand, while it remained extended; thus the performer desires any one to reckon five pieces, which are accordingly placed on the table before him, the conjuror then takes them up, and having dexterously palmed one, he adds it to the number as he places it in the hand of the unsuspecting person.

Tom and his sisters expressed themselves much pleased and surprised with the dexterity of the performer. 'But,' added the intelligent boy, 'I should be much more gratified by tricks that were indebted for their mystery to some philosophical principle.'

Mr Seymour, turning to his son, said, that if he waited patiently he would shortly be gratified in that wish, for he knew Crank Smirky was prepared to exhibit some recreations in divination, that were founded on the science of numbers.

Nor was Mr Seymour mistaken; for after a few more specimens of his dexterity, the conjuror requested Mr Twaddleton, who was sitting directly in his front, to taken an *even* number of counters in one hand, and an *odd* number in the other; and he would tell him, he said, in which hand he held the even number. Mr Twaddleton having complied with the request, he was further desired to multiply the number in the right hand by any *even* number he pleased, as, for instance, 2; and that in the left hand by an odd number, as 3.

'I have done so,' said the vicar.

'Then be pleased to add together the two products, and tell me whether the sum be odd or even.'

'It is odd,' replied Mr Twaddleton.

'If so,' said the conjuror, 'the even number of counters will be in your right hand.'

The vicar exposed the counters, and admitted the correctness of the conjuror's decision.

NOTE.—This problem is to be found in Hutton's Recreations, and is stated as follows:—

'A person having in one hand an *even* number of shillings, and in the other an *odd*, to tell in which hand he has the even number.

Desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, and that in the left by any odd number; then bid him to add together the two products, and if the whole sum be odd, the even number of shillings will be in the right hand, and the odd number in the left; if the sum be even, the contrary will be the case. By a similar process, a person having in one hand a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver, we can tell in which hand he holds the gold, and in which the silver. For this purpose, some value represented by an even number, such as 8, must be assigned to the gold, and a value represented by an odd number, such as 3, must be assigned to the silver; after which the operation is exactly the same as in the preceding example.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for, in that case, the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It will be readily seen that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person, may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number, or piece of silver. The same operations may then be performed in regard to these two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling the one, privately, the right, and the other the left.'

'Ladies and gentlemen,' exclaimed the man of mystery, 'I now humbly crave your silent attention, while I exhibit one of the most wonderful examples of my art. Here is a ring—there a shilling—and there a glove. I shall presently request each of the three gentlemen before me to take one of those articles, so secretly as to prevent the possibility of my discovering the choice he may have made. I have here, you perceive, twenty-four counters; *one* of which I shall give to you, Mr Seymour; *two* to you, reverend sir; and *three* to you, my young philosopher; the remaining eighteen shall remain on the table. Now, gentlemen, I shall retire, and during my absence you will be so good as to distribute the three articles in any way you may think proper.'

The professor, accordingly, walked off the stage, when Mr Seymour took the ring, the vicar the shilling, and Tom Seymour the glove. The conjuror, on his return, said that he had one more favour to request, that the person who had the ring should take from the eighteen counters on the table as many as he already possessed; the one with the shilling twice as many, and the person with the glove four times as many as he before possessed. The conjuror again retired, in order that the distribution might be made without his observing it. On returning, the conjuror, having first cast his eye upon the counters that remained on the table, informed the company that Mr Seymour had taken the ring, Mr Twaddleton the shilling, and the young gentleman the glove. The moment the parties assented to this decision, the whole company expressed their satisfaction and astonishment by thunders of applause.

'That is really very ingenious,' observed the vicar.

'How could he perform it?' said Tom; 'it is evident that his only guide was the number of counters left on the board.'

'I understand the process by which it was accomplished, and will endeavour, at some future time, to explain it,' replied Mr Seymour.

A number of similar tricks followed, all of which depended upon some algebraical calculation; and the performance was concluded to the entire satisfaction of all present.

NOTE.—It is by discovering the number of counters left on the board that the above trick is performed. By means of a table the problem may be immediately solved; but as such a reference would be inconvenient, and, indeed, destructive to the magic of the trick, a Latin verse is substituted, which may be easily carried in the memory, and will be found to answer all the purposes of a table. In order, however, that the reader may become thoroughly acquainted with the machinery of the trick, we shall explain it in the words of its author. The problem is stated as follows:—'*Three things being privately distributed to three persons, to guess that which each has got.*'

Let the three things be a ring, a shilling, and a glove. Call the ring A, the shilling E, and the glove I; and in your own mind distinguish the persons by calling them first, second, and third. Then take twenty-four counters, and give one of them to the first person, two to the second, and three to the third. Place the remaining eighteen on the table, and then retire, that the three persons may distribute among themselves the three things proposed, without your observing them. When the distribution has been made, desire the person who has the ring to take from the remaining eighteen counters as many as he has already; the one who has the shilling to take twice as many as he has already, and the person who has the glove to take four times as many. According to the above supposition, then, the first person has taken one, the second four, and the third twelve; consequently, one counter only remains on the table. When this is done, you may return, and, by the number left, can discover what thing each person has taken, by employing the following words:—

1	2	3	5	6	7
Salve	certa	animæ	semita	vita	quies.

To make use of these words, you must recollect, that in all cases there can remain only 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, or 7 counters, and never 4. It must likewise be observed, that each syllable contains one of the vowels, which we have made to represent the things proposed, and that the first syllable of each word must be considered as representing the first person, and the second syllable the second. This being comprehended, if there remains only one counter, you must employ the first word, or rather the two first syllables, *sal-ve*, the first of which, that containing A, shows that the first person has the ring represented by A; and the second syllable, that containing E, shows that the second person has the shilling represented by E; from which you may easily conclude that the third person has the glove. If two counters should remain, you must take the second word *cer-ta*, the first syllable of which, containing E, will show that the first person has the shilling represented by E; and the second syllable, containing A, will indicate that the second person has the ring represented by A. In general, whatever number of counters remain, that word of the verse which is pointed out by the same number must be employed.

* Darton and Clark, London.

SAXON WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share. * * * Sharon Turner has adduced passages from a series of our most popular writers. The passages in question are from the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thomson, Addison, Spenser, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. *In as* many verses out of the Gospel of St John, containing seventy-four words, there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakspeare contains eighty-one words; of these the words not Saxon are thirteen; that from Milton ninety; not Saxon, sixteen: that from Cowley seventy-six; not Saxon, ten: that from Thomson seventy-eight; not Saxon, fourteen: that from Addison seventy-nine; not Saxon, fifteen: that from Spenser seventy-two; not Saxon, fourteen: that from Locke ninety-four; not Saxon, twenty: that from Pope eighty-four; not Saxon, twenty-eight: that from Young ninety-six; not Saxon, twenty-one: that from Swift eighty-seven; in which nine only are not Saxon: that from Robertson one hundred and fourteen; not Saxon, thirty-four; that from Hume one hundred and one; not Saxon, thirty-eight: that from Gibbon eighty; not Saxon, thirty-one: that from Johnson eighty-seven; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words greater than one-third; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths.—*Edinburgh Review.*

[Excepting so far as it solves a question in philology, the above exposition is of no value. For some years there has, we think, been a needless fuss about composing in Saxon, or using if possible only words of a Saxon root. Properly speaking, it is of no consequence whence our language is derived; all that writers or speakers have to attend to, is to employ the words which most forcibly and simply express their meaning; whether these be originally from the Saxon or Roman, is a matter of extreme indifference. The object with all writers should be to write *English*, not Anglo-Saxon.]

DEPARTING EMIGRANT'S SONG.

On the hills of our fathers the sunset is streaming,
I see their brown peaks from the wave:
Upon them in splendour the day-god is beaming,
That cherished more fondly may be, in our dreaming,
The last glimpse of home which he gave.

We thank thee, bright sun! for we still would remember
The scenes that around us have smiled;
Our theme shall they be on the eves of December,
When brightly and cheerily glows the red ember,
Afar on our hearths of the wild.

Our children shall hear of their forefathers' glory,
And lisp in the tongue which they spake;
The triumphs of peace, and the victor-fields gory,
Embalmed in our songs, and recorded in story,
Their young emulation shall wake.

Yes, Scotland! by us in our joy and our sorrow,
Thy name ever hallowed shall be;
Though far from thy shores shall we be ere the morrow,
A gem from thy crown shall we strive still to borrow,
And ever be worthy of thee.

T. S.

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OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

THERE is an outside and inside in many things besides stage-coaches. We usually at first see only outsides, and think of nothing else; but as we go on in life, we begin to find that there are insides also, and that we must turn up the lining, and look below, in order to ascertain the real characters of things.

Look along any respectable street in one of our large towns—how demure and unimpeachable all the houses appear! Go even into the inside, and be shown up to any of the drawing-rooms, how proper every thing looks! You may ultimately be on visiting terms with the occupants, and dine with them several times, and still all will be smooth and fair. If there be, as often happens, some inmates of pleasing aspect and manners, the favourable impression will be deepened; and you will be apt to suppose that here there is no trace of those jars and cankers which afflict or have afflicted some other home with which you have become familiar. But, in truth, though in one sense you have been in the inside of the house, you are still on the outside of it. You have never yet penetrated below the hardened formal exterior which artificial manners and a wish for good standing with the world impose upon the family. You have only observed that all are well bred, and converse pleasantly with each other, and that there is no apparent lack of the ordinary comforts of life. And such is all that most of us know of each other who live in cities, and only make occasional visits according to invitation. In order to see the *real* inside of the house, it is necessary to eat in it, not perhaps a whole peck of salt, but at least no inconsiderable quantity, and that in the course of a domesticated residence. It is curious then to find little revelations of the real state of matters gradually breaking out. Perhaps the effect is only like that of subjecting the cheek of beauty to the microscope—coarseness found where all seemed of polished and waxen fairness. Perhaps real woes appear—darkened fortunes and keen apprehensions of future evil—irreconcileable discrepancies of temper in those whom no man can put asunder—bitter though not loud wailings over some member of the flock who seems irretrievably committed to a downward course. A few days may see the stranger who at first deemed all so fair and placid, made the reluctant confidant of parties who have deadly complaints to make of each other. But why peruse the whole catalogue of domestic vexations? Suffice it to know, that of such a nature are the things found in the *real insides* of many externally good-looking houses. How vain, then, for any one to envy another for an apparently happy home! In all probability, did he know the real character of that other home, he would gladly be contented with his own.

All men have outsides and insides—that is to say, all conform more or less to modes of external decency perhaps in some degree inconsistent with their real character. But while some do this without losing a particle of their innocence, and are in reality as good or perhaps fully better than they appear, the inside in others is, we need scarcely remark, a very different thing from the outside. The extent to which men can simulate virtue, is strikingly proved by the exposures which occasionally take place of superlative hypocrites—men who, after half a lifetime spent in the enjoyment of the highest reputation, are suddenly found to have been delinquents of the blackest dye. Perhaps nothing could entirely protect society from culprits of such extraordinary secretiveness; but surely disappointment would less frequently be felt with the highly esteemed men of the world, if the proper grounds of esteem were better understood. Professions of opinion, expressions of sentiment, wearing solemn looks, conformity to the merest formalities, at present serve as well to gain high reputation as the most noble practical goodness: are we to wonder that bad men so often impose upon the world, when the world may be said actually to tempt them to try the experiment? Did men look for tests of each other's value only in the good deeds they did, their forbearance and kindness towards their fellows, all those things which constitute the really good man, and which alone the wicked find it difficult to simulate, then might we expect to see hypocrisy come less speed. But even appearances of practical goodness may deceive. They often flow, like certain kinds of talent, rather from infirmity or disease of mind, than from any better cause. Unless they be accompanied by the marks of perfect sanity of reason, unless quite free from all taint of enthusiasm and extravagance, let *them* also be distrusted.

The outside is unfortunately what men do and always will chiefly judge by; but this is rather because they find it most convenient, or want the power in all cases to go below the surface, than from a deliberate choice of means. By this habit, such as it is, many peculiarities of human conduct of a less serious nature than the above are governed. Men of simple nature, who think well of themselves, show that they do so, and are called vain and held very light, although they may have many really good qualities: perceiving this, a man of equal or greater self-esteem, but of more worldly nature, conceals the feeling, and, being thought a rationally modest person, is well spoken of, although in truth not nearly so good a man as the other. This is because the self-esteem is an external feature, always conspicuous, and always calling for attention. In like manner, affectations which may amount to mere foible often procure more detestation for those who are guilty of them, than an equal number of grave but unobtrusive vices would do. To turn to another case. The ancient Misses Prinsep, descended from an old but decayed family, and possessing but a very moderate income, have contrived amidst all their poverty still to retain a liveried and half-starved footman; while Mr John Newall, the affluent mercer, who lives next door, has never yet found courage to hire a scullion-boy,

> "——————— lest all
> Should say that he was proud."

No one who does not know the circumstances of the parties minutely, would ever compare the plain-looking menage of the Newalls to the aristocratic style of the old ladies; yet, in sober truth, the Newalls spend more upon luxuries of the most superfluous nature in a month, than the sparing Misses Prinsep do upon their whole household in a quarter of a year. The Newalls escape all supposition of extravagance, simply because their liberality is all directed to things which make no show. But the footman of the Misses Prinsep is an overt act. It is one of the broad marks of style which people think there is no mistaking. And hence it happens that the one of these parties clings to a remnant of high state which circumstances do not justify, while the other, who could afford it twice over, dare not aspire to it. It is perhaps to modifications of the same principle that we are indebted for the infinite varieties of vehicles and equipages which now every where meet the eye, all of them being intended to give the convenience of a carriage, but yet not to look quite like one. Some are low in the wheels; some are professedly open, but with supplementary panels and flaps by which they may on occasion be closed. Some have one peculiarity, some another, but all stop short in some way of the character of the full-blown carriage or chariot; and this, we are persuaded, in most instances, not so much for a saving of price or current expense, but merely on Mrs Gilpin's modest principle, already adverted to. Generally, if fortune continues to smile, the downright carriage is reached at last, but only after a great number of preliminary wrigglings and blinkings, marking the extreme fear of exciting public remark by an external and *showing* piece of finery.

In little communities, where every one knows every thing about every other person, the physical outside is of little consequence. At least no one feels himself bound to dress *up* to his station. But in larger communities, where most are strangers to each other, externals become matters of the first importance. There every one must have an outside at least not inferior to his station or character; otherwise unpleasant mistakes would be occurring every hour of the day. On the other hand, the outside being the principal means by which individuals in such circumstances are to be judged of, the evil-disposed have it in their power to assume almost any character. A suit of goodly attire brings the varlet upon a level with the respectable man at once; and hence it comes to pass that the fair outside is, in such communities, rather a negative than a positive recommendation. It is not to be dispensed with, but it will not serve as an absolute diploma of respectability. In the mind of a Londoner, a well-dressed man may be any one of thousands of characters, from the first statesman of the land down to the pickpocket. Something more is needed, to establish a claim to tolerable consideration. In a late novel, a worthy old gentleman is represented as treated in the most insolent style in a police-office, where he had appeared to give evidence against a young petty larcenist, and the sketch appears, as designed by the author, to reflect the greatest discredit on the discrimination, as well as good feeling, of the judge; yet, when the dubiety of all merely external appearances in a great city are considered, such conduct on the part of a man who may be supposed to be accustomed to see all kinds of false appearances put on, looks scarcely unnatural.

There is an outside and an inside kind of pride, as may be well seen in the familiar anecdote of Plato and Diogenes. The neat house and well-arranged silk couch of Plato were marks of outside pride; the act of Diogenes, when he came in and trod with dirty feet on his friend's couch, saying, "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato," was a signification of inside pride. Plato was right when he replied, "And with greater pride, Diogenes." The outside pride which merely takes the ordinary modes of showing itself, such as good dress or a neat household, is a much lower measure of the sentiment, than the inside, which wraps itself up in the disguise of a contempt for those things, and is content with its own meditations. In the cynic's case, the process of ideas may be supposed to have been somewhat like the following: "There is a general taste for gay furnishings of house and person. If I live and dress in that style, I shall be confounded with the common herd. To distinguish myself from them, I shall dwell in a tub, and wear a filthy and ragged cloak." The pride which could dictate such a course was probably as much greater than the other species of the passion, as the number of those who acted like Diogenes was less than those who acted like Plato—for singularity was the real object. In modern times, this passion less frequently exhibits itself in an affectation of slovenliness, than in that of a style of extreme plainness. It is made a principle to eschew certain colours and modes, favourites with the ordinary people of the world; at the same time that excessive richness in substance and ultra cleanness in condition are indulged in, so as to make it clear that poverty has no concern in the matter. At first sight, one is apt to respect a feeling which seems thus to repudiate common indulgences; but its real character of a pretension to some-

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thing above the common run of our nature, soon becomes apparent. A person of well-balanced mind, therefore, prefers partaking of the common ways of the world, where innocent, to indulging in such fancies, because he sees that, even though the former may involve a little frivolity, it is more amiable as well as more rational to submit to that, than to set up for something so like a standing reproach of all mankind, and that in things upon the whole indifferent.

Still more strange to say, there is an inside and outside kind of conscience. It is a thing, as one might say, in two layers. The outside conscience is the one for common use, when men have not only to consider something like the promptings of justice, but also some circumstances affecting their own interests or those of parties with which they are connected, or when they act under the influence of strong prejudices. The inside conscience is one rarely called into action, and only when either there are no lateral circumstances to be considered, or all bewraying views have been by some singular chance pushed aside. We often wonder at the strangely bad courses taken by political parties, all the men as individuals being known to us as "honourable, most honourable men." We wonder at the unrighteous doings of high men of state in regard to public matters, when we know that they would not willingly do injury to any single person under them. We wonder at the licence which men will take as members of a corporation, who in their private capacity would do justice to the last farthing. The mystery is explained by our theory of an outer and an inner conscience. They think themselves as conscientious in the one case as the other; but only in the one case they are acting with the coat conscience on their backs, and in the other with the waistcoat. How much better it would be for the community if public men in all instances worked in their vests, we need not pause to consider.

We must now conclude our speculations; and, as a climax is needed in all such things, we think we cannot do better than recommend to our readers to be generally on their guard against the Outside,* which they will almost invariably find to be illusive and betraying, and to look only to that within, "which passeth show."

THE INFLUENCE OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT ON VISION.†

We have recently been favoured with a short treatise, by Dr James Hunter, surgeon to the Eye Dispensary of Edinburgh, on the subject indicated above, one of very considerable interest to mankind. It is impossible for people living in a state of civilised society to avoid the extensive use of *artificial* light, by which is to be understood every species of light excepting that derived from the sun and the heavenly bodies; and hence the importance of inquiring how far and in what manner such light is injurious, and to what extent the effects resulting from it may be prevented or remedied. We do not propose here to review the whole question, but only, by a few extracts, to call attention to Dr Hunter's treatise, where the subject is handled in a very able and satisfactory manner.

The following simple experiment is proposed by Dr Hunter, as a mode by which any one may convince himself of the comparatively hurtful nature of artificial light:—"Tie up the left eye, and with the other look steadily and closely, for about a minute, at some very small object placed on a sheet of white paper, and strongly illuminated with ordinary day-light, but not exposed to the direct rays of the sun: then uncover the left eye, and look at some distant white surface, such as the ceiling of the room, first with the left eye, and then with the right one. It will be found that there is not much difference in its appearance as seen by the one eye or by the other, though in general it will be a very little brighter to the left eye. After this darken the room, by closing the shutters; tie up the left eye again, and then with the right one look at the same object, placed on a sheet of white paper as formerly, but illuminated by a large tallow candle or oil-lamp, so that it shall be seen as distinctly as it was in day-light. Keep the right eye fixed on this object for about a minute, so as to examine it closely and narrowly: then extinguish the candle or lamp, open the shutters, and uncover the left eye. When both eyes are now turned to the ceiling, it will appear somewhat dim and indistinct; and on looking at it first with the one eye, and then with the other, the difference will be very remarkable. To the left eye, which had not been exposed to the action of the artificial light, it will appear unchanged;* but to the right eye it will be very dim, and of a dark blue or purple colour. This shows that, by exposure to candle-light, the retina of the right eye has been rendered partially insensible to the action of day-light." From long-continued exposure to artificial light in this way, the diminished sensibility of the retina to light becomes a permanent affection, and entire blindness may follow.

Dr Hunter then enters minutely into the morbid consequences upon the eye, or in other words the diseases, produced by artificial light. The most remarkable of these is the state in which floating films, or *muscæ volitantes*, are seen on the organ of vision, an affection which sometimes becomes very serious in its consequences.

"When one of these films is first observed, it is often very difficult for the patient to be convinced that it is not merely some light substance floating in the air, and he generally makes an attempt to drive it away with his hand; in doing so, he rolls the eyeball, and as the film immediately disappears, he is confirmed in his belief that what he saw was nothing more than perhaps a bit of cobweb or a particle of soot. After some time he begins to doubt the correctness of this supposition, by the frequent recurrence of the symptom, and by finding that the cobweb is seen by no one but himself. At last he is quite convinced that the film is really caused by some defect in the eye itself, by observing its motions; for so long as the eye is kept stationary, the film remains stationary also, but the moment the eye is moved, it flies off in an opposite direction. When the eyeball is slowly rolled upwards to the light, the film gradually sinks downwards, and if, just as it appears to be going out of sight, the eye be suddenly directed downwards, that instant the film flies away upwards, and is seen no more at that time. At first these *muscæ volitantes* are perceived only at intervals, often of some days, and generally are most common the day after the eyes have more than usually been excited in working by artificial light. Their duration is very transitory, and they seldom continue visible for more than a few seconds at a time. They are not often seen when looking at a coloured object, particularly if its colour be of a red or orange hue; but they are much more frequently observed when the eyes are turned to a white surface, such as a sheet of paper, the ceiling of a room, or a light cloud in the sky; and a misty day in summer, when the sun's light is strong, and much diffused by the atmospheric vapours, is by far the most favourable time for their appearance. In the first stages of the disease, the dark films are not often seen by artificial light, at least in cases where the insensibility of the retina is either entirely or chiefly occasioned by its injurious action. But when the eye looks at the flame of a candle or lamp, either with or without the intervention of a shade of obscured glass, there very frequently is a curious appearance, as if a number of very minute and transparent globules, resembling drops of oil on the surface of water, and connected with each other like the links of a chain, were floating slowly through the air, in the same way as the dark films observed in day-light." Amaurosis, or nervous blindness, is another disease liable to be produced by artificial light. But, in place of following Dr Hunter into the minutiæ of these diseases, and their mode of treatment, we believe it will be more satisfactory to general readers to present them with his views on the "Choice of Artificial Light," and the comparative advantages and disadvantages of each.

"It is only (says our author) when the eyes are exerted on minute objects, that artificial light is so very injurious. In public places the light is not always so strong as to injure the eyes by its direct action, and it proves hurtful chiefly by the quantity of carbonic acid that is produced by the combustion of the light-giving materials; besides, as in such places the sight is not constantly employed on one object, the bad effects of the peculiar colour of the light are often counteracted by the variety of tints reflected from the walls and furniture. But in reading, writing, sewing, type-setting, and other occupations requiring the severe, long-continued, and nightly exertion of the eyes, the light requires to be of considerable defining power; and to obtain this, it must be placed very near the eyes, which it injures by its heating effect as well as by its bad colour.

The circumstances to be attended to in considering the comparative advantages of different kinds of artificial light, are, 1. Purity of colour. 2. Practical convenience. 3. Economy. Oil-gas gives a very fine light, and at one time numerous companies were formed for manufacturing it; but the great expense of it proved a barrier to its general introduction. The gas obtained from rosin gives fully as good a light as oil-gas. Professor Daniell took out a patent for it, and a joint-stock company was formed to manufacture it; but after expending more than L.50,000 on the works, the design was given up, as it was found that, though rosin-gas was of first-rate quality, it was too costly to compete with coal-gas.

I would place the light of gas made from *parrot* or *cannel* coal as next in purity, and first in convenience and economy. The light procured from the finer sorts of oil, especially refined sperm-oil, is the next in purity, and perhaps, in some instances, even superior, in this respect, to the light of gas made from parrot or cannel coal; but it is much less convenient and much more costly. In burning oil for the purposes of illumination, a great deal depends on the construction of the lamp, but the argand arrangement is by far the best, and is almost universally used. Next to the finer sorts of oil, the purest light is obtained from wax, spermaceti, stearine, and cocoa-nut candles; but although the quality of their light is good, it wants steadiness, the candles burn down, and all of them are more or less liable to gutter and swill, particularly where there is a varying draught of air.

The gas distilled from common sea-coal *contains* much less carbon, on which it has been shown that its illuminating power depends, than gas made from parrot or cannel coal; it burns with a reddish-yellow flame, of great heating power, and very hurtful to the eyes, and is quite unfit for in-door use, excepting in halls, or in public places where the eyes are not to be much exerted on minute objects. This inferior kind of coal-gas is that generally used in London, and it is a great pity that some of the metropolitan gas companies do not use a better coal, the greater cost of which would be compensated by the gas made *from it* being much more generally employed in private *houses* than at present. [In Edinburgh, gas is made from fine cannel coal, and is therefore burnt in the apartments of private houses, without creating either offensive odour or smoke.]

The light of common coarse oil-lamps and tallow candles is of very inferior quality. The lamps have the advantage of maintaining the source of the light at one elevation, and the size of the flame does not vary so much as in tallow candles, particularly the coarser kinds; for in them not only is the colour of their light highly injurious, but from the constant flickering and variation of its intensity according to the state of the wicks, they are quite unfitted for the illumination of minute objects on which the eyes are to be much employed.

All things considered, I think that the light of gas made from parrot or cannel coal is the best adapted for general purposes: the great recommendations are its purity and equability, its admitting of being so easily placed in any position, the facility of increasing or diminishing its intensity as required, and its cleanliness, safety, and great economy."

Dr Hunter conceives, that, in burning every kind of gas, the argand lamp is not only the least *likely to* injure the eyesight, but the most economical *form of* using the article. He concludes his reflections upon the choice of artificial light by remarking that, where "the sight is much employed on fine work by gas-light, advantage should be taken, during any temporary interruption or interval, of the great facility with which the intensity of the light may be instantly diminished, so as to afford an occasional short period of rest to the eyes, and allow the exhausted retina to recover its tone." The effect of such a temporary repose is decidedly beneficial; and cold-bathing, at such intervals, is recommended by Dr Hunter as an additional preventive of bad effects.

In artificial light, the *blue rays* are *deficient*, and the *red* and *yellow rays* in *excess*. In this simple fact, according to the author of the treatise before us, we find the true cause of the injurious action of artificial light. Accordingly, his plans for the prevention of that injury, through mechanical aids and contrivances, have one and all of them a distinct and philosophical reference to these causes of mischief. We shall allow him to describe the first of these contrivances in his own words, though we must refer to his treatise for the figures with which he illustrates this branch of his subject.

"For the improvement, by optical means, of the naturally bad colour of artificial light, on which its injurious action so much depends, two different methods may be employed.

1. The addition, by reflection, of the blue rays that are deficient.

2. The subtraction, by absorption, of the red and yellow rays that are in excess.

In the first of these methods, the light that passes upwards is to be deprived of its red and yellow rays by some *blue* intercepting surface, to reflect downwards the few remaining blue rays, which, mingling with the reddish-yellow coloured light, proceeding directly from the flame, shall form a compound light of a white colour, from the primary rays contained in it being nearly in the same proportions to each other as in daylight. In the second method, the direct light

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* Of the propriety of looking below the surface to find the real characters of men as distinguished from their pretensions, we have not for a long time met a more engaging illustration than the following, which we find in a recent newspaper:—

"WHO IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND?—It is easy to assume the title of 'A Friend to the Poor.' I know a man who possessed slaves, who violently opposed the abolition of slavery, and who defends the slave-trade itself, but who, for motives best known to himself, has taken upon himself the title of Poor Man's Friend—has become the champion of paupers, the enemy of the new poor-law, and the persecutor of the guardians of the union in which he resides. I know a man who delights in war and bloodshed—who, even in time of peace, can neither think, speak, nor write, but to fight his battles over again—he would not shed a tear for the groans and pangs of 20,000 men dying on the battle-field, or of their widows and orphans left behind; on the contrary, he would be glad, for the sake of employment, and the increase of his income, if war again broke out, although it might not cease till millions of *poor men* had fallen victims to the senseless quarrel; yet, strange to say, he also has added to his military title that of 'Poor Man's Friend!' I know a man, for whom no labourer will work, who himself informed me that he was under the necessity of mowing his own lawn, and digging his own garden, 'because,' said he, 'when I apply to those rascally labourers, although in the evening they promise to come to work for me, yet in the morning they are sure to disappoint me.' This was a curious phenomenon, and I inquired into its cause, and found that he was a hard master, celebrated for grinding the poor, always bating down their wages, and stipulating for a less sum than that for which they could afford to work, and for this he was odious in their sight. Happily, however, for him, the new poor-law passed, and caused excitement in the place, and he came forth as the 'Poor Man's Friend!' I know a man who paid our distant poor, and who for five years professed to pay 3s. 6d. a-week to a widow at Bristol, but who had kept back 2s. a-week all that time, thus robbing the parish and the poor of L.25, as was proved by the magistrates, and confessed by himself. When the select vestry were examining into the cases of all the poor upon the list, this man exclaimed loudly against the cruelty of *diminishing* the pay of *poor widows* at a distance, or of causing them to come and give an account of themselves. When, however, this *poor widow* did accidentally come, it appeared that she was a young and hearty woman, who had been married again the preceding four years to a respectable mason of Bristol."—*The Rev. T. Spencer of Bath.*

Laing and Forbes, Edinburgh. 1840.

* Sometimes it is of a pale reddish or yellowish-white colour, when seen by the left eye.

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emanating from the flame is to be passed through some transparent medium of a blue tint, such as stained glass, or a coloured fluid, which shall absorb the excess of red and yellow rays, and transmit white light.

I will begin by describing the first, or the reflective method of improving the colour of artificial light, as being the simplest, and perhaps the most generally useful. All that is requisite is to provide a conical reflector [like a section of the lower part of a sugar loaf], the inner surface of which should be stained or painted of a sky-blue or azure colour; this reflector must be placed round the flame. The effect of this arrangement is, that all the light passing upwards is intercepted by the sloping sides of the reflector; its red and yellow rays are absorbed, whilst the blue ones are reflected downwards, and made to combine with and improve the bad colour of the light proceeding directly from the flame.

The reflectors may be made of any convenient material, such as silk, tinted paper, or painted metal. The silk reflectors are the most elegant, but they are more expensive, and apt to be injured by the heat; those made of stiff paper or bristol board are cheap, easily made, and answer very well; but the most durable, and perhaps the best, are made of tin-plate or sheet-brass, bronzed on the outside, and painted of a light sky-blue on the inside. No pigment answers so well for giving the necessary tint to the reflecting surface, as a mixture of ultra-marine and prussian blue. When a light blue-coloured reflector is placed over an ordinary flame, the effect is very marked; objects, such as the page of a book, no longer appear of a reddish-yellow colour, but of a much whiter and purer colour; the light becomes delightfully cool and agreeable to the eyes, and, from its whiteness, its defining power is much increased."

The second method of improving the colour of artificial light, is by causing it to pass through a medium of a pale blue colour, thus absorbing the excess of red and yellow rays. Dr Hunter does not approve much of the blue spectacles used for this purpose, as the eye is liable to overlook them, and as they do not moderate the heat of the light. A better plan, according to him, is to use an argand lamp with a pale blue glass chimney, and with a conical reflector of polished metal to throw down the light in a concentrated form, and so make up for the darkening caused by the coloured glass.

Dr Hunter conceives that where the light is not above the level of the eye, and must fall on the organ, it is necessary to use shades as a preservative, and approves most of those which are painted interiorly with ultra-marine, worked up with mastic varnish. There are many other practical lessons of great value in the work from which we have made these excerpts. We are bound to say, that this is the first time that we have ever seen the subject under consideration treated in a philosophical way, important as it has always been to mankind.

STORY OF HARRIET SHIRLEY.

"So, my sweet cousin, you faithfully promise to be my little wife—don't you?"

"No, I won't be your *little* wife, for when you come back, I shall be tall like mamma or aunt Mary. I will be your great, tall wife."

"Ah, but, my pretty Harriet, you forget how long I may be away, and that I may come home a withered, frightful-looking old man, all wrinkled, and blackened by the sun. What should you say to me then, Harriet? You will still be quite young when I am very old, and I am afraid you will forget your promise to poor cousin Arthur."

"Oh no, indeed I shall not—if mamma will let me love you then; I wont forget you."

This brief conversation, so abruptly reported to the reader, passed between a young man of seventeen or eighteen, and a little girl, some eight or nine years younger, with whose family his own was distantly connected. Arthur Carey was the son of a thriving and respectable attorney in London, and had received a good education preparatory to his entrance on his father's profession. But the untimely deaths of both his parents materially altered his position and prospects. Being not yet ready for a legal career, and having little or no means left him for the completion of his studies, he might have been in a situation of great distress and difficulty, but for the intervention of a distant relative, Mr Shirley, who invited the youth to his house, and bestirred himself so actively in his favour, as to procure him a civil appointment or clerkship in the East Indies. All this was the more honourable to Mr Shirley, as he was far from being a wealthy man, and had a sufficient family of his own to provide for, without expending his interest or means in behalf of one who had but very remote claims upon him.

Arthur Carey passed the period intervening between his appointment and his departure at the house of Mr Shirley, where he received so much kindness as touched his heart warmly and lastingly. It was at this time that the conversation already recorded took place between him and his little cousin, as he called her, Harriet Shirley. It would be ridiculous to say that the dialogue was a serious one, though perhaps the child, in her youthful simplicity, was perfectly in earnest, and though Arthur felt at the time, in his heart of hearts, that it would be delightful at some future period to connect himself with the family from which he had received so much kindness, and for every member of which he felt so strong an affection. As was natural, however, Mrs Shirley and aunt Mary, who were auditors of the conversation between Arthur and Harriet, only smiled at it as a passing jest.

Arthur Carey bade farewell to his friends, and embarked for the Eldorado of the youth of Britain, the great empire won by the valour of their fathers in the East. He owed to Mr Shirley's care many of the necessaries composing his outfit; and thus was the feeling of gratitude deepened towards that generous friend. By him, Arthur was also supplied with letters of recommendation to parties of rank and influence in Madras, which was the youth's particular destination. On his arrival there, he found these letters of much consequence. They introduced him to a circle of friends who had a great deal in their power, and gave him the opportunity of gaining their esteem, and so ensuring the future exercise of their interest in his favour. Possessed of a good person, engaging manners, and abilities well developed by education, young Carey was indeed calculated to make his way rapidly in society. Before two years passed, he had raised himself from the subordinate position in which he had commenced his Indian career, to a situation seldom held by one so young, and was already in the enjoyment of an income much above his wants. The prospects, also, which he had of further promotion, were excellent, provided he pursued the same active and industrious line of conduct which he had entered upon at his starting.

And what, does the reader think, was the purpose to which Arthur applied his first free earnings in India? The following extract from a letter written by him to Mrs Shirley, will explain the matter:—"I owe much to Mr Shirley, more than I can ever repay. The remembrance of what he did for me never leaves, nor can leave, my mind. Indeed, I think of him, and of all of you, continually. I have acquaintances and even dear friends here, but none of them hold the place in my heart which is held by you and yours. Is this to be wondered at? I had no parents, no home on earth, when you took me in, gave me a home, and supplied to me the place of parents. When I hear my young companions speaking of their fathers and mothers in Britain, I think of you, and speak of you to them, with the joyous consciousness that I too have dear ones far away, who remember and love me. * * * My circumstances being such as I describe, I wish so far to show my gratitude for what is past. Mr Shirley obtained for me a settlement in life; will he allow me to do a somewhat similar action by one of his family? The money which accompanies this packet, I give him free leave to dispose of as he thinks fit; but if circumstances permit, and he is willing to dispose of it according to my liking, he will apply it to the education of Harriet. You may not remember a conversation that passed between that sweet little cousin of mine and myself, just before I left England, when she promised to be my 'tall, great' wife. I will not conceal from you that often, often has my mind reverted since to that conversation, and that at this moment I feel that it would be a source of the deepest pleasure to me, to be one day connected with you by a close and irrevocable tie. But it will be time enough long afterwards to think of this. Heaven forbid that I should ever prosecute such a wish, against the future inclinations of either Harriet or you. In the mean time, I think you will not be offended at what I propose, but will regard this as a gift coming from a son or a brother." * * *

It is unnecessary to quote the words of Arthur's letter further. It is enough for our purpose to say that the Shirleys were greatly pleased, rather than offended, by this mark of the young man's gratitude, and that, from this time forth, an idea perfectly in unison with that entertained by Arthur took possession of their minds. Nor did they conceal the circumstance from Harriet, who, whatever was the case with Mrs Shirley, had by no means forgotten, young as she was, the promise to poor Arthur. She was now about ten years of age, and, in accordance with the wish expressed in the preceding letter, her father devoted the money sent from India to the procuring of instructions for her, of a kind which the state of his circumstances, as well as a sense of what was due to the rest of his family, would have otherwise forbidden him to bestow on any one of his children. At the same time, being a man of sense and prudence, he took care not to treat the proposal of Arthur as a solemn and binding engagement, resolving to be guided in the affair by after-circumstances.

When other two years passed away, Arthur Carey transmitted to his friends a second sum for the continuation of Harriet's education. He had gained another step in the career to which he had devoted himself, and his emoluments were now still more considerable, enabling him to increase the amount of his inclosure to Mr Shirley. During the succeeding six years he repeated these transmissions of money every second year, being always, as he told his friends, better and better able to do so, from his advances in his profession. In the interval, Harriet Shirley had sprung up into a beautiful and accomplished woman. And what were her feelings now, the reader may ask, with regard to this somewhat remarkable engagement with Arthur Carey? The truth is, that for several years she had corresponded regularly with him, and by degrees their letters had become those of declared and attached lovers. Miniatures had been exchanged, and to Arthur the soft full blue eyes, light hair, and beautiful complexion of his mistress, were as well known as his own manly, embrowned features were to her. As the family refrained from unnecessarily speaking of the engagement of Harriet, she was not without admirers at home ere she reached nineteen, but, though gentle and flexible to a fault in disposition, she firmly and at once refused them, declaring her heart and hand already engaged. Her family were glad to see this, and Mr Shirley in particular, because he had had occasion more than once to reprove his daughter for her over-easy temperament, which, as he told her, was as likely to impair her happiness as the other extreme of obstinacy.

However, as has been said, Harriet remained unalterably faithful to the image of "poor cousin Arthur," and it was with blushing pride and pleasure that she placed in her father's hands a letter in which Arthur at length tenderly and respectfully entreated her to complete his happiness, and to come to him under the care of the bearer of the letter, who had gone to England for a single month's stay, and was about to return immediately to India. Arthur had hoped to come to England in person for his bride, but he afterwards found this impracticable, without serious detriment to his interests. The bearer of the letter was a Colonel Monson, a gentleman far advanced in years, who had promised to take care of Harriet (Arthur said) as a father would have done. Mr Shirley and his wife, and indeed their whole family, had been so long accustomed to look forward to the union of their daughter with Arthur Carey, that they had no other feeling on this occasion than a natural anxiety that Harriet should perform her destined voyage in safety and comfort. They entertained Colonel Monson for several days, and were pleased to receive from him assurances that every possible attention would be paid to Harriet on her route.

All was bustle and preparation in Mrs Shirley's household during the short month preceding her daughter's embarkation. At length the time came for the farewell. Mr Shirley alone attended Harriet and Colonel Monson to the port whence the Iris sailed. But the father, too, parted from his weeping girl, and then she was left alone. During the first days of the voyage she remained confined to her cabin, partly through a wish to compose her mind by solitude, and partly through the uneasy feelings incidental to a first trip at sea. She derived, in this situation, some comfort from the attentions of Mrs Watt, a middle-aged lady, whom Colonel Monson had introduced to her as the wife of an officer in his corps, who was about to rejoin her husband at Madras, after a visit to Britain. Harriet soon saw that Mrs Captain Watt was not a woman of refined breeding, but her society in such circumstances was nevertheless of some value.

When Harriet first made her appearance on deck, she was received by Colonel Monson with a degree of warmth and *empressement* which seemed to her greatly to exceed the occasion, but she attributed this merely to his kindly nature. However, as day after day passed away, the manner of the old colonel—for, though a hale man, he was considerably beyond the age of threescore—became more and more marked by the same officious attentiveness, so as by degrees to generate rather uneasy feelings in Harriet's mind. She observed, also, that Mrs Watt began to sound the praises of the colonel, and to boast of his wealth, and of the magnificent establishment he maintained or could maintain at Madras. Miss Shirley contented herself with turning a cold ear to these remarks, and giving them no answer. She could as yet scarcely believe that the suspicion which they gave rise to had any serious foundation, particularly as Colonel Monson knew so well the purpose for which she was now on her way to India. But she was ere long undeceived. To her pain and surprise the colonel one day took advantage of a moment when they were left alone, to make her an offer of his hand and fortune!

Harriet Shirley, it has been said, was of a nature rather deficient in firmness, but she could not disguise her anger and disgust at this communication. "Is it possible, sir," said she, "that you can be aware of the engagement which I am now going to India to fulfil, and yet address me in this manner?" "Engagement, Miss Shirley?" replied the colonel, "you cannot call it an engagement! You have never seen Mr Carey—you cannot be attached to him." "You are mistaken, sir, in *every* respect; and I hope that, since you are now aware of it, this will be the first and last time I shall be addressed on such a subject." With these words, Miss Shirley turned away, and retired to her cabin to reflect with pain on this disagreeable confirmation of her suspicions.

Alas! well would it have been for the peace of poor Harriet, had the firmness which she had shown on this occasion characterised her conduct permanently! Colonel Monson was not deterred from his purpose by what had passed. He repeated his addresses in the most pertinacious manner, till the peace of the young lady was completely overturned. When she avoided his sight, he made his subservient friend, Mrs Watt, urge his suit on the poor girl, till she was driven to a state of despair. She had no friend beside her, no one to give her counsel, no one to free her from this persecution. Among other modes of annoyance, Mrs Watt declared that the colonel would certainly destroy himself, if she continued to treat him with cruelty. This last argument had a direful effect on Harriet's mind. Her terrors were excited; she was kept in a

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state of perpetual alarm, and sleep became a stranger to her pillow. At length, when the vessel cast anchor at the Cape of Good Hope, Miss Shirley's fears and distress were brought to a climax, by the cry, one morning, of "a man overboard!" Mrs Watt rushed to her side. It was the colonel, she said; he had at last thrown himself overboard, as he had threatened to do. In reality, Miss Shirley soon afterwards saw him brought on deck, just rescued from the waters in time to save his life. We shall draw a veil over the particulars of the scene that followed. Impelled by persecution and terror, Miss Shirley became the wife of Colonel Monson at Cape Town, on the day on which the event happened which has now been related.

Had Harriet Shirley known at the time that Colonel Monson, before he threw himself overboard, had paid two men liberally to stand in readiness to pick him up, this sad affair might have ended otherwise. She *did* know of this mean and villanous artifice ere long afterwards, for the coarse and base agent of the colonel, Mrs Watt, scrupled not to avow that the scheme was of her suggestion, and one in which she prided herself in proportion to its success. We cannot describe what were Harriet's feelings on learning this, nor shall we attempt to depict her sufferings on the remainder of the voyage between the Cape and Madras. Let us hasten to the close of our story.

Arthur Carey waited and watched for the arrival of the Iris at Madras, with an eagerness and anxiety not to be described. As the appointed time drew near, his longings increased in ardour. Every leisure moment was spent in scanning the sea in the offing with his glass. On the very day which he had calculated upon, a ship—the Iris—did appear. Arthur lost not a moment in flying to the harbour. He threw himself into a boat, and was rowed to the vessel's side. With a heart beating with a thousand fond anticipations, he sprang upon deck. In an instant, out of all the throng there, his eye selected a well-known face. It was one pale as death. Arthur rushed forward. "Miss Shirley! Harriet!" he exclaimed, as with open arms he made his way towards her; but at the sound of her name she cast her eye hurriedly upon him, and, turning away, fell in a half-fainting state upon the bulwark of the ship. "Stop, sir," cried Colonel Monson, whom Arthur now saw as he reached Harriet's side; "this lady is not *now* Miss Shirley! She is *my wife!*"

The averted looks of Harriet had partly alarmed the young man, and Colonel Monson's words now came upon him with the effect of a stroke of lightning. The shock was more than his mind could bear. He reeled, and fell upon the deck. When he was raised and taken away, reason had fled for ever!

This is an "ower true tale." Harriet yet lives, and indeed is still a young woman; but she is old in misery—a wretched, broken-hearted creature. The man whom she really loved, though she was weak enough to permit herself to be betrayed into wedlock with another, is an inmate of an asylum for the insane.

CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

In consequence of the superior taste which is displayed in the ornamental designs in silk and other fabrics of continental manufacture, the British government a short time ago deputed William Dyce, Esq. to make a personal inquiry into the state of Schools of Design in Prussia, Bavaria, and France, with a view to the improvement of artistic education in this country. Mr Dyce having performed this honourable mission, has, at the solicitation of the House of Commons, laid his Report before the President of the Board of Trade, and it is now published as a parliamentary paper, for general information. We propose to give an abridged view of Mr Dyce's narrative and observations.

In Prussia, the elementary and ulterior instruction of artists forms a considerable department of the general education established throughout the country. Every encouragement is given to the children of the poor and middle classes to cultivate a taste for drawing, founded on the best models and the instruction of masters. There are two principal elementary schools, one at Berlin and the other at Dusseldorff, under the direction of the Royal Academies of these places. Besides these, there are twenty elementary schools of lesser importance in the provinces. These are open to all without restriction, and serve for the instruction of candidates for the higher schools of the academies. In these public academical drawing-schools there are taught, 1. Drawing from the antique, &c. 2. Modelling from the antique, &c. 3. Geometrical and architectural drawing. At the Royal Academy of Dusseldorff, besides an elementary class of this description on week days, there is a Sunday school after the termination of divine service, in which instruction is given gratuitously to the poorer classes. The pupils at these and similar schools are encouraged to proceed, and receive pecuniary assistance in their study of art, according as they show aptitude. Specimens of their work are forwarded to Berlin, and those who have distinguished themselves are rewarded with prizes, or, in remarkable cases, they receive pensions, to enable them to pursue their study at the metropolis. The expenses of the schools are defrayed partly by the government, and partly by universal and local subscription.

Besides this class of schools, there are two institutions at Berlin, the Gewerb Institut and the Bau Academie, both intended for instructing mechanics in various principles connected with their profession, and in some degree analogous to our Schools of Arts or Mechanics' Institutions. The Prussian government appears to be more desirous of cultivating the national taste by means of general instruction, than of rearing a mere body of designers, although that object is not neglected. The higher academies of art produce specimens of ornamental designs, which are dispersed among manufacturers, to guide them in the arrangement of their patterns. The system seems well adapted to a community in the infancy of intelligence and social privileges, and forms a solid foundation for future fame in all branches of the fine arts.

In Bavaria, the cultivation of every kind of ornamental and useful art receives the most liberal encouragement. The plan of public instruction which has been devised by his present majesty, consists of six sections, embracing—Purely scientific education; Purely popular education; Agricultural, combined with scientific education; Technical or Industrial, combined with scientific studies; and Technical, combined with popular instruction. Each of the six sections commences in an elementary grade, and, according to its nature and purpose, finds its termination in some one of the superior steps. In all the sections of instruction, and in every grade, the study of art occupies a prominent place. It is considered to be the duty of all schoolmasters, and of all public officers of the districts where the schools are, to encourage pupils, particularly those who show talent, to apply themselves to drawing of various kinds, and to explain to their parents its importance. In the Polytechnic schools, which are of a high grade, the course of instruction in drawing and designing is very complete, and on the soundest principles of exact science. Much is done to improve the general taste, by the constant exhibition of the finest models of art, both in painting and sculpture. Nuremberg and Munich abound in the finest monuments of taste and industrial art.

As respects the general cultivation of taste, and the advancement in scientific and artistic knowledge, both the Prussian and Bavarian routine of instruction is unexceptionable, but each fails in producing a body of individuals who are closely identified with that class of manufacturers of goods who require ornamental patterns. In France, the routine of instruction in art is more perfect than in other continental countries, as it includes that most important branch which bears directly on the designing of patterns for manufacturers. Of the various schools, elementary and academic, for cultivating pupils for the higher branches of art, it is unnecessary to extract any account, and we shall confine ourselves to that class of seminaries which we should call Schools of Design.

The principal school of this kind is at Lyons, the seat of the silk manufacture. All the students who enter the school commence as if they intended to become artists in the higher sense of the word, and it is not till they have completed their exercises in the drawing and painting of the human figure from the antique and the living model, that they are called upon to decide whether their future pursuits shall tend towards design for industry, or the production of works of fine art. This circumstance, among others, will account for the well-known fact, that the same individuals in France are frequently engaged in both pursuits. The order of study embraces an elementary class for principles No. 1 and 2, in which shadowing and the use of chalks are taught, class of drawing from casts, classes for drawing and painting figures, class of architecture and ornament, class for painting flowers in distemper and oil, classes of engraving and sculpture, and classes *de la mise en carte*, or the art of putting patterns on the cards for the Jacquard loom. The student of design for silk is occupied one year in the study of ancient ornament, arabesques, &c., during which he is exercised also in designing original compositions. The class of flower painting lasts for two years, and the class of the theory of manufacture an indefinite period. The same students are frequently, and indeed generally, in the two latter at the same time, as the two together constitute strictly the study of design for silk. The school is open from nine till two every day, from the 1st of November till the 31st of March, and from eight till one from the 1st April till the 31st of August, when a vacation of two months takes place. The mayor of Lyons nominates the pupils, giving always a preference to the children of merchants or manufacturers who are themselves destined to the manufacture of silk. The school has ten masters or professors, and its annual cost is 28,580 francs, of which 25,480 francs is allowed by the town of Lyons, and 3100 francs by the government.

Besides the branches of instruction given in the school, there are others connected with its main purpose taught in the same building. These are a course of anatomy applied to the arts, which is given every Thursday from three to four, in the saloon of the Museum of Natural History; and a course of practical geometry on Sunday, at one o'clock. The latter is conducted with open doors. Besides the school and these public lectures, there is a museum of pictures, antiquities, and casts of ancient sculpture, which is always open to the students, and to the public on Sunday and Thursday; a museum of natural history, and a library, are also accessible at certain times to the pupils of the school.

"On a review of the method of instruction adopted in the school of Lyons," says Mr Dyce in his Report, "so far as it is connected with manufacture, it appears to me to exhibit the true principle on which a school of design ought to be constituted, whether it confine itself to one branch of industry, or extend its operations over the whole field of ornamented manufacture. By the account I have given of it, the instruction will be observed to be twofold; one part relating to the general study of art, and the other to the process of manufacture to which art is to be applied; the latter naturally giving rise to what constitutes the ultimate purpose of the school; namely, the practice of the particular species of design which is adapted to the reproductive capabilities of the fabric. Thus it will be seen that the elements of the education of an industrial artist, which in the German system are divided among two or three separate schools, are here to be found united in one; that is to say, the relation of ornamental design to taste, and the principles of fine art, and its practical relation to manufacture, equally form the business of the school of Lyons."

The kind of instruction given at this school makes the study of the more elevated branches of art so common or of easy access, that there is much less pretension about French than English artists, for what many can do is of comparatively small esteem. It is considered no degradation in an artist to adopt pattern-drawing as a profession, because this pursuit is every whit as respectable as that of portrait or any other kind of painting, and is probably as well remunerated.

"The business of the pattern-designer and *metteur en carte* (putter of the design on the card) both in the same person, does not cease with the mere production of a drawing on paper; he also superintends its being set up and worked in the loom; and thus he is enabled to correct, to retouch (if I may be allowed the expression), and to finish his design. So complete is the co-operation between the designer and the pattern-weaver, that both may be said to be engaged about one object; the latter being an instrument in the hands of the former to accomplish a work of art, towards the production of which the labours of the designer really tend, a pattern wrought in silk, and not one sketched on paper.

There is no circumstance, indeed, in France, connected with the application of design, not merely to the silk manufacture, but to every branch of industry, that deserves more especial notice than the high estimation in which industrial artists are held, and the free and unrestrained exercise of their judgment and taste, which is consequently allowed to them in all matters over which their peculiar abilities ought properly to give them control. So entire is the confidence which the Lyonese manufacturer reposes in his designer, that I have been assured by the head of one of the principal houses there, that in many cases he did not see the patterns till they were produced in silk, being quite satisfied that in every matter where taste was concerned, the artist must know better than he. In short, a French pattern-designer is looked upon in his sphere precisely in the same light as a professor of fine art.

I am quite persuaded that if there is one cause more powerful than another which has contributed to retard, or which now presents an obstacle to the progress of taste in British manufacture, it is the degraded position which pattern-designers occupy—a position in which their talents find no scope for developement, and their taste and judgment as artists are set at nought. The mechanical business of copying, altering, or dovetailing patterns, already in some shape in the British or foreign market (which is all that a draftsman is now called upon to do), is neither lucrative, nor does it hold out the very smallest prospect of that kind of reputation and applause which French designers individually enjoy, and which every one knows is the most powerful motive for exertion with young artists; the consequence is, that if a youth of natural ability thinks he has any prospect whatever of succeeding in the higher walks of art, he will rather take his chance in this than submit to the thankless drudgery to which he is exposed as a pattern draftsman.

In Lyons, the commercial value of taste is reckoned so high, that when a young man displays remarkable powers, a house will admit him to a partnership, in order completely to monopolise his services. Even in general employment, a Lyonese pattern-designer in good practice realises as much as 10,000 francs per annum; which, considering the comparative value of money in Lyons and any town in England, must be reckoned a sum much beyond the conceptions of remuneration on the part of English manufacturers. But why is this? For this obvious reason: the French manufacturer incurs little or no expense for the purchase of foreign designs; he does not employ agents to obtain, at all hazards, a pattern of every new article that appears in the London or Paris market; he never suffers the loss (so frequent in this country) arising from his having manufactured the same pirated design simultaneously with three or four other houses; and therefore it is that he can afford to pay his artist highly. Though the sum he thus expends may appear large, the outlay on patterns in France is not greater than it is in England, if indeed it be so great. But the difference is this, that the money which in France is paid directly to the artist, is in England frittered away on expedients for superseding the employment of original designers;—expedients which, if law and honesty are to be taken into account, cannot be reckoned other than illegitimate, and which, if prudence, must, I fear, be thought

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very short-sighted, because the great bulk of patterns executed in England according to the present system, must inevitably want the stamp of novelty and originality, which is not only the great characteristic of the French, but is really the advantage which the French manufacturer gains by paying liberally for the assistance and judgment of highly educated artists."

Mr Dyce concludes by recommending the British government to introduce into the School of Design in Somerset House, certain kinds of apparatus connected with manufacturing industry, with the view of rendering the studies of the pupils more practical; but we should doubt whether this will have any powerful effect in improving the patterns of our various manufactures. In this country, generally, the public taste is defective, and there lies the foundation of our poor patterns in all branches of art. Improve taste by introducing elementary drawing into all our schools, let there be a free and constant exhibition of works of art, and let encouragement be given to artists and designers according to merit, without regard to rank or party interest, and we shall have little to fear for the improvement of our more elegant class of manufactures. In England, fashion is often led by very vulgar circumstances, and the designer, instead of improving upon, has to follow the taste, however absurd. In France, as we learn, they manage these things better. "Design for industry," says Mr Dyce, "is not an abstract thing; it is not the business of the designer to produce good patterns for any possible condition of manufacture, but, taking it as he finds it, to bring his cultivated taste to bear on its improvement. It is the fashion of each succeeding season that he has to deal with. The practice of French manufacturers in this respect seems to me worthy of being noticed. It is, I believe, considered by them that fashion is something more than the mere caprice of the moment; and though individuals of rank or of celebrity of some kind may for a time give a particular bias to the *mode*, yet that the current of taste in the ordinary matters of life has its origin in, and takes its direction from, the general character and habits of society. Hence they say, if we refer to the history of any past age, we shall find the records of its literature and its art, and the remains of its every-day appliances of life, all partaking of some common character or sentiment. Acting on this notion, the manufacturers of France make it their business to discern accurately the characteristics of the under-current of feeling to which fashion and its changes are supposed to be due, and by this means to keep pace with people's inclinations, and even to anticipate them. 'We know,' said one of the Lyonese manufacturers to me, 'that when the fashion of this year shall have run its course, every one will have a longing for something new; yet not absolutely new, but something to which the present mode naturally tends. That something which in the world of fashion is only an indefinite sentiment, in fact, a mere predisposition, we endeavour to render palpable, to give it a strongly pronounced character, and assign it a name.'"

COOKS AND COOKERY.

Some acute and discriminate philosopher has defined man to be a "cooking animal." The full force and accuracy of this definition may not be apparent at first sight, but a moment's consideration will satisfy any one upon the subject. We cannot call man exclusively a "speaking" animal, for the parrot and the starling share with him the endowment of articulated talk. We cannot term him *par excellence* a "reasoning" animal, for the elephant and the dog, not to speak of other creatures, exhibit well-marked degrees, at least, of the faculty of ratiocination. Nor can we style him a "house-building" animal, for birds inhabit tenements of their own erection, every whit as perfect as his. As little can we say that he is the only "clothes-wearing" being, for, admitting that neither shell-fish, nor the ordinary members of the ephemeral creation, make use of what may be properly called garments, there is at least one little insect, the clothes-moth, which makes for itself a dress of wool lined with silk, as dexterously as any tailor, and wears it as gracefully as any human exquisite.* So that, after all, the definition alluded to is by no means a joke, but, in reality, the most correct that could be given. No animated creature but man, as far as we are aware, cooks its food.

This great distinctive quality has been called abundantly into exercise by mankind, at all times since the beginning of the world. It may be imagined by some people that our luxurious age is peculiarly the age of cooks, but this is very far from being the case. The Greeks and Romans carried the niceties of the culinary art to a pitch exceeding any thing thought of even by the Udes or a Carême of our day. Could either of these famous moderns entertain a higher sense of the duties and dignity of a master of their art than the Greek head cook, who thus speaks in Athenæus? The passage is translated in D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

> I never enter in my kitchen, I!
> But sit apart, and in the cool direct;
> Observant of whate'er may pass within,
> The scullions' toil. I guide the mighty whole,
> Explore the causes, prophesy the dish.
> 'Tis thus I speak: "leave, leave that ponderous ham;
> Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame
> Beneath these lobster-patties; patient here,
> Fixed as a statue, skim, incessant skim.
> Steep well this small glociscus in its sauce,
> And boil that sea-dog in a cullender;
> This eel requires more salt and marjorum;
> Roast well that piece of kid on either side
> Equal; that sweet-bread boil not overmuch."
> 'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.
> And then no useless dish my table crowds;
> Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just!
> As in a concert instruments resound,
> My ordered dishes in their courses chime.

Some of the great Greek cooks, of the cast of the preceding gentleman, carried their art to such perfection that they were able to serve up a whole pig, *boiled* on one side, and *roasted* on the other; and *stuffed* besides, though without visible mark of the knife upon it. The inventor of this feat was cruel enough to keep the process secret for a whole year; at length it was revealed, that he had bled the animal to death by a very small wound under the shoulder, by which he had also extracted the entrails piecemeal; that he had forced the stuffing down the throat; and that by means of barley paste he had prevented the roasting on one side, having boiled it afterwards. It is said also of these Greek cooks, that, by their saltings, picklings, and fryings, they could actually make a turnip pass for any kind of fish or flesh they chose!

One ancient epicure, by name Philoxenus, made himself famous by habituating himself to the touch and taste of water scalding hot, that he might feel the less impediment in swallowing the hottest dishes. A congenial spirit appeared in the Roman Apicius, who made a voyage to Africa, in a time of tempest, merely because he had heard that the shrimps were larger there. Finding this to be a mistake, he turned his back on Africa with contempt.

We might greatly prolong our notices of ancient cookery and epicurism, but it is our wish to leave some space for matters of more modern date. In casting our eye downwards from antiquity, we light upon one peculiarly prominent culinary figure, the famous Vatel, cook to the great Prince of Condé. Vatel was a worthy professor of his art, and profoundly sensible of its dignity and importance. His death, as recorded by Madame Sevigné, is one of the finest touches of the (it would be almost cruel to say *mock*-) heroic, that ever was perpetuated by pen or press. Louis XIV. had gone to Chantilly to visit the Condé. Vatel—whom the acute Sevigné does not hesitate to term "a man eminently distinguished for taste, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a *state*," not to speak of a kitchen—Vatel was put upon his mettle. "The king (says Sevigné) arrived on Thursday night; the walk, and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquils, were just as they should be. Supper was served, but there was no roast meat at one or two of the tables, on account of Vatel's having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This affected his spirits, and he was heard to say several times, 'I have lost my fame! I cannot bear this disgrace!' 'My head is quite bewildered,' said he to Gourville. 'I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in giving orders. Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him; but the failure of the roast meat (which, however, did not happen at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five), was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the prince, who went directly to Vatel's apartment, and said to him, 'Every thing is extremely well conducted, Vatel; nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper.' 'Your highness's goodness,' replied he, 'overwhelms me; I am sensible that there was a deficiency of roast meat at two tables.' 'Not at all,' said the prince; 'do not perplex yourself, and all will go well.' Midnight came: the fireworks did not succeed; they were covered with a thick cloud; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel went round, and found every body asleep; he met one of the under-purveyors, who was just come in with only two loads of fish. 'What!' said he, 'is this all?' 'Yes, sir,' said the man, not knowing that Vatel had dispatched other people to all the sea-ports round. Vatel waited for some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his head grew distracted; he thought there was no more fish to be had; he flew to Gourville. 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot outlive this disgrace.' Gourville laughed at him; Vatel, however, went to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the third, in forcing the sword through his heart. At that instant the carriers arrived with the fish; Vatel was inquired after to distribute it; they ran to his apartment, knocked at the door, but received no answer; upon which they broke it open, and found him weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately dispatched to acquaint the prince with what had happened, who was like a man in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his majesty with an expression of great concern: it was considered as the consequence of too nice a sense of honour; some blamed, others praised him for his courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for more than five years, because he was aware that it would be attended with infinite trouble, and told the prince that he ought to have had but two tables, and not have been at the expense of so many, and declared he would never suffer him to do so again; but all this was too late for poor Vatel."

Here was indeed a man fit to be a *chef de cuisine*, as the French impressively call a culinary professor of the highest order. But more recent days have not been without his equals. "Two shall be named, pre-eminently great," Ude and Carême. Louis Eustache Ude, a Frenchman by birth, was "cook to the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France, subsequently to the Earl of Sefton, and, finally, steward to the Duke of York," as he himself tells us in his great work, entitled the "French Cook." The high value which he set upon his art may be partly gathered from the accredited story, that he left the service of the Earl of Sefton, because that nobleman's eldest son, Lord Molyneux, was said "to have *put salt* into a soup of his (the cook's) composition." "Cookery is an art (says Monsieur Ude) which requires much time, intelligence, and activity, to be acquired in perfection. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty. We see daily at concerts and *academies*, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line nothing but the most consummate experience can elevate a man to the rank of *chief professor*. What *science* demands more study than cookery? Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner! How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper!" In accordance with the spirit of these remarks, M. Ude is said to have told Sir Humphry Davy one day, "Ah, *Sromfredevi*, de Society of de Royal Institution shall not nevare be complet till dere is one chair of cookery."

Monsieur de Carême is a modern and living French cook, of perhaps still higher celebrity. He is of a house of cooks; one of his lineal ancestors, the founder of the family, having been cook to the convivial pope, Leo X.; by inventing a peculiar soup for whom, as a dish for Lent, he got the name of Jean de Carême (Jack-a-Lent). The descendant of Jack-a-Lent is *chef de cuisine* to the millionary Baron de Rothschild. As he grew up, his hereditary talents gradually developed themselves, and he became so greatly renowned over all Europe, that the Emperor of Russia and various other sovereigns sought his services. He accepted an offer from George IV., then regent, but remained only eight months in the English prince's household, declaring as he left it, according to report, that "it was a boorish establishment." He certainly did not quit England because due honour was not paid to his talents, for the great of London did not disdain to pay immense prices for his second-hand patties after they had made their appearance at the regent's table. Employed finally by the Baron de Rothschild (brother of the great London Rothschild), Carême received from him an allowance greater than monarchs could afford. Lady Morgan, in her "France in 1829–30," has become the recorder of this culinary artist's merits, and the fussy reverence, but slightly hid under a tone of exaggeration and banter, with which she speaks of him, is most amusing. The "immortal Carême," such "philosophers as Carême," a "man at the head of his class," this "extraordinary and celebrated person"—such are the appropriate terms which she employs in mentioning him. She was asked to Rothschild's to dinner. Previously to this time, "I had no experience," says she, "of the works of Carême. I had yet to judge (in his own words) of those meliorations in his art, produced by the 'intellectual faculties of a renowned practitioner.' I did not hear the announcement of dinner without emotion. To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in 'silver dews,' with chemical precision,

> 'On tepid clouds of rising steam,'

formed the basis of all. Every meat preserved its own natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure. With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag, divine as *they* are, never were more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême, for this specimen of the *intellectual perfection* of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilisation! On good cookery depends good health; on good health depends the permanence of a good organisation; and on these the whole excellence in the structure of human society.

As I was seated next to Monsieur Rothschild, I took occasion to insinuate, after the soup (for who would utter a word before?), that I was not wholly unworthy of a place at a table served by Carême, as I was already well acquainted, theoretically, with his merits. 'Ah, well,' said Monsieur Rothschild, laughing, 'he, on his side, has also relished your works, and here is a proof of it.' I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the fact; but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionery architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in sugar! Ye Quarterlys and Blackwoods, and thou, false and faithless Westminster! Ye who have never traced my proscribed name but in gall! think of 'Lady Morgan' in sugar!

All I could do under my triumphant emotion I did. I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist, and promised, should I ever again

* See Kirby and Spence, or Paley's Natural Theology (People's Edition, page 64).

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trouble the public with my idleness, to devote a tributary page to his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literary and culinary. [The cook had written a work on his science.] Carême was sent for after coffee, and was presented to me in the vestibule of the chateau by his master. He was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry; and when we had mutually complimented each other on our various works, he bowed himself out, and *got into his carriage*, which was waiting to take him to Paris."

This extract forms the climax of our article. It is impossible for us, by any further remarks or quotations, to place cooks and cookery in a more elevated light than has been here done by Lady Morgan, who has shown herself truly worthy of her great subject. So we leave the illustrious Carême to command the "aids of his staff," to loll in "his carriage," and to enjoy "his box at the opera," believing him to be, beyond question, superlatively worthy of all these luxuries. For the straggling character, generally, of these our anecdotes, the reader must pardon us, for we really had no other object in view at the outset than to string together a few such loose illustrations of "man as a cooking animal." We have merely to remark in conclusion, that that definition of man applies universally. All men cook, and enjoy cookery —the poor, as well as the employers of Udes and Carêmes. We never shall forget the earnestness and gusto with which an ancient shoemaker once on a time gave utterance to the following saying. He had married a woman who had long been cook in a wealthy family, and was asked by a friend soon after the nuptials how he was pleased with his spouse. "Eh, man," says he in reply, "she is a *prime* ane! Dashit, I believe she could make a *stew* out o' *bend-leather*, and a *hashie* out o' *insoles!*"

TRAITS OF LONGEVITY.

THERE are certain constitutions formed by nature so robust, with all the animal organs so perfect, that they endure to a great age, even in defiance of all rules of regimen. They can bear both excess and privation. A mode of living that would be too rich and stimulating for ordinary frames, only conduces to their perfect health and vigour, while out of poor materials their vigorous digestion can concoct a wholesome nourishment, on which weaker stomachs would be thrown into disease and atrophy. It does not follow from this, however, that a strict regimen is useless, or that excess to the generality of men is not highly injurious. A happily constituted temperament may be independent of rules, and may resist the effects of their infringement; while, on the other hand, the observance of rules of sobriety and moderation will have a decided and wonderful effect on those constitutions in which there are such weaknesses as produce the tendency to disease. Generally speaking, too, it will be found that the most perfect temperaments are less disposed to excess or irregularities than feebler ones. There is a happy condition of animal existence in which the enjoyment of health, of simple fare, and of the free air of heaven, are all the stimulants necessary, while a craving for undue excitement is too frequently the characteristic of an irregular physical as well as mental constitution.

The effect of regimen on health and longevity is no where more strikingly exhibited than in the celebrated example of Cornaro. Previous to detailing this case, however, it must be remarked, that Cornaro's constitution appears to have been naturally of a peculiar kind, so that the strict regimen which he practised is not intended to be held up as a model for all ordinary livers; his case affords, however, an instructive example of the effects of diet and regimen, both on the body and the mind, and in this view cannot be too frequently appealed to.

Lewis Cornaro was of a noble Venetian family, and was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. He appears originally to have been of an ardent, sanguine disposition, fond of pleasure and enjoyment, and of excitable passions. This temperament overhurried him into a career of dissipation and sensual enjoyment, which he pursued till his thirty-fifth year. About this period his constitution gave way; pains in his sides and stomach tormented him; symptoms of gout made their appearance, with irregular appetite, thirst, and a slow consuming fever. In this wretched condition he struggled on for some time, trying the effect of medicines without any benefit, while his constitution sank more and more, till at last his physicians declared that nothing could rescue him but a total change of his mode of life, and a rigid restriction of his diet and regimen. Cornaro had sufficient strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, at last to adopt this advice; he restricted his diet to the simplest fare, and took of this a very moderate allowance—renounced his irregular dissipated life—avoided excess of heat, cold, and extraordinary fatigue—took timely repose—and, in short, observed a strict and proper regimen. In a very short time he was astonished at the beneficial change which took place in his system, and in less than a year he found his health completely restored. He ever after most rigidly adhered to his spare diet, which amounted to twelve ounces in all daily, and consisted of bread, meat of the simplest kind, yolk of egg, and soup, with fourteen ounces of a mild wine. On this allowance he enjoyed perfect bodily health and vigour, and a freedom from all physical ailments. His mind, too, seemed to share in the beneficial regimen. His passions became less irritable his spirits more buoyant, and his judgment more cool and considerate. Not only did this regimen procure him the enjoyment of excellent health, but on two trying occasions it enabled him to sustain disasters which have proved fatal to many others. While a grievous and protracted lawsuit was carried on against him by powerful rivals, by which his patrimonial estate was imminently endangered, joined to the chagrin of being deprived of his nobility through the bad conduct of some of his relations, he remained cool and undisturbed till an honourable decision at last was given in his favour, whereas his brother and some other relations sank under the persecution and died. On another occasion, he was thrown from his carriage, and besides being much bruised, had his leg and arm dislocated. The most serious apprehensions for his life were entertained by his friends and physicians, and the most active treatment was urged upon him; but, confident in his own constitution, he would not even allow bleeding, or other evacuations, and by the most simple means recovered in a very short time.

"Moreover, it is known in what manner I pass my time so as not to find life a burthen, seeing I can contrive to spend every hour of it with the greatest delight and pleasure, having frequent opportunities of conversing with many honourable gentlemen. Then, when I cannot enjoy their conversation, I betake myself to the reading of some good book. When I have read as much as I like, I write, endeavouring in this as in every thing else to be of service to others to the utmost of my power.

At the same seasons every year I revisit some of the neighbouring cities, and see such of my friends as live there, taking the greatest pleasure in their company and conversation, and by their means I also enjoy the conversation of other men of parts who live in the same place, such as architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and husbandmen. But what delights me most in these journies, is the contemplation of the scenery and other beauties of the places I pass through."

At the age of seventy-eight, in compliance with the entreaties of his friends, he increased his allowance both of solid and liquid food by the addition of four ounces daily; even this slight change he found had such an effect upon him, that in eight days, from his usual cheerful active habits, he became peevish and melancholy, so that nothing could please him, and he was so strangely disposed, that he knew not what to say to others, or what to do with himself. On the twelfth day he was attacked with a most violent pain in the side, which continued for many hours, and was succeeded by a fever, which did not leave him for a month, rendering him restless and sleepless, and reducing him to a mere skeleton. After this he attempted no further change in his usual diet, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till his death.

Although he married early, he was pretty far advanced in years before a child was born to him. His anxious wish for a successor to his ample possessions was at last realised in the birth of a daughter. This, his only child, he lived to see become a matron, and die mother of eight sons and three daughters. It is delightful to read in the treatises which he has left to posterity the manner in which he passed his old age. He seems to have been one of those few beings especially favoured by heaven, and by his practice so worthy of its favour, as if in order to show to frail mortals what a beautiful thing a good life is even on this earth. Born in a genial climate, the possessor of an ample estate, of an active firm mind and cheerful temperament, a lover of his country, of his species, and of his God—rescued from a career of sinful folly, he had his life extended to one hundred years, and spent an active existence in the improvement of his estate, in services of the community, in the pleasures of literature, and in the bosom of his family—an old man, vigorous, cheerful, and playful to the last, among a happy group of playful grandchildren.

With all the excusable garrulity of an octogenarian, he thus tells us of his habits. "I will now give an account of my recreations, and the relish which I find at this stage of life, in order to convince the public that the state I have now attained to is by no means death, but real life; such a life as by many is deemed happy, since it abounds with all the happiness which can be enjoyed in this world. And this testimony they will give in the first place, because they see, and not without the greatest amazement, the good state of health and spirits which I enjoy—how I mount my horse without any assistance or advantage of situation, and how I not only ascend a single flight of stairs, but climb up a hill from bottom to top. Then how gay, pleasant, and good-humoured I am!—how free from every perturbation of mind, and every disagreeable thought!—the plains, the hills, the rivers, and fountains, amid which are situated many fine houses and gardens. Nor am I prevented from these enjoyments by any decay of my senses; they being all, thank God, in their highest perfection, particularly my palate, which now relishes better the simple fare I eat wherever I may be, than it formerly did the most delicate dishes when I led an irregular life."

But his enjoyments are not all personal or selfish; he enters warmly into the agricultural improvements of his country—the draining of marshes, and the melioration of the soil; and looks with anxious solicitude to the completion of extensive improvements of the port, as likely to contribute to the commercial welfare of the state, of whose interests he speaks with all the warmth and ardour of a true patriot.

Like all benignant characters, the playful innocence of youth had peculiar charms for him. He thus introduces us into his domestic evening circle:—"That no comfort might be wanting to the fulness of my years, whereby my great age may be rendered less irksome, or rather the number of my enjoyments increased, I have the additional comfort of seeing a kind of immortality in a succession of descendants; for as often as I return home, I find there before me, not one or two, but eleven grandchildren, the oldest of them eighteen, and the youngest two; all the offspring of one father and one mother—all blessed with the best of health—and, by what as yet appears, fond of learning, and of good parts and morals. Some of the youngest I always play with; and, indeed, children from three to five are only fit for play. Those above that age I make companions of; and as nature has bestowed very fine voices upon them, I amuse myself besides with seeing and hearing them sing and play on various instruments. Nay, I sing myself, as I have a better voice now, and a clearer and louder pipe, than at any other period of life. Such are the recreations of my old age."

Thus the good old man continued to enjoy life till he passed his hundredth year. He slept away without disease, or pain, or agony, in the spring of 1566.

The history of John Macalpin, a Highland drover, will form a good companion to that of Cornaro, as illustrative of the effects of temperance under a severer climate, and in a different station of life from that of the noble Italian.

John Macalpin was a native of Jura, one of the Hebridian islands. He lived to the age of 119 years, and retained all his faculties till his death, which took place in the year 1745. When a boy, he was rather of slow growth, and was affected with boils and eruptions of the skin. His father died and left him in comfortable circumstances at the age of eighteen. For some years the nature of his business led him into dissipated company, where he was accustomed to drink hard, sit up late, and lead an irregular life. This he continued till he was about twenty-four years of age, when, in leaping out of a boat, he fell, and struck his foot against the ground. The contusion degenerated into an ulcer, which continued, under neglect or bad treatment, to increase for two years. During this period he paid no regard to his diet, eating salt meat, fish, or any thing that came in the way, and drinking frequently to excess. The consequence was, that his constitution gave way, and the ulcer continued to increase. A medical friend to whom he applied, in order to compel him to give over his habits of life, took him to live at his house during the period of cure; and by enforcing a strict regimen to his patient, brought about a complete cure in the course of three months. Macalpin, on his return home, was so impressed with the beneficent effects of temperance, both for his comfort and health, that he ever afterwards practised it, and in consequence enjoyed uninterrupted good health for the remainder of his long life. As illustrative of local manners, it may not be uninteresting to give a detail of his mode of living.

It was the custom at that time over all the Highlands, and especially among the common people of the isles, to make but two meals a-day. They breakfasted about nine or ten in the morning, and supped about six or seven; this last being the principal meal. Macalpin followed this custom; he went to bed with the sun, and rose with the lark. If he went out as soon as he got up, and the morning appeared foggy, he generally ate a mouthful of bread, and no more till breakfast time. His constant breakfast was bread, butter, and cheese, or eggs, with gruel made of half water half milk. His supper was fish or flesh, for the most part boiled. The flesh was boiled with greens or roots, the soup of which was thickened with a little oatmeal, which he drank plentifully. His fish were generally boiled in as much water as simply covered them; this water was thickened into a soup with a little meal and milk, and eaten along with all white fish. His general rule was to rise from table with an appetite to eat more, and the liquids he used were always at least four times the quantity of the solids. If he used harder exercise at one time than another, he ate a little more than usual; but at no time did he go to excess, or eat of but one sort of food at a meal. He never drank water till it was previously boiled, and poured over a toast of bread or a little oatmeal, and afterwards allowed to cool. This he used for his constant drink between meals. His bread was for the most part made of barley meal, but he also ate oat cake when the others could not be procured. He never indulged in fermented liquors of any kind, except on two occasions during the year, and these were at the terms of Whitsunday and Martinmas, when he went to pay his rent to the landlord, and then only very sparingly. Drams he forswore; but if obliged to be long in the cold, or exposed to wet, he took the yolk of an egg, a little honey, and a glass of whisky mixed together, and drank it off; but this was only done on very rare occasions. He used no snuff or tobacco in any shape. He took a great deal of exercise, was of an active, cheerful, and intelligent mind, free from passion, but, when roused, was by no means devoid of proper manly courage. In general, his manner was mild and forbearing, and free of the irascibility of an excited temperament.

If at any time he felt his system in the least deranged, he had recourse to abstinence, and the pro-

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motion of a free perspiration; for the latter purpose he used at bed-time a warm drink composed of thin oatmeal flummery, sweetened with honey, to which was added a little butter. He wore the usual clothing of the country, a kilt or belted plaid, with a piece of flannel over the region of his stomach. In going out in the morning, he went through the first river or pool which came in his way, and thus continued all day with wet feet, very frequently till he went to bed. He remained to the last free from physical disease; but grief for some friends who fell in the battle of Culloden, was thought to have brought on his death, which he met with Christian fortitude and resignation, at the age of a hundred and nineteen years.

THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO.

Mr Wilde, from whose "Travels" we have already made several extracts, gives the following account of the slave-market at Cairo, which he visited after the mad-house:—

"We next visited the slave-market, which is here of great extent. It was remarkable that as a seller of bread sat at the gate of the mad-house, the shop adjoining the gate of the slave-market was occupied by a vender of koorbags, or Arab whips. Within was a large open court, surrounded by a number of small dark chambers, which rose in terraces around it; these contained the better class of slaves, who were all Abyssinian girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, with a yellowish olive complexion, long straight noses, handsome features, and particularly melting black eyes, the hair long and black, and the lips somewhat thicker than those of persons of a similar cast of countenance, which, naturally melancholy in this race, was rendered more so by their present sad condition. All were decently dressed, many decorated with silver anklets and bracelets, and some few had nose rings. Several were in tears, and all hung down their heads, and appeared ashamed of their degraded, hopeless situation, but brightened into a smile on our offering a few piasters. Most of these girls have been either kidnapped by the slave-dealers, or sold by their own friends for a few trinkets or glass beads; large quantities of the latter are manufactured in Europe and sent here in packages, several of which I met at Atfé. Their eyes were blackened like the Mahommedan females, and many were remarkable for their tall, light, and elegant figures.

In the centre of the court were arranged a number of mats, divided into compartments, on which were squatted whole families of negroes, principally from Nubia and Dongola, and who were for the most part captives, taken in war by some neighbouring tribes. The majority of these were females from eight to twelve years of age, who are purchased for household servants. Although nearly naked, the young Nubian had still the inherent love of decoration, and strings of blue beads adorned the necks of many who could not boast even a chemise. They were all tattooed in various places about the head and breast, each according to the manner of their tribe, and their woolly pates dressed in plats about the size of whip-cord, and well greased with rancid lard, which hung in bunches over both ears. These young creatures appeared perfectly unconscious of their state, and, as far as appearance went, were happy. In intermediate places sat the different slave merchants, Turks and Arabs; and Bedawees, stalking about in their Burnooses, and buyers, occasionally pointing out the slave they wished to purchase, who were called by the owner and carefully examined; if they had covering on, it was removed, and they were made to exhibit their shapes and paces like a horse at an auction mart. These young negresses can be purchased for from thirty to forty dollars; the Abyssinians go as high as a hundred. These slaves so soon adopt the manners and religion of their masters, that I have known a girl, when purchased by a Mahommedan, lift up her *only* covering to shade her face while following him from the slave-market!

During an early morning visit I witnessed a very extraordinary scene here; all the negresses, young and old, had ranged themselves round the walls of the upper terraces, and were greasing their bodies and heads, which shone lustrously in the warm sunshine; they reminded me of so many cormorants pluming themselves upon a rock after their evening's meal. As manual field labour is seldom or never accomplished by slaves in this country, there are few adult males brought down, and the boys are principally used as grooms and confidential servants. There is a white slave market, adjoining this, where Georgians and Circassians are kept, but no European is allowed to enter.

Having thus described an eastern slave-market, let us inquire what slavery is in the east. The very term is, no doubt, one from which human nature shrinks with repugnance; but it is not here 'the soul-debasing task-work of a servile bondage' as among Christian nations, and, apart from the miseries of separation from friends and country, it is an undoubted change to many for the *better*.

The worst part is the voyage down the Nile, or the passage across the desert, where they are subjected to much hardship and villany from the slave-dealers. Many of the male slaves in the east become officers, and rise to places of trust in the state, and numbers obtain their freedom in a few years. True it is that the master can kill his slave, but few are so foolish as to incur such a personal loss. They are far better fed, clothed, and taken care of, than free servants at Cairo, whom they despise and look upon as inferiors, often boasting, by saying 'they were slaves and not servants.' Less manual labour is required of them than of the freemen, and all are acquainted with the political importance a race of slaves now extinct once assumed in Egypt. As regards the female slaves, I before stated that the Nubians were all used as under-servants and attendants upon the ladies of the harem; but the Abyssinians, for whom, from their interesting appearance, and somewhat greater advance in civilisation, our sympathies would be more excited, are generally purchased as concubines, a state in the present condition of morality in Egypt often preferable to that of wife, who can divorce herself or be divorced for any trifle, while the other can demand or insist on a proper allowance. The children of these women are free, and they themselves are generally made so on the birth of the first-born, especially if it be a son; and numbers are married to their masters, and become not only the most affectionate, but the most faithful women in the community.

Compare this with Christian slavery—compare it likewise with the condition of those people in their native state, and we must acknowledge it an improvement of their condition. It was the slavery of the primitive Hebrew nations, allowed by Scripture, and practised by the patriarchs, but which refinement and Christianity, the well-being of society, and the respect which man owes his fellow, alike forbid."

An American lady, who has lately written a narrative of her journey in Egypt,* gives a similar description of the slave-market at Cairo, with the additional and characteristic particular, that whips made of the raw and thick hide of the hippopotamus are sold in the place for the convenience of slave-buyers. "The gentlemen (says she) purchased two or three bundles of them for the American market—for *riding whips*, however." This lady does not make a single remark, either of commiseration for the numbers of unhappy creatures of her own sex, and of all colours from pure white to pure black, whom she saw exposed for sale like cattle, or against the atrocity of slave-dealing generally. Her jocularity respecting the destination of the whips purchased by her countrymen, marks a low tone of sentiment.

THE EXILES.†

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the Market-place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of waggons, all laden with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these waggons, and the little waggoners, who by the bye were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognised immediately, burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the waggons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon), the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis XVI., king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Monsieur de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration; indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans (1793), what was the use of courtly refinements!

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman, might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France!

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, namely, gardener, footman, and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms, of snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started; the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," she said, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learned that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs Muller and her servants, and after six months had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. *We*, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now, we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but, oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word: she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after, he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks, and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the house-work than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naïveté*; "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and every where proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missis, him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

* Letters from the Old World, by a Lady. New York, 1840.

† From the French of Madame D'Aubrantes—as translated in the New York Mirror.

VALUE OF KEEPING SILENCE.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him and said nothing for a long while; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth, "Them's the jockies for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."—*Table Anecdotes.*

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE present law against cruelty to animals, which an effort is now making to extend to Scotland, is very defective, and, upon the whole, from laxity of administration, has been of little practical use in the object required. One of its most marked deficiencies is, that it affords no protection to any but domestic animals. You might torture a monkey, a bear, or any other foreign beast, or any wild animal, and the law could not interfere. This defect is strikingly manifested in the following occurrence, communicated to us by a gentleman resident in an English provincial town :—

"The case of cruelty to which I allude, occurred at one of the customary hirings for farm-servants, held recently in a country town in England, which had attracted, among many other disreputable characters, the keepers of three small caravans, containing a few of the more common wild animals, and some other 'sights.' About noon, when the town was most densely thronged by the people attending the fair, an individual attached to one of those caravans brought out into the market-place a young bear, and began to exhibit him in the midst of the crowd, and to torture him in a variety of cruel ways. He had, for example, a rope fastened round the neck of the bear, with which he pulled him from side to side, and round about, with great force and rudeness. The object of the man seemed not to exhibit any tricks which the bear was able to perform, but to show the bystanders the perfect command which he himself had over him. In short, he wished to make himself appear a very Amburgh before the country folks. At length he inflicted an act of torture upon the poor animal, at the sight of which I felt greatly enraged. He seized the bear (which was a small one, and apparently quite young) with both hands behind the two fore legs, and, lifting him up, held him suspended in the air so long as he was able to sustain his weight, when he dashed him to the ground with all his strength. This he repeated two or three times whilst I was present; and when the bear growled, as he occasionally did, at this treatment, he was rewarded with a kick or a cuff from his unfeeling master.

Indignant at this barbarous treatment of the poor bear, and knowing that a law existed for the preventing and punishing cruelty towards animals, but ignorant, at that time, of its details, I immediately began a search for the act of parliament, for the purpose of perusing it, determined to have the offender called upon to answer for his conduct before the municipal authorities, if I could legally do so. I found the act to be the 5th and 6th William IV. cap. 59, and that it contained the following section, under which I, in the first instance, imagined I should have been able to convict the master of the bear :—'That if any person shall, from and after the passing of this act, wantonly and cruelly beat, ill-treat, abuse, or torture any horse, mare, gelding, bull, ox, cow, heifer, steer, mule, ass, sheep, lamb, dog, or any other cattle or domestic animal, or if any person who shall drive any cattle or other animal, shall, by negligence or ill usage in the driving thereof, be the means whereby any mischief, damage, or injury, shall be done to any such cattle or other animal, every such offender, being convicted of any or either of the said offences before any one justice of the peace for the city, town, or county in which any such offence shall have been committed, shall for every such offence forfeit and pay (over and above the amount of the damage or injury (if any) done thereby, which damage or injury shall and may be ascertained and determined by such justice) such a sum of money not exceeding 40s., nor less than 5s., with costs, as to such justice shall seem meet; or the offender shall, in default of payment, be committed to the common jail or house of correction for the city, town, or county in which such offence shall have been committed, there to be imprisoned for any time not exceeding fourteen days.'

I made application to the mayor of the town, under this clause, for a summons to bring the offender before him, on the charge of cruelty which I meant to prefer against him. The mayor referred me to his town clerk to have the summons prepared; the latter, however, was of opinion, on reading over the above section of the act of parliament, that the mayor could not convict the master of the bear, inasmuch as a bear was not a *domestic* animal, and could not, therefore, come within the meaning of the words of the act—those words being, '*or* any other cattle or *domestic animal*.' In these circumstances I deemed it prudent to abandon the charge against the showman. The mayor, however, felt it his duty to see and reprimand him, and pointed out to him the extreme cruelty of the kind of treatment towards his bear of which he had been guilty."

Now, the defect or fault in the act of parliament in question consists in not affording to wild animals brought into this country and tamed, and exhibited for purposes of gain, any protection against unnecessary cruelty or torture of many kinds. The law, it is true, shields such animals against one species of torture, and that is *fighting* or *baiting* them, but from no other: they may be abused and ill treated in a thousand other ways, by unfeeling keepers, as was the poor bear in the case above related, and their persecutors shall go unpunished. Their friends are utterly unable to procure them any redress or protection from the law, as it now stands, however anxious they may be to befriend them. Surely this ought not to be. Whilst these animals roam at large in their own native wilds, they need no such protection, but in this country their condition is widely different. Here they live in an unnatural and artificial state, which must be sufficiently painful and irritating to them of itself; and, surely, for this reason, if for no other, they ought not to be denied that protection against unnecessary cruelty or harsh treatment which the laws of this country, in a spirit of merciful consideration and benevolence, have extended to every other domestic animal.

We subjoin the following abstract of the existing law: perhaps it may be the means of preventing cruelty in those cases in which it is found to apply. The attention of magistrates in England is respectfully drawn to the subject.

The act now in force for the prevention of cruelty to animals is the 5th and 6th William IV. chapter 59. It is entitled "An act to consolidate and amend the several laws relating to the cruel and improper treatment of animals, and the mischiefs arising from the driving of cattle, and to make other provisions in regard thereto."

The following is a short abstract of its principal provisions :—

1. The act 3 George IV. chapter 71, a former act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle, and so much of the 3d William IV. chapter 19, as made it penal to fight or bait bears or other animals in and about the metropolis, is repealed.

2. Any person wantonly and cruelly beating, ill treating, abusing, or torturing any horse, mare, gelding, bull, ox, cow, heifer, steer, calf, mule, ass, sheep, lamb, dog, or any other cattle or domestic animal, or improperly driving the same, whereby any mischief shall be done, shall, upon conviction before any one justice of the peace for the city, town, or county in which any such offence shall be committed, be fined in a sum of money not exceeding 40s., nor less than 5s., with costs, or, in default of payment thereof, be committed to prison for a term not exceeding fourteen days.

3. Persons keeping pits, houses, or grounds, for the purpose of running, baiting, or fighting any bull, bear, badger, dog, or other animal (whether of domestic or wild nature or kind), or for cock-fighting, to be liable in a penalty not exceeding L.5, nor less than 10s., for every day in which they shall so use any such pit, &c. for any of these purposes. The person who shall be the manager of such pit, &c., or who shall receive any money for the admission of any person thereto, to be deemed the keeper thereof.

4. Parties impounding cattle to provide them with sufficient food; and they are empowered to recover from the owner thereof double the full value of the food so supplied to them, before a justice of the peace within whose jurisdiction such cattle shall have been impounded.

Section 8 requires that horses, intended for slaughter, be slaughtered within three days after purchase, and in the meantime to be provided with food.

The remainder of the act, which it is not necessary to notice at length, provides for the more easy and effectual apprehension of offenders against its provisions. Any constable, or any other peace-officer, is authorised and required to seize and apprehend an offender, and take him before a justice of the peace within whose jurisdiction the offence is committed, without any other authority or warrant than the information laid by some individual (who is required to give his name) of the offence having been committed.

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.
Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee;
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,
And none but the guilty should mourn over me.
And yet I *must* wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
To calm thee, I stifle my tears for a while;
But thou smilest in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
And oh! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I press'd thee
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had bless'd thee,
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name!
But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee,
Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee!

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all, but the God of the Orphan, forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
Yet lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
O, God of the Fatherless! pity my child!

—*Readings in Poetry.*

MR ABERNETHY—ANECDOTES.

THE late Mr Abernethy, whose eccentricities as a surgeon in London are well known, often amused his class of medical students with anecdotes bearing on the subjects of his lectures. One day, "in speaking of the mode of reducing dislocations of the jaw, Abernethy observed, 'Be it known to you, people who have once dislocated the jaw, are very often likely to do it again. There was a major in the army, who had the misfortune of frequently dislocating his jaw, and it was an infirmity he cared very little about, for he was generally moving about with his regiment, and when he put it out, the regimental surgeon put it in again. But it happened that on one occasion he was fourteen or fifteen miles from where the regiment was quartered, dining with a gentleman, and being rather merry after dinner, laughing heartily, his jaw slipped out; his mouth, of course, remained wide open, and it was impossible to close it while the condyles remained out of their sockets. Not being able to close his mouth, articulation was impossible. Well, but he made an inarticulate noise, and the host being surprised, considered that there was something wrong with him, and sent for a medical man, residing in the neighbourhood, whom, if you please, we will call, for the present, the village apothecary. The apothecary made his appearance, looking as grave as any Methodist parson, and after examining the poor major, pronounced, in an oracular tone, that there was something the matter with him, and that there was something the matter with the jaw; and that, in fact, it was dislocated; and, accordingly, he began to *pull* the jaw, for the purpose of putting it in its proper place. The officer, knowing the simplicity of the operation, and how it ought to be done, was so enraged that a man should be so presumptuous as to put a pestle and mortar over his door, and yet not know how to reduce a simple dislocation of the jaw, that he vented his rage in a most furious, but in a very inarticulate manner. The learned apothecary took it into his head that the infuriated major was mad; and, in faith, it was very nearly being verified, for Mr Pestle's suggestion put the major into a terrible rage, which actually confirmed the apothecary in his opinion. He therefore threw him down, put a strait waistcoat on him, and left him lying on his back, and then sent him some cooling draughts, and some lotion for the jaw, which was to be applied in due season. The major then found that there was nothing for him but submission. After some time had elapsed, he made signs for pen, ink, and paper; and as these were instruments which it was supposed he could not much injure himself with, they were furnished to him; and when he got them, he wrote on the paper just these words: "For God's sake, send, with all possible speed, to Mr So-and-so, surgeon to the regiment." Well, that was considered a very reasonable request, and therefore they sent off a man on horseback, immediately, for the surgeon. The surgeon came, took off the blister which the sapient apothecary had applied, threw the lotion out of the window, undid the strait waistcoat in which the major was incarcerated, warmed his hands, introduced his two thumbs to the back of each side of the lower jaw, pressed down the condyles, and at the same time elevating the angle of the inferior maxillary bone, the jaw slipped into its socket. So much for the major, the apothecary, and the regimental surgeon.'"

On another occasion, "speaking of the effects of bleeding in removing temporary fits of mental derangement, he related the following case; loud fits of laughter following its narration :—

'A gentleman of fortune residing in Portland Place fell in love with the late Princess Charlotte of Wales; and so earnest was he to obtain her in marriage, that he became insane. His family and friends became alarmed for his personal safety; and fearful lest he should commit suicide, placed him under the care of a physician, who directed, without loss of time, that he should be freely blooded. To this, after repeated attempts, he refused to accede. However, a pupil of one of the physicians hearing of the circumstance, hit upon an expedient, and engaged to bleed the patient. The plan was contrived, and the patient was introduced to the young gentleman, who stated that he was the bearer of a message from the princess, and requested to see Mr —— in private. No sooner was this information received, than the pupil was shown into the drawing-room. The door was cautiously shut, and the patient with great earnestness requested the stranger to divulge, without loss of time, what message he had to communicate from the princess. "Why, you must know, sir," said he, "that we must be particularly cautious. I am deputed by the Princess Charlotte to inform you that she would give you her hand in marriage, but she is prohibited from so doing in consequence of the king her father having been informed that you possess white blood in your veins instead of red." "Good God!" exclaimed the patient, "if that be the case, pray let me be bled instantly, that her royal highness may be convinced to the contrary." And the pupil did bleed him, until he nearly laid him prostrate on the floor; and in a few days the patient had recovered, and his delusion of course left him.'"—*From "Physic and Physicians," a work lately published.*

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A FEW THOUGHTS ON HISTORY.

HISTORICAL compositions are usually of two kinds. The first kind are the productions of individuals who have been concerned in the events, or who at least have lived during the time when the events were transacting, and for these reasons suppose themselves competent to give a faithful report of what passed. To this department belong such works as Sully's Memoirs, Burnet's History of his Own Time, and Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II. The second kind are narratives compiled from such original works as the above, with the assistance of other documents, and usually aiming either at an elegant and entertaining picture of the times, or at a philosophical view of human passions and motives, and of political and social maxims, as they chance to be illustrated, or to be supposed to be illustrated, by the series of transactions adopted for a subject. Of this class are the well-known histories of Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, and many others. History may be, in the one case, said to be original; in the other, to be derived.

If any one were proposing to inquire how far history of any kind is entitled to the faith of its readers, he would probably be disposed to pass original memoirs with very light investigation, as supposing that what men saw with their own eyes, or were intimately connected with, could not fail to be faithfully described by them. Here, however, there is reason to fear that he would find himself far wrong. The chances of misrepresentation appear to be nearly as great in original, as in derived history.

Most readers will remember an anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh, which, nevertheless, we shall repeat from memory. It represents Sir Walter as sitting in his apartment in the Tower, engaged in the compilation of his History of the World, when suddenly a brawl took place under his windows. Presently after, a gentleman entered and gave him an account of the turmoil, which the historian did not think by any means consonant with the truth. Soon after, another gentleman entered, and gave still a different, but, as Sir Walter thought, equally untrue version. Raleigh was confounded, and had nearly laid aside his task in despair, "for," said he, "when two persons so erroneously report a trivial incident which has taken place within the last hour, how should I hope to give a just account of transactions, many of which took place three thousand years ago?"

This anecdote may be true or not; but it would not be difficult to show that it is at least consistent with nature. The Duke of Sully relates one to the same purpose. After the battle of Aumale, Henry IV., being slightly wounded, retired to bed at Neufchâtel, and, calling some of his officers around him, led them to converse familiarly respecting the dangers of that day; "upon which," says Sully, "I observed as something very extraordinary, that, amongst us all who were in the chamber, there were not two who agreed in the recital of the most particular circumstances of the action." Hereupon the translator remarks, that, although there are a great number of writers and even contemporaries, who have treated of the military exploits described by Sully, no two could be found agreeing exactly in their descriptions. The same discrepancy is found in the various accounts which have been given, by parties concerned, of the flight of the royal family of France in June 1791. All of these differ considerably. Even being on different sides of the king's carriage when he stepped into it, seems to have produced irreconcileable differences in the ideas of parties as to what took place. But it is needless to multiply instances. Every one who has ever seen a written account of any thing which he happened to witness or be concerned in, must have remarked that it contained statements, if not absolutely contrary to what he thought true, at least very considerably different from the representations which *he* would have given.

These differences are in some measure a result of the different point of view from which each particular individual beholds any thing that is going on, as philosophers tell us that the rainbow is different to every one beholding it, since the sun's rays are not refracted, in the eyes of any two persons, exactly in the same angle. There may be such differences, and yet the result will in the main be the same—as a rainbow must be upon the whole a rainbow to all who stand near one particular spot. But it may be otherwise. The discrepancies may be in essential points, such as give a totally different turn to the matter in question. And we are as yet supposing the witnesses to be all alike qualified to bear faithful witness. But they may chance to be prejudiced, or corrupted, or interested in giving a particular view of the event, or some of them may be of weak understanding, or at least of little power of observation; and then of course the differences from each other, and the variance of all from truth, must be much greater. The chance of such variances is increased in proportion as the event is removed from a simple incident, and assumes the character of a series of complicated political movements. We have only to consider how different are the accounts given every day by party writers, of events passing before our eyes, in order to be assured of the extreme infirmity of all such evidence.

In the composition of derived history, there is an opportunity of weighing the statements of original history against each other, and rejecting those which appear least credible, or which can by these means be proved to be false. Writing, too, at a cool distance from the events, a philosophical mind is enabled to rise above prejudiced views of the characters of individuals and of actions. But here the advantages stop. For his facts, the writer of derived history is still much at the mercy of the original authors. In his selection, he may, in rejecting the least probable, be choosing only the least true, for the true and probable, it is acknowledged, are not always one. In truth, if a selection is to be conducted on the principle of comparative credibility, we know well that the writer must often go wrong. Then, distant as he is from the events, he has also his prejudices, moral and political. These both affect his selection of facts, and introduce a strain of sentiment which may greatly affect the verity of his picture. The history of Greece, for example, has been written by Mitford and Gillies, both of them honest men, but the one of aristocratic and the other of democratic tendencies. Accordingly, in Mitford's narrative, all the greatness of Greece is ascribed to the occasional preponderance of aristocratic principles; while in that of Dr Gillies, the very opposite conclusions are arrived at.

There is another source of abundant error in derived history. Where, as is generally the case, an effort is made to form a smooth and flowing narrative, in elegant modern phraseology, the events, characters, transactions, and features of the time, all suffer a kind of translation or paraphrase, which greatly alters their character, and in many instances is attended with the effect of both suppressing the true and creating the false. No one who has not compared the elegant and sprightly historical narratives of the last and present age with the simple and homely chronicles from which they have mostly been compiled, could form any adequate idea of the perversion which history is thus made to suffer. Sometimes a bare and rigid fact is amplified, as it were a skeleton clothed with flesh and blood. Sometimes new facts are imagined and added, in order that the only one for which there is authority may tell a little better. There is a great deal of rounding off and polishing down to make all fair, straight, and fluent. Carelessness also has its effect in bringing about alterations. Even in the change from the homely expressions of an early age to those suitable to the times of the writer, the real character of the events is falsified. We shall adduce some examples, to make our meaning plain.

In Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, the following anecdote respecting King Robert Bruce's expedition in Ireland occurs:—"One morning, the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have riskod a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favoured his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. 'What is the matter?' said the king; and he was informed by his attendants that a poor woman, a laundress, or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages or means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire. 'Ah, gentlemen,' he said, 'let it never be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians! In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler, rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating.'

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt."

So writes Sir Walter Scott. Barbour, in his heroic poem of "the Bruce," relates the story differently. Divested of the metrical form and of antiquated spelling, his account is as follows:—"There [Limerick] they lay two or three days, and then prepared again to fare [march]. And when they were all ready, the king heard a woman cry. He asked in haste what that was. 'It is the lavender, sir,' said one, 'who has just now taken her child-ill, and must be left behind us. Therefore it is she makes yon evil cheer.' The king said, 'Certes it were a pity that she should be left in that point, for I trow there is no man would not rue [have compassion on] a woman then.' He there arrested all his host, and garred a tent be soon stented; and garred her gang in hastily, and bade other women to be by her, while she was delivered; and then rode forth on his way. And before he went forth, he ordered how she should be carried [afterwards]. This

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was a full great courtesy, that such a king, and so mighty, garred his men dwell in this manner, but for a poor lavender. Again northward they took their way, through all Ireland," &c.

Will it readily be believed that for the first of these stories there is not a vestige of ground in ancient narrative or chronicle, besides the circumstances narrated by Barbour? The danger incurred by stopping, the fear of the woman that if left behind she would fall into the hands of the cruel Irish, the fine look of the king and the fire which flashed from his eyes, his appeal to his officers, his resolution to risk a battle, and the happy result which after all attended his delay, are all imaginary—not to speak of the liberty which has been taken in representing the infant as already born. The old historian only expresses his surprise, natural to a man in that age, that a great king should have put himself to a little trouble on account of a poor serving-woman; but the modern historian, unable to content himself with this simple, natural, and pleasing case, must imagine new circumstances to make it tell on his own sentimental age. We do not quarrel with Sir Walter for his way of narrating the story; we acknowledge, on the contrary, that he has made it very interesting; but it is fiction, and not history, or at least what history is usually understood to be.

An elaborate inquiry instituted a few years ago by Mr George Brodie into Hume's History, brought to light a number of remarkable departures from truth in that work, partly perhaps the result of prejudice, partly of carelessness, and partly of a desire for effect, the peculiar sin of modern writers of almost all kinds. We shall not occupy the attention of our readers with many instances. Respecting the conclusion of the life of Charles I., the historian says, "Every night from his sentence till his death, the king slept sound as usual, though the noise of the workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for the execution, *continually resounded in his ears*." Now, the scaffold was erected at Whitehall, and it would have been necessary for the king to be lodged in that palace in order to hear these preparations making. The fact, however, is, that he lodged at St James's Palace, and did not come to Whitehall till the morning of the day of his execution. The truth is stated explicitly by Herbert, the king's attendant, in his Memoirs; which, of course, are a good authority. But Mr Hume chose to overlook this, and adopt the striking circumstance of the noise in the king's ears from Clement Walker, a much inferior authority, who certainly states it, but in the very next page contradicts it, by saying that the king walked from St James's to Whitehall *that morning*. Mr Brodie examined the copy of Herbert in the Advocates' Library, and recognised Mr Hume's pencil mark at this very passage; so that he must have been perfectly aware how the fact stood.

Mr Hume represents Charles II., while concealed in the oak at Boscobel, as seeing several soldiers pass by, all of them intent in search of him, and many of whom "expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him." Accordingly, the sign of the Royal Oak invariably exhibits several soldiers riding about close under the tree. The historian also represents Charles as sitting in the oak for twenty-four hours. If we are to believe the king's own narrative, he was concealed in the tree only from the early part of a day till the evening; had a companion and provisions, which Hume does not advert to; and only saw soldiers at a considerable distance searching the wood for persons escaped from the battle, and probably with no particular idea of the king in their heads. This part of Mr Hume's narrative betrays marks of great negligence, at the same time that a love of the marvellous has induced him to add some circumstances which had no existence in reality. Many of the other striking points in history, which, either from reading them or from seeing them frequently depicted by artists, we have had strongly impressed on our minds, are grounded probably on no better foundation. The parting of Louis XVI. from his family is a historical tableau, more deeply impressed perhaps on the public mind than any other event of modern history. Strange to say, no such parting took place. The Duchess D'Angouleme herself states, that, her mother having, the night before the execution, asked to be allowed to see the king again, with the children, next morning, he consented, but afterwards requested that they might not be permitted to return, as their presence afflicted him too much. This scene, therefore, which, as the Edinburgh Review remarks, "has been handled both in prose and verse, and represented in all sizes of pictures," turns out to be a fiction.

No points in history are more impressive than *mots*, or remarkable expressions, which have dropped from the mouths of great personages on particular occasions. But we fear that very few of these would look so well as they now do, if particular inquiry were made respecting them. Philip of Valois, flying from the battle of Cressy, and arriving before the closed gates of the castle of Braye, exclaims (in history), "Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est la fortune de la France!" [Open, open, to the fortunes of France.] This sounds well, for the dullest understanding is alive to the feeling under which the king appears to have embodied in his single person the depressed fortunes of his country. But when we turn to the first copies of Froissart, the original narrator of the incident, what do we find? Only the tame but natural exclamation of the king, "Ouvrez, ouvrez; c'est l'infortuné roi de la France." [Open, open; 'tis the unfortunate king of France.] According to all histories, Francis I. wrote to his mother from the field of Pavia, "All is lost but honour." It happens that the letter which the king really wrote on that occasion is preserved; and in it, after an account of the battle, he is found to say, "With regard to the remaining details of my misfortune, honour and life, which is safe, are all that are left to me. To know this will be some consolation in your adversity, and therefore I have begged permission [from his captor the emperor Charles] to write to you this letter," &c. It thus appears, that, instead of the pithy dispatch said to have been sent off from the battle-field, the French monarch wrote, in prison and by permission, a pretty long letter, in which the idea certainly occurs, but so accompanied, that its effect, as the quick outburst of a regal spirit in sudden adversity, is totally lost.

To take another example from French history—Henry IV., usually called The Great, is said to have written the following pithy sentence to one of his bravest nobles, after the battle of Arques:—"Hang thyself, brave Crillon; we have fought, and thou wert not there!" Now, various letters from Henry to Crillon are extant, and the expression "hang yourself" does occur in one of them; but that one was written long before the battle of Arques. Henry wrote it when carrying on the siege of Amiens. "Brave Crillon," says he, "hang yourself for not having been with me on Monday last, on one of the finest occasions which ever was seen, or probably ever will be seen. The enemy sallied out very furiously, and retreated very shamefully," &c. The letter goes on in the same style for some length. The force of the *mot* is thus sadly diminished when one reads the original, but still more is its point curtailed, when we learn that Henry was in the habit of saying "Hang yourself" to every body. It was an expression continually in his mouth, and appears in numbers of his letters to Biron, Haramburc, and others of his intimates.

These, we think, are curious proofs of the misrepresentation to which events and circumstances are liable when they are reported either by persons concerned, or by those who write afterwards from original authorities. They might easily be multiplied: and we might further advert to the doubts which a little inquiry threw on the popular history of Richard III.; the cutting of eight centuries and some fifty kings from Scottish history by Innes and Pinkerton; and the more recent labours of Niebuhr, by which the early monarchy of Rome, with the laws of Romulus, and a great many other things, have been transferred from the region of the historical to that of the mythic or fabulous. It is evident that there is great reason to doubt all history which has not been rigidly inquired into; but even after all practicable inquiry has been made, there must remain great room for doubt, for it does not seem to be in human nature to give a strictly just and true account of the most familiar circumstances. It is, indeed, probable that *not one fact is the whole range of history, original and derived, is truly stated.*

Are we, from this, to argue that history is altogether useless? No, certainly. But it seems proper that the prevailing opinions respecting its utility should receive a little correction. The veneration which describes it as philosophy teaching by examples, would need to be somewhat cooled. Philosophical history has been thus described by an able hand:—"The other plan is far more comprehensive and ambitious—professing not only to make a selection of the facts most worthy to be recorded, by abridging some and dwelling at length on others, but also to pass an authoritative judgment on the wisdom or folly, the merit or demerit, of all the acts and actors with which it is conversant—to trace memorable events back to their causes, and forward to their consequences—to furnish, in short, not only a true account of the facts as they occurred, but a satisfactory theory of their connection and mutual dependency, and thus to teach far more of their true character and value than was probably known to those who produced them," &c. To think of all this being done, when, so far from a correct appreciation of motives being attainable, the simplest matters of fact cannot be found stated by any two persons in the same way! We fear the views of learned persons on this point have been a good deal overstrained; and, indeed, the world at large may be said to affirm our remark, for the dictates of this philosophical monitor are practically disregarded, or, if ever referred to, seem to different minds to sanction opposite kinds of conduct. We question if a single tolerably authentic instance could be pointed out, of one series of transactions, as recorded in history, proving the means of actuating the leading men in any other series, to the advantage of the community; while instances of their acting in apparent contradiction to the lessons, as they are called, of history, occur every day. If we were to regard history as an effort merely to satisfy curiosity respecting what has gone before, or to contribute towards that enlargement of the mind which information produces, we should be coming nearer the real measure of its utility. Beyond this, it seems to us only to entertain, which was its first object—as is expressed by old Barbour:

> "Stories to read are delectable,
> Suppose that they be nought but fable"—

for which end it matters little whether the writer should take the better half of his facts from his own fancy, or "tell the tale as 'twas told to him."

RUSSEL'S AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

Mr Russel, a young man engaged in mercantile pursuits, having in the course of last year visited the principal ports in the Australian colonies, has on his return published a small and unpretending volume descriptive of what he actually saw and learned at the different places during his stay.* So many books of questionable veracity have been lately written respecting these colonies in connection with emigration, that we should certainly have avoided noticing Mr Russel's production, if we had not some assurance, from a personal knowledge of the author, that his statements may be relied upon as correct, and are therefore of that nature which it may be advantageous to make widely known.

The first place to which the writer proceeded was Adelaide in South Australia, and his account of that town and its neighbourhood, as will be seen from the extracts which we shall present, is in every respect corroborative of the statements which we were lately enabled to lay before our readers on the subject.

The vessel having arrived in Holdfast Bay, on the 31st of March 1839, a party of emigrants put off for shore, with the captain, making for a landing-place pointed out to them at Glenelg, by some morning visitors. "On getting near the shore, we had smoother water, till our boat grounded, and our sailors carried us over the surf to the beach on their backs: the first ground we now touched, after being a hundred and thirty days at sea. Here were some people employed in carrying sheep on shore through the surge, from the long-boat of a vessel just arrived from Van Dieman's Land. They had much difficulty in keeping these sheep from drinking of the salt water; this, by carelessness, often proves fatal to them; the beach was strewed with many carcases. On crossing a ridge of sand-hills, we came to a small house, beside a few sheep or cattle folds, for the accommodation of those landed here. After getting proper directions, we started for Adelaide, passing along an extensive plain, finely interspersed with trees, and presenting altogether a beautiful scene, but for the very sandy and parched look of the soil, with the grass so very thinly set on these sandy flats. Along this path lay many carcases of sheep, on which the carrion crow, with his peculiar glossy skin, and incessant croak, was feasting. The day was very hot, and our long want of exercise in walking rendered it rather more oppressive than we could have expected. At half way there is, as is common in older countries, a house for the accommodation of travellers, as the sign-boards are wont to read. Paid here 3s. for each bottle of porter. This we did not grudge, considering that we had seen none for some time. There was a very neat brick house getting up for better accommodation than the present one, which is quite a primitive looking affair.

As the different novelties presented themselves at every step, our party began to separate, each according to his own fancy, some taking great pains to ascertain the nature of the soil, others to gather the exotics, whilst others, more sanguinary, waged war with all and sundry of the feathered tribe, every shot sending its echo rumbling again on the ear of those hastening forwards to the city of Adelaide. In our progress we met a very communicative and pleasant person, who put us in possession of as much information regarding the settlement, as it is called, and its inhabitants, up to the present time, as could have been gleaned from a whole file of newspapers. Such sort of persons are truly invaluable. We also met accidentally with the emigration agent, who gave us what official information was necessary for land-order holders, and their work-people, how to proceed, and shortly reached Emigration Square, a number of wooden houses, put up for the reception of the commissioners' emigrants, where they remain till employment is given them; if by the commissioners, it is at a lower rate of wages than is given by private individuals. At this time, from the number of recent arrivals, it was full; and in conversation with one of them, we learned that great discontent was exhibited amongst them, arising from (as he said) the inducement held out to them before leaving Britain, of comforts awaiting their arrival, which had not been realised; besides, sickness, then existing among them, unfortunately tended to increase the disappointment; diarrhœa and ophthalmia frequently affect the newly-arrived colonist, the former caused by a free use of the water, and the latter from the reflection of the sand."

Speaking of Adelaide and its inhabitants, Mr Russel observes, "There are some very good inns in the town of Adelaide, having their sleeping-rooms generally apart from the public ones altogether; which is an excellent arrangement. There is one inn here deservedly well supported by visitors, from the style of conducting it, *a la Parisienne*, the lady gracing the head of the table; its looking-glasses and lamps, &c., giving it much the

* A Tour through the Australian Colonies in 1839. By A. Russel. Glasgow, 1840.

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appearance of the *cafés* in Paris. A great deal of information is to be gathered here on an evening from those who frequent it, of what is going on in sales, purchases, surveys, &c. There are also some extensive shops and stores, which, from the influx of strangers, present a business-like stir. Several individual instances of prosperity have already shown themselves, by attending to the advice of making hay while the sun shines. I wish I could add truly, *growing hay*, or any thing else, for the comfort of many others."

The most extraordinary circumstances connected with the town are, that it is situated about five miles from the sea-shore, and that this sea-shore is unapproachable by vessels, so that the landing of both goods and passengers is attended with the greatest difficulty and expense. It would seem as if the very worst spot on the whole line of coast had been selected for the capital of the infant colony. Speaking of the creek in which the landing is performed, Mr Russel observes, "The banks of this creek up from the anchorage to the port, a distance of about five miles, extend with muddy surface near to mid-channel in some places, making it rather difficult to navigate a ship's boat, although pilots take up craft drawing much more water. On these banks are great numbers of teal, wild-ducks, &c., all affording excellent opportunities for the sportsman, but for the difficulty of obtaining them after being killed. We grounded on a sandy shoal which lies near to the wharf, and got carried out as before to the bank, which runs down to this shoal, getting dry at low water. Here goods of every description lay waiting conveyance up to town, furniture, provisions, agricultural implements, carts, carriages, boxes and barrels, all in a heap, the owners having brought out these necessaries on the faith of having plenty of good surveyed land ready to choose from, and there convey such stock and stores at once; but how different is the case at present!"

Land-jobbing, as B—— and others have mentioned, is the grand object of attention:—"The system of land-jobbing is carried on here to a great extent by companies and capitalists, keeping up a constant excitement in town, which would otherwise be dull indeed. It is, in fact, the *ne plus ultra* of Adelaide conversation. Parties are to be met at their different rendezvous, talking of nothing else but their favourite *spec*. In the public room, one evening, were a few ready to dispose of sections at Port Lincoln, with a frontage for building, &c., in the proposed town, at the moderate rate of twelve hundred per cent. profit.

A party of these puffing worthies being met together, along with a few uninitiated members of the Adelaide community, one of the former in a speech was holding out the unparalleled rise in price of this splendid portion of Australian land, at the same time making offer to buy up any order at the great price, so certain was he of a still greater—(this was intended for the newspapers alone). But a person not exactly in this way of thinking was present; he immediately caught at the offer; sell out he would; buy they must, to keep up the price of shares; when, alas! on the return of some explorers, two days afterwards, disappointed in their hopes, the price of sections fell at once to below par, and defeated the Port Lincoln Hotellers.

Among the whole population now in this province (computed to be about 8000 souls), there is not yet a single farm that deserves the name. And in the only branch likely to remunerate the colonist here, namely, that of grazing, up to the present time there are just about forty-five sheep and cattle stations, a great part of these being the property of the South Australian Company, and others who have obtained special surveys, to the exclusion of single individuals of limited capital."

What, then, supports the population? Hear Mr Russel on this trying question. "One has but to look on the many houses, and the people who occupy them, generally, when the question starts itself, what supports this community? or, look at the mode of colonisation pursued at present here, and the question comes more strongly, from whence are all the people so *suddenly* brought together able to find returns? Really so many nice little books have been got up respecting this colony, and so few have taken notice of their fallacy, that many continue to consider them as the sentiments of the colonists; indeed I have heard some confess that they emigrated on the faith of these very publications, wherein the writers have condescended, with such apparent sincerity, to quote prices current of the neighbouring colonies as being theirs, giving the sailing distances from other settlements (this suits a purpose), the immense increase of population, &c., and then launched out in praise of its superiority to all other places, in the growth of maize, potatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, &c.; even the very natives are a superior class of beings to all others in New Holland.

With regard to crops, there is little doubt but some land will be found, as in other colonies, fit for agriculture. Up to this period, however, nothing but a few patches of ground have been turned over, by way of experiment; some maize was sown last season about the reed-beds, which did very well—some gardens in North Adelaide have produced wheat, barley, and oats; besides which, samples of the lucerne and Italian ryegrass have been grown. About two acres of land near South Adelaide were planted by the owner with potatoes; these presented such a fine and novel appearance, that a merchant offered L.400 for them, which was refused; but drought came, and hurt the expected growth exceedingly, leaving the grower minus of the *offer*. This is one of the greatest and most common drawbacks the farmer encounters on this vast continent, thus rendering the occupation of an agriculturist rather precarious."

The prices of articles quoted by Mr Russel are on the same exorbitant scale mentioned by B——, and need not be extracted.

Mr R. afterwards visited Port Philip, his opinion of which seems to be more favourable than of Adelaide or its neighbourhood. Meanwhile, we close our extracts with the single observation, that of all the colonies belonging to Great Britain, and claiming the notice of the emigrant, South Australia appears to be decidedly the worst. The principle on which it was founded is excellent, but the country, from all trustworthy accounts, is execrable, and unfit for receiving a large population, and against that natural misfortune no species of economic arrangement can make head. We do not by any means offer this opinion from a wish to disparage a well-designed scheme of colonisation, or to lead attention to other places as more favourable settlements. At the present moment we strongly recommend all classes of intending emigrants to wait for a short time before deciding on which shall be the land of their adoption. Nearly all our colonial possessions are at present *out of sorts*, and it would be difficult to say which promises to settlers the largest share of social discomfort.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING.

THE general characters of the seal, as an animal of considerable size haunting unfrequented coasts, and living much in the water, although warm-blooded and breathing the atmosphere, must be well known. There are many varieties of it—perhaps more than twenty—but it is not necessary to trace these minutely in this place. Two kinds only are found, except very rarely, on the British coasts; one being what is called the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina* of naturalists), which is generally six feet long, and the other the Great or Bearded Seal (*Phoca barbata*), which is about two, and sometimes so much as three, feet longer. The seal, in all its varieties, has one common property of a long body sloping to the hinder extremity, with two short paws or paddles in front, and two hinder and larger paws projecting straight out behind, by which appendages it swims swiftly in the water, and can even manage to walk or crawl upon land. The head is roundish, like that of some of the feline tribes, but with a countenance of mild expression, and the remarkable peculiarity of possessing no external ears; the skin over the whole body is tough, and covered all over with short bristly hair. The animal is carnivorous, and has accordingly a pair of long pointed teeth in each jaw. The tribe are ranked by naturalists as the third tribe of the *Carnivora*, which again form the third family of the order *Carnassiers* (butcher-animals) of Cuvier. Living on fish, they may be said to serve an end at sea, analogous to that which the rapacious quadrupeds and birds serve by land, namely, to keep down the abundance of the smaller animals.

Seals can remain about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour under water, while engaged in pursuit of prey; but it is necessary that they should after such intervals come to the open air, as otherwise they would be drowned. In some instances they have been known to remain about twenty-five minutes under water, without any fatal effect; but the animals which did so must have been unusually calculated for the purpose by nature or habit, like pearl-divers amongst the human race. When a seal catches a fish, it holds it in its fore paws, and with its teeth tears off the skin, after which it makes its meal. Towards other animals, the demeanour of the seal is timid and gentle. It never seeks an encounter with man, but will use every endeavour to avoid him, and only act on the offensive if it cannot otherwise make its escape. The two sexes pair, and the female brings forth one each summer, generally in some sheltered situation, as, for instance, the beach at the inner extremity of a cave which the sea enters. The young one is no sooner born than it will take to the water, and display all the activity of its seniors. The seal is gregarious, and groups of one, two, and three dozen, and sometimes many more, live and disport themselves together. They often spend many hours lying on rocks a little way out to sea, all being ranged in a close row, with their heads to the ocean, ready to tumble in on the least alarm, while one stands a little apart, like a sentinel, with head erect, and the senses in activity, to watch the approach of danger.

The brain of the seal is a well-developed organ, and the animal possesses so much intelligence and sagacity that it has been called the Dog of the Sea. It seems quite ascertained that they have a relish for music, and many successful efforts have been made to tame them. A young one, taken into human society, instead of exhibiting symptoms of terror, will court attention, and suck a finger held out to it, like many domestic animals. It is related of a seal domesticated in Orkney, that he would lie near the fire among the dogs, would bathe daily and return to the house, but, having found his way to the byre, he used to steal there unobserved and suck the cows; on which account he was discharged, and sent back to his native element. Another, of the bearded or great kind, which was taken from a cave in Shetland, when only a few hours old, became in a day or two as much attached to its captor as a dog. "The varied movements and sounds," says this gentleman, "by which he expressed delight at my presence and regret at my absence were most affecting; these sounds were as like as possible to the inarticulate tones of the human voice."* The same gentleman captured a female six weeks old, also of the great or bearded kind. "This individual would never allow herself to be handled but by the person who had the charge of her; yet even she soon became comparatively familiar. It was amusing to see how readily she ascended the stairs, which she often did, intent, as it seemed, on examining every room in the house; on showing towards her signs of displeasure or correction, she descended more rapidly and safely than her awkwardness seemed to promise. She was fed from the first on fresh fish alone, and grew and fattened considerably. We had her carried down daily in a handbarrow to the sea-side, where an old excavation admitting the salt water was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment, but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairmen, she would of her own accord mount her palanquin, and thus be carried as composedly as any Indian princess. By degrees we ventured to let her go fairly into the sea, and she regularly returned after a short interval; but one day, during a thick fall of snow, she was imprudently let off as usual, and, being decoyed some distance out of sight of the shore by some wild ones which happened to be in the bay at the time, she either could not find her way back, or voluntarily decamped. She was, we understood, killed very shortly after in a neighbouring inlet. We had kept her about six months, and every moment she was becoming more familiar; we had dubbed her Finna, and she seemed to know her name." Mr Frederick Cuvier, in a work published in 1824, says, "I have lately had occasion to witness a seal which displayed much intellectual power. He did punctually what he was ordered. If desired to raise himself on his hind legs, and to take a staff in his hands, and act the sentinel, he did so: he likewise, at his keeper's bidding, would lie down on his *right* side, or on his *left*, and would tumble head over heels. He would give you either of his paws when desired, and would extend his sweet lips to favour you with a kiss."

The skin of the seal is convertible to useful purposes, and underneath it he has a layer of blubber, from which a considerable quantity of oil can be obtained. Without regard, then, to his flesh, which used to be eaten in some northern countries, he is an object of some importance to man. Seal-hunting was once practised to a great extent in Norway. It is now followed as a regular branch of trade by vessels which proceed for the purpose from America, both to the Arctic regions and to the South Sea Islands, but particularly the latter. From Great Britain, also, a few vessels sail annually to Greenland for the same purpose. A particular kind of seal in the South Sea is more than usually valuable, on account of the goodly coat of *fur* with which he is covered.

In Shetland seal-hunting is followed partly as an amusement, and partly with a view to profit; and the various modes in which it is carried on, give occasion for the exercise of much ingenuity, and for much lively adventure. We find some interesting particulars on the subject in the paper by Dr Edmondston, already quoted, that gentleman being himself a great seal-hunter. One mode of the sport was to beset the caves in which the pairs live at the time of the birth of their offspring.

"The caves to which the Great Seal resorted, are arched perforations in the precipices open to the sea, and extending inwards sometimes upwards of a hundred fathoms, terminating in pebbly beaches, on which the young were born and nursed. Some of these caves can only be entered under water, like the one in the Friendly Islands described by Mariner, and immortalised by Byron; and others are too winding and narrow to admit of access. When the entrance was sufficiently capacious, the sea smooth, and the seals were known to have brought forth, two boats proceeded to the cave; the one lay at the mouth; the other, attached to its second by a line sufficiently long to reach to the extremity of the tunnel, pushed inwards. On reaching the beach, some of the crew leaped out and knocked on the head as many of the old ones as they could, the rest escaping to the sea, without attempting to defend their young ones, who were then dispatched at leisure. On such occasions, from ten to twenty young ones were sometimes taken from one cave; the booty belonged to the owners of the property in which the caves were situated, and a portion of it was assigned as a reward to the captors. These caves, or *Hellyers* as they are here termed, were at one time held in strict property, and highly valued; and formal deeds of conveyance of them, as well as of fowlings, were occasionally made, one of which I have seen.

Seals were also at all seasons sought for and surprised on the rocks. A curious anecdote was related to me in Faroe of a native assailing, on the rocks, a male of the Great Seal, but not being able to detain

* Observations on the Distinctions, History, and Hunting of Seals in the Shetland Islands. By Lawrence Edmondston, M.D. Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society, vol. viii. part I. 1839.

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him, actually got astride on his back, endeavouring to behead him at the gallop, and slipped out of the stirrups hardly in time to allow his *Barb*, mortally wounded, to take his leap, all alone, into the water. Lucas Debes, the old historian of those remote isles, and Donald Maclean, in his account of one of the Hebrides, make mention of the practice of hunting seals with dogs; the services of which, however, could amount only to irritating them to resistance, and thus, by detaining them a little, to gain time to the hunter to attack them with the club, for the strength of any dog is utterly trifling compared with that of a seal of ordinary size.

Within even the last twenty years, both species of seals have become much more rare and cautious, so that the net and the gun remain almost the only means of capture. In a few districts the net is employed for taking the Common Seal, by being set near the rocks frequented by them, while they are absent, and lying in wait till they again approach the shore, but it is chiefly used for catching the Great Seal. The dimensions of the net are about fifteen fathoms long and five broad, the meshes are nine inches square, and it is made of strong cod-line. When the seals are suspected to have brought forth in a cave, the net is rapidly and silently dropped across the entrance. A man holding a rope attached to its upper ends is placed on each side, on some convenient pinnacle of rock that affords footing. Sometimes, from the shelving of the sides of the cave, the net cannot easily close it, and in this case the men hold each a long pole, with a bunch of straw or other substance at the end, keeping it constantly in motion under water, to deter the animal from escaping by means of this vulnerable part of the line of siege. When all is secured, the boat proceeds inwards as far as possible, and by firing and hallooing the men endeavour to induce the seals that may be in the cave to venture out. "This they soon attempt, and are consequently caught in the net. When fairly enveloped in the net, or *masked*, as it is called, the capture is considered secure. The power of the animal is constrained, and even were it not, he has to lift a mass of wet net, with heavy weights attached, to the surface, every time he attempts to respire: only the largest and most powerful can accomplish this; but when he does, or when the water is so shallow as to render it easy, he is shot. Generally he cannot rise, and all that remains to be done is to wait patiently for his death by drowning. From the boat he may be seen making vain efforts to tear the net with his teeth, rolling on the bottom, now and then desperately struggling to disengage himself, and constantly looking up with a most striking expression of defiance and upbraiding at the boat, which he knows contains the agents of his sufferings." He dies in about a quarter of an hour.

This mode of hunting seals is characterised by Dr Edmondston as barbarous and exterminating, and he professes greatly to prefer trusting to ingenuity in approaching the seals, and skill in marking them down with the gun. But he shows it to be no easy sport. The animal is uncommonly tenacious of life. Unless hit in a decidedly mortal part, it will be apt to baffle the huntsman. It is quite impossible to hit it when looking it straight in the face, for it has a trick of shying aside at the moment of firing, which never fails to protect it from harm. "One might think," he says, "that so bulky an animal could hardly contrive, at perhaps twenty or thirty yards, to get so rapidly all his body out of the course of the ball: perhaps guns that shoot wide of the mark would have the best chance of defeating the intention of this manœuvre."

If the seal have sunk, "and if the water be deep, and the bottom covered with sea-weed, we have a new class of difficulties by no means superficial to contend with, and a new source of excitement commences. Two important auxiliaries, the water-glass and the klam, are now put in requisition. The former is simply a large tub with a pane of glass fitted water-tight in its bottom; the tub is immersed an inch or so in the water, and by means of this instrument we can see tolerably clearly from six to sixteen fathoms down, seldom more; for clear water is with us still more rare than a clear atmosphere. Many a time have I wished for those limpid waters of the North Cape, where, as travellers tell us, halibut and herring may be seen twenty fathoms deep playing at hide-and-seek amongst the submarine jungles. The use of the water-glass seems to arise from its power of preventing the rays of light proceeding through it from the bottom from being affected by any agitation on the surface. After often a long and fatiguing search, the object is discovered, and the klam is had recourse to. This is a gigantic kind of forceps of peculiar construction, attached to two lines, one of which is to suspend it, the other to guide the blades; it is directed to its object by means of its helpmate the water-glass; the jaws close on the seal, and he is quickly hauled to the surface.

But all this will not ensure success in the seal-hunt. It is not enough to be a good shot, to be well armed and supplied with every equipment; the sportsman must also be intimately acquainted with the habits of the animal, and possess great experience and address to avail himself of this knowledge. Many curious devices are put in practice to allure him within shot, and much patience and sagacity to steal upon him unperceived. Often we range along many miles of coast without meeting with a single seal; but our wanderings are through scenery the most majestic. Who that has ever looked upon them can forget these 'naked' and primitive isles of the Northern Atlantic—their melancholy moors and lonely valleys—their stupendous precipices and foaming surges, lowering clouds and rushing malströms, where the ancient lullaby of the infant Viking was the hurricane, and his play-ground the ocean. In these wild and sequestered solitudes, unbroken by the tumults of faction and the inroads of civilisation, is to be found that untrammelled freedom about which philosophers reason, and poets sing; and it is well to refresh ourselves, in this agitated period of the march of matter, with those pure and ennobling sentiments which the presence of Nature in her sublimer aspects is calculated to inspire. If the fox-hunter has counties to scour, we have islands; if we want his woodlands and rivers, we have our rocks and ocean; instead of chargers, we have boats the finest in the world, combining symmetry, safety, and celerity. Our dogs are far superior in definite attachment and versatile intelligence to the machines of the pack; if we do not enjoy the pleasure of breaking our necks in leaping hedges, we can yet prove our mortality by capering over precipices, breasting billows, and ploughing breakers; no spring-guns, fierce keepers, or game laws, restrict the freedom of our coursing; whatever we behold, either on the land or the water, we can approach. I have repeatedly had for half an hour, under aim of an unerring gun, a seal lying within forty yards of me, and could not find it in my heart to fire; yet I had enjoyed all the enthusiasm of the hunt up to the moment of slaying, and this unalloyed pleasure in addition, of quietly observing the drowsy Triton reposing on his ocean rock, like an ancient Sea-King in his stronghold of plunder, when, withdrawing the finger from the trigger, I started him from his slumbers by a warning shout that sent him plunging into his native element, with a strong consciousness of his danger, and I hope a grateful sense of my forbearance. Taking it altogether, it is a soul-stirring hunt; the game is a noble one; his size, power, activity, sagacity, and vigilance, the slippery element in which he is pursued, presenting enough of dangers to face, and difficulties to overcome. The ingenious stratagems and judicious arrangements to ensure his capture, the rugged grandeur of the scenery of his favourite retreats, present a combination that includes every thing essential that charms us in the chase."

LYRICS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.*

THESE volumes must come upon the general public, as they have come upon us, with the startling effect of a voice from the grave. The name of Captain Charles Morris is associated with the early history of George IV., and with many popular songs, but for forty years he has not in any way given the world reason to believe that he was a living man. We had long concluded respecting him, that he was a dead bard, when in the summer before last he surprised us by appearing in the obituaries of the newspapers, with the age of ninety-three attached to his name. The present publication, in which his best pieces appear for the first time in a collected form, may be said to be a consequence of his recent demise.

Charles Morris was born in a district called the Debateable Land, near Longtown, on the 18th of May 1746. His father was an officer in the army,

> "whose naked sword,
> Earn'd the poor pittance of his daily board."

The son also entered the army, and in the course of time rose to a captaincy in the Life-Guards. Of his first introduction to the Prince of Wales, we have no account before us; but it is well known that Captain Morris became a great favourite at Carlton House, and continued so for many years. As he advanced in life, having, as he says, "left the field for the haunts of the Muse," he appears to have fallen into pecuniary distress, from which he was relieved partly by the bounty of the Prince Regent, and partly by the generosity of another old friend, the Duke of Norfolk. The latter was moved to this act of kindness by an appeal from John Kemble, performed in impromptu blank verse after dinner. In a charming retreat, on the Norfolk estates in Surrey, Captain Morris passed the greater part of his green and vigorous old age, scarcely touched by any of the usual grievances of decaying mortality. Many years ago, Curran had said to him, "Die when you will, Charles, you will die *young*;" and the acute Irishman was a true prophet.

We confess that we have been much pleased, or rather pleasantly disappointed, by a great part of the contents of the volumes now given to the public by the friends of this veteran of the lyre. From an indistinct recollection of one or two of the songs of Captain Morris, it was our impression that his effusions were too deeply tinged with Bacchanalianism to be readable. But although many of the songs do bestow a most objectionable degree of praise on conviviality, there is little grossness in the manner of doing it; and so many reflections, full of an amiable and kindly wisdom, are mixed up with the most of the pieces, that you can at once discern them to have their origin in a vein of cheerful sociality, and not to spring from a spirit of exulting intemperance. Gentle, indeed, is the Bacchanal who thus chants:—

> For me, I shun what stirs the breast
> Of proud and busy man,
> Those fruits that leave the soul unblest,
> And mock life's little span.
> I cull not in those joyless fields
> A crop of weeds and woe,
> But pick the flowers that nature yields,
> And seek them where they grow.
>
> No wealth to me is worth a sigh,
> But pure responsive love,
> And man can neither bribe nor buy
> That blessing from above:
> From nature's heavenly hand it flows,
> Not dealt by earthly will—
> The balmy plant for human woes,
> Unforced by human skill.
>
> I ask but sprightly hope at morn,
> To wake at night my glee;
> A life of health, through honour borne,
> With love and liberty.
> While fate these precious gifts supplies,
> Which heaven ne'er meant to part,
> High shall my mantling goblet rise,
> And grateful beat my heart.

There is more of the spirit of Horace in our author than in any poet perhaps in the English language; and this is a bold saying, though spoken advisedly. He resembles the Roman both in his qualities of heart and intellect; and, indeed, he admits again and again that he ever took the Latin lyrist as his preceptor and guide.

> In childhood I prattled about him,
> In youth he was ever my charm,
> In manhood I ne'er stirred without him,
> In age he lies under my arm.

There is much, for example, of the style of thinking and writing of the old Latin bard in the following lines, entitled

EXPERIENCE.

> Oh! argue not with me, my friend,
> On my gay course of living;
> I take whate'er the gods will send,
> And send them my thanksgiving.
> I try to relish well the grace
> Their mercies offer to me;
> And ready meet, in every case,
> All favours that they do me.
>
> My tongue derides no moral thought,
> No ribald themes now stir it;
> For vice, I know, has never brought
> True joy to mortal spirit.
> Within, a guard of honour lies,
> That ever now instructs me:
> To him I turn my doubting eyes,
> And safely he conducts me.
>
> I've seen, when view'd the course of guilt,
> How end those who begin it,
> Well know o'er shame's abyss it's built,
> For fools to tumble in it.
> I've seen how vainly, night and morn,
> Experience shows her lesson;
> How rashly vice, in wisdom's scorn,
> Still seeks from sin a blessing.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Then think not that a man who hath
> This proof to guide his rambles,
> Will deviate from life's fairest path,
> And stray 'mid thorns and brambles.
> Think not a heart past youth will yield
> The truths experience taught it;
> Or throw aside a holy shield,
> That age hath kindly brought it.
>
> No!—trust me, 'midst my cheerful day,
> A sacred spirit guides me;
> A holy limit bounds my way,
> And duty still decides me.
> This prunes my frolic Muse's wing,
> Corrects my fancy's power;
> Still cheers my bosom, as I sing,
> And charms my jovial hour.
>
> Then cease, my friend, your pious zeal;
> You say you're grave and pensive;
> To hearts thus form'd the sad to feel,
> We know the gay's offensive.
> But were't not better, in this case,
> You joy from me should borrow,
> Than I should shift my happy days,
> To mope, with you, in sorrow.

If we have found comparatively little offence, particularly as regards the spirit and intention, in the festive lays of Charles Morris, justice requires that we should say the same of the songs that relate to other subjects. There is no single word in these volumes to call up a blush or a frown on the cheek of beauty and virtue. How pure, for example, is the following specimen, entitled

THE POWER OF LOVE.

> No damp that mortal reason throws
> Can quench true love's celestial beam;
> For ever on the breast it glows,
> And freshens still in memory's stream.
>
> Through all the varied scenes we see,
> Through all the joys and toils we share,
> However coloured life may be,
> The tender tint is ever there.
>
> Do time and space at distance fling
> Love's weakened hopes, though faintly fed?—
> Still to the dying heart they cling,
> And drop not till the life be dead.

Not less pure and finished are the following lines, in advice to one who complained of unrequited af-

* "Lyra Urbanica," (The Urban Lyre), by Captain C. Morris. 2 vols. Richard Bentley. London, April 1840.

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fection. The stanza placed in italics seems to us exquisite.

What can I say to mend thy fate?
Thy spirits how replace?
How ease thy breast from sorrow's weight,
And brighten nature's face?
Man's only art is to persuade
With reason's chastening power,
And well I know its feeble aid
In passion's anguished hour.

'Tis not on earth thy hope must rest,
But from above must flow;
That magic cordial for the breast,
Man cannot mix below.
Turn, then, to Heaven thy aching brain;
Implore a grace divine;
Rave not at what the fates ordain,
Nor doubt their just design.

Soft is the trust and fair the plea,
When sorrow seeks the skies;
And sweet the holy hope must be
From power where mercy lies.
The hand that binds can 'like restrain
Thy darken'd bosom's strife,
And throw around thy days again
The light of joy and life.

Already, we believe, the reader will be disposed to admit that Charles Morris was no common table-poet, many as were the effusions—too many, certainly—which he dedicated to convivial matters. But what pleases us most about these volumes, is the fine, healthy, happy spirit of the old man, who cheered his declining years with the harmless society of the muse. The subjoined piece is a specimen at once of this spirit, and a remarkable proof of the entirety of the writer's faculties in his octogenarian days.

THE BARD'S SPECULATIONS.

I'm now turn'd of eighty,
But not dull or weighty,
Though fancy perhaps more in shade is;
I've spirits yet strong
For a glass and a song,
And a gay little muse for the ladies.
My rusty old croak
Father Time has not broke,
Though foe to sweet singing's profession:
To the harsh and the rough
He seems tender enough,
And has left me most ample possession.

Perhaps, ne'er before
You saw one of fourscore
A fanciful light-hearted fellow;
But I've liv'd from my birth
'Mid the blossoms of mirth,
And they are not yet faded and yellow.
Spleen's pestilent shade
Never cover'd my head,
In a world where there's friendship and beauty;
And this mixture to soothe,
Turns all rough into smooth,
And sweetens my heart in its duty.

The best prize that I know,
In life's lottery below,
Is to scorn all lamenting and whining;
Whate'er be our lot,
To taste well what we've got,
And sin not by thankless repining.
This was ever my creed,
And you'll see here indeed
A strong proof that it's pleasant and healthy;
Here I sit, as appears,
Where I've sat fifty years,
And outlived all the woeful and wealthy.

Such is the cheerful strain in which the veteran sang at eighty. The following verses are in one respect even more remarkable, being part of a still more recent Address to the members of the Beef-steak Club of London, a society including, in spite of the odd plainness of its designation, many of the most distinguished men of the day among its members. This club, of which Captain Morris was long an ornament, begged him, "then on the verge of ninety years of age, to appear once more among them before he quitted the world." He not only did so, but showed by his verses on the occasion that the muse which had so long enlivened their board was not yet dumb.

Well, I'm come, my dear friends, your kind wish to obey,
And drive, by light mirth, all life's shadows away;
To turn the heart's sighs to the throbbings of joy,
And a grave aged man to a merry old boy.

So he commences, but mixed emotions crowd on him as he proceeds:

When I look round this board, and recall to my breast
How long here I sat, and how long I was blest,
In a mingled effusion, that steals to my eyes,
I sob o'er the wishes that life now denies.

How many bright spirits I've seen disappear,
While fate's lucky lot held me happily here!
How many kind hearts and gay bosoms gone by,
That have left me to mingle my mirth with a sigh!

But whate'er be the lot that life's course may afford,
Or howe'er fate may chequer this ever-loved board,
Still the memory of pleasure brings sorrow relief,
And a ray of past joy ever gleams o'er the grief.

And still in your presence more brightly it glows;
Here high mount my spirits, where always they rose;
Here a sweet mingled vision of present and past
Still blesses my sight, and will bless to the last.

Thus sang the veteran at ninety. It is impossible to think hardly of this fine old relic of the past, though we may regret, to a certain extent, the manner in which he has applied his powers. But let those who peruse his convivial lays keep in mind the hearty ancient himself, and remember that, without practical temperance, he would never have tasted the health of mind and body which characterised his age—and then will all danger be obviated that might flow from the misinterpretation of his theoretical precepts.

With regard to his merely poetical merits, Charles Morris is a specimen of another age. The poets of our day cultivate imagery to the exclusion of sense and meaning. He has scarcely one similitude in his poems. He can be poetical both in thought and language, but his main object is to express himself pointedly and clearly, without any array of illustrative images or similes. He is the English Horace. Of modern bards, he most resembles Moore and Beranger, but is less polished in diction than either, though he equals them in terseness, point, and vigour.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"EITHER."

THE meaning of the word "either" has frequently been misunderstood by writers. Its proper signification is "one or the other," and we believe it is an abridgement of these words, in the same manner as "neither" is a contraction of "not the one nor the other." Notwithstanding this obviously true signification of "either," the word has often been used as a synonyme for "each." The translators of the Bible in the seventeenth century appear to have begun this misusage of "either." For example, they have written, "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took *either* of them his censer." It is quite clear that in this, as in other instances, *either* is used improperly, or in place of *each*. Hale and Dryden have fallen into a similar error, which, however, is so far from being checked by Johnson in his Dictionary, that from their misuse of the word he has given *each* and *both* as equivalent to *either*. Todd, the modern editor of Johnson, notices and condemns the error. Among careful writers of English, "either" has never, as far as we know, been misapprehended or misapplied; and it is only lately that a practice of substituting it for "each" has been conspicuous. In almost every work which has recently issued from the press, "either" has been misapplied. Such passages as the following are common: "the courtiers stood on *either* hand of royalty," "on a pillar at *either* side of the gateway," "the chairs were ranged on *either* side of the room," "castles frown from mountain peaks on *either* side of the river," and so on; in all which cases *each* is meant, not a choice of one or the other as the reader pleases. As there is a fashion in using words, this misappropriation of *either* will probably run its course, and be in due time restored to its correct signification.

THE PERRYIAN INK-STAND.

This is a remarkably ingenious and useful contrivance. Ink exposed in open stands, or stands with common lids, as is well known, soon gets thick, on account of the evaporation of the fluid particles, and hence fresh ink has to be frequently supplied. The inventor of the Perryian stand has completely remedied this rather annoying defect. His stand is a round glass of about two inches high and the same diameter, fitted with a flat brass top. In this top there is a small funnel, with its mouth exposed, and its lower point sunk in the ink within. Close by this funnel there is a knob, forming the top of a screw, and this screw penetrates below the cover into the empty space above the ink. By depressing the screw two or three twists, the air in the vessel is compressed, and so forces the ink to rise to the mouth of the funnel, where it remains for use. If we wish to make the ink disappear from the funnel, we have only to twist the screw in a contrary direction, when, the pressure being removed, it immediately sinks. Thus the ink is perfectly obedient to the action of the screw, and may be caused to remain at any height in the funnel, according to the depth to which we wish to dip our pen. When done writing, it is proper to lower the ink, and therefore when not in use it is no way exposed to atmospheric influence. We esteem this toy-like ink-holder as a curious specimen of the inventive faculty of the age, as respects the improvement of small comforts.

SUPERSTITION.

The following paragraph, from a late number of a Norwich newspaper, is offered for consideration:—

"The following act of barbarity and superstition is practised in this city. Children who are sickly are taken to a woman for the purpose of being cut for a supposed disease called the *spinnage*. The infants are on a Monday morning taken to this woman, who, for three pence, with a pair of scissors cuts through the lobe of the right ear, then makes a cross with the blood upon the forehead and breast of the child. On the following Monday the same barbarous ceremony is performed upon the left ear, and on the succeeding Monday the right ear is again doomed to undergo the same ceremony. In some cases it is deemed necessary to perform the ridiculous operation nine times."

We are informed by a private correspondent that it is not the lower classes alone who are chargeable with the above and similar follies. Last winter, a medical gentleman, on being called to attend a respectable family in the place, found that the children were about to partake of a *roasted mouse* as a cure for hooping-cough.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

DEBT AND DANGER.

PART I.

THE scene of our story opens in a venerable but decayed hall in the ancient family mansion of the O'Rourkes. A massive table of carved oak was covered or rather heaped with parchments, dog-collars, writs, new snaffle-bits, account-books, whips, spurs, letters opened and unopened, and various specimens of minerals. The pictures were covered with dust, as, indeed, was every thing in the room; and spiders mingled their tracery with the rich mouldings of the ceiling. The principal living figure in this melancholy scene was a young man, D'Arcy O'Rourke, who sat in the chair which his ancestors had filled for many generations. The only other character was Lanty Lurgan, the last retainer of the house, and the faithful attendant of his young master. What was the object of the young gentleman's thoughts, will be guessed from the following animated discussion:—

"I tell ye I must have it, Lanty."

"Well, but, masther, honey, wont ye listen to raison?"

"What has reason to do with the matter?"

"True for ye, Masther D'Arcy," replied Lanty Lurgan, with peculiar emphasis.

"Mind, then, that I hear no more about reason; but tell Murphy I'll pay him for the horse."

"*Whin*, Masther D'Arcy?"

"When it's convenient."

Lanty Lurgan shook his head.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the young squire, looking himself as angry as his good-natured handsome face would permit. "Lanty, you're not worth the toss of a bad halfpenny to a fellow."

"Maybe *not*," said Lanty.

"You've no management in you."

"Not now, sure enough, Masther D'Arcy," was Lanty's reply.

"What do you mean by 'not now?'" inquired his master.

"Just, thin, becase there's nothing left me to manage," said Lanty, having, before he made this declaration, taken the precaution to get at a sufficient distance from his irritable young master, to prevent any personal chastisement for his frankness, to which he had a particular dislike.

D'Arcy O'Rourke seized the bootjack that stood near him, and was in the act of flinging it at his old retainer as he half stood half crouched behind a high-backed chair; but, apparently struck by some cheerful reminiscence, he suddenly burst out into laughter. "Come out of your hiding-hole, old boy," he exclaimed; "come along; I did you injustice—for no half ruined vagabond in or out of Ireland had ever a more faithful follower."

"*I was born to it*," said the old man pathetically, while at the same time his eyes beamed tenderly on the thoughtless creature, whom, as a child, he had often carried in his arms; and pausing, he added, "God bless you, Masther D'Arcy; but whin ye smile, I think it's yer father stands *forenint* me."

"I wish to God he was alive now," observed the young man, earnestly. "He could advise me."

"He was always a fine hand at that," said the servant. "A mighty fine hand he was at the talking always; but, poor dear gentleman, he never practised what he *praiched*. Many's the time I've heard him tell that same Murphy's father, that wont let yer honour have the horse, 'Remimber, Mike, to keep out of DEBT; for wherever there's debt, there's DANGER.'"

"Agh!" said the young squire, "so he really refused you the horse, did he?"

"Bedad he did, sir."

"Lanty, did you say any thing to him about a bill at four or six months?"

"Plaise yer honour, I did."

"And what did the rascal say to that?"

"Plaise ye, Masther D'Arcy, he said it was no good, for the last you gave him has been renewed six times, and the horse is all he has to depind on for his rint."

"He lies!" exclaimed the young squire, rising; "it was only renewed three—no, four times."

The old servant shook his head.

"I tell you, Lanty, it was but four times. Look—once, of course."

"Ov coorse, that's only in raison," observed Lanty.

"Well, the second time was when that infernal scoundrel the wine-merchant made me pay for the pipe of claret that was drunk before I was born."

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"A vagabone thrick, for sure him and his brother and his wife and children had always three months' pleasure, any way, for intherest (though it was always added on to every fresh acciptance), and the run of the house, and shootin' and fishin' in the *preserves*, which, God be good to yer honour's father, war *common* to the counthry, as long as they gave fair play and liberty to the foxes. Oh, he was the heart's blood of a scoundrel, to put an ould friend's son to throuble for sich a thrifle."

"Well, that was twice," said the squire, when Lanty had brought his reminiscence to a close. "A third time" ——

"Whin yer honour was in keepin'," said the old servant, seeing his master at fault.

"Ay, I remember that; that was decent of Murphy, for I was in trouble then, and he would not press me. I should have remembered *that*, Lanty," added the young squire, with one of those just impulses which spring up in every human breast; it may be to be instantly uprooted, or it may be to flourish. But with such as D'Arcy O'Rourke, the most common end is suffocation, from the pressure of other impulses of a more agreeable kind. "I should have remembered that, Lanty," he repeated, "and when I did not, you should have told me of it."

"Plaise yer honour, it's hard to get spaking with ye; whin throuble's plinty, why, thin, ye toss it away, though the best way is to look into it. *A bit of common paper often thickens into a parchment for want of attintion.*"

"Well said, old boy. The fourth time"——

"The fourth time ye pledged yer honour ye'd take it up that day three months!"

The colour deepened on the young man's cheek. "Well, well, there, never mind; I suppose, as usual, *he* is right and *I* am wrong."

"The fifth time, Masther D'Arcy," persisted the old servant, heedless of his master's peevishness, "the fifth time, ye may remimber ye had the money ready, but *you broke into it* to save James Sturgon of the Forge from ruin. Don't you *mind* it—his wife and the children was turned out, and the things begun selling, whin you saved them; and sure the hape of blessings you got for that same through the counthry has reached the heavens long ago. Even Murphy himself said, 'Well, Masther D'Arcy has the heart of an Irish king in his bussum, any way, though he did take *my* money to do it with.'"

"His money! What did the fellow mean by that?"

"Why," answered Lanty, with Irish sophistry, "he had but yer bills, sir, till the *fifth*, but *this* he had yer honour."

"I tell you what," said the squire, with the sad and most pernicious principle which the dangerous wit of a Sheridan stamped into an English saying, "I tell you what, Justice is a hobbling beldame, which, for the life of me, I cannot get to keep pace with Generosity."

"More's the pity," said Lanty, not understanding fully his master's meaning; "more's the pity, for Murphy had *depinded* that turn intirely upon yer honour, *and has never been the man he was since*, which is the raison of his refusing the horse. And by the same token the sixth time he was disappointed, his mother and wife war down in the fever, and" ——

"Lanty," interrupted the young man, almost fiercely, "Lanty, you are an old fool, and say things on purpose to torture me. But the spirit is down in me to-day, Lanty Lurgan; and any man might insult me who pleased."

"Thin, by St Patrick!" exclaimed the servant, with true Irish zest, "I'll take the horse for yer honour."

This violent outbreak, and strong language, roused the squire into a hearty laugh; but the boisterous mirth soon subsided, as it does—or more frequently changes into bitterness—when we have assisted at the formation of our own troubles; and he subsided into a deep fit of musing.

Lanty Lurgan was one of a class of Irish servants who, however privileged, never intrude. He could not bear to leave his young master, as he would himself have expressed it, "alone wid the throuble," but he had too much good taste to appear to watch his excitement; he therefore busied himself at the "far corner," "settling a place for the pet pups, the craythurs, that would be more natural in the kennel, only *it's fallen in*." And addressing a long confidential, and apparently interesting conversation, to their mother, an aged but beautiful long-eared spaniel called "Chloe," who, having had the luck to lose one eye, was entirely consigned to her maternal duties, ever and anon both servant and spaniel directed a sidelong glance towards their master, and then, as if by mutual consent, looked at each other.

The room and its occupants would have formed a mournful picture. There was the singularly handsome young man, seeming to all appearance more young than he really was, bowed down by the pressure of circumstances which he had then no means to alter, and which he had assisted in accumulating, without thinking of consequences that now weighed him to the very earth. His fine features were shaded by his hand from that light which he did not wish to witness his struggles, and yet their action was sufficiently marked by the convulsive efforts he made to restrain his feelings, which, though evanescent, were powerful in the extreme. The chamber, with its mingled furniture of the shreds and patches of old nobility, and the positive misery of the present, was in itself sadness; and the old servant, lingering like the last leaf of autumn on a blasted tree, was another link to bind the heart to the sufferer, whose misfortunes originated in the errors of his ancestors. Stung by some sudden remembrance more bitter than the last, D'Arcy sprang to his feet, and encountered the gaze of his humble friend.

"And you too, you watching me! I suppose you are bribed by my *good friend* the *sheriff*, or my kind friend Mr Driscoll the attorney. But I'll be watched by none of you, Mister Lanty Lurgan. I'll betray myself; I'll give myself up at once, and let the fag end of what was once the principality of the D'Arcy and the O'Rourke go to —— for ought I care. Only mind this, old man, I'll not be watched. Do you hear?"

"God knows I do, Masther D'Arcy; but how can I help it? Didn't I watch yer father from the first minute he made a *horse* of the big *dog* Bran, until I shouted for his coming of age, and joined the cry at his funeral? And didn't I watch you, God bless you! though you have scalded the heart in the ould man's breast, with raw and bitther words?—didn't I watch you in long-clothes, and out of long-clothes?—didn't I button on yer first jacket?—tache ye to load a pistol?—and drink a glass of whisky, before ye war ten years' ould, to the face of the Lord Lieftenant, whin he paid yer honour's father the visit—and didn't his lordship say he never see the like of it before? Didn't I go with ye to college, for fear you wouldn't be comfortable?—have I ever left you, by day or night, sleepin' or wakin'?—oh! Masther D'Arcy, havn't I been thrue to ye?—to be sure, I could not help *that*—and been fond of ye?—but I could not help *that* either! Ye may kill your poor ould slave, if you like, Masther D'Arcy, honey; but I can't help watching you—I can't, indeed. Wife and childre, and all, is gone from me off the face of the earth—all, but the *mighty* blessin', the masther's son. While there's light in my eyes, it will settle on you, Masther D'Arcy; and for no harm, sir—for no harm." The old man's voice faltered, and he turned to the window, weeping. In an instant the rapid current of his young master's feelings turned. Lanty felt the pressure of his hand upon his shoulder, and looked up; there was moisture in his large blue eyes.

"Lanty, forgive me—forgive me. I did not mean it; you can forgive me—can you not? I have no one to speak to here, now—no one who understands me; it seems to do me good to vent my feelings—it relieves my heart. If I could only give some of those law fellows a—a—good thrashing, I should be as happy and cheerful as a prince! that I should; but it is cowardly to vent my humours on you."

"I'd not hear yer inimy say that," said the old servant, smiling; "but abuse me to dirt, masther, honey, *if it aises yer heart*. I'd stand a bating, too, sir, if it would do you any good. What else are old bones like mine fit for?"

"No more of this, Lanty," answered his young master; "I am the wayward son of a wayward race, whose race is almost run. I despise myself, and am despised by others." "You are not," said Lanty.

"No one in the country would give me credit."

"Oh! that's another thing," said Lanty; "but they'd all give yer honour a *welcome*."

"Old Ireland always gives that."

"Thrue for yer honour; and whin this present debt and danger is got rid of, things will go on well again."

"Look at that table," answered the young man; "there are debts there that would swallow up half a dozen estates like mine. But the end is come!"

Lanty had so often heard the son, father, and grandfather say this, that he did not exactly believe it. The country had cried out at intervals that the D'Arcy O'Rourkes were ruined, during the last forty years; and so the old man wished to hope in spite of hope, and only said, "I'm sure, thin, yer honour would die game—keep the bailiffs off to the last!"

"I don't know—only this, Lanty; it was very bad of me to give a thought to Murphy's horse; I *hate* myself for it. I only wanted it, and, as usual, did not think; and that plan of long credit is always uppermost in a young fellow's mind, when *once he gets used to it*—it's our ruin. So tell him to keep his horse, and that I hope when he sells it he will take ready money, and nothing else. When I look back at the things I have done, the meannesses I have been guilty of, to prop not so much a sinking credit, but an extravagant habit, I feel as if I could shoot myself, or any man who did the same."

Opposite to where D'Arcy O'Rourke sat was hung one of those old carved glasses, wreathed around with flowers, Cupids, and bows. Dusty though it was, he could see his own reflection in the spotted and worn surface; there was the high, brave, manly brow, the bright blue eye, the noble form, the aspect and bearing of one who, if not born to fortune, could achieve it. Some sudden thought struck him at that moment, and he gazed earnestly upon himself. The resolve was made and taken; whether it was kept, the future will tell.

* * * * *

The cabin of Phelim Murphy, or, as he would have it called, the *house* of Phelim Murphy, was well built and comfortable for a house of its class. His youngest daughter was engaged in preparing a supper consisting of the usual potful of potatoes, which was slung on the iron crane that found refuge in the huge cavity of the chimney, so as to be on one side the fire, while over the burning embers was a bread iron griddle, upon which a large thick oaten cake was browning. Moreover, a tea-kettle simmered opposite the potatoes, and the presence of "the chaney" on a small table would have told any one acquainted with Phelim Murphy's *mendge*, that he and his wife and daughter had gone to market in the neighbouring town that morning, and were expected home to supper in a very short time.

Kathleen, the second daughter, had taken unusual pains with the arrangements; the "far table" was made ready for the two farm-servants and her brother, but the "*little* table" was prepared for the absent ones, who had doubtless undergone much fatigue. Kathleen having done all that was necessary, sat down on "the settle," and the old house-dog having curled himself round her feet, she began to hum over an old tune to the metre of a new ballad, until the repose of the room, which would have been stillness itself but for the hissing of the kettle and the chirping of the crickets, lulled her to sleep—the ready sweet repose purchased by labour and an untroubled spirit. Kathleen would, I dare to say, have slept on until her parents' return, had she not been roused from her slumbers by a sharp growl from her friend and companion "Gruff," and, suddenly starting, she saw Lanty Lurgan, staff in hand, standing before her.

"Oh, daddy Lanty, how you did frighten me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how could you? But," she continued, looking into the old man's face, "but, daddy Lanty, what ails ye?—what's on ye, daddy dear? Sit down, sir. And, stay; take a drop of mother's cordial. What's with ye at all at all, daddy?"

The old man gulped down "the mother's cordial," whatever it might be, that the kind girl offered, and staggered rather than walked to the settle. "What's keepin' yer father, Kathleen?" he inquired.

"Sorra a bit of me can tell," answered Kathleen. "If they had come home whin they said they would, the cake wouldn't have gone to the bad, for he had this griddle mended, and wouldn't let mother get a new one at the big shop till he could pay down for it. I wish he *was* come, though, for you seem in throuble, daddy, and I don't like that. Whin did ye hear of the young masther, sir?" she added, coming close up to him; "and, indeed, though you war angry about the horse, sure it's what father could not help. We never can let Mr D'Arcy's throuble out of our mind whin we see the notice for the sale of the lands, and all, posted up on the chapel gate last Sunday was a month. I thought the life would have left my mother; and father, though he never spoke a word, had *heart* sorrow on its account, and could not bear to go near the house, only little Tommy (oh, daddy Lanty, that *is* the bouldest devil of a child that ever broke a sister's heart with his conthrary ways)—well, he went off afther flowers or something among the woods, and meets the young masther. Sure he'd threatened to send the dogs afther him many a time, but now he stooped down, poor dear gentleman, and patted his head, and gave him a silver shilling. 'Take it,' he says, 'for ye're the child of an honest man;' and whin Tommy danced home, flourishing his stick and shoutin' like mad, 'Hurra for the O'Rourkes, the ould kings of the counthry for ever!' and tould father, father laid his head down on the table, and I know he cried like a child. But Phelim Crane was here, and says that though the young masther has give up every thing, even to the watch in his pocket, he says if he was caught, he could be took and put in the jail—the devil raze it!—on account of one vagabond that has no heart in his breast. Now, Lanty, is that thrue?"

The old man said it was.

"Then thank God he's out of the counthry, though father does lose; but he wouldn't go forward with his claim at the latter end, *and many did the same, hoping the property would hould out to pay the large ones, and the masther get free*. Oh, Lanty! father sets the rights of things so before us, that though Mrs Myers has offered me credit for the pink gingham, and I havn't a *tack* to my back, I wont take it, because of the debt and danger! And, Lanty, I hope the masther did not lave the counthry in anger on account of the horse father refused him; that often is on *my* mind, Lanty, though no one thinks any thing is ever the matter with me, I'm so happy. Sure, whin I get the makings of a frock of that gingham, there wont be a happier colleen on Ireland's ground than myself."

"Poor child! poor child!" sighed the old man, and she could have echoed "poor Lanty!" for when her volubility was somewhat exhausted, and she looked and thought of the change which a few weeks had wrought in his appearance, her large grey eyes filled with tears; and the desire to relieve the sufferings of others, which is as common to the Irish peasant as the air they breathe, came upon Kathleen, and she overwhelmed the old man with questions of "What will you have?—another drop of mother's cordial, or a tumbler of father's *stiff* whisky punch? or, sure, daddy Lanty, I'll wet the *tay* for ye; and the cake is so nice and hot, with a bit of fresh butter." Then, in utter despair at the various shakes of the head that were given in reply to her questions, Kathleen clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Then, oh, my grief! is there nothin' I can do for ye, daddy Lanty, jewel, and ye looking so pale and poorly?"

"Nothing, Kathleen, only thank ye kindly; and sure the good man himself will be home in a few minutes any way, and it's wantin' him I am."

"And the masther, Lanty?" she inquired, lowering her voice, "have you heard nothing from him?"

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"*From him?*" repeated the old man; "no, nothing!"

"To think of the likes of him being forced to fly the counthry through debt and danger," ejaculated Kathleen, earnestly; "but it's well it's no worse;—if he was caught! Only think of his being put in a prison, like a bird in a cage!—it would break my heart, so it would!"

"God bless you for that word," said the old man.

"Father *manes* greatly for him," continued the little maid, "but he says it's a great lesson to the counthry. And the other day, on the side of the mountain, where they war quarrying stones, my brother set on my father about a venture he meant to get up, and for which he could have borrowed the money asy. So my father made no answer until he took him up to the very top of the mountain, and then looking far over and away, he asked him to whom the bog and river and land belonged a hundred years ago, and he made answer, to the O'Rourkes and D'Arcys, who married into one; and then he pointed to where the wood had stood, and asked how it had been all levelled, and the birds that inherited it of the Almighty forced to fly *along with the four winds of heaven* to seek another home; and he said it was because of the debts gathered over it; and my father asked again, who had the lands now, and my brother said, the stranger and the cunning man. 'Ay,' went on my father, 'and the *money lender*; the *borrower* is banished from the face of the earth,' says my father, 'but the *lender* is established in his stead. We'll go on as we are,' says my father, 'not spending all we earn, but laying by all we can, and then putting out *our own* honestly. I well know the danger of debt, and the debt of danger. We'll learn to do without what we can't pay for, and give God thanks we don't owe the value of a brass farthing through the counthry.' My father has a saying," continued the pretty chatterer, "that debt is like a grain of mustard seed that springs into a great tree."

"He's a wise man," muttered Lanty, who was too much of the old school fully to value the wholesome doctrine, which, moreover, was given at an injudicious time. "He's a wise man, with a bigger head on his shoulders than a heart in his bussum, and that's what I dont like."

"That's not thrue all out," hastily replied Kathleen. "My father's head and heart are much of a size, thank God, and that's the blessing! And sure if he could have sarved the young master, he would."

"Ay, ay, when sarvice is not needed; there's many say that," muttered the old servant.

"I don't know what's come to ye," exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears; "but I'd take the bit out of my own mouth to give to him, and so would all my people, Lanty, in spite of yer bad words."

"Would you, though?" said Lanty. "*Do it then;* the young heart is not *desateful* like the ould. The masther isn't fled the counthry; Kathleen, *he could not fly;* he was seized with the sickness, and I hid him away from the vagabonds that would have laid him in his grave before this, if they had had their way. He was so beleaguered, he could not get off. But, avourneen, you'd pity him from yer heart. The spirit is so high in him, that he'd die before he'd let any one—I mane any of his own sort—know where he is, or how he is; and he's wantin' the little nourishments, which, God help us, his mother and grandmother, and great-grandmother, and every mother he ever had in the world, bestowed upon all belonging to them in the counthry—*sure they ever and always considered the poor their own people.* Yet he's made a resolution not to go on trust for any thing; though we're expecting money every day from an uncle he has, that's a general in foreign sarvice, to get him out of the counthry when the suspicion is over, and the coast clear, and he able; and, Kathleen, what I wanted to tell yer father was, that I'm afeard his bitther foe, Jack Cronan of Limerick, suspects he's not gone, from seeing me about, and is watching me when I go up towards the Black Abbey. Now, though your father's hard, he's honest; and as the poor masther never settled that ould thrifle of a bill about the last horses and things, that was renewed so often, why, those mane-hearted vagabones would think he was like themselves, and never suspect he was doing Masther D'Arcy a good turn. So I was thinking that you, I mane your father, would maybe"——

"Take him all we have on our bare knees, watch him and *tind* him, and save him, and get him out of the hands of his inimies at last, God be praised!" exclaimed the generous-hearted girl. "Oh, Lanty, I'll forgive you all you said. To be sure we'll put a blind on the law; and sure enough it's my father will manage every thing, and you only did him justice. But you said something about his wanting; shall I take him *mother's cordial*, and the *tay*, and the cake, and every thing in the house, at once? No one would suspect *me*, you know, Lanty; only, in God's name, where in the Black Abbey could you have put him away?"

"I'll give you the tokens, avourneen, whin yer father comes in; I could have got what he wanted, only for the waywardness he shows. And, besides, I *know I'm watched.*"

Not many minutes after this disclosure, the farmer, his wife, and eldest daughter, returned; and it would have been a lesson worth remembering to those who argue on the selfishness of human nature, to have witnessed the zeal displayed by those humble but warm-hearted people, in the cause of one who had injured them, but whose injuries were forgotten the moment his real situation was known.

"I thought you'd do the right thing," said old Lanty, while tears trickled down his cheeks; "there are many have the heart as good towards the masther, and maybe *softer;* but there's none have so much sinse."

It was arranged that Lanty should lie by for a couple of days, and that either Murphy or his daughters should convey what was necessary to the Black Abbey for the poor sufferer.

The country had not yet done talking of his imprudence, misfortunes, and rapid disappearance from amongst them. They could understand his extravagance and carelessness; but if they had known, they could hardly have comprehended, the sensitiveness and pride that would, independently of the circumstances which left no alternative between voluntary or jail confinement, have compelled D'Arcy to hide what he considered a dishonoured head in the depths of the grave, sooner than have it seen by his old associates. The storm had been even more desperate than he anticipated; and agitation brought on fever, which his humble friend had truly designated as "*the* sickness." To the services of poor old Lanty, D'Arcy O'Rourke had an undoubted right; but he saw his old friend sinking under exertions which were likely to destroy him rapidly. The only thing those of his obdurate creditors could obtain by detaining him in prison, was revenge; and this, as I *have* said, for debt, found no echo in the generality of Irish hearts. Many were the instructions Lanty gave Murphy as to what he was to say and do, when he visited "the masther;" that night his directions were particular indeed; one thing only he did not feel it necessary to recommend—perfect silence; he knew they would die sooner than betray their trust.

That night Murphy took down his gun, and, being amply provided with all things necessary, which his wife and daughters prepared with unusual care, departed on his mission. The good woman would not call her husband back for fear of "turning his luck," but she ran after to whisper in his ear, "that he was to remimber it was one of the *rale* ould stock he was going to, and to be very particular in his manners, especially *now*, as the dear gentleman was in sore throuble." This was in unison with the farmer's own opinion, and he was somewhat offended at the caution which his own generous feelings, clad in coarser garments, told him was unnecessary.

Many visions floated before him as he climbed the rocky acclivity leading to the Black Abbey. The footpath was wild and tangled. First of all he had to ford through a portion of that peculiarly Irish morass that adheres to the mountain side, then to spring from crag to crag, until, having attained the highest point commanding a view of the ivied ruins, which lay peacefully in a little dell sunk between two hills, he paused to consider what he should say. Murphy's salutation to friend or foe, to superior or inferior, would have been ready without thought, but D'Arcy was a combination of all at once. The national fealty to his landlord that had been, was combated by the severe loss and degradation he had endured from his reckless habits and broken promises. D'Arcy was vastly his superior in birth and education, but the upright and honest spirit, the firm purpose and taintless word of a free-born man, assured the brave tiller of the soil that those high moral qualities elevate the peasant, while their abuse degrades the peer. He stood alone under the canopy of heaven; the pale stars were "dreaming their path through the sky," the rabbits were gambolling in the moonlight, and the hoot of the owl ascended from the little valley, mingled with the honest bark of the distant dog. Murphy paused to consider what he should say. He knew what the ardent and fiery temper of the young man had been, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it would rebel against, not yield to, circumstances. He almost wished he had suffered his wife to come; for she certainly would have done nothing wrong.

THE DRAMA AN IMPORTANT AGENT OF CIVILISATION.

Dramatic performances and recitations are means of bringing the mass of people into a quicker sympathy with a writer of genius, to a profounder comprehension of his grand, beautiful, touching conceptions, than can be effected by the reading of the closet. No commentary throws such a light on a great poem, or any impassionate work of literature, as the voice of a reader or speaker, who brings to the task a deep feeling of his author, and rich and various powers of expression. A crowd, electrified by a sublime thought, or softened into a humanising sorrow, under such a thought partake a pleasure at once exquisite and refined; and I cannot but believe that this, and other amusements, at which the delicacy of women and the purity of the Christian can take no offence, are to grow up under a higher social culture. Let me only add, that, in proportion as culture spreads among the people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures, conversation, increases in delight. This, after all, is the greatest amusement in life; cheering us round our hearths, often cheering our work, stirring our hearts, gently, acting on us like the balmy air, or the bright light of heaven, so silently and continually that we hardly think of its influence. This source of happiness is too often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, mental activity, and refinement of feeling; and do we defraud the labourer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly blessings of conversation within his reach?—*Channing's Self-Culture.*

[The above sentiments breathe a fine spirit of philanthropy, but we fear are quite visionary.]

THE FRENCH PRIEST.

[Abridged from a Sketch by Delaforest, in "Heads of the French, drawn by Themselves."]

THE nobility have resumed their titles, recovered part of their landed estates, and received, by a legislative enactment, a magnificent compensation for their losses; the middle classes, in their various grades, have gained a marked influence; but the clergy—ridiculed and prostrated in the eighteenth century, hated and persecuted by the Directory—have never resumed their influence. The position, fortune, and dignity of the French Priest, seem to have sunk for ever.

The calling of the Priest is not recognised by the civil law until he obtains the situation of vicar [or assistant to a curate], when he begins to receive an official salary out of the public purse. He is then considered a government officer; and as such, his annual salary is voted with those of all other public servants, from the king down to the last messenger; and a sum of twenty-eight millions of francs being divided between the thirty thousand persons that government condescend to keep in pay for the service of the church, each Priest's average income is under forty pounds a-year, and there is not one Priest for every thousand souls.

Thus a great number of Priests, not included in the official list, which begins by the archbishops, and ends with the vicars, must depend for their existence on their own personal property, or their scanty share of the small fees collected in the church they attend, which are divided by the vestry, under the superintendence of the curate of the parish. The immediate consequence of this inferior condition of the French clergy is, that their numbers are recruited solely from the lower classes, and from those poor but respectable families in which the young men, accustomed from childhood to hardship and privation, are prepared with more fortitude to bear the difficulties with which the Priest has to contend in his laborious career, under our philosophical laws, and in the present state of public morals.

Thus, also, it must be acknowledged, those free and spontaneous vocations which sometimes appear in the highest stations of life, being now above any suspicion of ambition or cupidity, are the more strong and durable, and command the more authority and respect. The Catholic church is disencumbered of those *abbés*, who had only the name and half the costume of the Priest; whose busts, fancifully sculptured, might be seen in the gardens of the nobility; who used to write tragedies when they could not write songs or operas: a kind of irregular troop, without leader and without pay, who, strangers as they were to the militant clergy, brought by their conduct inevitable disgrace on the cloth in the eyes of the vulgar and the ignorant. Delivered from these idle and perverted members, the Catholic church, as at present organised, prepares the young Levites, whom she brings up with care in her bosom, to the solitary and cheerless life that awaits them in the exercise of their calling. No one now thinks of railing or blaspheming against the Priest: it is no longer the fashion, and is esteemed vulgar; but, prompted by strong feelings of antipathy, or dreading the restraint his presence imposes, or, perhaps, wincing under the tacit censure conveyed by his example, people shun the Priest, and exclude him almost entirely from their domestic circle. Either through systematic religious indifference, or on account of their irregular habits, or in obedience to worldly prejudice, they never think of living on terms of intimacy with a man for whose assistance they apply on every important circumstance of their life, and who will be called to afford them spiritual comfort on their deathbed. Truth to say, the Priest is far from desiring admission to the pleasures of the social family circle—he would not enjoy them. He avoids mixing with society, because he perceives, beneath an apparent kindness of manners, prejudices, want of sympathy, and adverse feelings prevailing against him; and he will not excite or set them at defiance. The Priest's religious education has taught him, with humble resignation, to bear solitude, scorn, and all worldly tribulations; and, prepared as he is to live apart from a world that cannot do without him, he is ever ready to tender his assistance when required. Such is the situation, above the reach of prejudice, assigned the Priest in the social scale by the gospel and the moral code in all Christian countries.

The newly-ordained Priest who has no taste for tuition, or who is afraid alike of its advantages and its difficulties, is always anxious to perform his sacerdotal duties; and, after the Christmas consecration, his bishop appoints him resident Priest of some large parish in a great town. Let us follow him there, the better to appreciate the privations and the toils of the French Catholic Priest. His only income is composed of the tenth or twelfth part of the voluntary fees paid to the parish for the christening and commemorative masses (marriage and burial-service fees belonging exclusively to curates and vicars), and this precarious and scanty resource hardly enables him to provide the bare necessaries of life. He is obliged to take a lodging at the top of some decent but obscure house; a pallet bed, a table, and a chair or two, compose the

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whole of his furniture; and if he has any attendance at all, he is indebted for it to the private feelings of some honest charwoman, who finds a compensation in the enjoyment of her charitable feelings for her insufficient wages.

This is not all. He will also visit the sick, the poor, the prisoners; and, however difficult he might find it to surmount the natural dislike inherent to humanity for scenes of wretchedness and misery, his sense of duty, of evangelical benevolence and heavenly reward, will not desert him in his arduous task. But who will not sympathise with the painful depression of a cultivated mind, obliged constantly to commune with children, women, men of the lower condition, whose intellect is hardly open to any light, who know not how to discern the acts of their every-day life, who are ignorant of the value of the words they utter—half savage beings, who do not even present, as a compensation for their stupidity, the stimulant attraction of a conversion to make, of a new civilisation to prepare? Who will not pity the mental torture to be endured by those constantly retold instructions, by that attendance to confraternities of religious old maids, by those unintelligible confessions, which form an essential part of the young Priest's duty, at the beginning of his professional career?

We shall not attempt to follow the Priest in the routine of all his professional duties, performing successively the christening, marriage, and burial services, our especial province being to observe and describe him out of church, in his connection with the world and society. After many years of trial, his merit, not unassisted by his family interest, or the patronage of some protectors, may obtain for him the appointment of vicar or curate; nay, perhaps he may be raised to the state of a vicar-general or a canon, become bishop or archbishop—and, as nothing is impossible, some future day may see him cardinal and pope. The Priest can always, we shall not say hope, but fear (which is more consistent with his humility) to be entrusted with the spiritual government of the Christian world. Brought up for all situations of life, he is prepared for all changes of fortune, and will bear them all with equal dignity: his habitual chastity, poverty, and resignation, give him a complete control over himself. Indifferent, but not selfish—charitable, without parading any outward emotion—observant, without malignity—silent, without being disdainful—and cautious, although he does not lack courage—he will appear irreproachable to the world; and he will rather abstain from mixing with society than engage himself too warmly in its conflicts. You will never hear of the Priest except when you want him; and be he poor or rich, in the lowest ranks of the church militis or among its highest dignitaries, he will be in close contact with every social crisis, without playing any conspicuous or offensive part. Has any one connected with the courts of law ever heard of a Priest appearing there as a debtor or creditor, plaintiff or defendant? We know only of two recent exceptions, and, unwilling as we are to recal painful recollections, we must say, that one of the men alluded to was not French, and that both had been attainted by the discipline of the Church before being found guilty by a criminal court. Still these two solitary examples, in our days, when all ears and all eyes are anxiously open to the smallest delinquencies of the Levites of the church, bear the most striking testimony to the high character of the French clergy, to which no other can be compared. One or two bad sheep in a flock of thirty thousand are hardly worth mentioning; and the united clergy of Italy, Germany, Portugal, England, Spain, and both Americas, cannot boast, like the French clergy, of the mighty assemblage of so many virtues, united to such exemplary dignity, poverty, and learning.

Buried now in a few legislative, municipal, and academic mummies, the spirit of Voltaire will no more invent and publish pretended misdeeds perpetrated by Catholic Priests. Calumny has made way for truth, and the newspapers are every day filled with descriptions of acts of courage, devotedness, and benevolence, accomplished by members of the Catholic clergy, whose example is in keeping with their best sermons. Here the archbishop of the metropolis, when a contagious fever is raging in Paris, can be constantly seen in attendance at the hospitals, adopting all orphans that the fatal disease throws upon his inexhaustible charity; there a young vicar plunges into the river, at the peril of his life, to rescue the insane or imprudent victim, whom he saves from certain death; another, braving the danger of a fatal conflagration, preserves the peasant's cottage, or the manufactory that gives employment to many operatives. Again, it is a Priest who throws himself between two combatants misled by a false sense of honour, and a sincere reconciliation takes place upon the spot selected for deadly contest. Every day, in fine, is revealed to the public some noble or generous deed accomplished by members of that class so long devoted to the calumnies of the press.

There is in this rapid sketch neither exaggeration nor poetry. Plain truth is told, supported by undeniable facts. We have shown the French Priest in his real character, without the servile and injudicious veneration of narrow-minded devotees; but we have also tried to vindicate him from the suspicion of hypocrisy entertained against him by all libertines. We have pourtrayed the Priest, not as he is misrepresented by silly people and slanderers, but as he is now—more the man of the times, more attentive to its wants, its signs, and its progress, than he ever was before, because experience and the calamities of the Church have not been lost upon him.

To sum up the social and distinctive features of the physiognomy of the French Priest, follow him from the seminary to the college chapel, to the barrack, on board ship, to the font and to the altar, to the deathbed of the sick, to the cottage of the poor, and the wigwam of the savage; observe him treading on the carpeted floors of splendid mansions, or visiting the convict in his cell, and accompanying him to the scaffold: you will always find him adapting his demeanour and his speech to times, to places, and to persons. The most characteristic trait of the French Catholic Priest—that which bears the impress of his peculiar education—is his disposition always to act with the most becoming propriety, his constant readiness to make sacrifices to every situation. It has been said with truth that there is always some virtue concealed beneath the rigid observance of propriety; and the Priest being the most perfect model of all sorts of propriety, he resumes in his life the practice, or at least the appearance, of every virtue.

NOVEL-SPINNING.

The following jeu d'esprit on the practice of *spinning* novels out to the length of three volumes, occurs in the New York Mirror for August 31, 1839:—

'A novel *must* be in three volumes. It matters not whether the author's story is long or short—his plot intricate or simple—his incident crowded or scarce—his characters few or many—in all cases his novel must be in three volumes. It is the publisher's fiat. If Richardson had lived in those days, he would have had to cut down Clarissa Harlow, Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison, to three volumes each, and Goldsmith would have had to expand his charming little Vicar of Wakefield to the same dimensions. A tale in one or two volumes is deemed trivial, and in four or upwards cumbersome, and therefore no novel-writer, unless he be an established favourite, dares depart from the beaten track of three octavos or duodecimos. This gives rise to a systematic process of elaboration, which is a very great bore. Indeed, there is no end to the affectation and flimsiness of which it is productive; and an author is frequently obliged to wire-draw his scenes and thoughts in a way which is very afflicting.

The interrogation and exclamation are much in request, and special favourites with those who practise the art of spinning. Sometimes there is a good deal of ingenuity manifested in this department, and sometimes there is no ingenuity at all. The design is frequently too apparent—too barefaced; neither wit nor humour is employed to conceal the fraud. A gentleman's inquiries about little or nothing are numerous in the extreme, and his surprise about little or nothing painful and prolonged to a painful extent. For instance:—

"Were you at Sanderson's last night, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Crowded?"

"A regular jam! Whom do you think your false fair one, little Emily" ——

"Stuff!"

"Led off the ball with?"

"Oh! Watkins, of course."

"No."

"No!"

"Not Watkins!"

"No—I'll tell you—not Watkins."

"Harry Selbourne, perhaps."

"Wrong again. What think you of Fred. Thompson!"

"Pooh!"

"Fact."

"Nonsense!"

"'Pon honour!"

"Fred. Thompson!"

"Fred. Thompson."

"You don't say so! What *will* Sophy Tompkins say to that?"

&c. &c. &c.

Now, in place of such twaddle as this, to which plenty of parallels are to be found in our modern novels, would it not be equally instructive and answer the great object of filling the page just as well, to do it in this fashion:—

"————?"

"————."

DUELLING IN AMERICA.

The following is from the New York Spectator:—"We received a letter from a friend in the west, a short time since, from which we extract the following account of a duel, which, for novelty and brutality, the reader must confess, has not been surpassed:—

'Writing of their genteel and honourable mode of settling disputes, I will endeavour to give you a description of a duel which took place in a southern city not long since; and to do the narration justice, I must inform you of its origin. One night, a stranger—a tall, bony, and powerful man—stepped into the bar-room of a fashionable hotel, and swaggered about, to the no small amusement of the company. His dress was unique, being a coarse Petersham coat, deer-skin pantaloons, and heavy water-boots. His head was graced with a huge Mexican hat, with a brim half a yard wide. The butts of two large horse-pistols protruded from either pocket of his coat, and the handle of a bowie knife projected from under his vest. The strangeness of the man's appearance rivetted the attention of all present, and those who did not boast the bump of combativeness shrank from the swing of his giant arm. "I'm a gentleman," said he, by way of introduction. No one appeared to dispute it, so he proceeded. "I own three thousand acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, and one hundred negroes, and I can chew up any man in this room;" still no one disputed him; and looking round with a sneer, he exclaimed, "I've killed eleven Indians, three white men, and seven panthers; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!" With this denunciation he jolted against Dr B——, a man of high honour and unquestionable courage. The doctor immediately threw the disgraceful epithet back on him, and at the same time spat in his face. The bowie knife of the stranger immediately glistened in the light, but the timely rush of several gentlemen prevented his plunging it into the heart of his opponent. Matters were soon brought to an understanding, and a formal challenge was given and accepted by the parties. Dr B—— was a thickset muscular man, and considered one of the best shots in the states; and even the arrangements of the duel did not shake his determination to humble the arrogance of the stranger. The terms were these:—The parties were to be locked up in a dark room (the seconds remaining outside), each to be stripped of his clothing with the exception of pantaloons, and the arms and shoulders to be greased with lard. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. At a given signal from the seconds, the butchery was to commence. The doctor, who survived the dreadful conflict, stated that for nearly a quarter of an hour they kept at bay, and scarcely a tread or breath could be heard after the cocking of the pistols. At moments he could see the cat-eyes of his antagonist; and when he was about to fire, they would disappear, and appear again in another part of the room. He at length fired: as quick as thought the shot was returned, and the ball passed through the shoulder. In his agony he discharged the second pistol at random; the flash brought a return from his opponent, and another ball passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Faint with the loss of blood, he staggered about the room, and at length fell heavily upon the floor. The stranger chuckled when he heard the noise of his fall, but soon became silent, and slowly and softly approached his victim, with the intention of dispatching him with his knife. This, however, the doctor, with much presence of mind, though barely alive, prevented; for the grey eyes of the stranger betrayed him; and while they glared like fireballs over him, he struck his knife upwards, and it went through the heart of his antagonist, who fell by his side without a groan. The door was then opened, and the duellists were found weltering in each other's blood.'"

[Such is the feebleness of the executive in the western and southern parts of the United States, that proceedings of the above horrid nature cannot be checked.]

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR JAMES M'DONNELL.

A friend has related to us an anecdote illustrative not only of the high opinion entertained by his grace of this distinguished general, but of the delicate generosity displayed by Sir James to a non-commissioned officer of his regiment. Some three years ago, the Duke of Wellington was waited upon at Apsley House by two gentlemen, who announced to him, that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left L.500 to the bravest man in the British army, they called for the purpose of handing to his grace a cheek for that amount; being fully satisfied that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money, alleging that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his grace's visitors earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded, promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The duke received them with great courtesy, but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that, if they had no objection, he would make his selection from the battle of Waterloo, that being the last, the greatest, and most important action of the war. This point being adjusted, his grace proceeded to state, that Hougomont having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major-General Sir James Macdonnell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James Macdonnell, and having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day the French troops rushed upon Hougomont with such irresistible force, that the gates of the farm were burst open, and for a moment the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful serjeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards the French were driven back with great slaughter, and the fate of Hougomont was decided. Sir James added, that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant soldier who assisted him, at so critical a moment, in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept the L.500, and divide it with Serjeant-Major Fraser, to whom he accordingly paid L.250 of the money.—*United Service Journal.*

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EQUALITY OF HAPPINESS.

THE notion that happiness is pretty equally distributed throughout all ranks and conditions, is of old standing. Something of the kind is to be found in Homer :—

> "Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
> The source of evil one, and one of good;
> From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
> Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
> To most he mingles both :———
> The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
> But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care."

The same view has been taken by Mr Hume, and much can be said in favour of it. If we regard the class apparently most pampered by fortune—the rich and honoured—we certainly find that they have their cares and vexations, and these not merely what all are subject to by nature, but many of them incidental, as it may be said, to the very possession of wealth and honour. The necessity under which wealthy and titled persons lie, of acting up to the character which their possessions assign them, is not the least. Rank is to be supported, not only by the appropriate expenditure, which it may be difficult to provide, but by certain suitable or supposedly suitable modes of behaviour, which it may be very uneasy to sustain. How often have the great been found glad to lay aside their state, when they could do it with safety, to mingle in common crowds and common enjoyments! Even so far to indulge nature as to have a hearty burst of mirth, after being long restrained within the limits of a tame decorum, would often be to them amongst the most desirable of luxuries; but it is one which they perhaps more rarely enjoy than even the humblest orders of society. A grand dinner, ushered in by many foregone flourishes of trumpets, and with vast pageantry, in honour of some distinguished character, is an imposing spectacle, but one, that often, we suspect, yields more solid enjoyment to the spectator, or unknown guest, than to the chief performer, to whom it sometimes turns out to be rather of the nature of a mockery than of a feast. A patriotic statesman, successful warrior, a thrice-returned member of parliament, a lord provost, or lord mayor elect, is to be glorified; but how purely aërial must be their indulgences, knowing that they are the "observed of all observers, the admired of all admirers." On them all eyes are fixed; on their tongues all voices are hung. Can they eat, can they digest, under such a concentration of gaze and interest? Can they taste the flavour of the viands or of the rich wines set before them? Might not any thing almost be put on their plates, or poured into their glasses, which they would unconsciously swallow? Their attention is absorbed by the scene around; their ears are erect to catch the plaudits, or, perhaps, a stray sneer or disparaging whisper; big drops of perspiration exude and cluster on the forehead; the nostrils distend, the breast heaves, they breathe thick, short, and with difficulty; sighs and even groans escape, evincing the throes they endure in simultaneous efforts to eat and drink, smile and be gracious, and to keep in due order and connection the sentences of thanks to be shortly forthcoming in return for the "undeserved and unmerited tribute—the proudest epoch—the happiest moment of their lives, to which they shall ever look back, with the deepest gratitude and most unbounded satisfaction, to the latest hour of their existence." Exhausted by this delivery, the exhibitant sinks back into his chair like a discharged leech, collapsed and spent, sick and disgusted, until perhaps a glancing thought crosses his mind of the pure air and undisturbed repast to be enjoyed in some sylvan villa, which administers a cordial to his sinking energies. Such a banquet is called a public dinner, inasmuch as a multitude pays for it, and it is eaten for the public benefit; but a public sacrifice would frequently be a more correct designation.

The great have some title to indulgence, if not commiseration. A king has great power, but less liberty than the meanest of his subjects. His costume, his residence, his locomotion, his servants, his associates, his consort, all that constitute the pride, the free-will, and unrestrained licence of others, are ordained and prescribed to him by the law and his station. In theory, a monarch can do no wrong; in practice, he can do nothing right, nothing that is not obnoxious to the censure of some of the multitudinous host who sit in judgment over all his actions, and to whom he is in some degree accountable for his every-day conduct. All those next in rank and authority under him, his peers, ministers, judges, and great officers, down to the worshipful mayor, recorder, and aldermen of a municipal corporation, are in corresponding vassalage—subject to like responsibility, to like stringent conditions, as the price of official eminence. They live not for themselves, but the community; their lives are in the public breath—an afflatus, which, more than any of the gases which chemistry has discovered, is the most vaporous, elastic, evanescent, and inconstant. No salary, no fees, patronage, perquisites, or honour, appear an adequate compensation for living so dependently, and being made so fixed a mark for all the arrows which prejudice and malice may be pleased to discharge. If one reflects that the greatness of some is not sought, but thrust upon them; that many inherit offices hereditarily, like the sovereigns of England or the sheriff of Westmoreland; that many, again, have been thrust upwards by the ill-judged vanity of their parents or guardians, who preferred tinsel distinction to real happiness; and that others are the cadets of noble houses, in virtue of which, and in relation thereto, they are fixed in high places—

> ———Cursed and stigmatised by power,
> And raised to be exposed—

without aptitude, taste, or fitness for promotion; we shall find abundant topics calculated to console the more humble and less ostentatious, who "pursue the noiseless tenor of their way in the sequestered vale of private life."

The late Lord Castlereagh used to compare public office to a "bed of roses;" there were gay colours and some perfume in it; but the thorns were sharp, and sometimes annoying, as his lordship, so fatally to his own peace, unhappily found them to be.

The drawbacks from riches are not less than those from station, and the luxuries they purchase are not always sweet or wholesome. Nothing is so fascinating to the careless beholder as a splendid well-tasselled and well-cushioned equipage; it is certainly a great protection from night air and bad weather, though its necessary uses in most situations are now tolerably well provided for at less care and cost by cabriolets, omnibusses, and other vehicles; but it has more serious disadvantages than expense, or taxes on liveries, four wheels, and pleasure horses. Carriage people, we guess, are not remarkably healthy, nor do they appear, in passing, particularly happy; they lack the brisk respiration and cheering exertion of the pedestrian, in whose recreative pastime they are denied full participation, either from want of practice on common roads, or the interdict of fashion. Where a carriage, moreover, is kept, there must be such an observance of times and appointments, the health of horses, and so forth, as materially must subtract from that very freedom of motion which the possession of the vehicle seems to extend. The commonplaces of all nations are eloquent on the cares which attend wealth, the contentions to which it gives rise, and the vices of which it is the root. Unquestionably it often produces more irksomeness than pleasure, sets those by the ears who otherwise would have been friends, and, worst of all, corrupts the nature of him to whom it flows most freely. Another of its evils has been less remarked upon, the necessity which it imposes of acting according to the will of others, rather than one's own. Expectations are formed of the wealthy, as of the titled man. He must be generous to the degree, and in the modes, and with reference to the objects, which others choose, or submit to be thought a remarkably bad dispenser of the gifts of Providence. He is perhaps expected, merely because he has the pecuniary means, to practise hospitalities, for which he has little of either patience or taste. Whatever he does or gives, it is measured against the imagined standard of his wealth, and, as it is thought equal to, or short of *that*, so is he reputed. Even his ordinary charities are liable to be miscalculated, each recipient knowing well what he himself gets, but not how many others are getting or have gotten, or how much in all is dispensed. In short, the rich man is called upon in a thousand ways to concede to the will and expectations of others, and finds that it is much easier even to perform the task of making money, by men supposed so difficult, than to spend it in such a way as may be consistent with his own peace of mind, and, what largely contributes to that in most natures, his good standing with his fellow-creatures.

If we look, again, at the more conspicuous evils of life, we shall find that they are attended with some counterbalancing advantages, which make them not quite so great evils as they at first seem. The humble are not required to act up to an artificial character; and when subscription-papers go about, the poor are never expected to subscribe. Whenever they do clever or generous things, their merit is, to use Johnson's phrase, "handsomely acknowledged," for such things are not expected of them. Mighty blasts which prostrate the great, pass harmlessly over the heads of the lowly; and, as Juvenal long ago remarked, the man without a purse laughs in the face of the robber. In a thousand ways, humble circumstances may be found both convenient and agreeable. They expose, it is true, to some evils; but from many others they directly procure protection and exemption.

Nevertheless, while there is probably truth in every one of the above propositions, we must look a little farther in order to see the whole truth. The blessings of life may be allowed to have their drawbacks, and the evils to have counterbalancing advantages; but we fear that little sincere conviction would be produced by any effort to show that all classes of men are, class for class, alike happy, and that rank and condition are therefore matters of indifference. Such arguments belong to a cajoling kind of philosophy which is sometimes practised towards particular classes, with, we should think, remarkably little real effect of the kind contemplated. It seems to us more manly, as well as more true, to say, that there is much genuine benefit to be derived from wealth, when it can be obtained without too great sacrifices. It procures many comforts, and above all things confers the inestimable happiness of becoming the means or instrument by which the woes of others are to be lessened and their happiness increased. It saves from many great dangers and evils to which the poor are exposed continually. It gives the glorious privilege, as the poet calls it—and a glorious privilege it is for all who can obtain it, though the reverse is no real

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degradation to the helpless—"of being independent." Station, again, can never be unworthy of a generous ambition, since it also confers the power of greatly affecting for good the destinies of others, and, when attained, must in ordinary circumstances have the effect of raising the mind above sordid and degrading influences. With wealth and station there may be great cares and great harassments; but these are comparatively of rare occurrence, and those which most frequently occur are of a trifling kind, such as nothing but the absence of real and great evils could invest with any power of annoyance. With poverty and humility on the other hand, great evils are more frequent or more constant in their action—a scanty provision of even the necessaries of life, exposure to oppression and contumely, danger of disease which there may not be the means of remedying, and many others not less great. One melancholy fact stands on the records of the statists in proof of the greater exposure of the poor to the mishaps of life, that the value of life amongst them is less than it is amongst the rich; that is, that the number of deaths amongst them, reckoning age against age, is greater. It is also to be observed, that the distresses of the poor are much less avoidable than those of the rich. A rich man, if he finds his carriage troublesome, can lay it down. If he finds himself too much pressed upon by a circle of friends, he can cut himself out from it, and take refuge in any pleasant part of the country or on the continent. Most of the things which trouble him are only those habits of society which an independent man may dissent from if he pleases. Alas, however, for the griefs and pains which beset the lowly estate, where means are slender, and friends consequently few!

Men practically acknowledge these truths by the exertions which they make, each to acquire better means and superior station. It is seen in the eagerness of the labourer and artisan to obtain a small advance of wages or promotion to the situation of a foreman, as well as in the movements of higher men. And well it is that Providence has implanted this universal solicitude for something better, for, except by a continual miracle, the blessings which that Providence has created for us could never have been otherwise realised.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
St Paul.

DEBT AND DANGER.

PART II.

Lanty had secreted his master in a small square underground chamber, not exactly a vault, nor yet a room; the air was admitted through a loophole at one side, on a level with the roof; it had been used formerly as a sort of resting-place for those who carried the coffins of the O'Rourkes to their last home; and two large stones, that occupied the whole of one side, marked the entrance to the vault of D'Arcy's ancestors. It had been inhabited for many years by a "holy man," who, after performing his penance of fasts and seclusion, disappeared from the country altogether about a year before the young squire's ruin. The entrance was then closed, as a child playing about the abbey had fallen in, and been seriously injured.

When Murphy entered, he could only discover at first a heap of old tapestry laid along three high-backed chairs, which Lanty had so arranged as to form a sort of couch for the sufferer; and the words, "At last, at last you are come!" were succeeded by a feeble movement; and while Murphy struck a light by the aid of his gun-flint, D'Arcy managed to raise himself on one elbow, and gaze wildly on his visitor, whom he now perceived was not Lanty.

"Don't come near me!" he exclaimed, "don't come near me! I know you now; but I'll never be taken alive; I've sworn it. I have lain all day watching these stones, and wondering if they would open for me. But don't come near me, Murphy. I suppose you *rods* here, eh? Well, some have horses, but others have none—but others have none!" he repeated wildly; while the farmer, overpowered by the sight, as he afterwards said, "of the brave flower of the counthry cut down and blasted," stood perfectly powerless opposite to him, the candle flaring against the walls, and giving just sufficient light to enable D'Arcy, when a little more cool, to observe the mingling of agony and pity depicted in his face, while tears coursed each other rapidly down his manly cheeks. The young squire then became alarmed for Lanty, and eagerly inquired if he had caught the fever, which gave Murphy an opportunity of explaining all in a few words. At first the young man was silent; but true generosity is infectious; it is a sort of signal-light, which, when lit up in one bosom, will communicate to the next, without any seeming contact. And, weak as an infant from disease, faint for want of sustenance, utterly and completely exhausted, the last of his race sobbed like a sick baby on the shoulder of the kind-hearted Murphy. "I wish it was my wife was in it," said the farmer; "I'm mighty unhandy about yer honour, so I am; and sure she shall come and tind yer honour, if you will let her."

"Don't 'honour' me, Murphy," said D'Arcy sadly; "I've no state left now."

"Ough, what matter?" he answered; "the state may go, but the honour lives in a man's own breast. I'd uphould it through the counthry, that it's *alive* there, any how; *and, plaise God, whin yer honour is out of the fungs of the fever, and the hands of yer inimies*, ye'll prove it. Give an honest man time to get through his throubles, and he'll prove he's honest—I'm sure of that."

"God bless you, Murphy!—God bless you!" he murmured. It was astonishing how, in a couple of hours, Murphy improved the aspect of the place. Lanty had brought some old carpeting and matting there by stealth, which had been thrown away as valueless, and by its aid the worthy farmer concealed the entrance to the vault, and managed to make a more comfortable couch. He kindled a fire, and contrived to keep it burning all night, despite the smoke, which, as the night was calm, escaped through the rugged entrance. The fire enabled him to supply his patient with warm tea during the watching hours. At times D'Arcy's mind wandered; but, in general, he was tolerably calm, though most anxious about his old servant. He talked to Murphy about the future, and his resolve to starve rather than go in debt—a resolution which the farmer declared would make a greater man of him than ever. And when the morning came, and Murphy was obliged to depart, the young squire experienced the benefit that is easier felt than explained, and which always succeeds a conversation with a person of strong mind, no matter how unlearned.

"I did not deserve this from you," said D'Arcy; "I did not think you would give it. Lanty knew you better than I did."

"He had a betther right, sir, being one of ourselves. *It isn't the likes of you, in yeneral, that understands the hearts of the poor.* But, sure, sir, dear, I have the honour of *sarving* you, and that's a rich reward for me."

It is rarely that one of Murphy's countrymen is so right-judging, rarely that he would be able to separate the giving the horse on credit to the young squire from the personal service rendered gratuitously, but the straightforward honest man had, as he well said, his reward; and while I give him due praise for his warmth and wisdom, I must remember that D'Arcy endured much; for to accept most generous service from one he had injured, was deeply humiliating to the tried and wounded spirit. Proud also by inheritance—a pride that had been both trampled on and goaded—if D'Arcy O'Rourke had been of a common mind, he would have taken refuge in his pride, gathered himself up therein, as in a mantle, and cultivated the idea, that being a lord of the soil gave him right over "his people," as I have heard them called, forgetting that the real law of landlord and tenant is an interchange of services, one having the gold coin which he exchanges for its value in silver, or it may be brass, yet still receiving the value. But D'Arcy's mind was not of a common or coarse order; he had persisted in the errors of his *caste* from habit, and a desire to keep up the dignity of his family, little dreaming that the man who runs in debt beyond his ability to pay, surrenders his peace of mind, and prostrates his dignity under the feet of his creditor. When awoke fully to a sense of his situation, his resolve was boldly and bravely taken; and though the nature of the cure was so severe that the patient might sink beneath its operation, still, if he survived, he did so in the genuine pride of conscious strength, in the enjoyment of that mental health which enables a man to look steadily forward to a given end, that end being HONOUR, the HONOUR of an honest man—the HONOUR from whose star a ray of glory expands on every side.

In the mean time, the report that "a travelling woman was ill of the fever in the Black Abbey, and that Murphy of the hill and his wife was able to see afther her without danger on account of the charrum," was industriously circulated, and obtained easy belief in a credulous district. Lanty, though suffering from severe illness, like the poor bird in the story managed to decoy the intruder from the cherished nest, and had the satisfaction of knowing that Cronan believed "the masther," if still in the country, was secreted some five miles off. This was all they desired, except, indeed, the recovery of the poor sufferer, which the undeviating attention of Murphy and his family accelerated. To Mrs Murphy's great relief, she discovered on her first visit that the young man had not been suffering from "*the sickness*," but from a fearful derangement of the nervous system, amounting almost to insanity—a nervous intermittent sort of fever. "Brain sickness' is not catching, any how!" she said joyfully to her husband. "I'm thinking that first of all to have it, honey dear, people must have brain; and you know," she added, smiling at her husband, "none of the Murphys have enough to *let loose* for that."

"Every kindness you show me," said D'Arcy, when he was sufficiently recovered to move about his narrow chamber, "every kindness you show me is like a dagger in my heart. I did not deserve it." He was always inquiring what was said of him throughout the country, and when it was likely he could leave it. It was interesting to observe what able tacticians both Murphy and his wife became, simply by the teaching of a kind heart. They let him know all that would be pleasant for him to hear, and avoided all that was contrary. At last they took advantage of the darkness of a summer night, and removed him to their own cottage, where the change of air and the additional comforts tended greatly to accelerate his recovery; but still he remained the shadow, the very shadow, of his former self—so worn, so weak, that he was literally unable to raise his cup of gruel to his own lips. They made his bed in "the loft," which was above the kitchen; and as the boards rested on the thick rafters, and there was no ceiling beneath, D'Arcy O'Rourke heard every thing that was said in the house; and to poor Mrs Murphy it seemed as though illness had sharpened his perceptions, for sometimes the neighbours would talk what she did not wish him to hear.

"Did ye hear, Mrs Murphy, that the new people at the big house are going to pull down every cabin on the red slip, near the cross-roads? Oh! the throuble must be heavy on the young squire, wherever he is, to think of the suffering he brought on the poor, by not taking care of his own." Or,

"Oh! dear, there's Tom Mulligan of the Forge gone altogether to the bad; he's fled the counthry, and they say his sickly wife, and the four grawls, must *take to the road*.* He was a thriving man in a small way, until the young squire gave him an order for the new iron gates, just whin he came of age; he thought *that* would make him, and *was in debt for the iron*. Sure, like every thing else, they were never paid for." Or,

"Sad news this morning, Mrs Murphy, ma'am. Mrs Nowlan died last night; she was always mighty tinder about the heart, and her little way of business was destroyed through the goings on at the big house. People, who maybe only wanted an excuse, said they could not pay her, because the squire never paid them. But she's gone now, any how."

Mrs Murphy tried all she could to keep these babbling tongues in order. Sometimes she told them to "spake aisy, for one of the girls was above on the bed sick." Sometimes she dismissed a neighbour with the information that she "had a power and all of work to do;" but though her eldest daughter, and Kathleen, both exerted their ingenuity to the utmost to keep the house quiet, they could not always succeed; and if the subject had not been of such an agonising nature, D'Arcy must have admired the strategems put in requisition on his account.

This was bitter schooling. He knew perfectly well that he had inconvenienced and distressed the rich, but he had not imagined that the influence of his own and his family's imprudence had so injured the poor. Those who had heaped blessings on his head as he passed along, and whose faces he knew even as his own, the more gentle and unpretending their complaints were, the more he suffered.

"Ah! sure, the poor gintleman could not help it; he'd have paid it if he had it, God help him!" Or,

"They say he's gone beyond seas. Well, betther luck to him, wherever he goes. Sure, the good drop was in him!—we know that. God break hard fortune before every one's child!" Or,

"Ah! it's not right of us to be so hard upon the poor young gintleman! What else could be expected from the way he was reared. *I'm sure, though we must eat our paytees dry this year through his manes*, I can forgive him; he did not mane it."

D'Arcy O'Rourke had often inquired why Lanty did not come and see him, and not one of the kind people who laboured so earnestly to minister to his wants could tell him that Lanty was breathing out his last faithful breath in a neighbouring cottage. Various excuses were made, the principal being, that "sure he was watching the post for his honour, and when a letther came, he'd bring it"—or, "he had hurt his foot with a splinter, and could not walk, and the people would be wondering if he was carried to the Murphys." The old servant had outlived "his people," outlived all his affections, save the strongest and dearest. The poor creatures where he was taken ill made up a little bed for him in a shed; that is to say, they gave him their own, and slept themselves on loose straw, for *self has no place in the heart of an Irish peasant*. Lanty Lurgan's sole comfort during the last days of his existence arose from hearing daily, through the medium of the benevolent Murphys, that the young master was better.

"I know I'm going, Kathleen, avourneen, I know I am. If I could only see the letther from his uncle, and look on his sweet face onst more, I'd die aisy; for what's done can't be undone now. The letther will come under cover to me, *for a cloak*, you know; and, sure enough, if I'm not in the world to receive it, what will he do at all?"

"Don't bother yerself, Lanty, honey, don't; you'll

* Beg.

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be well enough by'n by; ye'll go with the young masther away; keep up yer heart; maybe the letther will come to-day or to-morrow," replied the weeping Kathleen.

"Yes, avourneen, yes; I will be well enough by'n by—bettther than ever, I know that, praise be to HIS holy name, who provides a place where the poor are made rich, and the troubled comforted—I know that! But, Kathleen, though the trees know that the spring will bring them fresh flowers, they keep on the *ould* ones as long as they can—it's nature, child. I *know* I shall see him *hereafter*, but still I want to see him *here*—just onst. I remember a poor ould setther of his father's, very ould intirely it was, and the baste had lost the use of its hind legs, and we wanted to end it; but the young masther would not hear of it, and had the ould baste brought up to a little room he had off his own, and, to plaise him, I used to tind ould Nero. And, 'Lanty,' he says to me one morning with his sunbame of a smile, 'Lanty, whin ye're an ould man, I'll tend you, my boy, as you have tended my father's poor dog,' he says; and I says, 'God bless you, Masther D'Arcy;' and I had hardly said the words, whin the baste comes staggering out of the little room, dragging its poor legs afther it, and I saw the dart of death in its two eyes, and I wanted to put him back, but the young masther wouldn't, and the craythur dragged on to his feet, and the masther put down his hand to coax it, like; and Nero put out his ould tongue and licked his hand over and over for more than a minute, then turned up its head with a shiver, and died. And with that Masther D'Arcy took his own forehead betwixt his palms, and I saw the tears drop, drop, dropping, on the dead dog. 'Let me take it away, D'Arcy, honey,' says I, forgetting to 'masther' him, for my heart was full; but he would not—only turned the head and closed the eyes of the craythur, as if it was a Christian.

'Masther,' says I, after a bit, 'will you let me die that way whin my hour comes; and will you do as much for me as you've done for Nero?'

And he grips me by the hand, and says, 'Yes, Lanty, God knows I will, and more.' 'I only ax as much,' I says. And Lanty added, 'If I could have as much, I'd die happy.'"

The next evening, when the Murphys were occupied as usual, some spinning, some knitting, and the men and boys looking to their cattle, or half asleep over the fire, a little child in the neighbourhood entered with the observation, "There's one without wants ye, Mr Murphy, sur." Murphy rose and followed his guide, and leaning against a tree that flanked the gable end of the house, was Lanty Lurgan, his great-coat flung over his shoulders, and his white hair and unshorn beard glittering in the fading light. The good man exclaimed that his visitor was mad, but a smile was his only reply—a smile so grim and ghastly that it made the farmer start; and then he drew forth a letter, and the words "it's come at last; just let me see and give it him," crept from between his lips. The farmer managed to employ or dismiss those not in the secret of D'Arcy's concealment, and then Lanty entered, without any assistance, beneath the hospitable roof.

"Oh, daddy Lanty!" exclaimed Kathleen, flying towards him; and then horrified at the expression of his countenance, so deathlike and wretched, she drew back, and observed to her sister, "That sure there must be something about him not right, for he wint up the ladder to the loft with a noiseless step, and the look of a spirit." The setting sun was throwing his farewell beams over the landscape, and a light of mingled yellow and red entered the loft through an opening the worthy farmer had "pulled" in the thatch to admit air and sunshine to the invalid. D'Arcy was seated on his narrow bed reading, or seeming to read, and his countenance, though pale, wore the expression of one who, having gone through the worst, is resolved to exert himself for the best. On seeing Lanty he started forward to receive him, and though judiciously apprised a few minutes before that the old servant was very ill, he was quite unprepared for the spectral appearance which, flinging off his hat, almost sank at his feet.

"It's come, masther!—it's come!" he muttered, extending the letter to his master; "here it is; and *I* brought it, and seen you onst more—*and seen you onst more!* There's money in it, masther, honey, and the coast's clear now, and ye can get clean off, and be a great man. Sure, yer young years have hardly blossomed yet! But, masther, honey, avick!—and they are a'most my last words—don't forgot *ould Ireland*, though the throuble came on ye in it; and ye war too high in yerself to be among your equals, sure ye did not want a humble friend. I'm a'most gone—and the distinctions of life are a'most gone—and all I can say *is*, it isn't the jewels on the hand that gives the charity we look at, but the *hand itself*. Give me a drink, for God's sake!—I'm chokin'; and, masther, honey, open yer letter. Sure I've kept ye from doing so long enough! Let me see ye open it!" he continued, while his master's eyes were fixed upon him with an agonising and intense gaze; "do—let me see ye open it. Ah! the Lord be praised!—though my own eyes are dim, I see it now—I see it all now! It's me, the poor Lanty Lurgan, yer honour's thinking of, and not yerself—I see that. *Isn't* THAT *life to my heart!* O! my joy! Look! I've lived many a day in the height of it, the 'debt and danger' I mane, until I thought I was used to it; but it broke the heart in me at last, even I, who was born in it—it's poisoned it is—it ended me; but you'll be out of its reach. I praise the Lord for that! and yet you won't, masther, machree!—the *body* will be, but not the *heart*, not the mind. Oh! my God!" he added, clasping his withered fingers together, until the bones rattled in the loose skin; "oh! my God! to think that while so many is dashing, and spinding, and striving for masthery—to think that all that time they are only *haping curses on their own graves!*"

"Oh! Lanty! Lanty!" exclaimed D'Arcy, "do *you*, too, reproach me?"

The old man started as from a dream, and, sinking at his master's feet, clasped his knees, and, while looking wildly with his glazed eyes in his face, answered, "Me! is it I!—me! Oh! may the heavenly powers forgive a dying sinner! Me!—did I!—did I!—'twas a *drame*, maybe, I tould; it *could* be nothin' else! It was a drame, I'm sure, masther—it was; but you'll forgive me. Reproach *you!* no, masther. Bless—bless—bless you!—may all the powers of heaven and earth bless you, my own dear masther!"

D'Arcy, greatly moved, moved even to tears, hung over his faithful servant, and endeavoured to raise him, but in vain; he continued to grasp his knees with the grasp of a dying man.

"Bless you, Masther D'Arcy; open the letter—do, dear. I can't see you now; *there's a mist betwixt* us, but I see yer shadow. I'm here—I feel your hot tears upon my cheek. Christ be praised, I've my wish! I'm like the ould masther's dog Nero. I'm dyin'—at—yer—feet—and you've cried—over—Lanty—the ould—dog of the family—and—that's—all."

It was indeed ALL—the old servant was dead, and D'Arcy O'Rourke lifted up his voice and wept. It seemed as though the grave of all dear things yawned at his feet. The old man had cherished even his faults; he had been his nurse, his playfellow, his friend, his slave. He had hoped to have taken him with him to a foreign land, but the hope had expired!—the warm true heart had ceased to beat; and, for the first time, when he, his master, called, there was no reply.

The letter contained a far more liberal supply than D'Arcy expected, and with the increasing and strengthening love of justice which was fast spurning all thoughts from his mind, the young man forced upon the Murphys ample remuneration for their trouble, and a small sum for several of the poor who had been overwhelmed by the wreck, which he frankly confessed the system pursued by his family and himself had created. "The time will come, if I live, when I will pay ALL," he added, when preparing to accompany the true-hearted farmer to the nearest sea-port, where his uncle had arranged that a vessel was to convey him to his destination.

"I'm sure of it, with the blessing of God," said Murphy. "And then, instead of ridin' out of the place in the grey of the evenin'—which, to be sure, is the pleasantest—yer honour will come in broad day *like a flash of lightning* in yer own coach wid four beautiful horses; but ye mustn't get married till ye come back, because a furrin wife might turn yer head from yer own land." "Hould yer tongue," said his wife; "what do you know about it? *wouldn't she love the land for his sake?*"

Each had prepared some "token for his honour"—a pair of lambs'-wool stockings, or a red comforter, or a pair of worsted gloves. "And now," said Murphy, when they got to the boat which had been some time in waiting, "I hope yer honour will accept the *baste* that brought ye down to the wather—it's own brother to Badger—and sure"——

But D'Arcy would not hear of this. He quitted his beautiful country and his friend in a silence more eloquent than words, and the last thing he saw through the clear midnight air of a moonlight night was Murphy kneeling on the shore, while his hands were outstretched towards the receding boat. When he unpacked his little valise, he discovered that all the *money he had given to Murphy for himself was folded in his best silk handkerchief!*

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The very old were dead, and those who had been young had grown grey, when it was rumoured about the country that old Murphy was giving money to a great number of people who had suffered distress in consequence of the ruin of the last of the O'Rourkes, a thing which had occurred before some were born, and when others were just beginning to go "their lone." Some said he visited the country himself, for that a large head-stone was put over a grave that the young had called "unknown" in the Abbey yard; it was only inscribed, "To the memory of Lanty Lurgan, a faithful friend."

There, however, was the stone; and some said a tall large figure had been seen kneeling by the grave. Be that as it may, old Murphy was called a "proud old man," chiefly because he wore a "goold" watch in his fob like a gentleman, which watch has some letters "printed" round it, which his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, regard with peculiar veneration. It was only a few months ago that he inquired if the gentleman who had purchased the family house, with its more immediate estate, would part with it, which he seems inclined to do, for he also has suffered from the danger of debt.

"There's one wants it," said Murphy, when speaking of it; "one that's a *rale* hero. There was but one thing ever wrong with him, and in spite of every thing he got over it like a man. He's an honour to the counthry, for his trials have been bitther. He had, what might be called, TRIALS, which I *could* tell; but I'm grown ould, and have tould so many stories in my time, that, though this is every word true, maybe it wouldn't be believed. Only this I'll say to ould and young, rich and poor, bond and free, *Keep clear of* DEBT, *and ye'll keep clear of* DANGER!"

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The preceding tale concludes the series of Stories of the Irish Peasantry, which Mrs Hall undertook to write for our pages, with the patriotic view of improving the morals and general economy of her fellow countrymen, as well as of amusing and perhaps instructing readers among the humbler classes in Britain. How far the generous design of the accomplished authoress has proved successful, we have no opportunity of judging; but, from the extensive circulation of the stories in Ireland, and the manner in which they have been received in this country, we have little doubt that the result has been beneficial. In bidding Mrs Hall adieu, and offering her our best thanks for the pleasure she has bestowed on a wide circle of admiring readers, we are glad to know that she will still occasionally find leisure, if the state of her health permit, to contribute stories of a varied character to our miscellany. Meanwhile, as we learn, she is about to perform a tour in Ireland, along with her husband, with the view of writing a work generally descriptive of that country, and illustrative of the manners and condition of its people. As Ireland is now happily undergoing a rapid change for the better in its social aspect and character, and as it could not have a more zealous and impartial visitant than this excellent lady, we shall look forward with no small anxiety for the appearance of her work.

A very general wish having been expressed to possess Mrs Hall's stories in a volume separate from the Journal, for the purpose of still more extensive and effective dissemination, we beg to mention that the stories are now in the press in the distinct form required, and will immediately appear as a cheap volume in the "PEOPLE'S EDITIONS."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE NATURE AND USE OF METALLIC MONEY.

ONE of the most important of those popular mistakes regarding money, which we find to have existed before attention was directed to political economy, was probably this, that it was not, like other commodities, valuable for its utility, but that it possessed some intrinsic value in its mere nature, independently of its being put to use. According to more modern doctrines, the principal, and, in the opinion of some, the sole value of money, consists in its capability of acting as a means of exchange, an instrument by which the various commodities and other valuable things in the world are made to change hands when such a change is wished by their respective possessors. It has, however, uses incidental to this, which may be merely noticed in passing, that they may not interfere with the more simple view of the subject. Thus money is of use as a means of making a present or a bequest, *because* it is the grand medium of exchange, and will enable the receiver to purchase what he pleases with it. It is an article of commerce and speculation for the same reason, *because* it is used every where as an article of exchange, and so is a commodity for which there is always a demand. Having said so much to show that it may be viewed as possessing other elements of utility, let us now view it in its most important capacity as the universal medium of exchange.

The reason why it can be used as the medium of exchange is, because it is a representative of so much value in the various commodities which men wish to possess. A shilling is an article for which you prevail on your baker to part with a loaf of a certain size. The baker parts with his loaf for the shilling, because, when he has got that and some other shillings in the same way, he prevails on the shoemaker to part with a pair of shoes in exchange for them. The shoemaker, in his turn, acts upon the tailor, and so on. If the shilling ceased to produce the effect thus described, it would lose its usefulness, and with its usefulness its value.

But why should a shilling, because it is made of silver, have this effect, when a coin perhaps more elegant, made of gilt brass, will not produce the effect? For this reason: the shilling cannot be had without something of equivalent value being parted with to obtain it—the gilt brass coin could be obtained for something not worth a tenth of what is given for the shilling. If the shoemaker should consent to take gilt brass coins from the baker instead of shillings, the baker, instead of giving a loaf of a certain size, say a quartern loaf, for each, could make them or get them made at a much less cost, and the shoemaker would find that as they had not cost the baker the trouble of making so many loaves to procure them, so they would not be the means of procuring for him (the shoemaker) any commodity equal in value to the loaves. But suppose the baker, instead of giving five shillings in silver to the shoemaker for the shoes, should give him a piece of paper promising to pay that sum, or to give its value in bread, to the shoemaker, or any one he may commission—if the shoemaker believes that the baker will fulfil his word, this slip of paper is the same as money in his hands; it is a representative of value. If he has a neighbour who has the same opinion of the baker, the slip may be money in *his* hands too; and so it may be transferred from hand to hand. It is evident, however, though in the practice of banking such a system has been carried to a vast extent, that there must be a limit to its operation.

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However well it may be made to suit the convenience of particular circles or classes of men, it is impossible that any kind of paper money could be the universal money of the world. As a fit instrument for this purpose, it was necessary that something should be found which should bear to every person to whom it might be offered, unequivocal evidence of its being a representative of value. A slight consideration will shew that this could only be attained through the medium of some commodity, which cannot be brought into existence without a certain uniform amount of trouble or labour being spent on its production. Gold is the substance which possesses this quality beyond all others hitherto known to exist; and therefore it has been, by the consent of the greater part of the civilised world, fixed upon as the principal standard of value. The peculiarities of this metal are, that it is extremely durable, and so the amount of it in existence is not likely at any time to suffer a sudden defalcation; it is met with in small quantities, and is produced by a very laborious process, affording but little profit to the worker; it is thus not likely to have its amount suddenly increased.

It is a very natural feeling, that of all the rich possessions which the bountiful lap of nature spreads forth for human enjoyment, the most to be coveted would be a mine of gold. Unfortunately, this view has not been confined to schoolboy visions; it has intoxicated many an adventurous capitalist, who has ruined himself by the search for gold. There is something that renders men delirious in the very word, and no mania has made more victims than that of working gold mines. Now, the very reason why gold possesses its value as a medium of exchange, is because the manufacture of it is an unprofitable trade. Look a moment at the production of another metal—iron; from 1824 to 1826, pig-iron sold as high as L.13 a-ton; in 1832, it fell to between L.4 and L.5 a-ton. Here we see that the demand for the article raised its price to the first-mentioned sum; while it continued at that price, enormous fortunes were doubtless made in the trade; then came competition, and the price sank to its natural level, or perhaps lower. Were there such fluctuations in the value of gold, it is needless to say how useless it would be as a general measure of value.

Perhaps the manner in which money is presumed to have come into use, may be illustrated by the following supposed case. Let there be a community consisting of four individuals, A, B, C, and D; A possesses so many sheep, B so many quarters of grain, C has clothing, and D has house-furniture. A wishes to have some of B's corn, and is ready to give an equivalent in mutton; but then he does not want so much as the value of a whole sheep, nor does B want to obtain so much mutton. Then there is D, who also wants both corn and mutton, but not so much of either as he would give a coat for; while the sheep-owner in want of a table would willingly give a sheep, or the equivalent of a sheep, for one, but the furniture dealer cannot consume so much butcher meat at a sitting, and would prefer having a shoulder of mutton, along with a peck of corn, in exchange for his commodity. Thus complicated and inextricable would be the intercourse in the barter system, even in such a small community as we have imagined. What is wanted to put an end to the evil is, some substance for a portion of which A will give a sheep, because he knows that for a proportional piece B will give any given quantity of grain, C a coat, and so forth.

Suppose we set one of the members of the community to discover such a medium of exchange, let it be C, the tailor. If it should occur to him that his friends will receive a shell with a peculiar mark on it, in exchange for their commodities, he will find himself very much mistaken. Suppose he should offer such an article to B, in exchange for a bushel of grain, B would laugh heartily, and say, "My good fellow, I can make just such another myself if it were of any use. So can neighbour A and neighbour D. I cannot expect, then, that they will give me any thing for it, so I can give you nothing." By this supposition it will be observed that C has been endeavouring to obtain something for nothing, for it is supposed that the shell in question neither cost him property nor labour, at least equivalent in value to what he wants for it. If he change his tactics, and offer something for which he has given labour or its fruit, he will perhaps be more successful. Let us bring a fifth party into the field, E. He knows of a means by which, with the expenditure of a certain amount of labour, a certain quantity of a substance called gold can be extracted from the earth. The substance is of such a nature that the supply of it always preserves (with variations almost imperceptible) an uniform ratio to the labour expended. But what occasion has E to produce this metal which will neither clothe nor feed him? None whatever, unless some one who will find an use for it will give wherewithal to clothe and feed him for it. Let us see if such an use be not to be found. Suppose now that C employs E to bestow as much labour as he will give for a coat, in extracting for him a corresponding quantity of the precious metal. If C go to B with a portion of the gold, and offer to exchange it for a bushel of grain, he cannot be met with the same answer which encountered his offer of the shell. The gold is not a thing which A and D can make as they want it, nor is it a thing for which C has not given value. It is true that B can procure it in the same manner as C did; but if it be convenient for him to part with the bushel of grain, he will prefer taking it from C at that price, as the more convenient way of getting it. Moreover, C may have already procured as much of the metal as the wants of the community demand; and if B, or any of the others, were to obtain more of it, they might have to dispose of it again as a surplus commodity. Let C take another piece of the gold and offer it to A for a leg of mutton. A knows that B has got a piece of gold, the value of another leg, which B will be in want of. In the same manner D comes into the market for another part of the sheep, and so it is disposed of, A possessing not the commodities he wants in return, but the means of procuring them. Here we have a circulating medium in miniature.

Now, it will at once attract the reader's attention, that though the community have thus obtained a very convenient article, they are not the richer from having obtained the gold; in fact, they are poorer, for they have parted with a coat to obtain it; they have, in fact, purchased a convenience. To a misunderstanding regarding this apparently very simple circumstance, much human misery may be attributed. It has too often been the feeling of communities, that, if they possessed gold, they possessed riches, and not a mere article for facilitating commerce—an article which, from its uses in this respect, is itself a commodity. The most startling illustration of this fallacy is to be found in the history of Spain. Before the working of the gold mines in their American possessions, the Spaniards were a rich and prosperous commercial people; but when they began to find gold, they thought they had got at their hand that for which they formerly laboured, and that, like a poor industrious man who has unexpectedly succeeded to an estate, they need now work no longer. To prevent their riches from disappearing, the law prohibited the exportation of the precious metals, and thus effectually shut the door against the only way in which they could be made sources of wealth—exportation as an article of commerce. In that view, and in that alone, was there any advantage in the possession of gold; and even had it been employed in the most advantageous manner, it would not have been so profitable as many other means of employing capital and labour; for, as already remarked, the peculiarity which makes gold so useful as a measure of value, is, that the labour expended in producing it bears so constant a ratio to the quantity realised, that but small profits are made from its production.

The manner in which the Spaniards became acquainted with the treasures of their transatlantic possessions tended to nourish the hallucination. They found a considerable quantity of gold in the possession of the natives, of which they speedily took possession. They found also a considerable quantity of native gold in the streams. Thus, by an accidental circumstance, such as that of finding a hidden treasure, they became possessed of money without working for it. They did not reflect that, if this lasted, gold would cease to be the representative of value which it was, and would be of no further service in commerce than as an extremely beautiful material for manufactures, which would fluctuate in value with the tide of fashion. When they could procure the mineral only by the result of hard labour, they still had the same preposterous feeling that they were possessed not of the means of making riches, but of riches itself, and dearly did they pay the penalty. While starvation desolated the land, and the highest grandees could not command so much of the produce of ordinary commercial industry as a glass window, every wretched dwelling glittered with mountains of plate.

"Several grandees," says Mr Dunlop in his Memoirs of the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II., "it is said, had twelve hundred dozen of silver dishes, and as many plates; and a nobleman was thought very ill provided who had not at least eight hundred dozen of dishes, and two hundred dozen of plates. These were generally ranged on enormous and lofty sideboards, to which the menials ascended by silver steps. The sideboard of the Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders; and when he died in the middle of the seventeenth century, six weeks were fully occupied in weighing and taking inventories of the gold and silver vessels." At the period to which this refers, the Dutch, who were content to make their money by buying and selling the vulgar necessaries of life, were able to lend a considerable sum to the lords of the two Indies, which the possessors of bullion were unable to repay; and in another part of the work just quoted, we have the following view of the ludicrous poverty which haunted a court, dreaming that it was the source of the riches of the world:—"Money could be no longer raised for the most pressing occasions, however trifling might be the cost. Couriers charged with urgent and important dispatches on affairs of state, were often unable to quit Madrid, for want of the funds necessary to defray the immediate expenses of their journies. Some officers of the royal household having waited for payment of what was due to them, as long as they could, without absolutely reducing themselves to beggary, peremptorily demanded their dismission, and were only retained by force and menaces. All the grooms, however, belonging to the royal stables, who had not received their rations or wages for two years, contrived to escape from their service, and the horses remained for some time uncurried and unfed. A table which had been kept up at the king's cost for the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, was now *totally* unsupplied; and money was even frequently wanting to defray the daily expenses of the board of a monarch who was master of Mexico and Peru! The household of the queen-mother, which had hitherto been maintained at its full establishment, now began to feel the effects of the general destitution. The rations provided for her domestics were withheld; and on lodging their complaints at court, they were told, with a sort of Cervantic humour, that the royal coffers were now all standing open, and they might come to supply themselves."

This example is adduced, not only as a memorable instance of the pernicious consequences of the fallacy in question, but as an illustration of how far misunderstandings with regard to what seem very simple principles in this part of the science of political economy, may be productive of most direful evils. It is not here maintained that the possession of much gold is an indication of national poverty—on the contrary, it is, like all other expensive commodities, generally the concomitant of wealth. It may be strictly necessary, to a very large extent, for the uses of a rich trading nation; Britain at the present moment, though her bullion circulating medium bears but a small proportion to her paper money, probably employs more of the precious metals than Spain ever possessed; but, then, she uses them, and pays for their use, because she wants them, not because they are called gold and silver. Rich nations, too, like rich individuals, can afford to employ a considerable quantity of the precious metals for ornamental purposes, sacrificing a portion of their wealth in this, as in other articles of luxury. It is calculated by Mr Jacob that the quantity thus consumed annually in Europe costs L.5,612,711, of which England alone uses to the extent of L.2,457,221.

We believe that the fallacy we have been above attempting to expose, is now pretty well understood in its broader aspect; but such misapprehensions, when they have once caught hold of the popular mind, are not eradicated at once, and we fear that many fibres of the one in question are still pretty toughly rooted in society. It is still common to hold the doctrine, that a trade between two nations, in which the one gives bullion for the commodities of the other, cannot be profitable to the former. Such a trade has, we believe, never yet been exhibited on any very extensive scale; but were it to come into existence, a little consideration will show that there is no reason for presuming that it would be more disadvantageous to either party, than any other sort of trade. Gold is simply a commodity—a commodity which we import: and if we can export it profitably, why not do so? If the country in question will take nothing from us but gold, then it is either worth our while to buy gold for the purpose of sending to it, or it is not. If it is not worth while, then the trade will not be carried on at all. If it is worth while, then the trade is on the whole a profitable one. If we import sugar from the Spanish settlement of Manilla, and export it to Germany, this is called "the carrying trade," and quite correctly; but it seems to be thought that if we import gold from South America, we must keep our hands upon it, otherwise we shall be ruined. It is commonly said that we can only establish a profitable trade when we pay in our own manufactures. Now, paying in gold is, after all, indirectly paying with our own manufactures, for (except the comparatively trifling quantity that may have been taken in war) there is not an ounce of bullion in the country that has not been obtained in exchange for some article produced either by our manufacturing or agricultural industry. Let him who doubts this position try if he can discover any other method by which gold can have found its way to this country.

A steady trade, in which gold should be given on the one hand for goods on the other, is not to be confounded with those incidental and unexpected demands which create what is called a drain of bullion. These are generally occasioned by some disorder in the money market, the nature of which is frequently so imperfectly ascertained that it becomes a subject of vehement party discussion. But a drain may be also occasioned by a country finding it unexpectedly necessary to resort to some other community for a portion of the necessaries of life, such as grain. If the demand for the article were regular, it would proceed on the same terms as any other department of commerce. When it is sudden and unexpected, however, there being no previously established circle of trade in which the countries are included, the article as a single purchase must be paid for in hard cash; for the seller, were he offered manufactures, or any other commodity, would not know whether he could get them disposed of or not, and would be afraid to take them on hand. A drain like this, removing not merely the gold imported for the purposes of foreign commerce, but that which we have kept for our own use, may be productive of great and alarming inconveniences. It is the removal of the foundation of our circulating medium. The difference of the two cases may perhaps be illustrated in the operations of an individual merchant. With some of his customers he may have cross accounts; they buy from him, and he buys from them; and between them there is perhaps only a small balance to be paid in cash. There will be persons, however, from whom he buys, who take no goods from him in return, and these he must pay in cash. Is he a loser, however, by doing so? In the general case, certainly not, otherwise he would not

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continue that line of business. He feels that the cash he so pays out is more than compensated by the money he receives from purchasers of whom he himself does not take goods. Thus the money he puts forth in the usual course of business is continually flowing back upon him. Let, however, some unforeseen accident make an incidental demand on his purse. Suppose one of his warehouses is burned down, and he must replace it. Here he parts with hard cash to some one who takes no goods from him in return, and with whom he cannot have a cross account; nor is the sum he has so expended compensated by other sums received from customers. It is, in short, a direct loss.

A WORD UPON ANTIQUARIES.

EVERY person remembers the famous discovery of the Prætorium by Jonathan Oldbuck at the Kaim of Kinprunes, and the manner in which Edie Ochiltree blew into thin air the grand superstructure raised thereon by the Antiquary, by revealing that the letters A. D. L. L., which Jonathan interpreted into *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*, meant neither less nor more than "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle;" and that the rude attempt at sculpture, which Monkbarns had determined to be a representation of a "sacrificial vessel," was intended as an emblem of the same Mr Drum's ladle, he being one of the celebrated "kale-suppers o' Fife." More recently, the author of the Pickwick Papers has described his hero as falling into a precisely similar error, a certain stone, marked in a very zig-zag way with the name of BILL STUMPS, having caused about as much speculation among the Pickwickians as the ladle of Aiken Drum did in the case of Jonathan Oldbuck. These stories are no doubt very amusing, and particularly that of Sir Walter; but the original story, that which gave rise to both of these suppositious incidents, seems to us much more amusing than either. It has one great advantage over them, inasmuch as it relates to a thing of *real occurrence*, a recorded and authenticated fact. We hope to raise a smile by laying before our readers the details of the affair to which we allude.

Some time in the sixth decade of last century, a rudely-squared stone, with an inscription upon it, was dug up on a desolate boggy heath in the county of Northumberland. It fell into the hands of the squire of the parish, who, not being able to make any thing of it, called in the parson to his aid, and many minute examinations, and profound speculations, were the result. But the divine, also, was obliged finally to admit that the interpretation of the inscription surpassed his powers. As in duty bound, however, he agreed with the squire in thinking that the stone was a treasure of antiquity, and, with the view of referring it to higher authorities, took an exact copy of the inscription, which stood as nearly as possible thus:—

K. RE P·O·N·T
H·I·S·S·I·D·E

Such was the inscription which the parson transmitted to the Antiquarian Society, with a polite request to have the opinions of the members thereupon. Much and long did these gentlemen ponder over this relic, which was unanimously admitted to be of great antiquity. Many were the debates which took place upon the subject, and ultimately the written opinions of the more distinguished members were recorded in the archives of the body, as well as published in the Magazines of the time. The first interpretation given in was as follows:—"On the first examination of this stone (said a member who signed himself X), I was not able to form any satisfactory conjecture concerning the inscription; but as the identity of the place where it was found ought to be materially considered, I wrote to a gentleman of the district for information, if there were any vestiges of antiquity, such as camps, fortifications, or the like, in the vicinage. In answer to which inquiry I was informed that there was nothing of this kind which he knew of, except the ruins of a priory about a mile distant. This is indeed sufficient for our purpose, and *clears up the matter* at once. *Clemens* [K·RE] *pontifex* [P·O·N·T] *hic jacet* [H·I] *sanctus* [S.] *servus* [S.] *dei* [I·D·E]. The second letter of the inscription is evidently an L, and the I·D·E a transposition of dei, from the ignorance of the sculptor; the meaning, altogether, being that the stone was erected to the memory of one Clement, a dignified brother in the convent. [Literally, 'Clement the priest here lies, a holy servant of God.'] Nothing can be more *plain and easy* than this."

But though the learned X was so well satisfied with his plain and easy solution, not so some of his brother antiquaries. Observe how Y, an equally distinguished member of the Society, trips up the heels of his predecessor X. "I never was so much astonished in my life (says he) as at the perusal of Mr X's solution of the inscription in question; what a forced construction! what a preposterous idea! . . I will grant him that K is often found on monuments of antiquity in place of C; but how, in the name of wonder, could he imagine the two following letters to be LE, which are plainly Æ. But the cream of the jest is I·D·E, a transposition of Dei!" We shall not trouble the reader with the remainder of Mr Y's triumphant sneers at the resurrection of the holy father Clemens. Y had actually travelled down to Northumberland to examine the locality for himself, and here is the new solution which resulted therefrom. "On a personal survey I discovered that the stone was found near an old Roman *military road*. Here, indeed, we have a light thrown on the subject, which will *clear up all manner of difficulty*. First K, often found in inscriptions for C, and here standing for *Cælius*—Æ, *ædilis*, an officer whose business it was to see the roads kept in proper order—P·O·N·T·, *pontem*—H, *Hadriani*, the same person who built the wall to prevent the inroads of the Picts, thence called Hadrian's wall—I·S·S·I·, *jussu*, the first u, and the former part of the latter u, being obliterated—D·E, *demolivit*. In all, *Cælius ædilis, Hadriani jussu, pontem demolivit* ['Cælius the ædile, by order of Hadrian, demolished the bridge'], when, by draining the morass, the bridge became unnecessary." To this there was a postscript added, stating, that "the priory which Mr X talks of seems to have some of the old bridge about its foundation."

Here was old father Clemens quietly re-inurned, and the priory, not precisely annihilated, but discovered to be a paltry thing of yesterday, with some of the very stones of the grand morass-bridge about its foundation. This was the "unkindest cut of all;" not only to overthrow the theory of poor X, but to lug in his priory so slyly, as a fundamental proof of the hostile hypothesis. But alas! alas!

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves us others see us!"

Oh would we but remember the invaluable lesson of the mote and the beam! Y had scarcely produced his great refutation, and his equally great discovery, when lo! there "comes me in" a Z, who, with due alphabetical appropriateness, galls in turn the kibes of Mr Y. Of course Z perfectly agrees with his immediate predecessor in thinking the theory of the first riddle-solver, the unfortunate X, the "most ridiculous that ever entered into the head of an antiquarian."* Mr Z, however, thinks little better of the second supposition, and proposes a new one. It is a bold one, the boldest of all. "I have taken (says he) the most obvious and generally received meaning of the *initials*, and find the solution to stand thus: *Cæsaris ex edicto per orbem nuntiatur templum hic instauratum sacrum sibi ipsi dicatum esse.*" This profound solution, which has a word invented for every letter in the inscription, gives us the following meaning: "Through the edict of Cæsar, it is announced over the world that the temple here erected is consecrated to himself." Having thus cut the knot, Z exclaims, "Here we find Cæsar—after having, like Hercules, finished the greatest of his labours—after having extended his conquests over the Britons, usually called fierce and indomitable—erecting a temple on the limits of his ambition, and, flushed with victory, assuming the honours of a god! This is the *most easy and natural* construction, and perfectly consonant with the concise terms in which their inscriptions were generally couched. We need no other proof to convince us of the certainty of the fact; but, as a corroborating testimony, if we look into Horace, we shall find a passage evidently referring to this *very circumstance*—

The rank of god Augustus shall obtain,
With wild Britannia added to his reign."

We have a postscript added to this letter of Z, showing that he too had taken coach, or travelled post, down to Northumberland, on this mighty errand. "The stones (he says) which Mr Y mentions in the priory have a much greater resemblance to the remains of an old temple than the trifling ruins of a bridge, especially one which has the uncouth figure of a sword upon it." Poor X! Little did he imagine, that, out of the very foundation-stones of his priory, his two sharp-sighted opponents would build both a bridge and a temple, to the annihilation of his hypothesis. Such was the admiration, we must not omit to state, which the learned interpretation of Z excited among the members of the Antiquarian Society, that he was instantly and unanimously elected one of their number, an honour he had not previously enjoyed.

What a noble thing is learning! what a science that of the antiquary! Here, out of fourteen simple letters, we find monks and priories, bridges, ædiles, temples, and Cæsars, called into light and existence! Nor let the reader think that all these discoveries were vain and profitless. Referring to his own solution, Z triumphantly points out the great historical fact deducible therefrom. "What would a Camden or a Hollinshed have given to have traced the footsteps of Augustus Cæsar so far as the northernmost parts of the Brigantes [one of the divisions of the country under the Romans], or see him introducing the Roman temple into Britain!" The modesty, no doubt, of Z has forbidden him to notice a still more important historical fact deducible from his solution of the inscription. From it the world learnt for the first time that Augustus Cæsar ever was in Britain.

A feeling of pity and remorse seizes upon us as we approach the moment when it is incumbent upon us to blow up this magnificent edifice erected by X, Y, Z, and their fellow antiquaries of Britain. But the annalist of such important transactions must bow to the call of duty, and speak the whole truth. The labours of the venerable society became known ultimately to the inhabitants of the district where the stone was found. Among others, an old schoolmaster, there resident, was told of all that had been said and done on the subject. Unluckily, the snows of age, though they had whitened his hairs, had not frozen his memory. He revealed the appalling fact, that this great antique inscription meant nothing more or less than KEEP ON THIS SIDE, and that the stone inscribed with these vile vernacular words had been placed, within his own recollection, in the morass, by a benevolent cottager, who wished to preserve the passing traveller from danger, and whose will to do good greatly exceeded the powers of his chisel!

Was there ever a piece of solemn trifling equal to this! Never, surely, since time began. Universal Britain shook its sides when the schoolmaster made his unlucky disclosure, and it was long ere the antiquaries could hold up their heads thereafter.

* Z, by the way, affords the opportunity of remarking that *antiquarian*, though often used as a noun, is properly an adjective, and that the right word in this case is *antiquary*.

JOHN METCALF, THE BLIND ROAD SURVEYOR.

THE wonderful extent to which nature compensates the deprivation of one important faculty, by endowing the rest with additional acuteness, has been frequently the subject of remark. The particulars related in the following memoir strikingly illustrate this point, and show to what a degree the power of habit, and the exercise of good sense and ingenuity, are capable of overcoming seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717. His parents, though decent people, were not wealthy; and the greater was considered the misfortune, therefore, when, at the age of six years, while attending a district school, John was seized with the small-pox, and lost his eyesight in consequence. He had been noticed previously to possess good natural talents, but it was chiefly after the loss of his vision that he began to be thought a remarkable boy. Within a few months after that event, he had taught himself to walk about his father's doors nearly as well as before, and in a few succeeding years he could readily find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough. At the same time, he was accustomed to associate freely with boys of his own age, and became noted for his skill in climbing and other juvenile amusements. He also learned to ride, and grew so fond of that exercise, that he ventured repeatedly to follow the hounds of a gentleman of the vicinity, Mr Woodburn, who was very fond of his company in the chase. Swimming was another of young Metcalf's accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished every body. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrowgate, where he was much liked and caressed. It must be admitted that some of his favourite diversions at this period of his life were not of the most commendable kind. He became fond of cock-fighting, and kept a number of these creatures under his own care. This amusement divided his leisure time with bowling and riding. Strange to say, with the assistance of an accurate knowledge of the ground, and other helps, he grew very skilful at bowls, and could judge of distances so well as to come off frequently the winner. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but, by the ingenious plan of stationing persons with bells at different points, he not only kept the circle, but won the race. His skill in horse-flesh (as the phrase runs) was astonishing, considering that the great faculty which determines the judgment of others was to him a blank. He actually made considerable profits by the purchase and sale of horses.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six feet one inch and a half in height, and extremely robust in person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in his motions, that few suspected his want at a casual glance. Nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects as to ill-use or insult him. With his opponent once within his grasp, he could well avenge any injury offered to him. He even protected his friends against aggression, and in one instance acquired the thanks of every body, by inflicting severe chastisement on a noted bully who had misused one of his associates. Nor did his defect of vision prevent him from being a favourite with the fair sex. Between him and Miss Benson, the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Harrowgate, a mutual affection sprang up, and notwithstanding that the lady's mother opposed the match so far as to get the banns published with another, Miss Benson remained faithful to her blind lover, and they were ultimately united in private. After his marriage he continued to perform during every season at Harrowgate, increasing his income by keeping a chaise or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search for means of bettering the condition of his family, he also travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the coast for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds and Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingenuity, that no accident ever happened to himself or his horses on these journeys.

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When the rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stirring spirit led him to join the English army as a musician, and he remained with them up till the victory of Culloden. He then returned home, but not until he had formed a plan of future employment from what he had learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scotland. He adopted the idea that a number of the cotton and worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751 he commenced driving a stage-waggon, twice a-week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnsby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry, and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work a-going with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Borough-bridge, and various others, might be named as proofs of his abilities and success. An anecdote is told, which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyers. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted, was one on the Manchester line, between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that every body laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair, had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless, he proceeded unwearyingly, until he had levelled the bog across, and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what number of square yards were contained in a stack of grain, of any value between one and five hundred pounds. His memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George Inn, asked him as a personal favour to guide a gentleman towards Harrowgate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. "I judge so," added he, "from the appearance of his eyes." "Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?" "Blind!" cried the traveller; "blind! gracious heavens!" "Yes, sir, he is blind as a stone!" Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed, "Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!" "And I," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand!"

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won, through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even when no friend was near him, it would have been very difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Sposforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease, in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

FORBES'S CEYLON.*

CEYLON is an island in the Southern Ocean, lying off the promontory of Hindustan, extending to two hundred and seventy miles in length, with an average breadth of one hundred miles, and a superficial area of 25,000 square miles. It is situated between 6 and 10 degrees of north latitude, and between 80 and 82 degrees of east longitude. Though situated so near to the equinoctial line, it enjoys a comparatively moderate climate, its small extent permitting the sea-breezes to traverse it entirely, and some of its mountainous ranges being of such an elevation as to supply the general surface with abundance of moisture. The island contains no natural lakes, but its rivers and rills are innumerable, and the early inhabitants had built many artificial reservoirs of great size, which have ever been of the highest benefit. The population is now believed to amount to 1,400,000. Rice, coffee, cocoa-nuts, with cinnamon and various other spices, form the staple produce of the Cingalese country. The sugar-cane has also been cultivated of late years, and pearl-fishing is one of the most lucrative occupations on the coasts.

From native records in the Pali language, a tongue bearing apparently the same relation to the vernacular Cingalese that Sanscrit does to Hindostanee, a pretty full account has been obtained of the history of Ceylon. A list of the kings, with an accompanying narrative of their chief acts, has been drawn up, extending over a period of not less than twenty-four centuries, or from about the year 543 before Christ till the present time. In all, one hundred and sixty-five sovereigns are found on this list. Like other eastern nations, the Cingalese can neither be said to have been civilised nor barbarous during the period in question, though they certainly retrograded rather than advanced latterly. They built extraordinary and magnificent edifices; but these, with striking though not uncommon inconsistency, were chiefly devoted to the rites of a savage and contemptible idolatry. Till after the middle of the eighteenth century, the Cingalese, though previously visited by Portuguese and Dutch traders and settlers, maintained their independence without difficulty. About 1780, however, the islanders quarrelled with the Indo-British powers, and hostilities then commenced, which continued with little intermission down to the year 1815, when the native king, a cruel despot, whose intolerable conduct precipitated the subjugation of his country, was dethroned, and the island added to the dominions of Britain, as what is termed a *crown colony*, with the consent of a large proportion of the inhabitants. The Cingalese, in short, underwent the fate which inevitably follows the struggles of barbarism with civilisation. Since 1815, Ceylon has been ruled by successive British governors, the present one being Mr Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth.

The aboriginal people of Ceylon were the Veddahs, a tribe who yet live in a rude state in some districts of it. The name of Cingalese, or Singhalese, was derived from Singha, the ancestor of an invading race from Hindustan, by whom the dynasty of 543 B.C. was founded. At the same era, according to the native chronicles, the great Buddha died, who was canonised as the head of the old religion of the island, and in whose honour were erected the majority of the numerous temples, ruinous and entire, that are yet to be seen in the country. The Buddhist religion is still the prevalent native one, and this idol's relics are every where reverenced, as we shall have occasion afterwards to show from the work of Major Forbes. The Cingalese, like other oriental nations, are afflicted with the prejudices of caste. Excepting the royal one, the highest caste in the island is that of the land-cultivators, including the chiefs and great families. Trades-people and labourers form another; but it would be tiresome and fruitless to enter into details on this point, as each caste has many subdivisions, the limits of which are so strongly marked that even the individual branches cannot intermarry. The lowest caste, the Rhodias, were for ages so utterly despised and so cruelly treated, that they could not live in common houses, or own land, or approach a temple; and, lastly, they could be killed by any one with impunity. The British have done much to abolish this detestable prejudice. There existed no small degree of learning among the Cingalese, but it was almost entirely confined to the Buddhist priesthood. The community at large were very ignorant.

After this general account of Ceylon, we turn with pleasure to the details of Major Forbes's interesting work, which combines adventure very pleasantly with elaborate information, the fruit of many years' experience and observation. He landed on the island in the autumn of 1826, and continued there for several succeeding years, during which time he visited almost every locality on its surface, possessed of any interest or importance. The ancient city of Kandy, long the capital of the island, and standing very nearly in its centre, is described by him as of considerable extent, judiciously planned, and situated on an angular piece of ground, with the base resting on two large artificial lakes. Describing a part of the environs, Major Forbes says, "The course of the rapid Mahavilla-ganga winds below; the green hills and forest-clad mountains, rising to a height of upwards of six thousand feet, lie beyond; and this, with clumps of palmyra, tufts of cocoa-nut trees, and every variety of forest foliage," constitute the scenery close around Kandy. The chief native buildings are the temples of Buddha, of which the town contains several, and two colleges for the ordination of the Buddhist priests. There are also temples to the gods Nata, Vishnu, Katagramma, and others, whom the Cingalese worship as well as Buddha. They sacrifice, likewise, to demons, a *red cock* being the usual offering on such occasions. Major Forbes observes, that the doctrines of the Buddhist religion are certainly unexceptionable in many points, the fundamental maxim being as follows: "Abstain from all sin, acquire all virtue, repress thine own heart." But these lessons are greatly neglected in practice, and the actual religion consists but of vile idolatries. For example, the author of the work before us witnessed a magnificent festival at Kandy, in honour of Buddha's tooth, a relic supposed to have been saved from the funeral pile of the god. This relic, which is merely a piece of discoloured ivory, nearly two inches in length, and one inch in diameter at the base, has for twenty-four hundred years been an object of veneration; and though the enemies of the Buddhists repeatedly endeavoured to destroy it, it always came out of the danger in a triumphant and miraculous way. It was thrown into a pit of burning charcoal, and burst out unscathed, emitting rays that "illumined the universe." It was buried deep in the earth, and reappeared in the centre of a golden lotus. It was placed on an anvil to be destroyed, and sunk into the solid iron till the peril was over. Such are the sort of tales told of the tooth. It is now kept in a temple attached to the old palace of the Kandian kings, being laid on a silver altar, and enclosed in six cases of gold, ornamented with rubies and precious stones, besides other valuable appendages. "In the brilliant pageantry of the festival, the rich altar and resplendent ornaments of the relic, the great size and elegant decorations of the temporary buildings, the peculiar and picturesque dresses of the chiefs, the majestic elephants, and dense mass of people, threw an air of imposing grandeur over the spectacle. The Dalada (as they call the tooth) was exhibited, and the offerings continued for three successive days. The offerings consisted of things the most heterogeneous; gold chains and gold ornaments; gold, silver, and copper coins, of all denominations; cloths, priests' vestments, flowers, sugar, areka-nuts, betel-leaves." The plate illustrative of this festival, given by Major Forbes, presents us with a scene which perhaps excels in grandeur any thing ever imagined by poet or painter, unless it be some one of the conceptions of Martin.

The Dalada ranks highest among the visible objects of Cingalese worship; but very little inferior is the amount of veneration bestowed on a mountain of a remarkable character termed Adam's Peak, which is situated in the interior of the island, and was visited by our author. "The Mahommedans believe that the first man, Adam, whose height was equal to a tall palm-tree, after having been thrown down from Paradise, which was in the seventh heaven, alighted on this peak, and remained standing on one foot until years of penitence and suffering had expiated his offence." A mark, resembling a gigantic foot-print, has suggested this story, which is of great antiquity. The Buddhists, however, assert the foot-mark to be that of Buddha, while the Hindoos declare it to have been made by Siva in stepping over from Ceylon to the Continent. Hence the peak is an object of veneration to all parties, and pilgrims visit the spot in great numbers. The peak is 7420 feet high, and has a level space on the summit enclosed by a wall. In the centre of this space stands an isolated granite stone or rock nine feet high, and on this is the sacred

* Eleven Years in Ceylon. Comprising Sketches of the Field Sports and Natural History of the Colony, and an Account of its History and Antiquities. By Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders. 2 vols. Bentley, London.

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footstep. "This venerated memorial is five feet seven inches in length, two feet seven inches in breadth, and the very slight resemblance which it has to the shape of a foot is given by a *margin of plaster* coloured to resemble the rock. A temple built of wood surmounts the rock, and is retained in its exalted situation by strong iron chains." Of course there is a priest's house here; the thing would be incomplete without such an appendage. The peak is in itself a very extraordinary natural object, leaving altogether out of view the sacred foot-mark. The ascent is not peculiarly difficult, though pilgrims often choose a dangerous path, to increase their own merit. The rocks are covered with numerous inscriptions.

With the usual daring of the British soldier, Major Forbes frequently prosecuted the chase of wild elephants, which, as well as crocodiles, snakes, and leopards, are abundant in Ceylon. Seeing that single hunters there attack the wild elephant, it may well be believed that the scene which took place at the killing of the elephant at Exeter 'Change, some years ago, caused great laughter in Ceylon. The newspapers took out a plan of the scene, with the various objects regularly marked, such as A, the elephant, B, a party of the Guards; and, after all, a return was given of the ammunition expended in killing an elephant in *a cage*. We may well believe, we say, that all this would appear very ridiculous to a sportsman familiar with scenes like the following:—"In an extremely thick dark copse, matted with thorny creeping plants, two elephants had taken shelter. Creeping in on my breast for a few feet, I could distinguish the legs of a very large elephant, whose head was concealed by the foliage; but another and smaller one was sufficiently visible to allow of my taking a proper aim. Looking round, and seeing the coolies (native attendants) close to the edge of the brushwood, and being myself, as I imagined, ready to back out and face the expected charge of the large elephant, I fired at the other, and it fell dead. I then attempted to rise, but felt myself entangled by thorns. I had no time to repeat my efforts at escape; for I immediately felt the tangled mass of vegetation pressing forward upon me, while the big elephant rushed up almost close to where I lay, and there stood uttering that fearful, shrill, trumpet-like squeal with which these animals generally accompany their charge. I suppose it was unwilling to leave its fallen companion; for it did not follow the coolies, who ran off, but remained, trumpeting, and standing with its round shapeless legs within my reach, and its head almost over me. I had a rifle, carrying a ball of two ounces weight, in my hand; this I raised perpendicularly under the elephant's head, and with the butt-end resting on the ground, pulled the trigger. The shot took effect; the animal staggered back eight or ten paces towards the dead one, while, by violent exertions, I disentangled myself from my most uncomfortable position." The sportsman had no further trouble with the mortally wounded animal. His position, however, was one of awful risk, because it is impossible to tell whether an elephant's strength will be destroyed by one ball or twenty. Major Forbes relates several instances of fatal accidents from the fierceness of wounded elephants. In one case a gentleman was crushed to death in an instant by an elephant, and two of his friends, on attacking the same animal, would certainly have perished also, but for an accident. The creature charged, and came up to them, when they had barely time to run a few feet aside. Happily they both went to the left, and the elephant passed them, to their great surprise. It was afterwards discovered that one of their shots had destroyed the vision of the right eye. This accident saved their lives.

The extent to which the natives carry their daring in attacking wild elephants, is extraordinary. When a kraal, or enclosed space for catching these animals, is formed, and a herd has been driven into it, the hunters pass backwards and forwards with great boldness, effecting the operation of noosing. Partly protected by tame decoy elephants, they prick the feet of the wild ones, and on the legs being lifted, throw nooses dexterously round them. The noosed elephant starts off, but is speedily brought to its knees, the hunter having given the other end of the rope several turns round a tree. Major Forbes says he has seen men, stationed on trees, actually descend on the backs of wild elephants to dislodge them from the spot. When it is remembered that the animals are in an excited state, and that the hunter who comes within fair reach is sure either to be crushed to death by their trunks, or to be spiked by their tusks, the coolness of the native noosers appears very wonderful. On one occasion (says Major Forbes), "an unlucky hunter was seized by an elephant's trunk. Fortunately I regained my gun, and still more fortunately, considering the hurry in which I fired, the ball passed through the animal's head without injuring the man, who was released from a gripe so severe that it had already forced blood from his mouth and nostrils." Our author does not conceive the elephant to be nearly so sagacious as is commonly supposed, but allows that it occasionally exhibits peculiar cunning. "In 1829, one of the hunting elephants at Matalé, having shown symptoms of a capricious irritable temper, was in consequence secured to a tree near the stables; next day, as the keeper was standing barely within reach, the brute suddenly seized him at the moment *another* elephant was passing, and pressed the unfortunate man against this animal's front, until one of the thick blunt tusks came through the keeper's body." We also hear much about the attachment of these creatures to their keepers, but Major Forbes says that there are few of the old hunting elephants that have not killed people employed about them at one time or another.

In the course of an excursion, Major Forbes met with a pretended conjuror, who was placed in rather an awkward predicament. "He had, unluckily for himself, inspired his neighbours with a belief that he had the power of bringing rain by performing certain ceremonies, and they had spread his fame over the whole district. From this, and his knowledge of the appearance of the sky, and the various signs of coming showers or approaching heavy rains, he had long imposed on the people, and reaped considerable profit; until at last their eagerness of belief outrunning his powers of imposition, not only destroyed his occupation, but nearly cost him his life. It was urged by some one, and acquiesced in by all, that as there was no doubt of his ability to call down rain when necessary, it ought not to be left to his caprice when this talent should be exercised; and that, when required by a whole village, he should be obliged to furnish rain in sufficient quantities; that, if he did so, he was to be liberally rewarded; but, on the contrary, if he were contumacious, and refused to give the necessary supply, he should be tormented with thorns, or beat into compliance. Having suffered severe punishments on various occasions, he at last made up his mind no longer to be a responsible agent for the weather, and loudly and constantly denied having any authority in the matter. This, although deemed to be a false excuse, proved a sufficient protection to him during several seasons in which there was no deficiency of moisture; but, this season, the people, losing all patience from a long-continued drought, which was destroying their crops, dragged the recusant cloud-compeller to various villages, in which he suffered severely for his supposed neglect. Even the chief of the district had determined on having rain by force, if fair means proved insufficient, and had sent some of his followers to bring the conjuror to the village where water was most required: it was while on his way there that he was fortunate enough to see me, and, making his escape, threw himself on my protection. In the court-house the old man stated that he was in terror of his life, for at present there was every appearance of a continuance of the same dry weather that had already done so much mischief; and then gravely proceeded to prove to me by many oaths that it was no fault of his that no rain was forthcoming. I had some difficulty in protecting this old impostor, particularly as a few slight showers fell near his village, which was situated on one of the highest inhabited parts of the district; and I have no doubt the people thought, not that they had been the infatuated dupes of a rogue, but that I was imposed upon by a churlish wizard."

We learn from the work before us, as well as from other sources, that Ceylon is at present one of the most flourishing of our eastern possessions. Being a crown colony, it is exempted from the many petty exactions and obligations to which the company-governed continent of India is subject. In fact, it is a comparatively free country, and is rapidly improving both in its social and physical condition. Although greatly opposed by local prejudice, we are glad to know that juvenile education, accompanied by a knowledge of the English language, is making considerable progress—and what more is required in the first instance to render its people intelligent and happy!

Though we have been indebted for the matter of this article to the work of Major Forbes, yet our desire to make our account of Ceylon of a general character has prevented us from giving a sufficient specimen of the actual style of the writer, and we shall probably return, therefore, to these volumes on another occasion.

TRAINING OF CAPONS FOR NURSES TO POULTRY.

Capons may be trained to perform the office of nurses to young poultry, which they will execute in a better manner than even the mothers of the chicks. To those who attempt artificial incubation, this is a matter of some consequence, for no hen will readily nurse any chickens but those which she has hatched; whereas, the capon is an ever-ready nurse. In order to induce capons to take charge of chickens, Baptista Porta, an Italian writer, suggests that the skin of their breast should be irritated with nettles, so that they become anxious to allay the itchiness by sitting and rubbing upon the young chicks which are put to them. But this is a barbarous and far from certain mode of training. Others recommend to make the capon drunk with oat pickles steeped in brandy, believing that the capon in his intoxicated condition will fancy himself a hen, and so take charge of the chicks which crowd around him. This, however, is a fully more vicious plan of education—not that it causes the capon to acquire tippling habits, but because the animal, when tipsy, will most likely trample upon and kill the young family consigned to his care. The best mode of training seems to be that mentioned by Mr Rannie, in his volume on the Habits of Birds, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. He quotes the proceedings of Réaumur, the naturalist.

Réaumur, he observes, "having been convinced that such empirical practices were useless, put three capons under the care of the woman who had the charge of the poultry-yard at the Chateau de Vaujour; and as she proceeded on a regular and rational plan of tuition, put in force not for a single night or day, but continued for several days in succession, they came out of her school very well instructed in the space of ten or twelve days. Her method was, neither to pluck their feathers, to sting them with nettles, nor to make them drunk. She kept them alone for a day or two in pretty deep and rather narrow buckets, darkened by a covering of boards, taking them out two or three times a-day to feed. After making the capon in this manner wearied of solitude, she placed with him for companions two or three chickens, somewhat advanced in growth, and gave them all their food in common. If he ill used them, they were removed for a day or more, and then others were put to him. By such means, varied as circumstances indicate, the capon will contract a habit of living amicably with two or three chickens; and the number being increased by degrees, he will at last begin to take pride in his flock, so that it may be enlarged to any extent. Upon receiving his liberty in these circumstances, he will sit upon the chicks as a hen does, whenever they require to be protected from cold, and will lead them to places where they may find food, clucking like a hen to call them together when they straggle. He will likewise redouble his clucking when he finds such dainties as a piece of bread or an earthworm, which he will divide into several small portions to share it amongst them all, and will seem delighted to see them eat heartily of what he deprives himself of for their sake. After the few first days of training a capon, during which he may probably injure or kill two or three chickens, the task becomes easy; and when once he is taught, he will retain the habit to the end of his life, nor ever become tired of the task; for even when unemployed for several months during winter, he will take to it again in spring nearly as well as before."

OUR LADY TENDUDIA,

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

WHOEVER passes at the present day through the bounds of the ancient kingdom of Toledo, will probably behold, if he looks well around him, a small and ruinous chapel, exhibiting the traces of great architectural beauty, and finely situated on the slope of a rising eminence. Within the walls of the chapel, the passer-by may also observe the vestiges of various old monuments, bearing the nearly defaced names of Penalba, Saenz, and Correa. He will be told, moreover, that the chapel was dedicated to Our Lady *Tendudia*, and he will still hear the peasant making orisons to the Virgin, under that particular designation. If he be an Englishman, and acquainted, even slightly, with the language of Spain, it is furthermore probable that the traveller will exclaim, "Our Lady *Stop-the-day!* [such being the meaning of the term Tendudia]; what an odd phrase to tack to the name of the Virgin!" And if he be so fortunate as to meet with some of the older peasants of the district, whose memories are stored with the traditions of the past, he will in all likelihood hear the following legend of a bygone age, in explanation of what has caused his surprise.

In the thirteenth century, the Moors occupied a great portion of the kingdom of Spain, and were engaged in continual contests with the Christian natives. "Oh, brave times!" says an old chronicler of these wars, "when every knight of the cross was brave as his sword, and true as its Toledan steel; and when to contend with the infidel was to win either the laurel of victory, or the palm of martyrdom! Oh, brave times! when every lady was beautiful as the day, and gave to her own true knight the encouragement of her smiles, and the aid of her prayers!" Of all the ladies to whom the chronicler might here allude, none could be more lovely than Donna Bibiana, daughter and only child of Don Raymon de Penalba, a gentleman of the kingdom of Toledo. Donna Bibiana, at the date of our story, was very young. She had large, soft, blue eyes, dark tresses, a sweet and smiling mouth, with an elegant figure, and feet so small that it was a miracle how even her slender figure moved about on them so firmly, though so lightly. Besides, she was extremely good and charitable to the poor, though she was far from being rich. As in duty bound, she detested the Moors very cordially, and in short had all the qualities of a pious and accomplished beauty of the day.

No, Donna Bibiana, or rather her father, was not overburdened with riches. Don Raymon, in fact, depended very much upon his sword for subsistence. Like a bold warrier, and a good subject of his sovereign, he had spent all his days in battling with the Moors, who were no very distant neighbours of his, and had often enriched himself with their spoils, only to be impoverished again by their reprisals. But though this sort of work left Don Raymon sometimes in poorish circumstances, such was never very long the case; for when his coffers were empty, he always called out his attendants, and led them once more against the infidels. At the close of the year 1240, Don Raymon set forth on one of these knightly expeditions. He was accompanied by ten of his men, and with them he crossed the Guadalquivir, directing his course towards the Moorish province of Jaën. When he reached the country of the enemy, he separated his warriers, sending five one way, and going himself in another direction with the remainder. He had scarcely done this, when suddenly, on rounding the corner of a hill, he found himself in front of half a dozen well-appointed Moors, who were apparently making their way towards the demesnes of the Christians with much the same intentions as his own. But what says the pro-

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verb? "He that goes for wool may come back shorn;" and such was doomed to be the fate of the Moors on this occasion. Don Raymon was as discreet as bold. His first act, on seeing the Moors, was to put his bugle to his lips, and sound the signal of recal to the other division of his band. Then, turning to those with him, he bade them prepare for the attack, but at the same time, like a prudent man, he cried, "Mark the leader of the infidels; take him alive! His cloak of scarlet, with its gay gold fringes, and his diamonded scimitar, speak of riches. We must have a sweeping ransom from him."

While his men attacked without delay the rest of the Moors, Don Raymon, who never desired others to do what he could do for himself, rode sword in hand against the leader of the enemy. The latter defended himself bravely, but seeing his companions cut down one by one around him, he turned his bridle-rein, and betook himself to flight. The speed and freshness of his horse would have saved him, had not the other half of the Spanish party, on hearing the signal call, made a circuit of the hill, and so met and seized the Moor in his flight. With his captive, and the spoils of the rest of the enemy, the Christian chief made his way back, with all due haste, to his own territory.

Don Raymon de Penalba was not wrong in his supposition that the Moor was a man of wealth and distinction. Almoreb, as he was named, was a youth of the highest rank and greatest possessions in the kingdom of Jaën. His ransom was fixed by Penalba at 1500 maravedis of gold, and whilst they were waited for, the Moor was taken by his captor to the castle where Donna Bibiana usually resided. Almoreb saw the young lady, and immediately conceived a violent passion for her. Being a bigoted follower of the prophet, however, he at first only proposed to the Christian maiden to fly with him at the close of his imprisonment, without speaking of any intervening ceremony, such as is usually gone through on these occasions. Being very handsome, and having been greatly admired by the youthful beauties of Jaën, the gallant Moor was rather disappointed by the coldness with which Donna Bibiana listened to his advances. But his passion grew every day stronger, and at length he made distinct proposals for her hand to her father.

The intermarriage of Moors with Christians was by no means uncommon in those days, notwithstanding all the hostile struggles between the two races. Don Raymon was dazzled by the wealth and rank of the Moor, and being a kind father, whose anxiety to acquire fortune had a special reference to the future welfare of his daughter, the good knight thought marriage just as fair a way of attaining his aim as war. He therefore very earnestly recommended to Donna Bibiana the acceptance of Almoreb's proposals. But the young lady was of a different way of thinking, and gave a direct negative to the suit of the Moor. It has been mentioned that the young lady was very pious, and had a proportionate dislike of the infidels. But truth compels us to say that she was greatly guided in her opinions on this occasion by a distant relative of her own, a young and handsome cavalier, by name Don Martin Saenz, whose exhortations were peculiarly adverse to the wishes of the Moor. Don Martin had a castle and some few acres of land near the banks of the Azuer, and all the wishes of Donna Bibiana were bounded to the sovereignty of this castle, and of the heart of Don Martin. The latter had a particular aversion to the Moors, which had been augmented greatly since the capture of Almoreb. He would at once have provoked the Moor, it is probable, to single combat, had not the 1500 golden maravedis of Don Raymon been dependent upon the safe return of the captive to his friends. Therefore Don Martin contented himself with fortifying Bibiana by every possible means in her resolve to refuse the proffered suit.

Having received his ransom-money, and seeing that Don Raymon would not press his daughter against her wishes, Almoreb paid his captor, and withdrew to his own country, to meditate plans which he was not long of carrying into execution. But a few weeks had passed away, when Don Raymon received a letter, apparently signed by Don Pelayo Correa, Grand-Master of the Order of St James, desiring him to come instantly to Ciudad-Real, with Don Martin Saenz, and every man-at-arms whom he could command. The knight instantly obeyed the wishes of the grand-master; but scarcely had he left his castle, when Almoreb, at the head of a hundred Moors, appeared before the place. The gates being opened by a servant whom he had bribed during his captivity, the Moor entered, and carried off Bibiana, in spite of her tears and cries. She was placed in a litter, and without delay her captors took the road to Jaën.

Only one of the men left in the castle had escaped the scimitars of the Moors. He immediately directed his course to Ciudad-Real, and arrived just in time to find Penalba stupified with the tidings that Don Pelayo had sent no message for him. The servant cleared up the mystery. "Let us pursue the ruffians instantly," cried Don Martin Saenz, as he rushed out for his war-horse, on which he soon appeared, urging Penalba to follow him. Indeed, Don Raymon and Pelayo were scarcely less eager to commence the pursuit. Hastily gathering a band of nearly a hundred followers, they scoured across the country in the direction of Jaën, from which, fortunately, Ciudad-Real was not much farther away than Raymon's castle, though lying at a different point of the compass.

It was not long ere they passed the line of Raymon's castle, and came upon the traces of the Moors. The horses of the latter had performed a long journey from Jaën in the morning, and were far from being so fresh as those of the Christians. Don Martin pressed the latter to their full speed. He was ever in front, and ascended every spot of rising ground with the speed of lightning, scanning the horizon for the first glimpse of the foe. "On! on!" he cried, exultingly, at length; "I behold the enemies of our faith!" The intelligence inspired the pursuers with new zeal. They now saw in the distance a cloud of dust, and occasionally the gleam of bright weapons struck by the rays of the sun. Slowly but progressively they drew nearer to the flying Moors. But, alas! the sun was rapidly sinking towards the horizon. If the night set in before the encounter, the Moors would inevitably find a secure refuge in the mountains.

"Oh, our Lady!" cried the anxious Don Martin, "leave not a young Christian maiden in the hands of these infidels!"

As he spoke, he pressed on his companions to fresh speed. But the Arab coursers, with their outstretched necks, seemed to swallow the space before them, and although the distance between the parties was always diminishing, the chase was still continued. When at length the Christians came almost within spear length of the Moors, the sun nearly touched the horizon, rendering it a matter of great doubt if the encounter, when it did take place, would be effectual in the rescue of Bibiana.

"Oh, our Lady!" exclaimed Don Martin in tones of agonised entreaty, "*Nostra Segnora, Ten du dia! Ten du dia!*"

The legend tells that the entreaty was heard, and that the light of day did *not* pass away so early as usual. If you, having a strong faith in natural causes, were to suggest to the Spanish narrators of the tradition that the evening was probably nothing more than a remarkably fine one, you would only be pitied for your scepticism. However this may be, the Moors were forced to wheel and sustain the shock of their pursuers. For nearly an hour afterwards, a bitter conflict was kept up, which was terminated by Don Martin Saenz passing his knightly sword through the body of Almoreb, after a gallant single combat, viewed by the whole of both parties. The rest of the Moors immediately surrendered, and Donna Bibiana was not only recovered, but as the band of Almoreb was almost entirely composed of young men of rank who had joined him in his expedition, a great spoil was obtained through the capture and ultimate ransom of the Moorish prisoners.

Don Raymon, to prevent any such annoying adventures afterwards, immediately bestowed the hand of his daughter on Don Martin. Donna Bibiana and her husband were so grateful for the event just recorded, that, in commemoration thereof, they built a chapel, and distinguished it by the name of the chapel of "Our Lady *Tendudia*." From that time forth the pious people of the country around paid their orisons to *Nostra Segnora* under that name. Such is the legend attached to the ruins which the traveller may see, if he chooses, near the springs of the far-famed Guadalquivir. There were laid, in the lapse of time, the mortal remains of the fair Bibiana, with many a Saenz of her blood and race; and there, also, were laid many of the name of Correa and Penalba, to whose families the chapel remained ever a spot of strong and peculiar interest.

THE PROPHET OF 1770.

Let us suppose ourselves carried back sixty years in the stream of time, and to live again, the youthful subject of the young king George III. Let us likewise imagine that in those days the divine spirit of prophecy had come upon us, unveiling to our sight the events of the future. In seven years from this time the British empire shall be rent in twain (American war in 1776). In fifteen years men shall rise from the earth and fly through the air (invention of balloons, 1780). In twenty years the French monarchy, the oldest that ever was, and now so flourishing, shall come to an end. A virtuous prince (Louis XVI. 1793), not yet king, shall in twenty-three years lay down his life on the scaffold: his wife and sister shall share the same fate. In those same days, news shall travel with the speed of the wind, and what was done at mid-day shall be known at the farthest bounds of the kingdom ere the setting of the sun (the Telegraph, 1794). In twenty-six years a conqueror shall arise (Bonaparte), who shall water his horses in the Nile, the Jordan, the Tagus, and the Borysthenes. This conqueror shall restore the chair of St Peter, and throw down what he had restored (dethronement of Pius VII.) Finally, he whom the world could not contain, shall die a captive on a rocky island (St Helena), neither in Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America, but in the midst of the vast ocean: a few feet of earth his empire, a willow his monument. In those days metals shall be found which float on the water and burn under it (sodium and potassium, discovered by Sir Humphry Davy). Ships shall stem the stormiest ocean without sails or oars (steam-ships). Carriages shall run without horses, with the speed of the wind (locomotive engines). (The ordinary speed of the wind is 35 miles an hour; that of the engines on the Great Western Railway is 39.) Men shall be conveyed from India to the mighty Babylon in a month: from America in ten days: from one end of England to the other in eight hours. Bridges shall hang by a chain over the sea, while roads shall be made under it (the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel). To those days of bloodshed shall succeed days of liberty. The Negro shall no longer be bought or sold. The slave shall be set free. The Greek shall be freed from the Turk; the Catholic from the Orangeman. The very beasts in those days shall have laws to protect them. Those days shall be days of great light. Men shall plough without horses (steam plough); they shall spin without hands (power-loom); they shall calculate by wheels (Babbage's machine); the sun shall engrave for them (the Daguerrotype); they shall write with the lightning (electric telegraph). One machine shall print in one hour many thousand books, each of which shall take a man many days to read; a man may buy a book for a penny; for a penny he may send it to the ends of the empire. They shall read the rocks instead of a book (geology), and decipher the history of beings which lived and died ere man existed. In the heavens new stars shall be discovered: some, sisters of the earth; some, brothers of the sun (the planets, five in number, discovered since the American war; and the double stars by Sir William Herschel); and of all the colours of the rainbow. In those days, likewise, they shall read the Pyramids (Young's and Champollion's discoveries). They shall find out the mouth of the Niger and the Magnetic Pole: the way to every thing shall have been discovered but the way to be happy.—*Phœnix (Edinburgh newspaper)*. Let us hope that in time the way to be happy shall also be discovered.

SIMPLE PLEASURES THE BEST.

When the inordinate hopes of youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views—when the keen contentions and eager rivalries which employed our riper years have expired or been abandoned—when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility and of our fondest affections lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave—when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate—when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted, what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned, to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame, we are naturally led to recur to the days of our childhood, and to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had been accompanied; to think all vain but affection and honour, the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest and most precious, and generosity of sentiment the only mental superiority which ought either to be wished for or admitted.—*Jeffrey.*

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.

The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as leading "to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilised nations—a change highly important both in a moral and physical point of view. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, rarely drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality." Tea is so little drunk in Germany, that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea, with "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."—*Hints for the Table.*

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

FOUNDED ON AN ANECDOTE RELATED IN THE NATURALIST'S MAGAZINE.

I dote on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one!

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sang
A song of distant isles!

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and, from sympathy,
Thus seem'd to say or sing:—

"Fair captive! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art?

Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes,
For they, at least, are free!

Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home!

Poor bird! could'st thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love!

How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,
Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best!

Alas, alas! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong;
But I will come to thee again,
Adieu, sweet bird of song!"

Away it flew, but day by day,
Return'd with gather'd food,
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such heaven-taught love to trace,
And deem'd, perchance, this captive's friend,
The Howard of its race!

—*Scotsman.* J. H.

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BAD TEMPER.

BAD temper, though a thing which every body in the world either manifests in himself, or suffers from in others, is not well understood. If its physiological causes and nature were generally known, its powerful action, as the blight of domestic happiness, might perhaps be in some degree mitigated.

The nursery gives us a strong hint of the real nature of bad temper. It is well known to all who have had any charge over infants, that, before their mental faculties have begun to act, if blessed by nature with a sound healthy constitution, fed properly, kept comfortable, and not subjected to external injury of any kind, they are generally quiet, or, to use the ordinary phrase of the occasion, good tempered. Health and good temper are, in fact, synonymous at that period of life. From this it may fairly be presumed, that, when children are peevish and fractious, they are not in a sound and comfortable state, but in the experience of uneasy sensations of some kind. Often, when an infant, usually good tempered, takes a sudden and apparently inexplicable fit of crying, it is found on examination that a pin has taken a wrong direction in its dress, or something troubles the stomach, or in some other way the child is undergoing suffering. The direct explanation of all crying and fretfulness in early childhood is, simply—*uneasy physical sensation*.

The sources or causes of fretfulness or bad temper in a child of the age indicated, are very few, because there are then only a few sensations. The child can feel a flesh wound or sore; or a derangement of the alimentary functions; or a want of those appliances which may be ranged under the term bodily comfort; but it can feel little else. Nervous irritability, though in the constitution, is not then developed, and scarcely can become the source of any unpleasant sensations. Even the senses are as yet dormant, and therefore cannot become a medium for the approach of disagreeable affections. We may here remark, that this limitation of the sources of uneasiness in an infant renders all prognostications of the future temper of a human being from cradle manifestations, extremely liable to error. One who is hereafter to be the victim of nervous irritability, and from other causes to be remarkable for bad temper, may be a healthy, well-kept infant, and therefore placid. Another, who, in adult life, is to be quite the reverse, may suffer in the first few months of his existence from ill health, mistreatment, or some accidental sore, and therefore appear very ill tempered. But we are anticipating.

As the faculties of a child increase, as sense after sense awakens, and one feeling after another becomes active in his nature, the sources of agreeable sensations may be said to be multiplied, for there is not one sense, or faculty, or feeling, which is not primarily designed to be a means of giving us pleasure. There is not, however, one of these senses or faculties which is not also liable to be *disagreeably affected*. This may be, either by its being disappointed of some object which it desires, or being acted upon by something the opposite to that which excites it agreeably. For example, the sense of taste may be disappointed of some expected or desired treat, or may be called upon to palate a nauseous drug; the desire of approbation may be thwarted in an effort to become dux of the class, or subjected to the severest mortification in a public whipping; a boy who hoards marbles and tops may be thwarted in a wish to collect a few more, or enraged by losing at play a large portion of what he previously possessed. In numberless various ways, the juvenile faculties may be offended, and in each case there will be an experience of angry feeling as the natural consequence. This feeling may not find vent, or it may be checked by an effort of reflection, or from some other cause; but the rise of such an emotion in the mind as a consequence of a sense or mental faculty disagreeably affected, is as certain as any thing in nature, and indeed takes place through the force of natural laws, as fixed in their operation as any of those disclosed to us in experimental philosophy.

In mature life, the senses are the same in number, but the mental faculties are rather more numerous. Some of the sensations, usually alone called physical, are dulled a little, or can be more easily controlled: a hurt or a cut does not make the full-grown man cry, as it made the child. Hector at twenty-four would not have beat a stool after falling over it, as Hector at four or five might have done. But the nervous system is now much more irritable than in early life. The mental faculties, both those which perceive and reason, and those which feel and prompt to action, are in their highest activity, though not in all persons alike powerful and active. Now, also, men are engaged in the struggles which attend social life in all its shapes, exposed to frequent disappointment and positive injury, and, therefore, more liable to have their faculties visited with disagreeable affections. There is now, to be sure, the greatest bodily vigour and the strongest exercise of will and reason; as also the greatest disposition to act upon a square with the ordinary ways of the world, and afford no ground for depreciatory remark. Yet, upon the whole, there is a greater chance of our appearing splenetic and irritable in manhood than in youth.

Men, it is obvious, are endowed by nature with very different degrees of general nervous irritability, some being alive to every casual impression, like harps so finely strung that the passing air brings forth their music; while others appear nearly torpid, and a great middle class are not remarkable in either way. What is called the *temperament of genius* seems to be nothing but extreme nervous irritability: it was exemplified in Tasso, Rousseau, and our own Burns and Byron. Great mental ability is often found apart from it; but is also often found so bound up with it, that those very men who, by their delightful effusions, charm their fellow-creatures unto all time, are themselves the most unhappy that live, being exposed to a thousand sources of suffering which others have no experience of. Nor is this extreme irritability only born with men. It often happens that persons originally sound, from the long and incessant action of certain circumstances, become in time liable to it. Smollett was an example. He was in early life a cheerful and agreeable man; but, entering upon a literary career, he tasked his brain so severely during a long course of years, and was exposed to so many exasperating annoyances of various kinds, that he at length became irritable to an extreme degree, though never altogether losing the benevolent and manly feelings which so largely inspired him in his better days. In both cases, great irritability may be considered as unsoundness; only, it is in the first case the result of circumstances which have taken place before birth, and in the second, of circumstances which have taken place in the course of life.

Then men are born with the senses and faculties in every conceivable variety of power and tendency to activity; and, as they go on in life, those various natural proportions are further varied by the different circumstances of individuals calling, in each, different faculties into vivid and habitual action, and leaving others in comparative dormancy. Every one of these faculties in every individual is liable to be disagreeably affected in the proportion of its natural or acquired activity; and what may be called the predominating or most conspicuously active faculty, is always the most liable to be so affected. Thus, there is no person who is not more apt to be irritated upon one subject or set of subjects, or by one act or set of actions, than by any other. For example, the avaricious man is most easily enraged by the fear of a loss of money; the proud man by an insult or a disgrace; the coward by a passing danger; the benevolent man by witnessing harsh and cruel actions. The liability to the irritation will in every case be modified by the acquired self-control of the individual, from whatever source that self-control has arisen; but the tendency or aptitude is invariable, and it will appear or not appear, operate or not operate, just as the natural irritability may permit, or the self-control suppress and allay.

All these phenomena depend upon a law of our constitution, by which, whenever a faculty is disagreeably affected, or a disagreeable sensation of any kind is experienced, one particular faculty of the mental organisation, which may be described as the Malevolent or Destructive sentiment, is called into less or more activity, according to the amount and nature of the offence, and the degree of strength and irritability which may characterise that particular faculty in the individual. The manifestations of this sentiment take many forms, from the extreme of physical violence down to the sly gibe and the peevish exclamation. At first sight, it appears a thing created only for evil; but there can be no reasonable doubt that it has been implanted in our nature for wise ends, and, under good regulation, would do nothing but good service. Such is the faculty which every disagreeable sensation arouses in our minds. The opposite feeling, Benevolence, is in like manner roused when any faculty is agreeably affected. Hence the gracious smile which in most cases follows praise, the good humour which the bon-vivant expresses over a well-furnished table, the kindness which a talkative man shows to a good listener, and so forth.

It is the frequent exhibition of this malevolent faculty which constitutes what is called *bad temper*. We repeat, wherever bad temper is found, it is nothing more or less than the *revenge of unpleasant sensations*. Some men are said to be of habitual bad temper; they are constantly angry, or snappish, or peevish. In many such cases, permanent uneasiness in the bodily feelings from bad health is the cause of the malady, for such it may be called. Often, again, it arises from the habitual dissatisfaction of some mental faculty; for example, self-esteem may be in a constant gangrene in consequence of some degrading or supposedly degrading circumstances in past or present life; the feeling of attachment may have been so wrung and tortured by a disappointment, that all loving may be declared, in the language of Amiens, "mere folly;" or the hopes of life in general may have been so blighted, that misanthropy is the consequence. To be habitually under the influence of envy and jealousy, is no uncommon condition: while such an influence lasts, there must be bad temper, for these are disagreeable affections of certain of the faculties. Of occasional bad temper, or bad temper only on particular points, most readers must be acquainted with examples. The mildest of men are found to have some little point in their constitution, liable to be so galled as to call forth angry feelings. An honest farmer whom we knew in early life, the most benignant and kindly of human beings, was never known to be angry except when he saw a fence broken down, or an idle herd-boy allowing the cattle to get amongst the corn. Another amiable man, who was said to be fond of the pleasures of the table, was considered by the working people under him as not safely approachable, especially for any thing like a favour, during the hollow and hungry hour before dinner. A third we have known, whose irritable point regarded nice arrangements in his

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household. He had the misfortune to be so refined away into exquisiteness in all matters of punctuality, neatness, and economy, that the least error on the part of a servant set his usually courteous nature ajar for the remainder of the day. Sometimes, very odd and extraordinary matters are found to set mild men off their equipoise: in one case familiar to us, the frequent iteration of any thing monotonous in sound or silly in meaning has that effect. The liability of musicians to be put out of temper even by so small a matter as an ill-struck half note, is too trite to be worthy of remark. Occasional bad temper from such causes is easily explained: it obviously arises from the accidental over-refinement of some particular portion of the mental organisation. When any faculty becomes so far refined, it may be considered as in nearly the same condition as the whole nature of a man who inherits from nature extreme nervous irritability. Such a peculiarity is a kind of misfortune. It is best to have all the parts of one's nature only so far refined as to suit the average of the affections, agreeable and disagreeable, to which our situation exposes it. When any part goes beyond that, it is likely to become a source of great pain.

Considering bad temper in this philosophical point of view, we think some important advantages may be reasonably hoped for. Bad temper in one party is the constant cause why much bad temper is in others, for, being always disagreeable, its manifestations are almost sure to occasion irritation. Perhaps, this effect would not so often take place, if the well-constituted and placid were to look upon such manifestations as the result of either actual bodily pain, or at least disagreeably affected mental faculties, in those from whom they proceed. A feeling of pity would rather, in such a consideration, be due to those unfortunate individuals. Thus the mischief would stop with its originator, and even some efforts might be made to extinguish it there, where now it only gets additional exasperation. With regard to those whose bad temper is only excitable on particular points, it might be possible for their connections and dependents, by studying to give no cause of offence on those points, to prevent in a great measure explosions of anger and exhibitions of wrath, which are both disagreeable at the time to others, and afterwards almost certain to be deeply regretted by themselves.*

THE SUSPECTED SPY.

During the time that Murat held military rule at Madrid, he had occasion to send important dispatches to Junot, then at Lisbon; but it was a matter of great difficulty, as all the roads to Lisbon were in possession of the army of Castagnos—troops commanded by the most distinguished men of the Spanish revolution—and were also infested by a more dreaded enemy of the French, the guerillas.

Murat spoke of his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador at Madrid. Russia was at this time the friend more than the ally of France. After some consideration, Strogonoff said he thought it could be managed. He proposed that a Polish lancer, dressed in the Russian uniform, should be charged with dispatches from his court to Admiral Siniavin, who was then at the port of Lisbon, and that he might at the same time convey *verbal* dispatches from Murat. This scheme, he thought, was the more practicable, as the insurgent army of Castagnos was very desirous to obtain the neutrality of Russia, and therefore it was not likely they would give cause of umbrage by ill treating its messenger.

Murat was delighted with this ingenious plan, and immediately sent a request to Krasinski, the Polish commander, to be furnished with any young man of his corps whom he could recommend as brave, intelligent, and of good address. A young Pole, eighteen years of age, named Leckinski, volunteered for the dangerous service

Murat, who himself could calmly look death in the face, could not, however, in this instance, help pointing out to Leckinski the great peril he would be in should he be discovered. The young Pole smiled and said, "I thank your imperial highness for having honoured me above my comrades by selecting me for this duty, and I promise to render a good account of my mission." This bold and unaffected reply inspired the confidence of Murat, who forthwith gave him his instructions, when he departed for Lisbon dressed in the Russian uniform, and furnished with the dispatches for Admiral Siniavin.

The two first days passed without molestation; but about the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded and taken prisoner by a Spanish troop, who, having disarmed him, dragged him before the commanding officer, who happened to be Castagnos himself. Let the chief be who he might, however, Leckinski saw that he was inevitably lost if he was recognised as a partisan of the French. He therefore determined on the instant not to speak a word of French, and only to answer in Russian or German, both of which languages he could speak fluently.

The dreadful imprecations uttered on all sides in his way to Castagnos, told him his doom was already sealed. He had before his eyes the horrible fate of General René, who, a few weeks before this, in executing a mission similar to his own—endeavouring to join Junot—had been assassinated in the most barbarous way, and expired amidst the most frightful tortures. Death by torture creates terror even to the stoutest heart, and the blood round the heart of the young Pole froze within him for an instant.

"Who are you?" said Castagnos in French, which he spoke well, as he had been educated at Sorrize. Leckinski looked at him steadily, and made a sign of ignorance, and answered in German, "I don't understand you." Castagnos, who spoke German, did not perhaps wish to figure further in the matter, as he left one of his staff to continue the interrogatories.

The young Pole answered alternately in Russian and German, but never once let slip the least French intonation. He was, however, very uneasy, as he was in a very small room, surrounded by a crowd of men eager for his blood, who only waited for his being pronounced French to fall on him and massacre him.

These sanguinary feelings increased to a pitch beyond the control of even the general himself, in consequence of what appeared a most unlucky incident. An aide-de-camp of Castagnos, a man fanatically patriotic, as there were many in the Spanish war, and who, the moment Leckinski was taken, pronounced him to be a French spy, rushed into the chamber, dragging a peasant dressed in brown cloth, with a red feather in a high conical hat. The officer made way through the crowd, and, placing the man opposite Leckinski, said, "Look well at this man, and say whether he is really a Russian or a German. He is a spy; I will swear it with my life," said he, stamping furiously.

The peasant in the mean time attentively examined the features of the young Pole. The examination was not long; for, darting a malignant glance, with his eyes burning with rage, he clapped his hands, and cried out, "He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!" and then told them that he had been only a few weeks ago at Madrid with some cut straw, which had been required from his village, as well as from every other in the district. "And I recognise this man," continued the peasant, "as he who received my portion of forage, and who gave me a receipt for it." This was true. Castagnos possibly saw the truth of it; but he was a noble and generous adversary, and it was not by massacres that he wished to build up the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have been raised more beautifully, and more durably, had such men as himself, Romana, and Palafox, had the sole direction of affairs. He saw well that the young man was not a Russian, but he dreaded the horrible atrocities which would have been inflicted on him, should he be identified as a Frenchman. There was a doubt, and, above all, his appearance bespoke favour. He proposed, therefore, that he should be allowed to continue his journey, for Leckinski persisted that he was a Russian, and did not know a word of French. But at the first word the general uttered, there arose a hundred threatening voices, and even murmurs of the word traitor applied to himself. There seemed then no hope of mercy, for man becomes ferocious when he fears for himself. "You wish, then," said he, "to risk a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have solicited?" "No!" said his officers; "but let us prove this man."

Leckinski heard all, for he understood Spanish. He was led out of the chamber, and thrown into a place which might have passed for one of the most frightful dungeons of the Inquisition. At the moment the Spaniards had stopped him, he had not eaten any thing since the night before, and when the door of his prison closed on him, he had been eighteen hours without food. Add to this the fatigue he had undergone, the anguish and deep anxiety of his situation, and it will not be considered surprising that he fell nearly fainting on his wretched bed, which was placed in a corner of the room. The sun was not yet set. He had a glimpse of it through the cleft in the wall above his head, and the light, so brilliant in beautiful Estremadura, for a time cheered the heart of the poor prisoner.

This source of consolation, however, soon left him; the heavens became murky and cheerless; night closed around all; and poor Leckinski had full leisure to contemplate his dreadful position, which he judged as almost without the least hope.

He was undoubtedly a brave man. But to die at eighteen; it was very young. He battled with the visions which came before him and succeeded each other as in a phantasmagoria; at length youth and fatigue yielded, and he was shortly buried in the most profound sleep, the very image of death.

He had slept for about two hours, when the door of his prison was gently opened, and some one entered on tip-toe. A hand was placed before the lamp, and then some one leaned over the bed of the prisoner. The hand was taken suddenly from before the light, and he was touched slightly on his shoulder, and the sweet and gentle tones of a woman's voice said in French, "Do you wish to take supper?" Leckinski suddenly jumped up in his bed, with his eyes scarcely open, and said in German, "What do they want with me?"

"Let this man have something to eat," said Castagnos, on learning the result of this first proof, "and then let his horse be saddled, and allow him to pursue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he be master of himself at such a time?—it is impossible."

But Castagnos was not alone. They gave Leckinski something to eat; but his horse was not saddled, and he remained in his prison till the morning. He was then taken to a place, and was shown the bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been horribly massacred by the peasants of Truxilla. They kept him here all the day, threatening him with death, and that a horrible one. Constantly surrounded with snares, listened to with the most eager ears in order to catch a sound which might betray him, and watched by the most piercing eyes to discover a suspicious movement, he nevertheless maintained his equanimity. He had passed his word not to flinch, and he was resolved to keep it, and fulfil his commission. Not a single gesture or word of a suspicious nature escaped him. At length, after many hours of the most cruel trials, he was reconducted to his prison, and left to all the horrors of his uncertain fate.

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, "I feel with you the great importance of preventing communication between the chiefs of the French army who are in Spain; but here, in the position in which we find this officer, we cannot treat him as a spy upon the simple assertion of one of our men. This man may be deceived by a resemblance, and then we shall become murderers—a part certainly ill becoming us to take, gentlemen."

Poor Leckinski felt a degree of pleasure in re-entering his dungeon, which was comparatively an agreeable change from what he had undergone for the last twelve hours. He had had nothing before his eyes but gibbets and hideous bloody carcasses, exhibited to him by men with the looks of demons, and the most ferocious countenances. His thoughts were, as it were, under the influence of a spell. He believed he saw on the cracked walls of his prison the fantastic shadows of the victims he had seen hanging from the trees on the road-side. Surrounded by these gloomy visions, exhausted nature again overcame him, and he fell into a deep sleep.

During this repose, his door was again softly opened, and his bed approached. The same gentle voice said in French, "Get up, and come; you are saved, and your horse is saddled."

The courageous Leckinski, however, always on his guard, said in German, "What do they want with me?"

Castagnos, on learning the result of this new proof, declared that the young Russian was a noble fellow. He had thought so, he said, all along. But this opinion could not sway the commission, *who wished to find him guilty*, and were outrageous at being thwarted in their wishes. All party spirit tends to weaken our just judgments of things; but the party spirit at this time in Spain raged with indescribable violence. These men, being baffled in accomplishing their blood-thirsty desire for a human sacrifice, were completely beside themselves. They were the same judges who had condemned General René *to be sawed in two!* who had placed Colonel Pavetti in an oven, and had horribly mutilated Franceschi.

Leckinski knew his danger, but he quailed not. After another dreadful night, four men, one of whom was the same who said he had seen him at Madrid, came to conduct him before a sort of tribunal, composed of many of the officers of the staff of General Castagnos. During the short interval on his way, they uttered the most terrible threats; but, true to his resolution, Leckinski appeared not to understand what they said. When he came before his judges, he appeared to understand what was going on, more from the preparations than from what was said around him. He asked where his interpreter was. The examination commenced. He was asked what his object was in travelling from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches from the Russian ambassador, and his passport. This would certainly have been sufficient, had he not unfortunately been recognised by the peasant. But the assertion of this man, who persisted in it with great firmness, afforded strong evidence of his real character to men so eagerly athirst for his blood. "Ask him," said the president of the commission, "if he loves the Spaniards, since he is not a Frenchman."

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Leckinski; "I love the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its beautiful devotion. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says that he hates us, because we make war like banditti. He despises us, and he only regrets that it is not in his power to unite the whole nation into a single man, that he might end the war with one blow."

Whilst the interpreter spoke, every eye was on Leckinski, watching for the least movement of his countenance on hearing this unfaithful interpretation of his answer. But on coming to the tribunal he had made up his mind to every trial, and he therefore maintained the most astonishing self-possession.

"If they kill me," he thought to himself, "they will not only kill an innocent man, but one who has all the appearance of innocence, and they will therefore have all the odium of my death.

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, who, contrary to his wishes, assisted at this last trial, but would take no part in it, "it appears to me that this young man cannot be suspected. The peasant must have been deceived. Let him, therefore, be set at liberty, and continue his route; and in rendering an account of what he has undergone at our hands, he will do well to take into consideration the continual danger of our position, which must excuse the rigour we are forced to employ."

* The philosophy of the above paper, such as it is, is based upon a theory which was first explained in a satisfactory manner by Mr Robert Cox, of Edinburgh, in a series of articles which appeared a few years ago in the Phrenological Journal, under the title of "Observations on the Mutual Influence of the Mental Faculties, and in particular on the modes and laws of the Activity of Destructiveness."

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They then restored Leckinski his arms and dispatches, and gave him a safe passport; and he went away victorious over, it certainly may be said, as strong tests as were ever practised on a human being. He arrived at Lisbon, fulfilled his commission, and expressed a willingness to return to Madrid; but Junot would not allow the brave fellow to run such another risk.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SECOND ARTICLE—PAPER MONEY.

In describing the origin of a metallic currency, allusion was made to the possibility of obligations or promises to pay being used as a medium of exchange, instead of metals, which bear their value in themselves. Although such documents might at first sight appear to be a very simple arrangement for creating a circulating medium, history shows them to be resorted to only in a far advanced and complicated state of society, and a little consideration will satisfy us that they cannot be brought separately into existence, but must be first ingrafted in a real or metallic currency. To illustrate the first employment of gold as a measure of value, a community of four individuals was supposed, each possessed of a separate commodity, of which the others wish to obtain a portion, giving an equivalent in return. If an attempt were made to create paper money among such a body before metal had been first employed, the nature of the obligations contained in the notes would of course be to give such and such a commodity. A could circulate an obligation to give a sheep to the bearer on demand, B to give a bushel of corn, and so on. Such documents would be almost totally useless for the purposes of money. The person to whom the obligation to give a sheep was offered, might not be in want of such a commodity, and might know no other person so anxious to obtain it that he would take the obligation off his hands. Moreover, there would be no general standard of value. It would be difficult to say what proportion a note for a sheep bore to one for a quarter of grain; and those who accepted of such documents, instead of receiving something of fixed value, would be purchasers of commodities, the value of which they might not be acquainted with. Instead of being paid, they would only be purchasers, or rather parties to a transaction for bartering goods.

When metal has once been brought into existence, however, as a circulating medium, every body knows its value, and an obligation to give a certain quantity of it is perfectly well understood. "I promise to give you on demand half an ounce of gold," is a sort of document which, if the person who received it has a perfect faith that the promise will be performed, would be just as valuable in his possession as the half ounce of gold itself. It might perhaps be more convenient to him to have the gold, as he might wish to employ a small portion of it in a petty purchase: but, on the other hand, there might be circumstances in which the obligation would be the more convenient commodity to possess; for example, he might fear being robbed, and would consider the note for various reasons more likely to be traced to the perpetrator than a piece of gold; or he might wish to pay a creditor at a distance, and the paper would be by far the more convenient substance to transmit.

In the circumstances in which the gold circulating medium was presumed to come into existence, it will be recollected that it occasioned a loss to the small community in whose proceedings the subject was illustrated. A coat was given by one of them in exchange for as much of the metal as would serve the purposes of the community. Thus, while they used the gold, they were paying for it as an expensive article of convenience. Should they find that obligations to pay, will serve their turn as well as the gold, they might then dispose of it to any others who wanted it, and recover the property they parted with, or its equivalent. It is thus pretty clear, that the use of paper money is a distinct saving, and that wherever it can be made to perform the services of the precious metals, the community who so employ it gain the difference between a dear and a cheap article. There is another convenience, moreover, in the use of paper money; whether an advantage or not, we shall not say, as we should then be entering on one of the many disputed points regarding the currency. The trading transactions of a large community may require a greater circulating medium than can conveniently be obtained in a metallic form. All the gold in the world would not supply Great Britain with a circulating medium equivalent to that at present in use. It may be said that, as the paper currency of the country professes to be a substitute for gold—is in reality a set of obligations to pay in gold—it must therefore be fallacious, as it not only promises that which the obligant has not to pay, but what in reality does not exist. It is not necessary, however, that there should be gold to represent all the paper money in existence; it is sufficient that there be capital, or property of some sort or other to do so. The calico-printer's bill for one thousand pounds is measured off by gold; but, in reality, it is the representative, not of so much gold, but of sundry bales of cotton cloth in his warerooms, the existence of which makes the holder of the bill know that it is worth a thousand pounds in gold. There are further conveniences derived by the commercial world from such documents, in aiding the trading relations of nations with each other, which will be noticed below.

Paper money, as already remarked, would be on all occasions an economical substitute for a metallic currency, if it could perform all the services of the precious metals; but there is one of the peculiarities of bullion which it is incapable of attaining; that is, absolute certainty that it is of the value it professes to be. The man who possesses an ounce of gold, knows that he has that which in every city, from London to Canton, will purchase him a certain quantity of the current commodities of the place. He, however, who has a bank-note, has that which is valuable only provided the person who becomes bound by it is able to fulfil his engagement, and which no one will take at its nominal value, except those who believe that he is so able. If no bodies of men, or individuals, ever issued pecuniary obligations beyond such as they were absolutely certain of being able to meet, paper money would be as secure as gold; such certainty, however, is not in human things. In the best system of paper money which ever has been or can be devised, there will be more or less of uncertainty. The question whether, under any of the present systems, or under others that might be substituted for them, the evils of uncertainty are compensated by the conveniences attending the practice, would bring us to the discussion of one of these debated points which we wish to avoid.

But to make a paper currency keep its value as compared with a gold one, it is not only necessary that the persons who issue the obligations should be able to meet them, but that there should not be a greater number of them brought into existence than the commercial wants of the community require. If there be notes to the extent of L.2000 in circulation among a community, whose business could be quite well transacted with L.1500, there will be a correspondent reduction in the value of the notes. If every issuer of paper were likely to be immediately called upon to pay in gold, and were prepared to meet the call, there would be little likelihood of one of these "over-issues," as they are technically called, occurring. But however great may be the facilities for enabling the holders of notes to get them paid, the public are not always on the alert to demand payment; and, indeed, if they were, paper money would not be of much service. The commercial world having once established the fact that the note-maker is trustworthy, it goes on using his documents without a thought whether he is issuing too many of them, until the over-issue is felt to act on commerce, and the paper gets depreciated. In 1814, during the time when the Bank of England was exempted from paying its notes in gold, the depreciation in the notes of the bank amounted to L.29, 4s. 1d. per cent.; in other words, a bank-note for L.1 was worth only a fraction more than 14s. The manner in which an attempt has been made to check the recurrence of any such mischief, is the following. Bank of England notes are every where a legal tender; in other words, every creditor is bound to take them as cash, in payment of his debt. At the bank, however, and at its branches, gold *must* be given for the notes when required.

Presuming that this, or any other check, could be the means of preventing an over-issue of paper from a government establishment, such as the Bank of England, there would still be, in a commercial country, a manufacture of paper money, which can neither be put down, nor subjected to a check. Every individual, indeed, whose bill or note of hand is taken by another, is an issuer of paper money, lending his drop to the ocean of the general supply. All operations in the science of political economy, as in most others, are best illustrated by particulars; and perhaps we may find the most intelligible illustration of the nature and effects of an over-issue, in looking to the conduct of a very few individuals. Let us suppose three or four young merchants beginning the world together without capital, and inclined to make a great effort to get on. They know that simple pieces of paper, with certain names written on them, will in certain circumstances pass for money, and they resolve to try if their own names will produce this magical effect. If they succeed, they know that in the end they will have to "retire their bills," or meet their engagements; but they are prepared to take their chance. John Thomson, then, we shall suppose, draws a bill on William Jones, which William Jones accepts. Thomson indorses it to Andrew Smith, who presents it at a bank to be discounted. A prudent bank will not discount such a document, if suspicious of its fictitious nature; an imprudent one will run the risk. Now, the state of circumstances which this document would lead one to believe in is, that Jones is owing money to Thomson, which he will pay him at the date mentioned in the bill, and that Thomson is in his turn indebted to Smith, and has given Jones's obligation to him in payment. The fact is, however, that none of the parties is owing the other any thing. Jones certainly becomes bound on the face of the document to pay so much money to Thomson, but he compensates himself by drawing a similar bill on Thomson, which *he* accepts; while Smith, who on their failure would be liable to the bank, likewise gets a bill in his favour as his share. Suppose each of the bills to be for L.100, here are L.300 created out of nothing—notes to pay that amount circulating as money, and nothing to meet them with. In short, just so much over-issue of paper money. When the time for paying these bills occurs, the parties probably draw similar ones for a larger amount, and so manage to pay them up in the mean time, obtaining a little more money, incurring heavy expenses, and becoming liable in the end to make good increased engagements. It may happen that the individuals in question shall prosper rapidly, and be able in the end to meet their obligations; and if it were not for such a chance, nobody whatever would take their bills as cash. Such documents are known by the names "accommodation bills," "wind-bills," and "kites."

Let us compare this sort of transaction with a *bona fide* bill, a "bill for value," as it is called, given in the usual course of mercantile transactions. A retailer in a steady trade receives goods from a wholesale merchant. The former will not be able to pay for them till part is sold; the wholesale merchant wants his money for some profitable investment. The retailer gives the merchant his bill "for value." The banker to whom it is presented knows that it is the representative of property, the produce of a real transaction, and that the security for its being paid is good. To be sure, there is a risk of the bill not being paid. All human things are uncertain; the shopkeeper's premises may be burned down or broken into, and so it *may* happen that this bill too is an over-issue. But it is not like those mentioned above, an over-issue in the very nature of the transaction, depending on chances for being converted into a genuine security. One of the most calamitous instances of private over-issues that ever occurred, was the case of the Ayr Bank in Scotland. Instead of being ready to take advantage of the legitimate demands for accommodation which arose out of real business transactions, it endeavoured to push forward such transactions by giving the accommodation in the first place. If success had attended the various schemes of those to whom it made advances, all would have been well; but the usual proportion of them failed, and the concern gave way, burying many a noble fortune in its ruins.

We must not omit some account of one of the most important uses of paper money, and that for which it was in reality first invented—the settlement of pecuniary transactions between individuals at a distance from each other, without the actual transmission of bullion. If an individual, A, in London, have a debtor B and a creditor C, both in Paris, instead of sending money to C, and getting money sent to him by B, he may give C an order on B to pay the debt over at once to him. This is a bill of exchange in its simplest form. Suppose, however, that A has a creditor in Paris, but no debtor, while his neighbour E has a debtor, but no creditor: A may pay the money to E which the French debtor owes him, and obtain from him an order on his debtor to pay A's French creditor. This order he will be said to purchase. It will be an accommodation to him, or an accommodation to the other party, according to circumstances. In the complicated arrangements of modern commerce, the individual debtors and creditors are lost sight of. If a person has a sum to transmit to another country by such an order, the rate at which he will obtain it will depend on the pecuniary relations of the two places taken in the main. If there is more money payable at the moment by people in London to people in Paris, than there is payable by those in Paris to those in London, there will be a demand for orders on Paris, and a premium will be payable for the accommodation by those who want them. In this case the exchange will be said to be against London. In Paris, on the other hand, there will be more people ready to give such drafts than there are in want of them, and those who dispose of them must do so at a discount. The rate of exchange is from this circumstance said to be in favour of Paris. The premium in the one case, and the discount in the other, will be measured by the balance due by London to Paris over what is due by Paris to London, and the principal sum to be met by the rate of exchange will be the expense of transmitting that balance in specie, unless the accounts can be adjusted by bringing transactions with some other community into the circle.

HINTS ON GIVING DINNERS—FOR HOUSEKEEPING LADIES.

It is the mode of dinner that I wish to recommend, and not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost, any joint, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and inexpensive introduction, like the crab, and a pudding, with sherry and port, provided every thing is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts, will insure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer, and so it will be with any combination in the same style; but then it is absolutely necessary not to overdo the thing on the one hand, and, on the other, to direct the attention entirely in the right course; to think nothing of display or fashion, but only of realities, and to dispose every thing for comfort and ease. What is there in state and show to compensate for the loss of enjoyment? They are the resources by which dullness seeks to distinguish itself, and it is pity that those who are capable of better things should submit to such trammels. In proportion as the set-out is brilliant, I have observed the company is generally dull, and every ornament seems to me an impediment in the way of good fellowship. These snug little parties, I must confess, have very much the air of being confined to bachelor ones, but I think them equally applicable to a mixture of the sexes. Ladies are very apt

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to suppose that men enjoy themselves the most when they are not present. They are in a great measure right, but for a wrong reason. It is not that men prefer their own to a mixture of female society, but that females delight in a number of observances, and in forms, upon some of which I have already touched, and upon a certain display and undeviating order, which conspire to destroy that enjoyment which they seem to think they are debarred from. The fault is their own. If they will study my doctrines, and fall a little into the herring-and-hashed-mutton system, they will soon find a difference in their favour. In their management of dinners, let them only think of what contributes to real enjoyment. Such a system will afford them plenty of scope for the display of their taste in realities, instead of in vanities which have no charms for men in the article of conviviality. If they wish to witness any thing like the enjoyment I have described to have taken place at my dinner at the Temple, they must adopt something of the same course to insure it. Side-dishes, centre-pieces filled with flowers, and such encumbrances and impediments, are fatal to it. They may make their election, but they cannot have both. I rather believe they think their system necessary to keep up a proper degree of respect to themselves, and that without it men would become too careless and uncivilised; but this I apprehend to be a mistake. There may be well-regulated ease without running into disorder and brutality; and whatever facilitates the social intercourse between the sexes, will of course increase refinement on the part of the men. I think it would be a vast improvement in society if the practice of familiar dining were introduced—parties not exceeding eight, without the trouble of dressing beyond being neat and clean, with simple repasts, costly or otherwise, according to the means or inclinations of the givers, and calculated to please the palate, and to promote sociability and health.—*From the Original, by Thomas Walker, Esq.*

INTELLECTUALITY OF ANIMALS.

The May number of the Dublin University Magazine contains an interesting paper on what is termed the "Intellectuality of Domestic Animals." It forms the substance of a lecture delivered before the Zoological Society of the Irish capital, by a gentleman distinguished for his talents and accomplishments, and whose name, though given only in initials in the Magazine, ought in mere justice to be mentioned at full length, even if the fact of the lecture having been a public one did not render any secondary concealment unavailing. The article is one which will reflect additional credit on the author—the Rev. Cæsar Otway. We would willingly cite the whole of the lecture, but our space will only admit of extracts. The author thus opens his views of the subject under consideration:—"I am about to say what I am able on the habits and intellectuality of animals. I allude to two qualities—habits, or, in other words, instinct—intellectuality, or, in other words, understanding. I confine myself, in order to keep within bounds, to domestic animals. We all must allow that animals have instincts that distinguish one species from another—those of a sheep, for instance, as differing from those of a dog. Well, supposing I identify habits with instinct, should I not define what instinct is? Perhaps I am not able—I stand not here as a philosopher—but this I know, that one who has given the subject more consideration than I can, has said that no one can define properly what instinct is, until he has spent some time in the head of a brute, *without being a brute himself*. But the same author ventures to give what may *stand for a definition*, and it is this—'those faculties that God has implanted in animals, whereby, independent of instruction, observation, or experience, and without knowing the end in view, they are impelled to the performance of certain actions conducive to their own well-being, and the preservation of their species.' But will those at all acquainted with animals be content with ascribing to them *such a limited quality as this*? Do not we find an adaptation of plans to circumstances, and an exercise of individual judgment, reflection, induction, and memory? I *must* insist, then, that the creature has personal and independent mental powers; and if you will not call it reason, confess that it is akin to it, and call it intellectuality."

The sequel of the paper is devoted to the proof of these opinions by argument and anecdote, and from the whole is extracted an admirable moral. "I told (says the reverend gentleman) that there are intellectual qualities belonging to animals, which call for our observation, demand our aid in their developement, and which, in proportion as observed, and respected, and developed, will be conducive to the animal's happiness and to man's use and profit." Humanity and attention to our domestic animals are the practical lessons which the writer inculcates. From his numerous stories relative to domestic animals, our treatment of them, and the intellectuality they evince, we select the following, assured that they will be productive of equal entertainment and instruction to our readers:—"Would you believe it, that in Ireland, though there was an express act of parliament passed against it three hundred years ago, the practice of harrowing by horses drawing from the tail, is still resorted to; the following is part of a letter I received yesterday:—

'The good old custom of harrowing by the tail, is still followed in Erris. In justice to those who continue the practice, it is said that it is not cruel, for the horses submit to it quietly. Indeed, some people here assert that it is the most humane way of doing the work; in proof of which, I shall sketch the following anecdote. I was on my way to dine with a worthy old *gentleman*, who resided here on my first arrival, nineteen years ago; and observing, as I went through the farm, this practice, it was natural for a foreigner to express strongly his feelings on the barbarity of the thing. "I beg your pardon," said my host; "you are quite mistaken; for I assert, and feel assured I will induce you to agree with me in opinion, that it is the most humane way of working the beast; and for this reason, that he harrows with more ease to himself." "Impossible," said I. "I will prove it to a sailor as you are, with ease," replied the old gentleman. "Pray, when you anchor your ships, why do you give them a long scope of cable when it blows hard." "Because," said I, "the hold the anchor has of the ground is in an inverse ratio to the sine of the angle the cable makes with the ground." "Oh!" says my old friend, "being neither an orangeman nor ribbonman, I know nothing about your *signs*, though I guess at what you mean. Now, if you give a long scope of cable to increase the resistance, don't it stand to reason that a short scope must have a contrary effect; and, therefore, must not harrowing by the tail be easier to the animal than from the collar, inasmuch as in the latter case the harrow rope is shortened by the whole length of the horse." My host, chuckling with delight, seemed to consider this argument a floorer. And my "But, dear sir, there is a vast difference between securing a cable to the bolt, and making it fast to the rudder," neither diminished his glee nor induced him to change his opinion. He continued this practice to his dying day; and up to last year it was, and now (1840) it will be practised. It is hard to break a custom attended with no expense. "Of what use is a tail," says the Erris man, "if not to save all sorts of harness?"'

But it is not only horses that are ill-treated. There is that poor little inferior beast, the ass, that appears to be consigned, by general consent, to all the wrongs that the lowest of the human race may inflict; the urchin's sport, the tinker's drudge.

I assert, that were you to make yourselves acquainted with asses, you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgelled, and he got something better to graze on than thistles. Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king's fool, proved the ablest animal about the place; and, like others having more wit than good manners, he was for ever not only going, but leading other cattle into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open—there was not a fence but he would climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying for sheer wantonness, in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept.

I could relate some curious instances of their memory for persons and places, and their attachment to individuals—I shall allude but to one, the well-known story of Captain Dundas's ass, that he had shipped from Gibraltar to Malta; and when a storm came on, when far on their voyage, and the vessel was in such danger that all the live stock was thrown overboard, the ass swam to shore at Cape de Gat, and in an incredibly short space of time made his way over the rivers and mountains of the Ronda, for two hundred miles, until he found himself standing at the door of his master's stable in Gibraltar.

There is another domestic animal, that I think has not got fair play from man, and that is a goose. Wild or tame, I hold that geese are not to be sneered at. The wild are the most wary of all that take wing—see how aloft the flock soars, observe with what beautiful mathematical precision the order of flight is kept—listen to the voice of direction or of warning that the sentinel keeping in advance every now and then gives out—look how each bird in turn takes the leadership, and how the one relieved assumes his regular position in the rear; let no one venture to tell me that there is not considerable intelligence in these animals; every one knows how watchful geese are even in their domesticated state; every schoolboy has learned how they saved the Roman capitol. At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr Newbold, there was a goose, which by some accident was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now, it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck-eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker; her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the mean while, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble which certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to *my* care, she swam up and down with the ducklings, and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen, observing her maternal trouble, but it *is* a fact, that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humour—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

While this paper was passing through the press, a lady supplied me with the following anecdote of a goose, which she assures me can be depended on. I have every confidence in her credibility:—A goose, not a gander, in the farm-yard of a gentleman, was observed to take a particular liking to her owner. This attachment was so uncommon, and so marked, that all about the house and in the neighbourhood took notice of it; and, consequently, the people, with the propensity they have to give nicknames, and with the sinister motive, perhaps, of expressing their sense of the weak understanding of the man, called him Goosey. Alas! for his admirer—the goose's true love did not yet run smooth. For her master, hearing of the ridicule cast upon him, to abate her fondness, insisted on her being locked up in the poultry yard. Well, shortly after, he goes to the adjoining town to attend petty sessions, and in the middle of his business what does he feel but something wonderfully warm and soft rubbing against his leg, and on looking down he saw *his* goose, with neck protruded, while quivering her wings in the fullness of enjoyment, looking up to him with *unutterable* fondness! This was too much for his patience or the bystanders' good manners, for while it set them wild with laughter, it urged him to do a deed he should ever be ashamed of; for, twisting his thong-whip about the goose's neck, he swung her round and round until he supposed her dead, and then he cast her on the adjoining dunghill. Not very long after, Mr Goosey was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and one day, when slowly recovering, and allowed to recline in the window, the first thing he saw was *his* goose, sitting on the grass, and looking with intense anxiety at him. The effect on him was most alarming. 'What!' says he, 'is this troublesome bird come back to life, and am I, for my sins, to be haunted in this way?' 'Oh! father,' says his daughter, 'don't speak so hardly of the poor bird. Ever since your illness it has sat there opposite your window—it scarcely takes any food.' Passion, prejudice, the fear of ridicule, all gave way before a sense of gratitude for this unalterable attachment. The poor bird was immediately taken notice of, and treated, from henceforth, with great kindness; and, for all I know, Goose and Goosey are still bound in as close ties as man and bird can be.

I shall trouble you with but one story about cows; it came within my knowledge this summer; the circumstance occurred to one of my own. I am in the habit every year of buying two or three Kerrys: they are the kindest little creatures in the world; they pay very well; and though wild at first, they become under proper treatment exceedingly gentle and familiar; when I buy them, I always choose from the head and horn; I pick out those I consider to have good countenances. Last year I was very lucky in the three I bought; they became in a short time great pets. I generally go out in the morning before breakfast, and they always meet me at the gate of the pasture, expecting to have their heads scratched, and be spoken to; one in particular, a quaint crumpled-horned little lassie, used to put her snout into my pocket like a dog, to look for bread and potatoes, which I generally brought with me; her breath was so sweet, and her large eyes so placid, that I was almost tempted to be of the humour of the man who loved to kiss his cow. Well, there was a swing-swong in this field, and my Kerry lass, who was inordinately curious, seeing my young ladies swinging, thought (I suppose) she might take a swing herself; be this as it may, one day, about noon, a constant and loud lowing of cows was heard at the gate nearest the house, and my brother, who was within, hearing the unusual and continued noise, went out to see what was the matter; as soon as he came to the gate, he saw two of the Kerry cows very uneasy, but not the third; so he proceeded into the grounds; and as he went, the cows followed him still lowing, until he arrived at the farthest end of the land, when he saw my pet, the third Kerry, entangled in the rope of the swing, and caught by her head and horns, where she must have been soon strangled if not relieved; the moment my brother extricated her, the lowing of the others ceased. I could not learn that my Kerry fair one ever after attempted the humours of a swing-swong.

Of dogs I need not say much. Large books are to be got, descriptive of their fidelity, intelligence, and usefulness; and each of you no doubt has some fact that has come under your own knowledge, and which convinces you, that dogs have almost reasoning powers. Many of you no doubt have read of the Newfoundland

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dog in Cork, who, when vexed, barked at, and bitten at by a cur, took it up in his mouth, went quietly to the quay, and dropped it into the river; and when after a time he saw it carried down by a strong tide, and unable to swim to shore, he plunged in, took the culprit by the neck, brought it to land, and, giving it a shake, departed; the shake being as much as a *hint* to go and sin no more. Here was justice tempered with mercy—here was an acquaintance with the nature and uses of secondary punishments, that would have done credit to a political economist. But I cannot leave the subject of dogs without recounting what I heard within these few days, respecting a dog I have the pleasure of knowing; and I am assured that the *facts* can be attested by fifty persons or more; in truth, by the inhabitants of a whole village.

The rector of a parish in the county of Sligo, at whose house I spent some days last September, has an English spaniel, now rather advanced in years. He has been of great value as a sporting-dog; and, besides, being remarkable for general sagacity, has acted as a playfellow, a guide, and a guardian, to seven sons. Now, the eldest had just gone out into life with every promise of being a credit to his parents, and a blessing to them and others. He had been ordained and appointed to a curacy, where he was loved, honoured, and followed. But in the midst of his sacred labours, and in attendance on a sick-bed, he got a fever; during the progress of the disease, his parents were apprised of his illness, but not so as to communicate much apprehension; but, still being at a distance of one hundred and forty miles, they were anxiously looking out for another letter. In this interval the spaniel was observed to have left the hall door, where he usually basked during the day, and betake himself to a high ditch that overlooked the road towards Dublin. There he continued to howl at intervals, and though sometimes coaxed away, and sometimes driven by his master with blows, he returned, and for two days continued; when, without any apparent reason, he left the spot, and came back to his usual haunts. In the regular course of post, a letter brought the sad tidings, that on the day on which the dog ceased howling, the young man had breathed his last.

Of all the sights under the sun, perhaps the most touchingly grievous is the spectacle of parents mourning over the death of children that have arrived at maturity, and who just give the goodly promise of being the sure stay of their declining years. The parents I now allude to, have been sorely tried in this way; for, the year following, the next son, a youth of twenty, a fine manly fellow, with every quality of head and heart that a fond father could desire; *he*, also, was seized with fever. It is not for me to detail the alternations of hope and fear that possessed the minds of this much-tried family. But what I must relate is, that the spaniel was found to have returned to his former station on the ditch, and there was uttering his melancholy howl. I can never forget the deep feeling with which the father told me how an aged female follower of the family, who had nursed the boy, and taught him to lisp Irish on her lap, came up and told him in *an agony of tears* that it was all of no use—he might as well send away the doctor—for that yonder was the dog, and there he was howling, and it was all over with Master Edward, for God had called him away. And so it was. The youth died; and from *that moment* the dog ceased to howl; neither was he any more seen resorting to the place he had so ominously occupied. I have heard of many similar instances of dogs being acquainted with the coming death of those they love, but not with one so well attested as this. I tell what I believe to be true, and without drawing any superstitious or supernatural inferences from it. I can only conclude, that there may be communicated to the acute senses of dogs, and other animals (as, for instance, ravens and magpies), evidences of approaching dissolution, which to us are altogether unexplainable; and that there may be in heaven and earth things not dreamed of in our philosophy.

In corroboration of the above statement, I give the following extract of a letter I received from a lady with whom I had subsequently conversed, and who, I am assured, would not knowingly assert what she thought was untrue:—

'I hope you will accept the following statement, in return for the gratification I received from your lecture on the sagacity of animals:—

When I was a child on my dear mother's knee, she often amused me with stories of the affection and sagacity of "Dick," her father's favourite dog. One incident remained deeply impressed on my mind. My grandfather, Mr H——m, of the county of Cavan, came to Dublin on business, and shortly after Dick repaired to an old limekiln, which he refused to leave, and then set up a dismal and incessant howl. The next post brought the news that Mr H——m was seized with gout in his stomach, and before his son could reach Dublin, he was no more. The dog ceased to howl exactly at the period of his master's death; and having refused the food brought to him, was found dead before the funeral arrived at the family burial-place.' * *

It is now time for me to have done; done, I say, for I have not finished; for though I have satisfactorily proved, at least to myself, that inferior animals have intellectuality, I have not shown how the mere intimate observation and study of their capabilities can make them more happy in themselves, or more useful to us. But I think that it may be *inferred*, without any extended process of reasoning, that the more we study the character of animals, the more we shall respect and cherish them."

This lecture, we repeat, is one that does honour alike to the head and heart of the amiable and talented author.

WEATHER-WISDOM.

SOME people pretend to be wonderfully skilled in foretelling the weather; but we do not believe that much extraordinary knowledge on this subject exists. By observing the motion and appearance of the clouds, and a few other simple phenomena, it may be possible to foretell, with considerable certainty, whether we are to have a dry or a wet day to-morrow; but nothing more. We consider all predictions from changes of the moon, as quite fanciful, for they are as often wrong as right. Yet some people put great faith in this mode of weather-prophesying. "We are to have fine weather all this week—the moon changed to-day at a quarter to twelve o'clock." Such is the kind of dogma to which they attach their faith in this singularly delicate and difficult matter.

Latterly, we have had a class of professional weather-prophets—men who drive a trade in foretelling weather by the year, and you have only to buy their book to know all about it. While Mr Murphy acts as weather-counsel for England, we are here in Scotland equally well assisted by Mr Mackenzie. Both have their book; though, to do our countryman justice, he has never, we believe, made a fortune by it, and, though apparently a deluded, is an honest and well-meaning man.

Mackenzie long preceded Murphy in his "discovery of the true principles on which the weather is regulated." We daresay it is twenty years since he began to make himself heard, and he is yet engaged in instructing the world's obdurate ignorance. Every year, about the month of October, he issues a kind of programme of the weather for the ensuing twelve months, beginning with the 1st of November, or what he calls the weather year; and this being copied with great veneration by the provincial newspapers, the farmers have themselves to blame if they unawares see the rain fall or the wind blow upon their crops and herds. Mr Mackenzie says in his announcement, that as long ago as 1802, he began to keep registers of the weather, and by comparing these in subsequent years, he discovered that the winds had cycles, or blew in one manner in every series of years; wherefore, as he wishes us to understand, there is a course of weather for a certain number of years, and then the routine begins again, and is the same as before. This, it will be observed, is the revival of an ancient doctrine, and, as has been again and again proved, has no foundation in nature. Weather depends on so many contingent circumstances in this variable climate, that probably from the creation to the present time there have not been two years exactly alike—nay, not two days in different years alike. Be this as it may, Mr Mackenzie has got the crotchet in his head that he has found the trick of the weather, and labours hard to prove himself a true prophet. We shall now put his predictions to the test. In his last annual announcement he gives the following as the weather for April of the present year:—

"*April.*—About average windy; in cloudiness nothing remarkable; frosty; yet days temperate and mild promise a full average—and why? because the days of rain promise considerably above average; quantity of rain much above average. Character—slightly windy, slightly cloudy, and very wet; this month will damp the agriculturist."

Now, we ask if ever an event more completely falsified a prediction. Instead of being *very wet*, it is notorious that all over the country April was a miracle of drought and sunshine—the driest and most beautiful sunny weather that has been experienced during spring within the memory of man. We wish it to be understood that we should consider the exposure of this piece of delusion as quite beneath notice, unless for the purpose of warning simple people against putting any faith in such gross absurdities. There is always a tolerably large section of the public who will believe any thing, provided it be asserted with a sufficient degree of earnestness and pretension, and particularly if it be brought repeatedly before them in print. It should be made known to these credulous though well-meaning persons, that the weather in Great Britain is dependent on atmospheric phenomena occurring at thousands of miles' distance on the Atlantic Ocean, in high northern latitudes, or in remote parts of continental Europe, Asia, and Africa; and, therefore, to foretell with certainty what will be the state of our weather on any given day or month, we should, for example, first require to know what is to be the state of the weather in the Gulf of Mexico, Behring's Straits, or the deserts of Tartary or Africa. The thing is utterly impossible. Beyond a shrewd guess, from circumstances immediately under observation, no one can go in their predictions of the weather for the next four-and-twenty hours.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

RICHARD PORSON.

THIS eminent scholar was born, on the 25th of December 1759, at East Ruston in Norfolk, where his father, Huggin Porson, was parish-clerk. Huggin, though placed in a humble sphere of life, and without the advantages of a regular education, was well qualified to foster and draw out the talents of his son. It is related of him that he was accustomed, from the earliest period of the existence of his children, who were three sons and a daughter, to exert himself to fix their attention, so as to make their minds susceptible of knowledge. Richard, the eldest son, was taught, as soon as he could speak, to trace the letters of the alphabet on sand, or with chalk upon a board, in each case pronouncing the name of the character as he traced it; so also he was taught to delineate and to pronounce words and sentences: and thus he acquired the power of reading and writing at the same time. The fancy of the child was delighted with these exercises; and so apt did his imitative faculty become, that he covered the walls of his father's humble mansion with writings, the neatness of which attracted much attention among the villagers. To the end of his days, Porson had a gift for beautiful writing, not less admirable in itself, than it was surprising as being so rare an accompaniment of profound learning. Mr Huggin Porson also exercised his son in the rules of arithmetic, and had made him proficient as far as the cube-root before he was nine years of age, without ever having used pen or pencil, book or slate: all was done through the medium of the mind only. The boy by these means acquired the power of working the most elaborate problems in numbers, without setting any of them down in a sensible form; and it is supposed that his powers of intense thinking, and of arranging the parts of any subject occupying his thoughts, were in no small measure to be attributed to this early training.

At nine years of age, he was sent to the village school, and there, under a worthy and intelligent, though unpretending teacher, named Summers, he continued for three years to pursue the same studies as he had done under his father. Summers was also a caligraphist, or practiser of beautiful writing, and helped greatly to improve young Porson in that art. Meanwhile, the father was not idle. Every evening he called forward his son, and caused him to repeat from memory the school exercises of the day, and that not in a loose or desultory manner, but in exactly the same order in which the exercises had occurred at school. There is something very remarkable in these traits of an obscure parish-clerk in an English rural county, who never would have been heard of if he had not chanced to have a child of such extraordinary genius. The methods which this poor villager took to teach his children were nearly identical with those which philosophical persons of a later day recommended as the most efficient, and which are now practised by all teachers who wish to take the best means of accomplishing the ends of their profession.

Richard remained with Mr Summers three years, and, before the end of that period, his singular propensities to study, his attention to whatever was taught him, and the wonderful fidelity with which he retained on his memory whatever he had acquired, became the subject of notice and admiration even in that rustic community. He attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr Hewitt, the officiating clergyman of the parish, who took him under his care, in order to teach him the classics. This benevolent person at the same time gave instructions to Thomas, a younger brother of Richard, who had gone to Mr Summers's school at the same time, and who was also much above the average of children in aptitude for learning. The progress of both boys was great; but that of Richard amounted to a prodigy, and soon engaged the notice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity. An opulent and liberal person named Norris heard of him, and, having put him through an examination of the severest kind, was so fully convinced of his singular capacity, that he resolved at his own expense to send him to Eton. To this seminary Porson proceeded in August 1774, when nearly fifteen years of age; and there, almost from the commencement of his career, he displayed such proofs of a superior intellect, such quickness of perception, such facility in acquirement, and such a talent of bringing forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, that he quickly reached the sixth form, the occupants of which received him with open arms into their society. As far as they could, these upper boys, as they are called, favoured him by imparting to him all they had themselves acquired; but they were more indebted to their youthful associate, who became their never-failing resource in every difficulty, as well as the leader of all their sports and frolics. That these were closely mixed up with graver exercises, appears from an anecdote which we shall venture on telling.

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notwithstanding that its point turns on a language, the frequent quotation of which we conceive to be attended with disadvantages. The master had proposed as the subject of a Latin theme or exercise, the question "whether, in killing Cæsar, Brutus did well or ill," being expressed in the words, "Cæsare occiso, an Brutus benefecit aut malefecit?" A game being proposed, young Porson joined the scholars in their sports, in which he became so much engrossed that he entirely forgot the theme. When the time arrived for handing up the production expected from him, he was suddenly brought to a recollection of his duty, and, hastily snatching a pen, he wrote, "Nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed interfecit," that is, "He neither did well nor ill, but merely killed"—an exquisite pun, and at the same time a most dexterous evasion of a difficult moral question. The effect of this happy sentence, so unexpectedly substituted for a long and formal discussion, may be imagined. On another occasion, when the form were going up to say a lesson in Homer, Porson whispered to a neighbour, "I have lost my book; let me look over the lesson in yours." He did so—was called out to construe—went with a Virgil in his hand—and from that book appeared to read out the lesson, which, though consisting of a hundred and twenty lines, he had instantaneously fixed in his memory from a single hurried reading. Boy as he still was, he soon became remarkable for his compositions, both serious and humorous; one of which was a drama, which was exhibited in the Long Room. Too great application at one time produced effects which threatened him with consumption, but his constitution threw off the symptoms. Here, however, he lost by death his patron Mr Norris, which he lamented for reasons of affection as much as for its injury to his own prospects. Fortunately he obtained other patrons, who were equally anxious to furnish him with the means of advancement.

Towards the end of 1777, when he was eighteen years of age, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. His character had gone before him to the university. He was from the first regarded as a youth whose extraordinary endowments, if life and health were spared, might be expected to add lustre even to Trinity, certainly one of the greatest and most distinguished academic bodies in the world. He at first engaged in mathematics, but soon quitted that study with little benefit, and sat down to the classics, in which he quickly distanced all competitors. He gained the prize-medal as a matter of course, and in 1781 was elected a fellow of his college. From 1785, when he took the degree of Master of Arts, may be dated the commencement of his career as a writer. The bent of his mind was towards philology and criticism. He had a singular dexterity in detecting in the Greek writers those incorrect readings which have arisen principally from the mistakes of copyists. Amongst the numerous manuscripts of ancient authors preserved in the library of Trinity College, he had found ample scope for the exercise of this talent, which might henceforth be said to be that by which he was chiefly distinguished. Some notes on an edition of the Anabasis of Xenophon, published by a bookseller at Cambridge in 1786, are said to have been his first effort in criticism which saw the light. He also contributed to the periodical works, particularly the Monthly Review and Gentleman's Magazine, many short papers of verbal criticism on ancient authors. Amongst these were some comments on the contested text of 1st John, v. 7, respecting the three heavenly witnesses, in answer to a work by Archdeacon Travis. Porson brought to bear on this question an amount of erudition and an acuteness of discrimination which excited great attention, and are now generally allowed to have set at rest a point which had long been disputed amongst theologians. Amongst other compositions of this period was a series of letters in the Gentleman's Magazine, on Sir John Hawkins's Life of Dr Johnson: they are signed "Sundry Whereof," and are full of humour and sarcasm. He speaks of "a parcel of Eton boys, not having the fear of God before their eyes, instead of playing truant, robbing orchards, annoying poultry, or *performing any other part of their school exercise*," falling foul of the knight's book in their periodical work styled the Microcosm—to which, if we recollect rightly, Mr Canning contributed. Garrick, he says, described Shakspeare as when he sat down to write dipping the pen in his own heart; so may it be said of Sir John that "he is the clerk of biography, dipping his pen into the Statutes at Large." And much more to the like purpose.

Before the period arrived when it was necessary for Porson either to enter into holy orders or to resign his fellowship, he had determined on the latter course. He was unaffectedly pious, and bore all desirable respect for the church, but his mind was not disposed to submit to shackles of any kind. He made this choice with the full consciousness that he had no other dependence for support than qualifications the profit of which is perhaps the very smallest in proportion to [illegible] in the world. His conscientiousness was their cream[illegible] measure by his being, in 1791, appointed professor of Greek in Trinity College. The salary of this office was only forty pounds a-year; but Porson hoped to make it more lucrative, as well as efficient, by delivering a course of lectures in the colleges. Being thwarted in this object, and not liking college life, he returned to London, and settled himself in an apartment of the Temple. Here he continued for some years, exercising his extraordinary powers of learning and diligence in the editing of various ancient authors, particularly the Greek dramatic poets; and it is allowed that in this particular walk he has never been surpassed or even approached by any. His life, however, was not altogether one of primitive and retired scholarship.

It is now necessary to turn from the contemplation of Porson, as a youth of obscure birth rising by the force of genius to distinction and an office of high trust, and to regard him in the light in which he appeared as a member of common society. It was not, then, vouchsafed to this wonderful man, at once to be a prodigy of abstruse learning and mental acuteness, and a steady and respectable man of the world. A strong cast of eccentricity marked the whole of his conduct. After a day of intense study amongst the intellectual great of two thousand years ago, he delighted to plunge into a common tavern, and sit smoking a pipe and drinking ale amidst the chance-collected groups which usually are found in such places. Sometimes he would be lost to his friends for weeks and months, while engaged in some huge task, such as few besides himself could have encountered; and then he would all at once burst out from his study, and be abandoned for a time to mere frivolity. In company he was apt to be egotistical and rude, and to any one who dissented from him, severe; yet he was not above endeavouring to please ladies by making for them riddles and charades, a kind of composition in which he greatly excelled. His years were devoted to the duty of clearing up obscurities in the Greek drama; yet it never could be observed that he had the least feeling for elegant literature; and the whole bent of his taste, as shown in conversation and in occasional verse-making, was towards what may be called the coarsely humorous. It may even be lamented that the powers of his mind, if superior to those of most men, were employed to purposes of by no means great importance. If well regulated and rightly directed, they might unquestionably have proved of great service to his fellow-creatures at large; used as they were, they only cleared up some obscurities in a few authors whose writings are totally unknown to the many.

A gentleman who knew Porson intimately, gave, in a memoir of himself a few years ago, some highly characteristic anecdotes of the learned man, some of which we deem it worth while to include in this short paper. "I had invited him," says this writer, "to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived; but the professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. * * * 'Your blunder, my friend, will cost me a beef steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale; so that you will be the gainer.' He sat on, 'as was his custom in the afternoon,' till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a *listener*, I retired without ceremony, leaving him to finish the remains of some half dozen of bottles; for the *quality* of the stuff was immaterial to the professor, provided he had *quantity*. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that, having found the liquor so choice, and the *Novelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp, and remained on the premises. 'I think,' said he, 'that with the aid of a razor and a light-coloured neckcloth and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party.'

A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book) of the curious tale which had excited his notice.

So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above *forty names* introduced into the story, he had only forgotten one. This annoyed him so much that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, 'Eureka!' [I have found it]. 'The count's name is Don Francesco Averani!'

The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at *five*, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours! During this sitting I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half-pound canister of snuff, and during the first night smoked a bundle of cigars!"*

Being on terms of intimacy with Mr Perry, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, Porson formed an attachment to a sister of that gentleman, a Mrs Lunan, a widow. He was not supposed to be a person likely to contract marriage, more especially a marriage of inclination; but in this notion his friends were found at fault. According to the memoirist already quoted, "One night, while he was smoking his pipe at the cider-cellar in Maiden Lane (his favourite haunt) with my brother, he said, addressing his companion, 'Friend George, do you not think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage, as times go?' throwing out a huge volume of smoke. An affirmative nod, and a compliment to the lady, was the reply. 'In that case you must meet me at St Martin's-in-the-Fields to-morrow morning at eight o'clock,' rejoined the other; and so saying, and finishing the remnant of his liquor, he threw down his reckoning and retired. My brother, who knew his man well, though not a little astonished, determined to attend to the invitation, and at the hour fixed repaired to the church, where he found the professor and the fair widow attended by a female friend, with the parson and his clerk. The licence being produced, the ceremony (a very short one) took place, when the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and his *man* by another. It appeared that the alliance had for some time been contemplated, but the lady objected without her brother's approbation; on this point, however, Porson was immoveable; and the widow, well knowing his temper, at length gave her consent to the clandestine step. My brother now urged him to declare his marriage to Mr Perry, who he could not doubt would be speedily reconciled, though perhaps hurt at not being consulted; but the professor would not listen to this advice, and they parted. * * In a few hours, however, the Benedick entered in his best dress, namely, black satin nether garments and ruffled shirt, which he only wore on solemn occasions. 'Friend George,' said he, 'I shall for once take advice (which I seldom do, as you know), and hold out the olive branch, provided you will accompany me to the Court of Lancaster.* You are a good peace-maker.' They got into a hackney coach and found Mr Perry at home. The bridegroom was presented, made a speech, and though his friend's self-love was a little ruffled, a reconciliation soon took place, a few friends were summoned in haste, a handsome dinner was served, and an apartment was provided for the newly married couple." The lady died of decline, in 1797, after having been married only two years to the professor.

A remarkable anecdote of the persevering application of which Porson was capable, is told with reference to this period of his life. He had obtained from the library of Trinity College a manuscript of great value in the eyes of the learned world, namely, a lexicon or dictionary of the Greek language, which had been compiled in the seventh century by Photius, a patriarch of Constantinople. Porson employed ten months in copying this work in his beautiful hand; a great task, certainly, when we consider the care necessary at once for correctness, and for the elegance of the penmanship. Most unfortunately, in a fire which burnt down Mr Perry's house at Merton, this copy was destroyed. The original might have met the same fate, if Porson had not made it a point of conscience to carry it with him wherever he went, from consideration of its value, and of its having been entrusted to him by his college; and he then chanced to be absent. Unruffled by the loss, the patient scholar sat down and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. He afterwards prepared this work for the press, but did not live to publish it. It may here be remarked, that Porson seemed to like the business of copying—a most surprising taste, considering the liveliness of his faculties, but which was probably owing to his early training in caligraphy. It was regretted by many that he spent so much time in that employment, which might have been better spent in the duties of the critic and annotator.

From 1797, Porson was afflicted with a spasmodic asthma, by which his studies were rendered still more desultory than before. During the attacks of this malady, he could not go to bed, and deemed it necessary to deny himself all sustenance. It is probable that, with regularity of life, and a due submission to medical advice, he might have overcome the disease; but Porson could neither restrain himself from convivial indulgences, nor admit that physic and physicians had any power over human ailments. He continued, nevertheless, to devote much of his time to study, and, besides publishing several of the plays of Euripides, with such learned notes as the world had never seen equalled, he had lent considerable aid to an edition of Æschylus, which appeared in 1806. He also paid occasional visits to Trinity College, where he was received as a kind of divinity, being the very prince of the little domain of talent which was most appreciated there. In 1807, by the interest of some friends who were anxious to obtain for him a regular means of livelihood, he was appointed librarian of the London Institution, with a salary of L.200 a-year, which was probably much beyond what he had any inclination to spend. But he was not long to enjoy this congenial office.

He had latterly been much weakened by the asthma, and in the autumn of 1808, being attacked by intermittent fever, instead of having recourse to medical advice, now imminently necessary, he only resorted to his usual expedient of abstinence from food, by which he reduced his stomach so much that it entirely lost its tone. One evening [Monday, 19th September], he crawled forth to take a walk in the Strand, when he was suddenly seized with a paroxysm of the nature of epilepsy, to which he had been subject at an early period of his life. To quote an account given to the public at the time—"Not being known to the persons who witnessed his situation, he was conveyed to the St Martin's workhouse, where he continued in a state of total insensibility until about six o'clock on the

* "Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners," By Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 1830.

* This seems to have been a jocular term for Mr Perry's establishment which was in Lancaster Court.

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following morning; but one of the attendants of the London Institution, seeing a paragraph in a paper stating that circumstance, and that the gentleman carried to the workhouse had a memorandum-book, with some Greek notes, in his pocket, supposing it to be Mr Porson, repaired thither, and brought him to his house in the Old Jewry, where he arrived a little before ten on Tuesday morning." For some hours he sat and conversed in the library, but going out again at three o'clock, he was seized with the former symptoms, was again brought home, and after a few days of torpor, breathed his last. The immediate cause of his death was believed to be the abstinence which he had so injudiciously practised. He was buried with great state a few days after in the chapel of Trinity College, when Greek epitaphs were strewed in profusion on his coffin, and learned recluses were seen to weep as his body was lowered into the tomb.

This is no place for a laborious description of the literary character of Porson, or of his works. It may be remarked, however, that, as an union of great acuteness of intellect with vast memory, of the most sedulous application to a dry study with uncommon wit and sprightliness, of the simplicity of the student with habits of extreme conviviality, it is scarcely surprising that he should have excited so much wonder amongst his contemporaries, and should still be looked back to as a kind of prodigy. With regard to personal matters, his head, we are told by Mr Gordon, "was remarkably fine, an expansive forehead, over which was smoothly combed (when in dress) his shining brown hair. His nose was Roman, with a keen and penetrating eye, shaded with long lashes. His mouth was full of expression, and altogether his countenance indicated deep thought. His stature was nearly six feet. He was fond of reciting favourite passages from Shakspeare. The fine intonations of a melodious voice, and the varied expression of his features, on these occasions, were admirable." The political professions of Porson were those of a Whig; but he paid little attention to subjects of that nature.

NARRATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.*

On referring to No. 351 of the Journal, the reader will find an outline of the first part of a narrative by Alexander Andryane, a young Frenchman, whose enthusiastic sentiments on the subject of national liberty had led him to involve himself in the attempts made about seventeen years ago to subvert the Austrian power in Italy. Having been arrested and thrown into prison in Milan, Andryane there underwent a year's severe suffering, both bodily and mental, and finally was condemned to *imprisonment for life* in the too famous fortress of Spielberg, situated near Brunn, in the Austrian province of Moravia. His first narrative, published in 1838, contained an account of his adventures up to his entrance into that dungeon, which took place in the beginning of the year 1824. A second part, which has just issued from the press, now lies before us, and is devoted to the history of Andryane's captivity at Spielberg, where Silvio Pellico, Confalonieri, and other Italians of distinction, were his fellow sufferers. Both narratives have been ably translated from the original French by Fortunato Prandi, an Italian at present residing in England.

At his last parting with his sister, before being conveyed from Milan to Spielberg, Andryane had exclaimed to her, "I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all circumstances I hope I shall prove worthy of you." On first beholding Spielberg, however, the captive had some difficulty in maintaining his composure of mind. The fortress is described by him as "an oblong square, surrounded on every side with buildings, whose narrow grated windows, and low iron-studded doors, would have filled us with dismay had we been there merely as visitors." On entering the building, and being led to the cell destined for him, Andryane was still further moved. "When I saw before me the dark den in which they were about to entomb me, I could not help exclaiming in agony, 'Merciful heaven! am I condemned to live in such a place as this?' A pallet bed, a pitcher, and a tub, formed the whole of the furniture. Used as I was to the nakedness of prisons, and the privation of every thing most essential to life, this utter destitution made my heart shrink." The treatment to which the prisoners were subjected at the very outset, accorded but too well with the character of the scene. "Soup garnished with lumps of tallow," and filthy black bean-bread, constituted the food placed before them. Such was the vile odour of these articles, and the unclean condition of the iron porringers containing them, that Andryane and Colonel A——, the companion with whom he was at first shut up, could not touch the meal, in spite of all their hunger. "The narrowness, also, of the cell (says Andryane) precluded my walking; a dreadful torture, after the restraint I had endured on the journey." When he lay down on his hard pallet, its scanty size caused him to tumble off it every now and then, and the challenges of the numerous sentries, repeated loudly every quarter of an hour, aided in banishing repose. On the second or third day he was dressed in a coarse particoloured uniform, and his limbs were permanently cased in irons, heavy and long. Each prisoner was allowed a separate daily walk of half an hour, on a sort of terrace or platform, with one attendant guard.

Such were the circumstances in which Andryane found himself placed at the commencement of his captivity. His companion, Colonel A——, being one who had shown symptoms of defection from the cause of Italian emancipation, the young Frenchman sought amusement chiefly from books, which were at first freely granted for the use of the prisoners. Incidents soon occurred, however, to break up the wearisome monotony of the captive's life, and the first was the receipt of a letter, through the hands of a convict, one of those who were confined for civil crimes in the fortress. This man, who was very useful afterwards in carrying secret communications between the political captives, had been appointed to attend to the needs of their cells. One day, Andryane saw him make signs, as if he wished to say something not proper to be known by the other attendants who were present. "What could he want of me? I tried in vain to divine. At last, one day, he drew from his pocket a little packet, very dirty and much worn. This he adroitly placed under our jug as he filled it, indicating by a side-glance of his eye, as he departed, the treasure which he had confided to my honour. The door closed—I hurried to gain the packet: it contained a phial of reddish liquid, the stump of a pen, and a letter worded nearly as follows:—'We are ignorant of your names; but your misfortunes and ours are the same, and on this ground we address you. Let us know who you are: tell us about Milan, about Italy, about every thing. During the two years that we have been here, no news has reached us. Write without fear; we vouch for the messenger. Reply quickly, for we burn to hear by what fatal destiny you, like us, have been buried in the tombs of Spielberg.

SILVIO PELLICO,
PIERO MARONCELLI.'"

This epistle was the forerunner of various others from the high-minded Pellico, and Andryane contrived to answer him by means of the same convict, who was a dexterous and good-natured rogue. This interchange of sentiments was inexpressibly pleasing to all parties. After some months of durance, a new source of pleasure dawned on Andryane. The commandant of the fortress entered his cell one morning, and desired him to rise and follow, as a new companion had been allotted to him. In a few minutes he found himself in the arms of Confalonieri. With this nobleman, a man of high honour, superior talents, and many virtues, Andryane had become acquainted during their former sufferings in Italy. The count was in miserable health, and great exertions had been made to procure his liberation, but in vain. He and Andryane were more peculiarly attracted to one another by the circumstance of their having been the two victims at first selected for the scaffold—a doom commuted to imprisonment for life. The society of the count was productive of the deepest pleasure to the young Frenchman. They continued to correspond with Pellico, and after a time had the gratification of seeing him. An ecclesiastic, named Paolowitz, arrived at Spielberg, commissioned, as it afterwards proved, to keep up an espial on the prisoners. In the first instance, however, he did them a good turn by procuring them permission to attend the chapel on Sundays. The scene which took place on the first occasion is thus described by Andryane:—"At a given signal, all the state-prisoners came out into the corridor. This unexpected meeting, after so many months of separation, was a moment of happiness. They embraced and wept over each other: then all gathered round Confalonieri, giving tokens of the truest affection and veneration. Thus surrounding him, we all advanced towards the chapel. On crossing the platform, the ravages which captivity had made upon each became strikingly visible. 'Ah, there is poor Pellico!' exclaimed Borsieri, in a tone of fraternal fondness. 'How altered he is!' and with his finger he pointed out that Silvio, whom we all loved, and whose features I was so desirous of contemplating. Never did I gaze upon a countenance more sweet and yet melancholy in its expression; never did features more accurately correspond with the picture of ingenuousness and angelic goodness I had preconceived in my mind of the author of those letters which revealed in every line so many adorable qualities. His pallid forehead, chiseled in the noblest proportions—his eyes, so full of tenderness and inspiration—the smile upon his lips, from which never proceeded aught but tolerance and love, produced an impression so touching in their resignation, that I was ready to cry out, 'Silvio! do I behold thee at last? Silvio, I love thee, and would gladly give half the days of my life to clasp thee in my arms!' Most deeply did the sight of this celebrated author of the Francesca da Rimini awaken my sympathy; and the thinness of his cheeks, the wanness of his complexion, augmented it. Too clearly did they indicate the effects which the rigours of long captivity had wrought upon a frame naturally delicate."

These Sunday sights of one another, for they were but sights, gave much satisfaction to the poor captives; but they were doomed to fresh misfortunes. The chief source of their consolation, the books which lightened their gloomy dungeons, and rendered palatable their coarse and filthy food, were taken away from them through the instrumentality of Paolowitz. "Ah, sir (said Andryane on the occasion to the governor), this is a second sentence of death! My own affliction," he continues, "at this dreadful announcement, was shared by every one in the prison. One universal cry was uttered against the author of this inhuman deprivation." To add to their distress, they could not now procure paper for the maintenance of their occasional correspondence. Their books had furnished them with odd leaves and scraps, but now they had nothing but brown paper; and until one of their number struck out one of those ideas that necessity alone can give birth to, they were greatly at a loss. "Vainly had we long attempted to make the brown paper serviceable. It would not allow the pen to glide, and it imbibed the ink like a sponge. Every thing that we wrote upon it immediately became an illegible blot. Trial after trial had failed, and at last we abandoned the scheme as impracticable. Maroncelli, more persevering, at length succeeded. Nothing could equal the joy with which I received a letter from him, written on this coarse paper. 'Behold, my friends,' it said, 'the difficulty is overcome. The pen runs freely; the ink does not spread. At first I rubbed the paper again and again—rubbed it till my arms ached—in the hope of rendering it more compact and smooth by friction; but despite all my pains, it would not take the ink. The idea struck me at last that it was size that it wanted. Accordingly I dissolved some crumbs of bread in our jug of water, and steeped several slips of the paper in this infusion during the night. This morning I dried and then rubbed them perfectly smooth with the back of my wooden spoon, after which I took my pen, and distinctly traced on one of them these words: "Praised be the Lord our God, for that he is good, and hath taken pity on us!" Succeeding attempts have been even more satisfactory. Try it, my friends, by immediately writing one of your affectionate letters upon the slips which I send you herewith.'"

Their ink, however, failed also; their convict purveyor could bring no more *soot*, and they used out all the bits of brick within their reach. This dilemma gave occasion to one of the most striking and noble instances of fraternal devotion which the history of mankind can perhaps present. Andryane had begun a literary work; which he could not proceed with for the want of ink. "I announced (says he), by a few scarcely legible characters, my distress to Pellico and Maroncelli, when sending them by the faithful Caliban the first part of my work. Great was my surprise and emotion when I received two days afterwards from my friends, a packet containing my manuscript, a quantity of blank slips, a little phial of *red liquid*, and the following note from Pellico:—'Your interesting pages have made us shed tears: we thank you for their perusal. How great is the goodness of God in allowing us the enlivening consolation of our friendship! Yours is a work inspired by Providence, and you must finish it. So long as any blood remains in my veins, I shall rejoice if you will employ it. I wish it could as well burn in a lamp, and enable you to devote more time to a composition, of which the beginning has excited the most powerful interest in our hearts.'" In short, Silvio Pellico enabled his friend and fellow sufferer to write, by yielding him the *blood of his own veins for ink!* Andryane tried to extract blood from his own arm for the purpose, but he admits that his "constancy or his cleverness failed him. Pellico guessed this, and obliged me to receive another phial, protesting that it should be the last. Does the poor man, who shares all he possesses with one poorer than himself, do more in the eyes of God than my angelic friend, suffering and weak as he was, did for me!" In justice to Andryane, it should be told that he exclaimed against the repetition of this sacrifice. He wrote to Pellico, saying, "The very idea that your health may suffer shocks my feelings. Do preserve in future your precious blood: I will not be the occasion of your losing one drop more. As to that which you have already sent, I will do every thing in my power to employ it worthily: and if God in his goodness permit that, in quitting Spielberg, I am able to save the pages I now write, I shall show them to every one as the most admirable proof of devotion and charity that one captive ever received from another."

Months, years, ran past, and the captives became the subject of still more severe treatment. The priest Paolowitz, because he could not extract confessions from single individuals that would hurt their friends, represented them all as obstinate criminals to the Austrian emperor. They were subjected to such examinations as the following. A police director closely examined their cell, and then said, "'Now, undress yourself.' 'Undress myself, sir!—but it is very cold.' 'The order is such,' he replied, drily. 'I submit, sir,' and I took off my clothes: but that was not enough; he required me to pull off my shoes and stockings, and even my shirt. I reddened, and feeling my patience going, I asked the director whether he might not save me the mortification of remaining naked before the eyes of every one. 'It is the order.' 'Since, then,' said I, sorrowfully, 'the cup of bitterness must be drained to the very dregs, it shall be done. But I must confess, sir, that after three years' imprisonment I was far from expecting such severity.' I then gave my last garment to the director's acolyte, and remained with my eyes bent on the ground, my

* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State in the Fortress of Spielberg, by Alexander Andryane, &c. London, Saunders and Otley. 1840.

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heart filled with indignation, while my whole person, and the coarse shirt that a beggar would not have worn, were passed in review. 'Is it over, sir?' I asked of the director, seeing myself no longer under inspection; 'and may I put on my clothes?' 'Not yet—in a short time; only take your shirt.' 'What! am I to remain longer in this state of nakedness?' 'It is the order; I cannot help it.' And saying this, he made a sign for the straw mattrass, counterpane, and clothes, to be carried out of the room, leaving me exposed to the damp and cold air of the dungeon, and to the gaze of all the bystanders. This noble exploit ended, the director made me a slight bow, and turned to Confalonieri, who was subjected to the same indignities as myself. He also, though suffering, was obliged to get up to yield his miserable couch, his convict clothing, and even his feeble body, to their examination. It was an afflicting spectacle to see the man I most loved and revered in the world, treated by these ruffians of the police like the worst malefactor: to see him stand with naked feet, stripped of every particle of dress, before these tools of arbitrary power, who neither respected his grey hair, blanched by sorrow and suffering, nor the infirmities consequent on his imprisonment, nor the noble dignity of his character. Yet this man, on whom they dared to lay their impure hands, endured the unworthy treatment with the most admirable patience. Not one word of discontent escaped his lips, no sign of contempt or of anger was depicted on his countenance." They were left in this state of nakedness till Confalonieri had almost perished.

For being kind to the prisoners, the head keeper of the fortress, an old soldier named Schiller, was turned out of his place. The disgrace broke the aged warrior's heart. Andryane seized an opportunity to express his gratitude to Schiller. "Thanks, thanks!" said the other; "ere long I shall cease to want any thing in this world. I am hit *here* (striking his breast). If our emperor knew that you are a hundred times worse off than the greatest malefactors we have here, I am sure he would never permit that I should be punished for leaving you some pieces of bad paper and a few old quills. Yet God will not punish me for pitying my poor prisoners." Schiller seems to have done the Emperor of Austria too much justice here. Every point in the prison regulations was arranged by the monarch himself, and in the third year of the captivity of Andryane, the situation of things became much worse for him and his companions, through particular orders from Vienna. The jailors became more stern and vigilant, and daily inspections were made, of so rigorous a nature, that the captives were deprived of almost all the petty sources of amusement which they had at first possessed. For example, a small leather pillow had been allowed to lie on the pallet of the sick and suffering Confalonieri. It was peculiarly dear to him as the last and only souvenir which he possessed of his beloved wife, who, on her journey from Vienna to Milan, to see (as she believed) her husband's execution, had rested on that pillow her throbbing head, and bedewed it with her tears. It was taken from the count, his retention of it being an "infraction of the rules." A young sparrow had been caught by one of the captives, and he had tamed it and taught it to love him. It had become his chief consolation, but was taken away, as an "infraction of the rules." Again, the captives, though chained, could mount to their narrow loop-holes, and get partial glimpses of the face of nature. Some of them passed whole days in this occupation. Alas! they were not permitted to taste the enjoyment long. "I perceived several persons examining the bastion, and I shuddered at the idea that we should probably be the victims of some new persecution. Soon afterwards, the appearance of some masons, bringing bricks and scaffolding in great quantity, confirmed our apprehensions. The work was immediately begun; and during that day, and several others, we contemplated with increasing sadness the men who raised the wall of the parapet, and by degrees concealed the cheering landscape from our view. This barrier of stonework, which an evil genius seemed to have placed between us and nature as a warning that we were to renounce for ever the joys of this world, augmented our wretchedness fearfully, and the health of several of the prisoners sustained an irreparable shock. Confalonieri suffered more from it than any other."

The subsequent details of this rigorous imprisonment are of remarkable interest, and serve to throw an instructive light on the nature of the Austrian government. These details will be presented in a condensed form in our next publication.

THE CONTRADICTORY COUPLE.

"I do believe," he says, taking the spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrongheaded creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte." "Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much *I* contradict you," rejoins the lady. "Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner-time—oh no, not you!" says the gentleman. "Yes, I did," says the lady. "Oh, you did!" cries the gentleman; "you admit that?" 'If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave." "Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine-cellar!" "I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more." "Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!" By and bye the gentleman comes to a little, and passing his hand gloomily across his forehead, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins. "I appealed to Mr Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing-room during tea." "Morgan, you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman. "I do not mean any thing of the kind," answers the lady. "Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony, "she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady; "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr Jenkins?" "Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman, with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear any thing but brown!" "Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears. "I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements?"—*Sketches of Young Couples*

THE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS OF CHINA.

Not only in their ordinary form, or acted upon by the culinary art, are the mosses employed as food; but one of the most admired luxuries of the table in China is the edible birds' nest formed from them. A small swallow, called, from his peculiar instinct in building this sort of habitation, *hirundo esculenta*, makes his nest from several of these species, and amongst others, it is said, from the Ceylon moss, in the highest and most inaccessible rocks, in deep damp caves. Craufurd tells us that none but those accustomed from childhood to the dangers it offers, can pursue the occupation of collecting these nests; for they are only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and ratan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must be performed by torchlight, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would instantly be fatal to the adventurers, who can see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rocks. The high price given for these delicacies, is, however, a sufficient inducement for the gatherers to follow "this dreadful trade." The nests are formed of a mucilaginous substance; they resemble ill-concocted fibrous isinglass, and are described as of a white colour, inclining to red; their thickness little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry, they are brittle and wrinkled, the size nearly that of a goose's egg. The qualities of the nest vary, according to the situation and extent of the caves in which they are found, and the time at which they are taken; if procured before the eggs have been laid, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but if the young are in the nest, or have just left it, they are nearly worthless, being dark-coloured, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt. After they are procured, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for market. The best sort are sent to Pekin, for the use of the emperor. The labour bestowed to render them fit for table is enormous; every feather, every stick, or impurity of any kind, is carefully removed, and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, they are made into a soft delicious jelly; they are likewise served up in broths and soups; they have the reputation of being nutritious, and gently stimulating. The extravagant prices given for these nests by the Chinese render them a most expensive article of diet. The sale has become a monopoly of the government in whose dominions they are found. Meyen, in his Voyage Round the World, states that the Japanese had long ago discovered that these costly birds' nests are nothing more than softened sea-weed, and that they now prepare the substance itself in an artist-like manner.—*Dr Sigmond on the Ceylon Moss.*

LADIES IN BARRACKS.

The promising young lady, newfangled in her matrimonial reign, and by the royal duties thereto appending (the *moon* being over), is delighted to get into military quarters. I have seen one of these young things almost leaping out of her skin with joy upon her first entrée. This agreeable state of matters was, however, of short duration; she soon regretted her lately forsaken and peaceful haunts; when, instead of either leaping or dancing for joy, she tamed down into a very languishing, slipshod housewife. She was married to a jolly ensign, of whom, poor fellow, it might literally have been said that he was "twice caught." Light marching order was not the order of *his* day; he travelled with a most respectable train of baggage. A pianoforte was on the list; for which his only room not being sufficiently capacious, the quartermaster's store received it, where the rats and mice played their duets and overtures upon it. Chests and trunks abundantly came in, so that the poor disciple, and the partner of his cares, were stowed away among the lumber, very much after the manner in which the steerage passengers are ensconced on board a packet just ready to sail for Van Dieman's Land. They had some pretty little birds in brass wire cages, and a green parrot to keep them from being alone. By and bye, the scene was changed, and other little birds were heard to sing; the piccaninnies began to show themselves, and were introduced into this sinful world much more rapidly than the finances of their parents justified; "the love they were so rich in" would by no means "make a fire in their kitchen;" for kitchen they had not, nor would the little god turn their spit. Fertile in expedients, the sex are never at a *nonplus*; bandboxes and parasols made way for canisters and rocking-chairs; bird-cages were dismissed for cradles; the washing-tub took precedence of the guitar; and as for the feathered songsters, they were all consigned to other lodgings; their places in the orchestra being occupied by a band of innocent squallinis. Barrack ladies are, for the most part, very clever, good hands at a dish of scandal now and then, as well as getting up a dish of mutton-chops. They, moreover, cultivate the gossiping propensities, for which there could not be a more eligible nursery. They are for ever sifting and prying into one another's business; and politics run so high at times that the interference of their lords and masters is resorted to in order to check the progress of a civil war. Woe betide the unlucky, though quiet youth, who may chance to be within the range of one of our musical amateurs; who produces a sensation as if she was hammering on his nerves, instead of on the keys of her piano: it is one tormenting strum, strum, strum, at the "Downfall of Paris," and "Fly not yet," when you would fly with eagles' wings to the antipodes. I was at one time *vis-à-vis* to such another lovely cantatrice, who harped alternately on "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "From night till morn I take my glass;" her face, meanwhile, resembling the full moon in a gale, and bearing the roseate hue of wine, was a faithful illustration of her song.—*Major Patterson's Camp and Quarters.*

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

White-throated herald of the coming May,
It joys me much to see thee here again!
Once more shalt thou, sweet bird, at dawn of day,
Chase my dull slumbers with thy cheerful strain;
Thy parent-labours, at my window-pane,
With placid morning thoughts my breast shall fill,
And I shall quit my bed,
Full-fraught in heart and head
With soothing trust in God, and unto all good-will.

Who can behold the nicest art and care,
With which thou labourest thy little home,
Nor think of Him, whose hand is written there—
Ev'n on thy tiny edifice of loam—
As visibly as on the vast air-dome!
Or who can mark the fond firm ties that bind
Thy chosen mate and thee,
In toils alike and glee,
Nor yearn with deeper lovingness for all his kind!

On thee, indeed, and all thy dark-winged race,
Who cleave the air or skim the glassy pool,
Conspicuous are the tokens of His grace,
Who holds infinity beneath his rule:
When autumn winds our norland climate cool,
Doth He not kindly lead you far away
To some more sunny land,
Where skies are ever bland,
And make your span of life one long bright summer's day?

So do we oftest deem, at least, of thee,
Sweet page, that holdest up the skirts of spring!—
Usher of flowers—foretype of songs to be,
Albeit less perfectly thyself may sing!
Yet doth a veil hang o'er thy passaging:
Haply thou hiest thee, as some do say,
To lonely pool or brook,
Or dark secluded nook,
And there, like bedded stone, dost sleep the cold away.

Dark as the polar secrets of the north,
Have been thy ways, thou pilgrim of the sky,
Since, bringing light and life, Time first stood forth,
A finger-guide in bleak eternity:
Though questioned long by man's deep searching eye,
Thy course is full of doubt, when all is done,
And still we can but guess,
That when the chill winds press,
Thou seek'st a home in climes that front the prone-rayed sun.

Welcome, thou gentle haunter of the eaves!
Gladly I welcome thee, come whence thou may;—
Whether the spirit that evolves the leaves
Hath from the deep awakened thee to day,
Or thou from far-off lands hast winged thy way.
I love thee, and with joy will watch anew
The labours, to and fro,
Which thou must undergo,
Ere from their beauteous shells thy young step forth to view.

Men wrong thee, my poor bird, when they compare
A summer-fly of human kind to thee;
Although thou comest when the skies are fair,
And at the winter's touch dost straightway flee,
No faithlessness in thy career we see;
Thy comings and thy goings both are sure:
And could'st thou choose, my bird,
Thy flight should be deferred,
And through the year thy stay, I know, should aye endure.

More justly wert thou likened to the young,
Who immaturely quit us in their noon,
And most of all to those whose lips have sung
The brief preludings of a pleasant tune,
But have grown dumb and bloomless all too soon!
These are thy prototypes;—but as we bend
With meekness to the blow,
That lays such dear ones low,
Be we content with what we have of thee, sweet friend!

April 29, 1840.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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EYE HINTS.

It is remarkable how small a peculiarity in form, posture, or arrangement, suffices to give us a genoral idea of an entire object, and not only of that, but of many things and conditions relative to it. In a popular book of travels we are presented with a plate, representing the lower part of a pair of limbs projected through a window into the open air; and from that fragment of a gentleman, we can in an instant form an idea of the attitude, bodily and mental, of the whole man. He is a jolly Carolinian, sitting on a rocking-chair, smoking his pipe, and conscious of nothing but the pleasant sensations which follow a good dinner. We are often reminded of this whimsical engraving, as we daily pass one of the club-houses. There, within a window through which one can see from the street, is generally to be seen some snatch of a human figure. Very frequently the object seen is the back part of a head, the owner of which has come to the light to read the newspapers. One just catches a bald crown, below that some short grey hair, and below that again some very red layers of neck. Nothing else is needed. It is a country gentleman of course; one who has been familiar with good port for half a century. Being now temporarily in town, he has called to have his daily spell of the Post or Chronicle, as it may be. Such an object is at once recognised as characteristic of the place, and quite suitable to it. And though the whole man were standing before one, one could not see him more palpably.

The least hint, indeed, suffices. Hence it is quite possible, in casting one's eye along a crowded street, to point out all the proud people within a quarter of a mile, at least all those who are walking away from the position of the spectator. Mark where you see much of the crown of a hat. Wherever that is the case, and the individual is receding, you have a proud man; for, in walking, such men throw back the head, and that enables any one behind to see a good deal of the crown. On the other hand, when much of the crown of an *approaching* hat is seen, the probability is, that the owner is a studious, or bashful man, or one who feels that he has little reason to expect much courteous regard from his fellow-men. One only source of fallacy besets our outlook for proud men. There are a few old gentlemen, very generally belonging to one of the learned professions, who, in consequence of sedentary life, and through other causes, have become very corpulent in front; by reason of which peculiarity, they are obliged to keep their heads pretty well back. It is just possible that a crown of a hat brought much into view behind, may belong to some such person. This, however, is only an exception from a rule which will generally be found to hold good.

When a lady and gentleman are seen walking together, no person of average acuteness of intellect can be at a loss to distinguish whether they are married persons or not. There is a well-known pair of prints, common in wayside country houses, professing to represent Courtship and Matrimony. In "Courtship," a gentleman is seen displaying great attention to a lady, in helping her over a stile, which she seems at no loss to mount unassisted. In "Matrimony," the same lady is seen attempting with some difficulty to get over the same stile, while the gentleman, already past, is walking coolly and unheedingly on in front. The design of this print has always appeared to us a shameful libel on matrimony. We truly believe the conduct of the gentleman to be capable of explanation. The thing is this. In the first print, he was full of solicitude and anxiety, as all persons who have not the good fortune to be married must be; and this solicitude made him fussily eager to help the lady where she did not need help. By the time, however, that we have him in the second print, he has been made as happy as man can be. His mind has been brought into a state of delightful calm, so much so as to amount to abstraction. So completely has he been rapt by his happy sensations away from all common thoughts, that he has forgot the very person who has been the occasion of all his felicity. But this obliviousness, judged in a liberal sense, is just the highest compliment he could pay to his wife. So, in the ordinary paths of the world, when a lady and gentleman are seen walking together, if you observe in the latter an air of undue solicitude about his companion; if he inclines much towards her, and seems over-polite; and if she, on the other hand, looks a little flurried and frivolous, and appears far more interested about the way her reticule hangs than there is any occasion for; then know that these are unmarried parties. But if the gentleman and lady walk on quietly arm in arm together, both quite upright, and just behaving as a lady and gentleman in their sober senses ought to do, then believe that these persons are married; for now, with both, all anxiety is past, the days of frivolity and fuss have been succeeded by a lady-and-gentlemanlike style of happiness, and all is contentment and peace.

If you observe a pair, who are obviously from such appearances married, entering their dwelling, and should you wish to know whether they have any children, cast a glance at the windows; and if you see a little dog sitting wagging his tail at one, and a macaw chattering on his beam at another, you will be safest to conclude in the negative. But should you perceive no such objects, not even a few flower-pots on the balcony at the drawing-room windows, and, looking a little higher, see two windows with wooden bars across them, you may be as sure there are children in the case, as if you saw the chubby rogues staring through the panes, or heard their merry shout as papa and mamma enter.

The world is familiar with the story of the physician who concluded that his patient had been eating oysters from seeing some shells of that species of the testacea under the bed, and how finely this surmise was commented on by his apprentice, who, going to another patient, and observing a saddle under the bed, came home and reported that the man must have lately eaten a horse. In the case of the oysters, it must be owned that possibly the patient had not been eating any such thing; yet a strict regard to the principles of reasoning obliges us to believe that it was much more likely that oysters had been gobbled in the one case, than that a courser had been bolted in the other. To be very candid, there might be some rashness in the physician's conclusion. The oysters might have been eaten by some other member of the family. Yet, after all, it was not unlikely that they had formed a regale to the patient himself. We know very well that from similar evidence conclusions are come to every day in the world. Old Mr Towser, of a certain town in the west of England, had a large dog remarkably like himself, and which was intimately associated by every body with the idea of his own figure. Whenever this animal was seen at the door of the Bridgewater, did any passer by ever presume to doubt that Mr Towser was sitting in his ordinary seat at the bar fireside, taking his glass of brandy and water? Convictions from such symptoms come upon one intuitively, and are irresistible. Supposing that Mr Towser had been accused of having committed a murder about the same hour when his dog was seen at the door of the Bridgewater, scarcely any one, out of all who had seen the animal there, could have hesitated to swear an alibi in his favour. It is possible they might have been wrong. Pyramus was so when he accepted the veil of Thisbe as a proof that she had been devoured by the lion. But the readiness with which people act on such hints is a powerful proof of the aptitude to receive and make inferences from them.

The human figure is at an average five and a half feet. Now, supposing that, in a darkened room bordering on some well-frequented thoroughfare, a tube of certain dimensions were so arranged as to allow of our only commanding the lowermost six inches, or one-eleventh, of the persons of all who passed. We aver that, in such circumstances, it would be possible to know a very great deal of the general figure and character of those who might pass in review. It would not be merely the old story of guessing a Hercules from a large foot, but much of the general condition of individuals might be predicated from that small portion of the figure. For example, if you saw a pair of feet come up, ensconced within a very nicely made and nicely brushed pair of boots, with deep tapering heels, pointed toes, and blue trousers with braided seams, neatly cut and strapped so as to apply very exactly to the boots, you could entertain no doubt that the owner of these said feet was some officer of the dragoon regiment lying in the barracks, an indefatigable forenoon promenader, a haunter of all possible balls, and a decided lady-killer. Suppose you next observed a pair, sunk in loose-mouthed shoes tied with thongs, and connected with a pair of thin legs, wearing black worsted stockings, and of which even the four inches exposed to view manifest an inclination forwards of at least ten degrees, you could not doubt that you saw the basement of an old man who acts in some such capacity as that of verger, or a winder-up of city clocks, or a recorder of mortality, and the rest of whose habiliments consist of a rusty black coat of antique wideness of sweep, a deep vest, and a pair of equally black and rusty nondescripts, tied with black worsted tape at the knee. Suddenly come upon you a pair of something in white silk stockings and pale-coloured jane boots, with a very small vision of ankle above, and then the bottom of a silk pelisse: you know in a moment from the twitter of those pretty feet, their cut and dress, and the light yet firm hold which they take of the ground, that the owner is a decidedly smart young lady, whom the officer before mentioned surveyed very critically a minute ago as he passed, and whom he intends to have another peep of, by turning round at the end of the street, and meeting her on his return. What varieties of people there are in the world! The next pair of feet exhibit dimly blacked shoes, black spatterdashes, and the bottom of a pair of unstrapped rusty black trousers: reader, do you require to be told that this is the modest-looking man who acts as a private tutor three doors off? Next come a pair of stumping boots, very much splashed, evidently not made by Hoby, thick in sole and low in heel, having strapped spurs attached, and a considerable many folds about the ankles: your seeing the remaining ten-elevenths of this man could not more effectually assure you of an honest farmer who has just ridden in from the country to attend market. The boots stop and give a turn round: the man is looking for some shop, where he was commissioned to buy something by his wife or daughters. A pair of large light-coloured snow-boots, which next succeed (the season *not* being winter), and which come heavily but not slowly marching along, with a skirt of bombazetto or some such stuff sweeping round them, is detected in an instant as the foundation of a fat

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old lady, who goes to market with a basket on her arm to buy her own eggs and butter. Then we may perhaps have presented to us two huge pediments, with heavy soiled shoes, and corduroy spatterdashes, the thongs of the shoes being drawn through pie-holes in the spatterdashes, and then tied down above them; this, you know in a moment, is Saunders Bathgate, the Pennycuick carrier, newly arrived in town with his cart, and now engaged in delivering orders "for goods" on behalf of his many country customers. Your mind comprehends the whole man, the integer Saunders, as readily and clearly as if you met him face to face on the plainstones. If six inches of man can signify so much, much more will six inches of child, for there the proportion of the part to the whole is in favour of the observer. See here come a pair of little sturdy shoed feet, with very short thread stockings above the shoes, and above that again pieces of thick red fleshy legs which the stockings have evidently great difficulty in clasping or keeping up upon; you need to see no more in order to be aware that this is a stout well-built little gentleman of three years and a half, with the port and dress of a miniature beef-eater, taking a forenoon walk with his nurse, and excessively troublesome on the subject of guns at all the toy-shop windows, although he has a ball in one hand already, and draws a horse behind him with the other. It were needless to enumerate more figures. The above must form a convincing proof of how little in many instances the eye requires to see, to enable the understanding to vaticinate on all that remains.

These speculations are not altogether mere whim or drollery. They point to some practical good lessons. In the social world, points as minute in dress and bearing as any of those above adverted to, have their effect in giving a general impression of individuals. A piece of attire out of taste in its colour or form, a slight uncouthness of pronunciation or address, even so small a matter as a careless or over-familiar attitude, particularly in sitting—all of these little matters, and many others, tell upon men of the world, and also upon women, as indications of the whole man, and may be decisive of much that is for his disadvantage. Great and constant vigilance is accordingly necessary, in those who do not stand quite independently in the world, for the detection and suppression of all such peculiarities.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THIRD ARTICLE—CAPITAL.

CAPITAL has been defined as "accumulated labour." This, to a certain extent, explains what capital is composed of, but it is not a full definition of the word. There cannot be capital which is not created by the accumulation of labour, but all accumulated labour is not capital. To make any article constitute capital, it must be capable of being employed in satisfying the wants of mankind, either by its being itself adapted to those wants, or by its being the means of bringing into existence those things which are so. It must, in fact, be an useful commodity. It is not sufficient, however, that it be something merely useful to the individual who has it; the root which the savage takes out of the earth and eats, is not capital in any form. It must be something that has utility, and, consequently, value, with reference to individuals besides the possessor. Thus potatoes piled in a granary, whether to be sold, or to be employed by the farmer in feeding the workmen on his farm, are to a certain extent capital. The extent to which an article possesses the qualities of capital is not measured by the pains bestowed on it, or the difficulty of its acquisition. It is not measured, in short, by its cost. A thousand pounds may be spent in labour, the result of which shall not be sixpence worth of capital—say, in building a monument on the top of a hill. A calculation was lately made (whether it be correct or not, is little to the point), to the effect that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh must have cost about as much (that is, occasioned about as much labour) as the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Here we have two specimens of accumulated labour. The former, however interesting it may be as a study, and thence valuable to mankind at large, is, like any of the works of nature, not worth sixpence in the commercial world, while the latter constitutes a capital far more valuable in the aggregate than the various individual portions of labour of which it is constituted.

There is an important quality which must distinguish accumulated labour before it can be called capital; it must be of such a nature that people will give something for it on account of its utility in a commercial point of view—in other words, on account of its value. The commodity which of all others in existence is most purely of the nature of capital, is money; and so strongly is this felt, that, in the estimation of some, it is the only commodity which should be called capital. This, however, is decidedly a fallacy, for even if money were the criterion of capital, certainly whatever will bring money is in the same position. Thus, railways, roads, piers, docks, and other public works, the stock of which is saleable, are in every respect capital. Public works, however, which the sovereign of a state has made for the general and unrestricted use of the people, however useful they may be, are not capital. A pier at which every vessel is allowed to touch, and by which no individual makes money, is no more capital than a good natural roadstead, or a fair wind, is. If the wind could be taken possession of and let out to hire, it might be converted into capital.

In the opinion of some, manufactories and other works, which are capital put into operation, cease to be, strictly speaking, capital, except to the extent to which they are saleable. It is evident, however, that such establishments, if they are successful, are producing the best effects of capital; and it might perhaps tend better to a clear understanding of the subject, to make a distinction between available and invested capital. Thus, money, and any thing that will bring money, is available capital. An establishment of warehouses and machinery, of which the owner makes profit, but which no other person would take off his hands, is invested capital. A manufactory will in many instances be a mixture of both. It will often happen, that in the hands of the person who has planned and organised it, it is worth more than it would be in any other person's, and that, consequently, no other man will give so much for it as it is worth to the owner. To the amount that it will fetch in the market, it is available capital. The remainder of its value—that is, of its value to the owner—is invested capital. If the owner of an establishment which no other person will give any thing for ceases to make use of it, it is no longer capital either available or invested, and it becomes, like the Pyramids, an old ruin, or any other object that cannot be applied to commercial purposes—a mere portion of the crust of the earth.

Let us now look to the benefits conferred by the accumulation of labour, when it possesses the qualities of capital. It is the great engine by which the useful energies of the human race are concentrated and directed. It keeps the results of industry piled up and accumulated, to await the moment when it can be most advantageously put forth, as Napoleon concentrated his forces, that their united efforts might bear on one selected point. Every convenience which the citizen of a civilised country has at his hand, is the result of this accumulated labour. The savage, when he wants warm clothing for winter, has to hunt down a wild beast, and to prepare the skin for its destined purpose. The inhabitant of one of our large cities can procure, by stepping to a shop in an adjoining street, a similar piece of fur, which the silent operation of capital has caused to be stripped from some animal in a frozen wilderness thousands of miles distant, and to be adjusted, as if by some miraculous anticipation, to his most fastidious taste.

Like many other unintentional benefactors of the human race, the capitalist has been the subject of much ignorant abuse. Undoubtedly his aim, like that of most other men, is generally self-interest. It is because it returns a profit to himself, not because it gives the consumer a cheaper article and feeds the workman, that he puts his money out to use, but the service done is not the less because he profits by it as well as others. In those communities which swarm with idle able-bodied men, and where the introduction of capital is of service the most signal, the opposition to the monied man is generally the most bitter—witness the attempts which were made in the earlier part of the last century to introduce an enlarged system of farming into the Highlands, and the later efforts that have been made to settle manufactures in some parts of Ireland. The more numerously human beings are congregated together, the more powerfully benignant is the influence of capital; and when Ireland shall freely embrace the sometimes overflowing resources of England, it is impossible to anticipate the amount of felicity and prosperity which such a change might bring to that hitherto unhappy land. But we must not throw on the ignorant and needy the sole odium of the prejudices against the capitalist. Such is the natural jealousy which man feels towards the neighbour who shares advantages with him, that we find this feeling lurking in the most enlightened quarters. Authors, for instance, are peculiarly subject to it. Their complaints against the booksellers are of notorious recurrence; and some of them are classical, from the bitter genius with which they are pointed. Yet were it not that the bookseller can exercise his capital upon them, many of the noblest works of genius would never see the light, and few authors would be rewarded for their toils. It is true that the bookseller, whatever appreciation he may have of the genius or merits of the author, will give nothing for a work unless he expects to make the usual profit by his outlay; but this is no more than saying that he is not a disinterested benefactor of genius, who has resolved to bestow his money on a portion of his fellow-men. Booksellers, like other capitalists, and like other men of all professions that have not something degrading in their nature, are average men, actuated by the same motives, whether tending to selfishness or generosity, as their neighbours; perhaps, indeed, from the nature of their pursuits, and the class of persons they come in contact with, they may be rated a degree higher in point of liberality and good feeling than the average of traders. But this is a digression.

Much has been said of the advantages which the world has derived from the division of labour, a subject which may be noticed on some future occasion. This system never could be carried to any considerable extent without capital, and the more abundant the capital, the more does the community profit by this beneficial arrangement. Adam Smith has given a beautiful illustration of the division of labour, in the preparation of so petty an article of commerce as a pin. He found that ten persons could make 48,000 pins in a day when their labour was divided, whereas, had they been working singly, "they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin, in a day." If we withdraw the existence of capital entirely from the pin-maker, we will find the "not one pin in a day" fully realised. We must not, in such a supposition, presume that the operative has brass wire, or even wrought brass, in his possession, for these are created by capital. If he wants to make a pin, we must set him in search of copper ore, which he has to smelt and amalgamate with zinc, that he may have brass to make his pin with. This is putting a case which probably never occurred, but it may serve as an illustration. The individual would hardly perhaps (supposing him even to live in a place where copper is found) make his pin in a week. By Adam Smith's estimate, each individual of the ten must be considered as making 4800 pins per day. Even this number, however, would, it appears, be increased by a more liberal employment of capital than that which took place in the instance alluded to by him. "I have seen," he says, "a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them, consequently, performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day." It is very evident from this, that an increase of capital would in such a case increase the proportional results.

Want of capital is the chief evil which poor communities industriously inclined have to combat with. The long and steady industry of Great Britain, coupled with the absence of internal convulsions and foreign invasion, have given us a greater amount of this accumulated labour than perhaps all the rest of the world put together. It is by this that we preserve our manufacturing and commercial superiority in spite of many advantages on the part of other nations, which might at first sight appear of superior importance. The cotton we use grows in India, but there is no accumulated labour there to be concentrated in its manufacture in the form of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny; and so, with the disadvantage of being ten thousand miles from the place of its growth, we can manufacture it, and send it back in the form of clothing to the agriculturist who produced it. Again, when there is a sudden demand in some distant country for a commodity which is produced in a neighbouring land, neither of the two states perhaps has capital enough to convey the article from the place where it is a superfluity, to that where it is wanted, until the accumulated labour of Britain, lying by for a profitable use, accomplishes the exchange. In modern warfare, capital is a powerful auxiliary, and nothing but our vast command of it could have supported us through our later struggles. To naval warfare, in which we are so pre-eminent, it is essential. An army may support itself by rapine; it may be merely a collection of human beings let loose to shift for themselves. A navy, however, must be a set of vast machines, which capital alone can create; and until some other country can rival us in this quality, none will be able to meet us on the sea. The extent to which luxuries, or artificial wants, pervade the great body of the people, is one of the most marked outward indications of the existence of capital. It is thus a somewhat singular inversion of ancient notions, that the nation which possesses the greatest quantity of luxuries is likely to be the most successful in war.

The peculiarity of the capitalist, if we compare him with the simple operative or non-capitalist, is, that he can wait for the returns of the industry which is going on under his auspices. The operative works for daily bread, and cannot wait for a market. The capitalist concentrates the fruits of the workman's industry, until they are put in the most advantageous state for being disposed of. Take a piece of printed calico as an illustration. The sailor brings the cotton over the Atlantic; the carter and bargeman take it to Manchester; the carder, spinner, weaver, and printer, with many other operatives, are all successively employed on it, ere it has reached the final purpose for which the cotton was grown. It has lain for weeks on the counter of the retail merchant, and has perhaps been worn as many more before the labour expended on it has been finally paid for; yet the various operatives engaged in preparing it, have, through the instrumen-

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tality of the different kinds of capital applied to the manufacture, been paid their wages, some of them months, others years, perhaps, before the final return has been so obtained.

It is not unnatural that the artisan, who sees that his employer never personally touches the manufacture through which he makes his fortune, should conceive that he is himself the sole fabricator of the commodity, and alone deserving of the remuneration. The artisan too frequently considers himself the only person concerned in the creation of that which his hands have made; and as such fallacies have generally their counterparts, the capitalist perhaps occasionally thinks that he is the creator of those riches, of which he is but incidentally the depositary. There are, in truth, no two classes whose interests are more mutually dependent. That the capitalist could not make his large profits without the industrious and intelligent labourer, is self-evident. That the labourer would be poorly off without the stimulant which the capitalist supplies, a little reflection will perhaps make fully as clear. It is quite true that the capitalist does not work in proportion with the artisan for what he makes; yet, if he should cease to make his profits, the artisan would suffer; and it is poor consolation to a starving family to reflect that the rich man is not increasing his store. If it should come to a question between the capitalists and the operatives of this country, which could most easily cast aside the other, the advantage would lie with the former. There are few places in which capital cannot be put out to use; there are not many in which industry alone can find a market: Labourers cannot easily leave their country in large bodies; but a slip of paper may be the means of transferring to another country as much capital as would employ thousands of them.

FALCONRY.

Falconry was the favourite field-sport of the middle ages, as shooting with the gun is the predominant one of the present day. It appears, in this country, to have declined and gone out of use in the seventeenth century, in consequence of the gun having then become, by the addition of the lock and flint, a much more ready means of bringing down game than the use of hawks had ever been. Falconry, while it existed, was the peculiar sport of kings, and princes, and nobles, many of whom were painted in life with their hawks seated on their wrist, and were sculptured on their tombs after death with the same creature placed at their feet, thus marking the special regard in which they held the animal which was the means of giving them so much amusement. All over Europe, and far into Asia, the sport may be said to have flourished, from the latter years of the Roman empire downwards; and amongst the earliest books of an instructive kind which found their way into print in most civilised countries, were books descriptive of falconry, and containing directions for those who would practise it with success. Circumstances connected with hawks and hawking, the modes of the sport itself, and the technical terms employed in it, were introduced largely into literature and into the ordinary language of the people, as we shall more particularly show in a subsequent part of this paper.

The sport, we need scarcely remark, was founded on the natural instinct of the rapacious order of the feathered creation, as the chase may be said to be founded on the instinct of the dog to pursue the hare, fox, and other animals. The rapacious order of birds, of which the eagle, falcon, and owl, are the three principal types, are formed in such a way as evidently fits them for pursuing, seizing, and destroying the smaller birds; a part in creation which at first sight appears to involve much cruelty, but which has been clearly shown to be intended to save rather than to produce pain, and to be indispensable to a system of things in which one leading feature is, that there shall always be as many living creatures as can possibly be supported.* The falcon family were alone employed for purposes of sport, as alone possessing the required docility, and of this family two or three species were more frequently used than any other. Of those possessing long wings, the falcon proper and the ger-falcon; and of the short-winged, the goshawk and sparrow-hawk; seem to have been the favourite kinds. Species called the hobby, the kestral, the merlin, and buzzard, were the next in request. The female, which is in all the varieties of this tribe considerably larger than the male, was alone employed in sport, and the common names of all the species apply to that sex, the male having usually some distinctive appellation: thus the male of the ger-falcon was called the *jerkin*, of the falcon proper the *tiercs gentle*, of the goshawk the *tiercel*, and of the sparrow-hawk the *musket*.

* See the ingenious reasonings on this subject in Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

These birds naturally choose retired habitations. The falcon, in particular, builds her nest amongst cliffs in wild and unpeopled regions. In order to fit birds for the sport of falconry, it was necessary to take them from the nest at a very early stage of their existence (then technically called *eyases*), or to ensnare them in their more mature age, and then train them for the purpose. A falcon in its natural state was said to be a *haggard;* hence, apparently, the term by which we still express a wild or agitated aspect. The first step in training the falcon, was to *man* it, or accustom it to the presence of human beings. Feeding was the grand source of the power which its keeper acquired over it. When it did as required, it was fed, and thus taught to know that it had done right—and not otherwise. If extremely refractory, a stream of cold water was directed at its head, as an admonition that nothing was to be gained by such conduct. From the very first, the animal was accoutred with certain paraphernalia, the *names* of which at least must be familiar to most readers. First, its head was covered by a leathern *hood*, fitting close all round, so as to shut up its eyes, and calculated, by a slit behind, to be readily slipped on and off. On the top of the hood there was a tuft of feathers, which usually has a graceful effect in the old pictures representing ladies or gentlemen travelling with their hawks upon their wrist. Leathern straps, called *jesses*, a few inches in length, were fitted to the legs of the bird by a button slipping through a slit or loop. Close beside the end attached to each leg, was a small spherical *bell*, like those of a child's rattle, and composed of silver for clearness of sound, the one being in some nice instances made a semitone higher than the other. The other ends of the jesses were furnished each with a ring, which could be readily fitted upon the swivel designed to connect them both with the *leash*, a long slender strap, sometimes prolonged by a *creance* or common cord, and designed as a tether by which to restrain the animal, at the same time that it should be allowed considerable room for free motion. Two great objects in training were to teach the bird to fly at its proper game, and to habituate it to come back to the hand of its master, after on any occasion having been let free in pursuit of its prey. For the first of these ends, in the case of long-winged birds, an implement termed the *lure* was used. It consisted either of a stick or of a cord, on the end of which were fixed pieces of flesh, with a bunch of the feathers of the prey which it was designed that the bird should fly at, or perhaps an actual resemblance of the prey in its entire form. The falcon being set loose by one man, another stood at a distance waving the lure around his head, thus tempting the animal to advance and strike at it. A whistle was the implement used to *reclaim* or bring back the hawk. When a hawk was to be kept on the hand, strong gloves were worn for protection from its talons. It may here be remarked, that the training of falcons was altogether a most laborious business, and that trained birds were accordingly to be only purchased at a high price. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, a trained goshawk and tiercel brought one hundred marks, and it was considered a favour to part with them. The extreme labour attending the training of the animals must have been sufficient in early times to confine the sport to persons of birth and fortune, if there were no other cause, and it must also have conduced to the rapid decline and extinction of the sport, after a ready means of killing wild-fowl by the gun became attainable.

The sport, after being long given up, was revived in England a few years ago by Colonel Thornton, the Duke of St Albans, and a few other gentlemen, chiefly through the influence of a taste for whatever is elegant and romantic in the usages of our forefathers. It is said to be a gallant and goodly sight, when a train of well-mounted English gentlemen and ladies ride forth on a clear sunshiny day, to pursue this sport, attended by their falconers, each with his hawk on his wrist. In the present day, as of yore, various kinds of feathered game are flown at. Heron-hawking is, we believe, in greatest esteem. The heron, as must be generally known, is a large bird in appearance, with a long neck, long legs, and a long sharp bill, being designed to haunt marshes and pools, and feed upon whatever fish it can find therein. It is, however, a light insubstantial bird, with nothing to protect it from enemies but its sharp bill. Herons are gregarious, and the lonely places where they live are called heronries. These explanations will introduce the following account of heron-hawking, from Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports:—

"The daily visitations of the heron to its feeding places are watched by the falconers, who station themselves to the leeward or down wind of the heronry, so that the heron on its return must fly against the breeze, which gives a great advantage to its enemy. As soon as one is discovered on the return, a cast of falcons is let loose, who, catching sight of the quarry, rise in pursuit. The heron, instinctively aware that its life is at stake, prepares for the fray by disgorging the contents of its stomach to lighten the weight of the body. The coursing falcons ascend the airy vault in spiral gyrations, by which the atmospheric resistance to their flight is lessened. These circlings, it has been observed, have frequently the curious effect of presenting the three birds as flying in different directions; whereas the real intentions of the two hawks are steadily directed to one point, which is that of contact with the heron, whose entire efforts are as steadily engaged in avoiding it. To effect this, the affrighted heron strenuously endeavours to rise above the hawks, who, however, by superior power of wing, commonly succeed in getting the upper station, from which one presently makes its stoop; and happy it is for the poor heron if he can evade the blow, which he occasionally does, either by shifting his station, or by receiving the falcon on his sharp bill, which instantly transfixes it. This danger is, however, denied on authority, but we feel assured that it does occur. The second hawk, if the first fails, stoops in his turn; but the meditated blow of this also is frequently evaded like the former. The trio then still rising higher and higher, the sight becomes interesting in the extreme, and the spectators are scarcely less agitated than the feathered warriors above. At length another stoop takes place, and the fatal seizure is made by one hawk, while the other *binds* to his fellow, and all three quickly descend together, but not with a dangerous rapidity, as their powers of inflation and the action of their wings break the fall. It is now that the mounted horsemen make the best of their way to the assistance of their falcons, and their first efforts must be directed to secure the head of the heron, that the sharp beak may not take effect on one or both of them."

Pheasants are objects of this sport, but not to a great extent, on account of the inconvenience presented by the sylvan ground in which the sport must be practised. Partridge-hawking is found to be a more convenient sport. To quote the same authority—"The scene of practice is commonly on large fields, or open tracts of country, where the horsemen and company generally can beat in line, and the attendant falconer or master, being well mounted, can ride forward, and be ready to receive the quarry. Either pointers or spaniels are necessary, or both. Sir John Sebright says, that high-ranging pointers are the best dogs for the sport, for the birds will often lie to a dog when they will not suffer horsemen to approach them. Neither, provided the hawk used be well broke, is it necessary that it should be very near the dogs when they point, or near the birds when they rise. He also observes, that, if the hawk be within two or three hundred yards, it will be near enough, if her *seat be high* and she directs her view inwards. In case she should not do this, she must be lured by the voice, or constrained into noticing by the lure itself. It is however observed, that it is better that a flight be lost by the hawk ranging too far, than that she should be lowered or confined in her pitch by too much luring. Sufficient time should by all means be allowed to the hawk to mount well before the game is sprung; for being sufficiently elevated, her range of vision will be equal to take in the whole expanse around her, and incline her to watch the moving scene more attentively than if she were nearer.

The partridge being flushed, the hawk will stoop with astonishing rapidity, and seize on it; at which time neither horses, dogs, nor company, should press forward; on the contrary, they should permit the falconer only to advance, who, approaching the hawk with caution, must walk quietly round her, when, gently kneeling down with his arm extended, as though in the act of feeding the hawk, he should lay hold of the partridge, and at the same time place the hawk on his fist. This done, put on the hood, and reward the hawk with the head of the quarry, and if she be not intended to fly again, let her be fed immediately.

A somewhat different method of partridge-hawking is practised in the latter part of the season, when the country is very bare, and when the partridges are often very wild, and lie indifferently even to the dog. In such cases it is recommended that the company 'draw up in line at fifty or sixty yards' distance from each other, and gallop across the plain with a hawk upon wing,' the falconer being in the centre of the line, that he may regulate the pace by the situation of the hawk. Sir John Sebright informs us that this method of partridge-hawking has afforded him more sport than any other, and that when the face of the country was so bare, and the birds so wild, as to make it impossible to approach them in the usual way.

Brook-hawking, as it is often termed, was much in vogue formerly. The practice was not, however, confined to brooks, but extended to rivers, sea-shores, moors, and ponds. It engaged, according to Blome, 'the jer-falcon, the haggard falcon, the jerkin, and the tassel gentle.' Waterfowl of every description were made prey of; but some particular objects, according with the training of the falcons, were particularly sought for. Dogs were employed to rouse the fowl, being led on by men who traversed the water's edge; while horsemen, with the hawks on their fists, were at hand to *cast off* one or more, according to the nature of the game. A heron or mallard would require two, while a widgeon or a teal would probably engage only one.

Blome's description of brook-hawking commences with the following hints on the training of falcons to this sport:—'In many places there are ponds inclosed with woods, bushes, and the like obscurities, so that they are concealed from passengers, and such places ducks do much resort unto: now, for the training up your *hawk* to take them, observe these directions. Your hawk being in all points ready to fly, be provided with two or three live *train ducks*, and let there be a man who must lie concealed in some bush by the pond with them, so that, coming to the place, having your hawk prepared for the sudden flight, beat the

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bush with your pole, where the man lieth concealed with the ducks, who must cast forth one of them, to the end the hawk may think it was put up by you; and if with a courage she takes it, *reward* her well; and this is the way to train up a goshawk to catch a *fowl* at *sowce*. Having trained your hawk to this, you may boldly go with her to the ponds where the fowl lies, and creeping close to the place, raise them up by beating about with your pole; and when any rise, let go your hawk from your fist, and if she seize it, let her take pleasure thereon, and reward her well. It is very necessary to have a spaniel with you; for if the hawk is well acquainted with the sport, she will be so nimble at the catch, that they will fall into the water together, and by that means the fowl may go to plunge, so that then the spaniel will be ready to do good service, and not displease the hawk. It is when your hawk will fly, jump, and come in at your lure, it is then that she is fit to go to the river in earnest; and to further manage your flight, observe these directions. When you have found where the fowl lies, then go about a quarter of a mile up in the wind to the river side, and whistle off your hawks, loosing their hoods, and let them fly with their heads in the wind, for there must be a cast of hawks for this flight; then let the falconers, or others that are at the sport, strike their poles in the water, to cause the hawks to come in unto you, and own the river; and when they are got up into their places, then let one of the falconers go below the fowl, that is, down the river; and the other that is above, let him come down, and show the fowl again, and by that means the fowl will be crost over land, that the hawks may make a fair stooping; and knocking the fowl on the land, will occasion the killing it, which will quarry your hawks. But if they should miss their stooping, so as the fowl may get to the river again, then your hawks must go to their wings to make good their flight; but if the fowl should go to plunge, then take down your hawks, lest you should fly them too long; and the falconers, with their spears or poles, may endeavour to spear or kill the fowl, which take to quarry the hawks with. If they kill not the fowl at first stooping, give them respite to recover their place; and when they are at their place again, and their heads in, lay out the fowl as before directed, and reward them well if they kill. You should do well to have a live duck in your hawking-bag, that if they kill not the fowl which is stooped (as ofttimes it happens), then your hawks being at their pitch, and their heads in, you may throw to your hawks and reward them; and by this means you shall always keep your hawks in good life and blood, and to be inwards.'"

Laying out of view entirely the partial revival of the sport in modern times, it may be said that falconry is, and must ever remain, a living thing amongst us, in consequence of there being so many references to it in literature, and its terms being so largely received into our common language. Dante, Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakspeare, to say nothing of many meaner names, abound in allusions to this sport of the noble and princely, and in images derived from the falconer's craft. One of the most affecting stories in Boccaccio is that of the reduced gentleman, who long wooed a lady unsuccessfully, and at length on her visiting him, having no other means of entertaining her, gallantly sacrificed his falcon for her meal, and thereby, though without design, gained her affections. The idea in Othello's exclamation respecting the suspected Desdemona—

> I'll whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
> To prey at fortune—

is taken from the act of setting off the hawk upon her flight.

> What! all my pretty ones—all
> *At one fell swoop?*—

the frantic inquiry of Macduff—is from the act of the bird itself in descending upon its prey. Milton speaks of "imping his wing" to a bolder flight. *Imping* is the technical term for the process of mending a broken feather in the wing of the hawk; the process itself consisting in splicing, as the sailors would say, a new feather to the stump of the old one, with a needle passing through both at the juncture, and holding the two pieces together. Knowing this, the reader will understand Sir Philip Sidney, when he speaks in his sonnets in praise of Edward IV:

> Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
> Although less gifts *imp feathers oft on Fame.*

"Hood-winked," a familiar phrase for one who walks in any kind of mental darkness, is from the practice of keeping hawks hooded till they were ready to fly. We speak of "flying at higher game," from a traditionary notion of hawking. The term hawker, expressive of a travelling merchant or pedlar, is probably derived from the old custom of carrying about hawks for sale. These men carried the birds upon a frame slung from their shoulders, and termed a cadge: hence *cadger*, another but comparatively local term for an itinerant dealer. Most curious of all is the term *musket*, which seems to have been derived from the technical name for the male sparrow-hawk, on the same principle which was followed in calling pieces of ordnance in the sixteenth century by such names as the Great Falcon, Thrawn-mou'ed Meg, and so forth. Another strange memorial of falconry is found in the term, now common in our large cities, for a lane of stables running behind a street. The birds employed in the sport annually *mewed*, or changed their feathers. The place where the birds retained by the English monarch were put on those occasions, near his palace, was called the King's Mews. The buildings for the hawks were in time supplanted by stables for the royal stud, but still the name of King's Mews or Meuse was retained. This has in time spread to stable-lanes, as already mentioned, all over the kingdom.

SANATORIUMS.

The term Sanatorium, which is nearly synonymous with the French *Maison de Santé*, or House of Health, has been suggested as the title for an Hospital-Establishment of a peculiar order, lately proposed to be set on foot in London. The objects of this institution seem to us of so commendable a character as to claim some notice at our hands, and we give it with the greater willingness, as our pages are more particularly addressed to the very classes of society chiefly interested in the subject, and may be the means of calling their attention to it more readily and extensively.

The Sanatorium is intended to be, in some measure, a private hospital, calculated for the benefit of many individuals of the middle and lower classes of society, who, when labouring under disease, are unwilling to resort for relief to an ordinary medical charity, yet are not so circumstanced as to be able to pay for medicines, and to procure the attendance of physicians and nurses at home—at least, in a manner suitable to their ailments. In short, the proposal is, to give to every such person, through the advantages of *combination*, the amplest and best means of relief under bodily distress, at the lowest possible rate of cost, without rendering them debtors to public charity, as in the case of common hospitals. It appears to us that there is a large section of society, which establishments of this order are calculated to benefit extensively and lastingly. Mechanics and working men of every description, and all who fill the humbler departments in offices, shops, and warehouses—especially where they are unmarried and live in lodgings—together with all domestic servants of the more respectable class, who usually are compelled to leave their places of service when attacked by serious diseases—these, and many similarly situated parties, must be again and again thrown into the deepest distress by the want of such institutions as the one now proposed. On the other hand, there is an equally large class of individuals, not residing in cities, to whom such institutions would also be of the highest benefit. There are numerous persons, in rural situations, afflicted with diseases of a chronic kind, such as old ulcers, eruptions, tumours, and the like, who might be relieved by the superior medical advice to be got in cities, but who cannot make up their minds to enter a common hospital as objects of charity, or to risk the expense attending a residence in private lodgings under the charge of proper nurses and proper medical attendants. They are in decent enough circumstances to shrink from the first of these alternatives, yet too poor to venture on the second step. Small farmers, and respectable tradesmen, with their wives and families, as well as servants and others who have laid up a little money, are the parties usually placed in this dilemma, and whose comfort in life is too often impaired in consequence. Their existence itself is in many cases shortened by the same cause. To these persons the Sanatorium would be an institution of the highest value. They would there enjoy, for the least possible cost, the best possible tendance and advice, and would neither, on the one hand, have their honest pride hurt by the sense of accepting eleemosynary relief, nor be alarmed, on the other, by fears of incurring debt, or draining the scanty resources of their families for a personal end.

So much for the principle of the Sanatorium, which seems much the same as that which leads gentlemen to form club-houses; union lessening cost to individuals. Sanatory institutions, based on this leading principle, appear to us likely to do much good in every great seat of population. The details of the plan may differ in different places, and will do so, it is probable, if the idea be adopted to any great extent. The following are the leading features in the scheme of the London Sanatorium, projected, we believe, by Dr Southwood Smith, a gentleman who has won an honourable reputation by his excellent work on human physiology. A payment of about two guineas a-week made by each patient, insures to him bed, board, and medicine; the attendance of skilful physicians and nurses; the use of a separate room if requisite; with baths, quiet, pure air, and all the curative means and appliances which science has provided in aid of medicine. To collect a fund of L.3000 wherewith to commence operations, life-subscriptions, of ten guineas each, and yearly subscriptions of one guinea, have been proposed and opened, the subscribers in such cases being privileged not only to share the advantages of the institution at a *lower rate* of cost, but to recommend non-subscribers as inmates. It is only a few months since the idea of the institution was first started, but the subscriptions, and particularly the annual ones of a guinea, are already numerous, and there is every prospect of the requisite sum being soon made up, and the building got ready. As for medical attendance, it seems to be arranged that one resident medical officer shall take the general charge of the house, assisted by others who are to act as visiting physicians.

We trust that this establishment will go on and prosper. But we have now to present a claim for the Scottish capital, as having had the merit of leading the way in this particular path of sanatory policy. In 1837, a private hospital was opened at Minto House, Argyle Square, Edinburgh, the leading principle of which is identical with that of the London Sanatorium, as will appear from the words of the original Report. "It is intended for the benefit of a numerous class of individuals, who, when labouring under disease, are unwilling to be considered objects of charity, and to enter a public hospital. It must frequently happen that housekeepers, servants, and lodgers, when affected with ill health, cannot, in their peculiar circumstances, obtain all the attention and comfort they require. In many cases it is particularly inconvenient for the masters or friends with whom they reside, to afford them suitable accommodation, professional attendance, medicines, and nursing; and to them, therefore, the advantage of a maison de santé, to which recourse may be had, must be apparent. In such an institution the patients enjoy the seclusion of a home; and as something is paid for the services of which they stand in need, the feelings which would arise from being treated entirely as objects of charity are removed." The same Report then points out several of the advantages likely to accrue to country patients from such an institution, with other circumstances rendering it worthy of public notice; and mentions that the charge for board, lodging, medical attendance, and nursing, was to vary from 10s. to 20s. per week.

Three regular medical officers, Drs Peddie, Brown, and Cornwall, aided by the valuable services of Professor Syme, in the capacity of consulting surgeon, took the management of this private hospital. Minto House, where it was commenced, had formerly been a surgical hospital, and is a building of no great extent, yet airy and commodious. As the originators did not possess the advantage of large subscriptions to establish their Sanatorium on a very extensive scale, the number of patients received and treated by them has not been, on an average, above fifty or sixty annually. This may seem a comparatively limited amount of practice, but it must be remembered that only eight or nine patients can be received into the house at one time, and that many of them, being afflicted with diseases of long standing, occupy the rooms for a considerable period. With regard to the description of persons thus relieved, we are told that they consisted of the class for whose benefit "the institution was principally intended, such as strangers from the country, individuals in reduced circumstances, clerks, shopmen, the upper class of servants, &c. Of the cases coming under treatment, many have been highly important and interesting in a medical point of view, and several requiring the performance of severe surgical operations." The Report for last year also states that "patients have lately come from great distances, and that the hospital has met with countenance from families in the higher circles in town, from commercial houses in which boarders are kept, and from hotel and lodging-house keepers, who have placed under our care valued servants and others." The medical managers conclude, from their past experience, that, as the institution becomes more widely known, the number of admissions will progressively increase.

It is but just, therefore, to the gentlemen now mentioned—who have for three years sustained this Sanatorium by gratuitous labours of no common extent, as well as kept up a large out-of-door and dispensary practice, by which no fewer than 5611 poor persons were relieved during last year—to state that they have the merit of having given a fair trial to the scheme now about to be carried into operation in London. It is true that the trial has been made on a comparatively small scale, yet the public have it in their power, by increased support, to extend the advantages and sphere of usefulness of the institution. It is excellent as far as it goes, and has nurses, medical attendants, and other conveniences suitable for its extent; the patients are treated as if they were in their several homes, and, according to their wishes and means, are provided with single rooms, or have the comfort (which most of them are found to like) of the company of others of their own sex during their confinement; scales of comfortable diet are arranged for them, in accordance with their wants and their maladies; and, in short, the establishment is conducted with great liberality, judgment, and care. But Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, if fully alive to the advantages of such an institution, would support its managers more generously, and enable them to work on a scale of increased utility. This might be done, to a certain extent, by patients themselves taking advantage of the opportunities which the institution, as it is, affords; but if the public were to come forward at the annual meetings of the supporters of the dispensary and general establishment of Minto House, and to strengthen the hands of its managers by their support, something still more worthy of the capital of Scotland, in the shape of a Sanatorium, might be

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the result. Who can say that he may not, ere many years pass over his head, require the services of such an institution! It is to those, certainly, who know not the comforts of a family circle, and of friends around them, that a Sanatorium seems to hold out direct prospects of advantage; but those who possess these blessings may one day have them not, and may be glad to have that substitutive help in distress, which the establishments under consideration are so well calculated to afford.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

In Egypt, at the present day, and in various other eastern countries recently opened up by the increase of steam-navigation, an assimilation is rapidly taking place between the customs of the west and the east. In past times these have remained almost entirely isolated and distinct, the intercourse between the different climes not being of such a nature as to cause an amalgamation between their habitudes, at least to any great extent. But, now-a-days, commercial travellers pass as regularly between London and Alexandria as between London and Hamburgh, or Glasgow and Manchester; and the consequence is, that fashions and manufactures are flowing from the west into the east in great abundance and with great rapidity, promising soon to create new and powerful ties between regions and races hitherto really little known to one another. The end of all this cannot but be for good; but long-existing prejudices cause this incipient intercourse to be sometimes attended by a degree of effervescence, such as accompanies the union of different chemical elements. From inattention to the peculiar prepossessions of their oriental customers, commercial men from Europe, and especially those of a bustling and officious order, frequently get themselves into odd scrapes, and scrapes not unattended with danger.

A traveller from Paris, named Bonnard, a brisk stirring fellow, who rejoiced in the office of agent for a distinguished depôt of male and female fashions in dress, conveyed himself not long since to Alexandria, with a large assortment of rich articles of attire, which he proposed to dispose of to the lords and ladies of Egypt, but more particularly to the ladies. Through dint of activity and perseverance, he was successful beyond his hopes. The Mussulman aristocracy are eminently *accessible*. The meanest water-carrier of the Alexandrian streets may present himself to Mehemet Ali in person, and make a verbal appeal, or deliver a petition, just as used to be the case in the days of Haroun Alraschid. The eastern nobility imitate this regal fashion; and hence Bonnard, while in Alexandria, found it not very difficult to obtain a hearing from the great men of the city, and to lay before them specimens of his rich goods, which led to extensive purchases by these pachas and beys, for the decoration of the invisible ladies of their respective households.

On moving from Alexandria to Cairo, Bonnard learnt that in the latter city there resided a certain Abdallah-Pacha, a wealthy and powerful lord, who had recently married a most beautiful lady, and one of whom he was devotedly fond. Bonnard immediately resolved to make prize of Abdallah-Pacha, and found no difficulty, accordingly, in making his way into the presence of the eastern grandee. He found Abdallah sitting in luxurious ease upon a divan, alone, in a large saloon, and smoking with most oriental languor and enjoyment. Servants were present, but not a whisper or footfall could be heard. All were dumbly attentive to the looks and signs that came, or might come, from their master, who was a man in the prime of life, with finely cut features and head, a long beard of glossy black, and eyes that sparkled like carbuncles. The contrast between this grave, awe-striking personage, and the dapper lively mortal who now intruded on his luxurious repose, was most remarkable, as regarded appearance, and every other point. Bonnard was a thorough Frenchman, firmly impressed with the belief that all that was done at Paris was right, and that all that was done elsewhere, if done differently, must be and was indisputably wrong. He dressed precisely in the manner of the lay figures adorning his own depôt, or the pages of the "Journals of the Fashions," which he carried about with him in the exercise of his calling. Such was the person, curled, essenced, strapped, and starched, in the newest Parisian mode, who now approached Abdallah with the same graceful unembarrassed sidle which he might have displayed in accosting an old college chum. Scarcely waiting for the permissory nod of the master of the house, Bonnard, withdrawing his hat from its elegant position in front of his breast, sat down on the divan, close by Abdallah's side. The Egyptian looked on him with much the same feelings as those with which a noble stag-hound might be expected to regard the approach of a lady's lap-dog; namely, with a sort of grave and lordly surprise, but without displeasure. Indeed, it is known that the orientals feel the easy address of Europeans as a relief, when compared with their own formal and tedious salutations. Such were the circumstances attending the meeting of the powerful Mussulman with the Parisian fancy-agent.

Bonnard was no sooner seated, than he rubbed his hands, and unfolded his sample-stores, eager for a customer. By the help of a little smattering of Turkish and Arabic, in addition to his fluent French, which is partly understood in Egypt, Bonnard could make himself pretty intelligible. He started in praise of his stock of goods; Abdallah nodded. The traveller spoke more; still Abdallah nodded. But Bonnard was anxious to bring things to a bearing, and, remembering only his Parisian politeness, he got out with the words—intended to call an important personage to the mind of the Egyptian, and so to stimulate to a purchase, "And how does madame?—your lady?"

The words, simple as they were, acted like an electric shock on Abdallah-Pacha. His lately calm countenance was instantly flushed with passion, and then distorted by its subsequent workings. His hands grasped the cushions of the divan as if he would rend them in pieces, and he commenced to pour forth a torrent of objurgations, few of which were intelligible to Bonnard, though he could not mistake their general tenor and meaning. Yet, though he grew pale, the Frenchman preserved his unchangeable, indestructible smile. When Abdallah seemed to have nearly exhausted himself, Bonnard observed, with a tone in which only a slight falter was apparent, "I have unintentionally said something wrong."

"To ask me 'how does my wife?' By the beard of the prophet," said the still boiling Abdallah, "if I did not respect the claims of hospitality! How come *you* to know my wife? Unless you had acquaintance with her, you would not ask for her."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Bonnard; "it is the custom of my country."

"It is a monstrous and offensive custom," said Abdallah. The little Frenchman faltered, and simpered, and bowed, and explained; but all would not do. He had touched on the tender point in the eastern's jealous nature; and although his inquiry would have been held as one but of common courtesy in the west, it had the effect, particularly as coming from the lips of a stranger, of jarring on all the prejudices, both national and personal, of Abdallah-Pacha. Still the latter was not an illiberal man in his way; and becoming partly convinced, perhaps, that he had made a mistake, he contented himself by dismissing Bonnard for the time only. "I cannot examine any thing to-day," said he, passing his hand over his yet ruffled brow; "come back to-morrow. Farewell."

This sounded as a peremptory order for departure, and Bonnard obeyed it. As he left the house, however, he accidentally met with a female, whom he recognised as a Maltese, a person who was employed in retailing articles of dress about the households of Cairo. Anxious to get off his stock, it struck the Parisian that it would be a good scheme to give this woman one of his "Journals of the Fashions," that she might place it in the hands of Abdallah's beautiful lady. The thing was easily managed. A slight douceur being laid upon her palm, the Maltese took upon her at once the proposed commission.

Little did poor Bonnard imagine, as he moved off with renovated spirits to his place of lodgement—confident that the sight of the magnificent figures adorning his Journal must tempt Abdallah's lady into an order of immense magnitude—little thought the dapper Parisian that he had prepared the way for the outburst of a storm, likely to involve not only himself, but others also, in ruin and destruction! Abdallah, after smoking himself into something like composure, went to the apartments of his beautiful spouse, whom he really loved tenderly. She was seated with her damsels, busily engaged in discussing the mysteries of the toilette. Abdallah approached. His eye lighted on a book, covered with splendid figures. He snatched it up, and turned over the leaves. One figure arrested his attention, and in an instant his brow became again black with the passionate blood of the east. Unlucky Bonnard! In the Journal given to the Maltese, there was one portraiture of the "masculine form divine." It was the one by which Bonnard dressed himself. In every particular he copied this great original, from the cut of the collar to the boot-straps. It is well known that these model-figures are like every body and like nobody; or, in other words, as like one man as they are like another; but it chanced that this particular figure was very like Bonnard, as regarded colour of hair, complexion, and every other point, as well as in the dress. Abdallah-Pacha gazed at it as if he had seen a boa-constrictor in his path. His suspicions were re-awakened, and roused to a boiling torrent. He could not doubt but that the Frenchman had formed an acquaintance with his wife, and had presented her with his *portrait*. It may be guessed what an impression such a belief would make on the fiery and jealous nature of Abdallah. We shall not attempt further to describe it, but will proceed to mention the consequences to which it led. Repulsing his trembling lady, who saw that something was amiss, and who sought to soothe and to explain, Abdallah burst from the apartment where he had found the proof, as he thought it, of his wrongs, and retired to his own chamber to meditate schemes of vengeance.

After a long interval of moody reflection, during which he sat with the hated portrait before him, Abdallah called his blacks, the passive instruments of eastern vengeance. He told them that two victims were to be sacrificed; but when he attempted to name them, he found that the words would not pass his lips. He loved his wife, it has been said, most devotedly, and had hitherto never doubted of her constancy. All that he could say to the blacks was, "To-morrow, I will point out the victims to you!"

Abdallah-Pacha waited restlessly next day for the appearance of Bonnard. The light-hearted little Frenchman was not long in presenting himself. He danced easily and smilingly into the saloon of the eastern lord, little thinking of the fate that hung by a thread over his head, little dreaming of the purpose for which the blacks had taken up their station behind the divan of Abdallah. "I hope," said Bonnard, with a salutation half-western half-oriental, "that I will be fortunate in pleasing my lord to-day. I have brought the richest patterns."

"You have deceived me," replied Abdallah, in a tone of assumed calmness.

"No, upon my honour," returned Bonnard; "all that I offer is of the best quality, and at the lowest price."

"You have wronged me—you have written to my wife," continued the Egyptian, grinding his teeth as if to wear down his passion.

The Frenchman had sense enough to be seriously alarmed at the symptoms presented by the bearing of his interlocutor. "I have never written, seen, or spoken to your lady," cried he earnestly.

"You have sent your portrait to her," continued Abdallah. The Frenchman falteringly exclaimed, "No—never!" Abdallah drew from his breast the Journal of Fashions. "See here the proof of your treachery! Is not this your portrait—the image of your face, person, and dress?"

"No!" cried Bonnard; "it is I who am the image of the dress and appearance of this engraving! I swear to you that these are figures of fancy!"

We shall not endeavour to detail the remaining particulars of this scene. It is enough to state, that Bonnard expended all his eloquence in French, Turkish, and Arabic, to prove that the engravings of the Journal were fancy-portraits. He appealed to every European in Cairo in proof of his assertion. The light of conviction at length dawned on the mind of Abdallah-Pacha, and his affection for his wife made him happy to entertain it.

"Here," said he at length, turning to the blacks behind him, and giving them the unlucky Journal, "this is what you shall throw into the Nile!"

The words startled Bonnard, but Abdallah continued, addressing him, "Bring your whole goods hither, and I will buy them at your own price."

Bonnard received a lesson from this incident, and so may every commercial man who goes to the east. Let them beware of jarring on the prejudices of those whose custom they seek.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we knew something, felt secure against the cramp, when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr Johnson used always, in going up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reisig, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schbyel lectures, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

ASKING OPINIONS ON ONE'S OWN WORKS.

Every one who asks you your opinion on his book, does it in the spirit of the artist who invited a friend to look at a picture which he had lately completed, and said, "Here, what do you think of this? So-and-so was here the other day, and said he didn't like it, and I knocked him down stairs. Now, tell me your candid opinion." What is a man to say under such circumstances? Martial, in sending an invitation to a friend to come and visit him, after telling him what he will do for him, adds, "Nay, more, I'll read you nothing."

IMPLIED INSULT.

To ask a person *whom* he considers to be the *greatest* man in any department in which he thinks *himself* a proficient, is the sure way to offend him. Every one knows the story of Parr being asked who was the first Greek scholar in England, and saying that Porson was the first, Burney the third, and he would leave the inquirer to judge who was the second.

When Schbyel was in England a few years ago, and was entertained at one of the large club-houses, the conversation turned one day after dinner on the poets of Germany. Goëthe's death had just been announced, and Schiller had died many years before; and one gentleman who was present accordingly asked Schbyel, in allusion to the death of Goëthe, "What poets have you left *now*?" Schbyel, with indignant pride, and that vanity which it is so difficult for him to conceal even from a stranger, rose from his seat, and, drawing himself up to his full height, said, *Ich bin ein dichter.* ["I am a poet."]

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GIBBON AND TACITUS.

There are many points of resemblance between Gibbon and Tacitus, not only in the temper and spirit of their history, but also in their style, though at first sight so dissimilar. One point, in particular, may be noticed. They are both very fond of classing together things which are not really connected, or are only fancifully connected. For example, Tacitus describes Germany as separated from the Sarmatians and Dacians *by mutual fear or mountains*. Not that mutual fear is a thing of the same kind as mountains; but the combination produces a startling effect, and gives one to understand more than the mere words would imply. The impression would be, that mutual fear is a barrier as formidable as mountains; or, perhaps, that if either one obstacle would not have been sufficient alone, both together were almost insurmountable. In the same way, Gibbon says, in his Autobiography, that if his conversion to Catholicism "had not stripped him of his academic gown, the five important years, so liberally improved in the studies and conversation of Lausanne, would have been steeped in *port and prejudice* among the monks of Oxford." The combination implies far more than the words would convey separately.

NARRATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.

SECOND NOTICE.

"HEAVEN help the man that comes to be made 'an example of!'" said a friend of ours, whose remarks are ever full of point and significance. Poor Andryane, whose sole crime against Austria amounted to no more than a momentary ebullition of enthusiasm, followed up by no practical act whatever, was doomed to imprisonment for life in the dungeons of Spielberg, "as an example (to use the reported words of the Emperor Francis himself) to frighten any scoundrels of foreigners who might attempt to revolutionise the Austrian provinces." Yet, had the young Frenchman revealed the little that he knew of the secret purposes of the patriots of Italy—in other words, had he informed against his fellow-captives—he might have been liberated; and the priest Paolowitz tried him sorely with this view on many occasions. Others were tempted in the same way, and it ought to be mentioned, to the honour of human nature, that in spite of all the hopeless miseries of the Spielberg dungeons, but *one*, out of the many Italian prisoners there lodged, proved unable to stand this trial. After a vain endeavour to move Andryane, the conversations of the priest with his prisoner usually ended in the following way, and we repeat the words here, because they give an idea of the wishes of the Emperor Francis regarding the prisoners. "'I beg of you as a favour (said the captive to Paolowitz) to obtain for us some books.' 'Books! you have already more than you want; they only make your eyes weaker. Besides, reading tends to unsettle the mind. Look at me: I read no books but my breviary. Can you not while away your time by knitting or lint-making?' 'Knitting and lint-making occupy the fingers, but not the thoughts.' 'Thoughts! thoughts!' cried the bishop: 'his majesty, you well know, is *adverse to thinking*, and would have you employed only in one thing—in comprehending the heinousness of your crime, and imploring pardon of God.' 'Some good books—a Bible, or St Augustine—might, I imagine'—— 'Must I tell you the same thing a hundred times over! You cannot have them: his majesty will not permit it. Make up your mind upon this point: the determination of the emperor, who desires the salvation of your soul, is inexorable.' 'Salvation of my soul!—but if our minds become weakened by the inaction of captivity—if we are driven by our sufferings into idiocy!' 'Well, has not our Saviour said, "Blessed are those who hunger now; blessed are those who mourn?"' I do not know which irritated me most—the silly sardonic laugh with which this text was accompanied, or the profanation of the text itself. It cost me an effort almost superhuman to restrain myself from breaking out. With my head resting on my knees, which I convulsively clutched, and my eyes riveted to the ground, I remained silent; and I have always considered the silence which I then preserved, as the most meritorious triumph of patience I ever obtained over myself."

The allusion to "lint-making" requires explanation. Andryane had sought amusement and occupation in transcribing a German dictionary, word for word, on the walls of his cell with a nail, but he longed for work, as may well be imagined, of a more inspiriting kind, and begged of the governor to make a request of this nature to the emperor, without whose special orders a cell could not even be swept at Spielberg. "As we were thus pining, the commandant came one day to inform us that the emperor had replied to his excellency the governor on the subject of our petition, and that he had been pleased to grant our request. 'God be praised!' I exclaimed; 'we shall be allowed to use our limbs and to restore our health. On what work shall we be employed?—handling the shovel or the mattock, breaking stones or gardening? Pray, speak sir.' Surprised and embarrassed, the commandant hesitated to explain himself. At last he informed us that the occupation conceded us by his majesty was *lint-making*. I should have heard it repeated ten times before I could believe it. 'Lint-making!' I repeated in astonishment: 'what benefit can we derive from such a task, which will compel us to remain seated, while it is exercise and air that we implored of the emperor's humanity? It is no doubt a misunderstanding, and I suppose the governor himself has already remonstrated.' But the next day, poor Krall [successor to old Schiller, and a kind-hearted man], quite ashamed of the duty he had to fulfil, entered our cell, bringing in one hand a scale, and in the other a bundle of old linen. 'Gentlemen,' he muttered, blushing, 'here are your tasks. The commandant has doubtless informed you that you will have a certain quantity of lint to make daily, and I have come to weigh you each your share.' I could not help remarking, 'But this pretended boon is nothing more than an additional penalty.' 'Alas! gentlemen, it is no fault of mine: heaven knows how I wish that I could give you another employment. Have patience; this will not last long.' 'If the linen were only clean!' said I; 'but every piece of it is disgustingly dirty. Look here, Krall!' and I showed him the rags he had brought. 'Where have they been able to collect such filth?' 'At the *Great-hospital*, sir.'"

The unhappy request of Andryane thus led to the *compulsory* engagement of the captives in work which compelled them to "remain immoveable, and to breathe the miasma and the down of foul linen, without giving the slightest employment to the mind." Linen, too, from the Great-hospital!

Andryane had hitherto enjoyed the unspeakable comfort of the society of Confalonieri, a man whom he loved and admired beyond measure, and between whom and himself there was not a single secret. But he was destined not only to be deprived of this consolation, but to be shut up with another person, and that person the *one* traitor in this noble band of brothers. His patience forsook him at the announcement of this change. "I will not go," he exclaimed; "I prefer being alone for ten years, even for twenty, if necessary!" But remonstrances were vain, and he parted from Confalonieri with mutual sobs and tears. Judge S——, his new companion, seemed displeased also with the alteration. Words cannot describe the added sufferings now experienced by poor Andryane. He durst scarcely utter a word in his cell, much less attempt a renewal of the little correspondences on which the former comforts of existence hung, for fear of being betrayed by the man with whom he was shut up night and day. Pellico and Maroncelli were in a neighbouring chamber, and by speaking through the loop-holes in low tones, acquired by custom, short conversations could be kept up in spite of the sentinels. These conversations were hateful to S——, who knew that his treachery was suspected as the cause of the increased sufferings to which his fellow-prisoners had been subjected. After a prying visit of the officials one day, "'I will open the window,' I said, as soon as the police left us; 'the dust here is enough to stifle one.' And as I proceeded to admit some fresh air into the cell, S—— cried angrily, 'Are you then so blind that you cannot see I am naked? are you in such haste to renew your chattering with Pellico? I have had enough of that—do you understand? My patience is worn out, and I will not have the window opened.' As he spoke these words, he rushed towards me with so much violence that I thought at the moment we should have come to blows." * * At length S—— was taken away; he was liberated—the reward of his treachery. At first, Andryane was almost intoxicated with joy. "'He is gone!' I exclaimed, clapping my hands, and dancing about my gloomy cell; 'I can now whistle, talk, and amuse myself as I please—open the window, and converse with my neighbours whenever I like.' I sprang up to the loophole, and, although it was night, called Maroncelli and Pellico, to say to them, as Moretti did when S—— quitted him, 'I am no longer under restraint, my friends; rejoice with me, my persecution is at an end.' The 'Silence!' repeated by the different sentinels prevented their replying, and I was compelled therefore to repress the outburst of my joy. Tired at last of pacing backwards and forwards in my prison, of which I now felt myself in full possession, I lay down on my bed, most happy that I had no longer a head within two feet of mine ever watching me."

But S—— seems to have completed his defection, by giving information of the conversations at the window with Pellico and Maroncelli, and when Andryane attempted to renew them, a stern "Silence!" from the vigilant sentinels instantly repressed the endeavour. Soon after, he had the pleasure of being restored to the cell and company of Confalonieri. The change was productive of one misfortune. One of the jailors lived in an adjoining cell, and kept a lighted stove, which almost destroyed the weakening sight of Andryane. His eyes and face were inflamed daily and nightly; yet, though all were willing to remove the cause of suffering, nothing could be done until orders arrived for the special purpose from Vienna. The immediate cause of mischief was removed, but the eyes of the captive remained very weak. Andryane was also distressed at this time by the news of his father's decease. To lighten this load of calamity, a hope of escape sprang up. Through a keeper, who became willing to aid them, Confalonieri corresponded with his wife, and all was got ready for an escape. But, on consultation, it was found that *one* only could be freed, and now the noble-minded Confalonieri gave a surpassing proof of fraternal love and friendship. On the evening appointed for the attempt, Andryane entreated him to "think of his beloved wife, and fly!" "'For pity's sake say no more,' returned Confalonieri: 'let me reflect; I will call you presently.' And saying these words, he retired to his cell, desiring me to go to bed. 'Do not forget,' I added, 'that early to-morrow morning you must reply. Frederick, I entreat you, let the thought of Theresa alone be present to you.' Notwithstanding the desire I felt at such a moment to move about in my dungeon, I seated myself on my pallet, that Confalonieri's reflections might not be disturbed. The evening wore on. I heard eleven, twelve, then one o'clock strike, and Confalonieri had not called me—not moved. I began to apprehend that he had fallen asleep, or that, too weak to endure his emotions, he had been seized by one of those long fainting fits which had alarmed me so much during my journey from Milan to Spielberg. Trembling at this idea, I was about to go to him, when his voice reached my ear. In less than a second I was by his side, and asked anxiously, 'What have you resolved?' 'To remain at Spielberg.' 'I cannot believe it,' I cried: 'it is impossible!' 'I will not abandon my companions to their sad fate; I cannot leave you alone, exposed to the displeasure of the emperor; my conscience and honour forbid me. I will never profit by any good fortune that may injure my fellow captives.'" Human sufferings are to be deplored, but they have their use. A thousand insurrections could not plead more strongly against unjustly based or improperly exercised authority, than such a narrative as that before us.

In 1830, after six long years of captivity, Andryane and his companion had the pleasure of learning that Pellico and Maroncelli were released. But Andryane's eyes became gradually worse, and medical advice, as well as more lengthened visits to the platform, were allowed him. At the same time, knitting and lint-making, the continuation of which was enforced, rendered these indulgences almost totally fruitless. "Adding to the miseries of our prison the grief caused by the death of my father, and the distracting anxiety of my companion respecting his consort, an idea may be formed of our life during the winter of 1830–31. The uneasiness of Confalonieri was rendered still greater by some hints of the director of police, which confirmed the apprehensions he had already entertained about the health of his adored countess, in consequence of the intelligence he had received at the period of the last attempt at escape. I did every thing in my power to dispel the gloom of his mind by words of hope and consolation. He listened, and appeared touched by my tenderness; but he repeated, in a tone that pierced my heart, 'I shall never see her again, my friend—I shall never see her again!' He then entreated me to leave him alone, that he might without restraint weep over her, to know whose fate he would willingly have sacrificed his life. All day and night I heard the exclamation of 'Theresa, my beloved Theresa!' mingled with sighs and sobs." Poor Confalonieri's wife, a woman of extraordinary beauty and virtue, died at length of a broken heart. The *cause* need not be told.

In the end of 1831, the cholera broke out near the fortress, and finally in it. The captives petitioned in vain to be attended to, and to be taken to the hospital of the common felons. "On bodies so attenuated as ours, the influence of the cholera could not fail to have an effect. Swimmings of the head, intestinal pains, unusual weakness, indicated too strongly, and were in our eyes certain signs, that we should not escape the pestilence. One night after the last visit, Confalonieri was seized with a fit of shivering and violent pain in the bowels. Other alarming symptoms soon appeared. It was a terrible moment to my heart! I knocked at the door to ask for assistance. The jailers refused at first to reply; and when at last, at my redoubled knocks, one of them came, he told me that the commandant had the keys, and that no one could enter the prison till five o'clock in the morning. In vain I exclaimed in my anxiety that the case was urgent, and that my friend, if abandoned, might die for want of help. He merely repeated, 'I can do nothing—I can do nothing; the commandant has forbidden us to interrupt him.'" Happily, however, Confalonieri recovered, and the visit of the cholera had only the effect of adding another item to the inhumanities of Spielberg.

Our notice of this most interesting book must now be brought to a close. The sister of Andryane, a woman of the most elevated mind and most devoted heart, had never ceased her exertions in her brother's favour. She had travelled several times to Milan and Vienna, to beg his liberation at the feet of the emperor himself. On her last visit to Vienna she was successful, after such agonies of suspense as can only be appreciated by reading her own record of them, given in the volume before us. In the beginning of March 1832, Andryane was liberated from the cells of Spielberg. His joy was damped, however, by leaving Confalonieri behind him, a captive still. The following extract from a journal kept by the sister, describes her meeting with her brother at the town of Schoerding:—"Wednesday, March 20th. Day of eternal happiness—he is restored to us! At daybreak I was on the balcony, after having prayed God to grant

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strength and courage to all of us, for I trembled lest the prisoner should suffer from the excess of his emotion. About two o'clock, a postchaise appeared in sight. I called to my cousin, although scarcely able to speak. 'Look! a tall man is getting out of the carriage. It is he, I am certain: Alexander, answer me!' A face, pale and emaciated, turned and raised its eyes towards me on hearing my voice. I could not contain a cry of sorrow. 'It is he; but how could I have recognised him!' And I fell on a seat, and could not find strength or speech. My cousin rushed towards the staircase before I was able to stand. He returned leading and supporting my unfortunate brother, who threw himself into my arms, repeating only, with sobs, '*Old—old—dead there without you!*' More than an hour elapsed before we could recover from our agitation. Nothing had prepared me to see him thus—dying, presenting the appearance of an old man by his bent figure, and his cadaverous complexion."

We cannot help adding a few words more. Indeed, it is in some measure imperative upon us to do so, seeing that, in our article upon Andryane's narrative of 1837, we expressed our pleasure at the promulgation, about that period, of an act of amnesty, "recalling the political exiles of Italy, and giving freedom to all who remained in durance." This was a mistake. A few "young men of family" were then permitted to return from banishment by the successor of the Emperor Francis, but these were merely fugitives, against whom no specific sentence had been passed. Those who had actually undergone conviction "for having done or said any thing, however trifling, against the sovereign or his government, are still left lingering by hundreds in Hungarian fortresses, or in exile." The amnesty, so much boasted of by the partisans of Austria, proved but "a fraud (says Signor Prandi) to obtain a good reception for the new Emperor Ferdinand on his visit to Italy." The system of things, therefore, described by Andryane and Pellico, still exists, and to Ferdinand may be applied the words used in reference to his father by a British reviewer of Pellico's narrative. "Have his ministers and courtiers allowed the Austrian sovereign to be enlightened as well as saddened by the sight of these high-minded and deeply affecting Memoirs? Does he know the merit, the goodness, the piety, of which he has been made the jailer? Has he been enabled to measure the full extent of the barbarous injuries of which God will one day make himself the avenger? Are his dreams never haunted by the vision of the scholars and gentlemen of Italy, working in prison-clothes in their Moravian dungeon, bent down by chains under whose weight they are unable to walk, and the pressure of which will not let them sleep, sickening at the smell of food so uneatable that the famished cannot taste it, fainting under the indirect assassination of a sunless atmosphere, and a slow starvation; perishing from the heart's longings after friends to whom they may never write, after parents from whom and of whom they must never hear; supporting each other by manly and religious hopes against desperate temptations to self destruction; the objects of silent and tremulous compassion to even the lowest ministers of abused justice; to all but to him who alone had the power of relieving them!"

HUMOROUS SCENE FROM "INGLISTON," A NOVEL.

"INGLISTON" is a novel, in one volume,* chiefly devoted to the history of a young female, the natural daughter of a Scottish baronet, and a person of the finest bodily and mental qualities, but in whom all is rendered nugatory for her own happiness by the awkwardness of her social position. Miss Margaret Inglis, as the heroine is named, is by accident thrown for a time into the charge of Mrs Wildgoose, an elderly female of dubious character and intense vulgarity, who occupies a house in Edinburgh, part of which she lets as business chambers to a writer to the signet, and part as furnished lodgings. Here a tea and supper party, given for Miss Inglis's amusement, affords the author an opportunity of introducing a scene of broad humour, which many will recognise as but slightly a caricature of real life. The best parts of this scene are as follows:—

"The ladies of the party, with a very thin sprinkling of gentlemen, arrived at seven to tea and coffee; and Mrs Wildgoose introduced, in an especial manner, to all and each of them, 'her particular friend from the country, Miss Inglis of Ingliston, daughter of the late Sir Norman Inglis;' and Margaret had to go through the ceremony of shaking hands with the whole of the guests, male and female.

There were the Miss Shorts, and the Miss Blythes, the Miss Brocks, and the Miss Brownlees, four families of sisters, consisting of three each; and their brothers were expected, when they shut their shops, or left their counting-rooms. There was Miss Meek, Miss Bow, and Miss Bondy, Miss Gowanlock, and Miss Clinkscales, Miss Cogie, and Miss Bogie, and twenty other misses, to whom the reader can have no desire to be introduced. And of the gentlemen who liked a good pennyworth of what was going, and had come in for a share of the tea-drinking, there was Captain Stark, the coal-agent; Mr Sprot, the ringer of the music-bells; and Mr Burns, the sub-collector of government assessments; Mr Drew, the dentist; Mr Ballantyne, a student of divinity; Mr Piper, an accountant's clerk, an inmate of the house, who lodged in one of Mrs Wildgoose's attics; Lieutenant Darling, a lean elderly gentleman, with a nose in full blossom, who lived upon his money; and Mr Macintosh, a solicitor before the supreme court. And this is but a trifling fraction of the living mass which squeezed into Mrs Wildgoose's public rooms, between the hours of nine and eleven.

The guests amused themselves in various ways between tea and supper. The younger and more agile part of the company danced up stairs in the drawing-room to Miss Cogie's music, till they were like to drop down themselves, and to break down the ceiling of the room beneath; and in a little space left in a corner, stood a card-table, where Mrs Wildgoose and Captain Stark, Mr Macintosh and Miss Meek, contended for victory at a game which should have been whist, but, in condescension to Miss Meek's capacity, was only catch-the-ten.

During these agreeable proceedings above stairs, the lieutenant, and the sub-collector of the king's taxes, and the ringer of the music-bells, were settling the affairs of the nation in a parlour below, over a tumbler of rum and whisky punch; while the clerk of the attic, the student of divinity, the dentist, and a few other kindred spirits who had joined their company, also in the parlour, together with a bevy of young girls, who liked other fun better than dancing, played at fortune-telling, conversation-cards, and forfeits, which latter were redeemed by many ingenious and novel inventions, besides the long kiss in the corner, and the spelling of opportunity behind the door.

In the course of time it became necessary to desist from all these harmless sports, namely, when the performers were tired of them, and when the piano strings were starting, and its notes rendered dumb by Miss Cogie's indefatigable thumping, and the company both above and below rendered deaf with the noise of the dancers, and the dancers' throats dry and sore with the dust they had raised from the carpet—for Mrs Wildgoose had had the floor-cloth taken off, but in the pride of her heart left on to be seen her Brussels carpet, which she had bought at a lord of session's roup, and which, by candle-light, passed for being fresh out of the loom, and by day-light might have passed for the same, if it had not been a little bare at the door, and at the windows, and near the hearth-rug, and a little more bare where the deceased lord's table, with his draught-boards, used to stand; and these partial symptoms of tear and wear were on this festive occasion rendered much more obvious and general, so that the dancers with the dry and sore throats, and the Brussels carpet, were mutual sufferers, and must have parted with mutual sympathy and consent when the supper hour arrived; and the card-players, being by that time perfectly enfeebled by their mental exertions, simultaneously threw down their newly-dealt hands, and straightway headed the procession which descended to the refreshment room.

There was in Mrs Wildgoose's supper-room a long table covered with refreshments of every sort—every thing, in short, in or out of season, that ever was set upon a supper-table. There were dishes cold and hot, dishes costly and common, in such variety and abundance as would suit every taste and would satisfy every hungry appetite. And another table of smaller dimensions was set out on equally liberal principles, with liquors malt and spirituous, with a few decanters of foreign and home-made wines, which, like the Brussels carpet, were more for show than service, and a host of hot water jugs and toddy ladles, and the whole contents of a crystal shop of tumblers and glasses.

It was not intended, and the company did not attempt it, that they should sit round the table, but they sat as they could, and how they could, two to a chair all over the room, thick and throng, with each a plate on his or her knee; and the first heat of carving, and helping, and stuffing, was over, before it was observed that one of the party was missing.

Mrs Wildgoose had fancied all along that Miss Inglis was among the dancers. The dancers fancied she was among the forfeit-players or the punch-drinkers, and had given themselves no concern. The players at forfeits and the punch-drinkers had thought nothing at all about the matter. But she had been among none of them, for on the move being made after tea, when the company separated into different groups, each seeking their own amusement, Margaret had slipped away unobserved to her own room, and there she sat in the dark actually crying with vexation.

Her hostess found her out, and she hastily dried her tears and tried to appear unconcerned, and she was dragged down to the room below, and there was a general shout of joy when she made her appearance. Captain Stark clapped her heartily on the shoulder, and, with a familiar wink, asked her if she had been taking a *snooze*? The solicitor before the supreme court helped her to a chair; and the lieutenant with the blooming nose gave her arm a gentle pinch in passing, and proposed a bumper to her restoration as queen of the company.

'Hip, hip, hip, hurra! hurra!' roared all the men, starting on their feet and flourishing their glasses; and the din and roaring were like to rend the walls of the apartment, and Margaret sank down upon the seat which was set for her, pale as death, and stunned with the noise, and like to faint with terror and dismay.

'You must return thanks for that,' cried Mr Burns, the gatherer of the window-light assessment and house duty.

'You must make a speech,' cried Mr Herdman, a tall, swarthy, strong-built man, with a loud voice, whose appearance very much suggested the idea of a huge quadruped on its hind legs. This was a gentleman who took a lead on the occasion, and was acting at one end of the table, on which were the bottles and glasses, as master of the ceremonies, over a jug of punch-royal, and he was also at times the buffoon of the company.

'The queen deputes you to make a speech for her,' cried Mr Drew, the dentist.

'Does your majesty depute me?' roared Mr Herdman, who had much ado to make himself to be heard amid the confusion of tongues. 'Does your majesty depute me?' vociferated he a second time, while Margaret sat speechless and shaking, with a glass of hot negus which the solicitor had put into her hand.

'Yes, yes, don't you hear? Yes,' cried the lieutenant. 'Don't you know, man, that silence is consent?'

And without more ado, Mr Herdman rose up, and began his speech forthwith.

'By the permission and special commission,' said he, 'of her most gracious majesty, Queen Margaret' —— Here a boisterous peal of laughter from all the company, with clapping of hands, broke in upon Mr Herdman's oration.

'I am hereby,' roared he, in a voice which got above the other din, 'I am hereby deputed, appointed, and commanded, to notify and propound to you her liege and loving subjects, her majesty's most gracious will and pleasure regarding—regarding—that is to say concerning—concerning—I say' ——

'You're off your eggs now,' cried Lieutenant Darling, swilling off a glass of toddy.

'Concerning,' continued the speechifier, looking fiercely indignant at the lieutenant, but nothing daunted by the interruption; 'concerning, I say, the late most gratifying testification of your loyalty and attachment to your sovereign. And her most gracious majesty's will and pleasure is' ——

'Hear, hear,' cried Mr Gollochar, the hatter.

'Hear, hear,' responded Captain Stark.

'And it is the will and pleasure of her most gracious majesty' —— proceeded the orator.

'Out with it at once, man,' cried Lieutenant Darling. 'We are all wearying for her majesty's will and pleasure.'

'Call to order,' cried Mr Herdman, in a tremendous voice; 'I can't get on with so many interruptions.'

'Order,' screamed Mrs Wildgoose, in a shrill key.

'Order,' roared Gollochar, with an accompanying slap upon the table with the palm of his hand, which made all the glasses jingle, and the Miss Brocks, and the Miss Blythes, and the Miss Shorts, giggled in full chorus.

'Order, ladies, I say,' vociferated Mr Herdman.

'Nay, it is order, gentlemen, I think,' bawled Mrs Wildgoose.

'Your majesty must assert your authority here,' interposed Mr Macintosh, relieving Margaret from the glass of untasted liquor, which he saw was only an annoyance and encumbrance to her. 'I fear,' continued he, 'you have chosen an unskilful commissioner.'

'She may easily appoint another,' said Gollochar to Macintosh. 'What do you say to accept of the office yourself? You are a capital hand at a speech.'

'Hear, hear! Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' shouted the sub-collector of the taxes.

'Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' echoed Mr Piper of the attic.

'Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' shouted all the company.

But an interruption was put to the business by the announcement of a new guest, namely, Bailie Liddel of the Canongate, who came puffing and blowing from a committee meeting, which had detained him till a late hour.

'What a walk I have had, or rather race!' said the bailie, wiping, with his silk handkerchief, the drops of perspiration from off his brow and face.

'What will you take, bailie?' said the mistress of the ceremonies, in her sweetest tone.

* Ingliston. By Grace Webster. Edinburgh: W. Tait, 1842.

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'I can be at no loss here among such a variety,' replied the bailie, casting his eye across the long table, still amply furnished with eatables, and then glancing along the other table, which offered a no less promising spectacle in the drinking department. 'But,' continued the magistrate of the Canongate, 'I think a thimbleful of a raw dram first will be the best thing to keep off the cold.' And, accordingly, the gentleman helped himself to a thimbleful, that is, a thistleful of brandy, and afterwards to a draught of porter; for he was hoarse with his oratory at the meeting he had just left, and he pronounced speaking to be 'drouthy work,' and he proceeded to stay his stomach with a slice of the salt round, a leg of a turkey, a 'tasting' of the lamb pie, some veal croquets, a few custards, and a couple of jellies. Afterwards, by way of amusement, he nibbled at a tart and a cheese-cake or two, and then entered upon the occupation deliberately of mixing a rummer of hot punch to keep all these ingredients in good agreement in his stomach. And while he was engaged in the consuming of this potation, Miss Macgeggins of the Catholic Chapel, and the other musical geniuses of the party, were preparing to sing; and each in succession, and sometimes two or more at a time, squalled to the audience, till Lieutenant Darling, who abominated music himself, referred it to the company if it were not true that too much of any thing was good for nothing!

'I agree with you,' said Bailie Liddel, stirring in his tumbler a fresh supply of whisky and water. 'It is like Deacon Dowie's speech at the meeting about the choking-up of the sivers and the overflowing of the gutters, which had to be cut short, sir, without ceremony, or we would have been nailed to the spot listening to him all night.'

In the mean time, Mr Herdman had disappeared, and, by way of varying the amusement, explored his way, we do not curiously inquire how, to Mrs Wildgoose's sanctum in the upper regions. Whether he went with or without a guide, we cannot precisely tell; but he returned in a short time as a personation of the lady of the mansion, dressed in her crimson chintz gown, her mantle of grass-green gros-de-Naples lined with rose pink, her purple velvet bonnet and feather, with blond lappets, and all proper appliances, and a solitary bunch of brown, dried-up, frizzled hair stuck out upon the middle of his brow, like the curled locks on a bull's forehead. Tall as Mrs Wildgoose was herself, her habiliments did not reach below the middle of the leg of this gigantic masquerader. His dark complexion, however, was on a par with the lady's olive visage.

'I am most happy to have the pleasure of seeing you in my house on this occasion, and hope soon to have another opportunity of having you all to partake of my hospitality,' said Mr Herdman, addressing the company in a soft, mimic tone, so perfectly resembling the voice of Mrs Wildgoose, that the likeness was irresistible. The whole company were in a roar of laughter. The tears started from the eyes of Captain Stark and Bailie Liddel, while the huge female figure paraded about where it could find a footing, and complimented the guests all round, and made such antics and ludicrous movements, that peal succeeded peal of tremendous merriment; and the grotesque figure began to caper in a *pas seul* upon the floor, and the circle opened up to make room for its evolutions, and, to the infinite astonishment and delight of the beholders, it mounted upon the table where the liquors were, and footed it most nimbly among all the bottles, and glasses, and drinking apparatus, and committed not the slightest damage; then down he came with all the agility of a child, and recommenced his steps upon the carpet, and Gollochar came forward as a partner, and the two hooked their arms together, and reeled, and wheeled, and waltzed, and uttered alternately at intervals the most terrific and astounding yells; and some of the rest of the company, inspired by the example, got upon their legs, and joined in the dance, while the circle widened to give them room, and the lookers-on crowded near the walls, or mounted on chairs, to save their toes from being trod upon.

Music was not missed, for it could not have been heard amid the clamour, and the roaring, and the laughter.

They waltzed, and reeled, and wheeled about, tugging and dragging at one another, with such hearty good will, that cries of 'Oh, dear!' 'What do you mean?' 'Mrs Wildgoose, will you settle Mr Fork?' 'Mrs Wildgoose, will you speak to Mr Gowanlock?'—and a variety of such like exclamations and invocations, uttered by shrill female pipes, were heard above the other din.

The wreck and devastation of the ornamental, and some portion of the useful, part of the ladies' dresses, fully justified their giving vent to those thrilling complaints. The Miss Blythes' wreaths of artificial roses were torn remorselessly from their heads, and trampled under foot. The Miss Brocks' greasy, filthy-scented ringlets, met with the same unhappy fate, together with bracelets, handkerchiefs, and scarfs, and dirty, tattered, battered, damp gloves, without number. Miss Bendy's comb of polished horn, was dashed to the ground. Miss Macgeggins' towering ornamental comb of pearl paste, with cruel gilt teeth, was driven into her skull, and while she was suffering from this inhuman infliction, which was the unnatural result of certain kind familiarities of Mr Gowanlock, Mr Herdman's gigantic form came sweeping past behind her, like a man-of-war in a storm coming drive against the stern of a little brig, and carrying all away before it. And the ill-fated young lady had her gauze skirt and petticoat of glazed cotton torn from her waist, and the lacings of dirty corsets and partial glimpses of dusky under-garments, were thereby disclosed to the company, to their infinite entertainment and delight."

DR CHANNING ON HARD WORK.

THE following striking thoughts occur in a new brochure of the famous Boston preacher, entitled, "Lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Portion of the Community," of which a neat and cheap reprint has been issued in this country.*

"By the elevation of the labourer I do not understand that he is to be raised above the need of labour. I do not expect a series of improvements, by which he is to be released from his daily work. Still more, I have no desire to dismiss him from his workshop and farm, to take the spade and axe from his hand, and to make his life a long holiday. I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call Effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labour is a school, in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character, a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts, by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome; by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use; by its perils, which demand continual vigilance; and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions, who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention, who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness, in the world to come. You will here see that to me labour has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function, which is, to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas, for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, rest, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task and quicken his powers.

I do not, then, desire to release the labourer from toil. This is not the elevation to be sought for him. Manual labour is a great good; but in so saying, I must be understood to speak of labour in its just proportions. In excess it does great harm. It is not a good, when made the sole work of life. It must be joined with higher means of improvement, or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature, which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation, should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged, when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence. Life should be an alternation of employments, so diversified as to call the whole man into action. Unhappily our present civilisation is far from realising this idea. It *tends* to increase the amount of manual toil, at the very time that it renders this toil less favourable to the culture of the mind. The division of labour, which distinguishes civilised from savage life, and to which we owe chiefly the perfection of the arts, tends to dwarf the intellectual powers, by confining the activity of the individual to a narrow range, to a few details, perhaps to the heading of pins, the pointing of nails, or the tying together of broken strings; so that, while the savage has his faculties sharpened by various occupations, and by exposure to various perils, the civilised man treads a monotonous, stupifying round of unthinking toil. This cannot, must not, always be. Variety of action, corresponding to the variety of human powers, and fitted to develope all, is the most important element of human civilisation. It should be the aim of philanthropists. In proportion as Christianity shall spread the spirit of brotherhood, there will and must be a more equal distribution of toils and means of improvement. That system of labour which saps the health, and shortens life, and famishes intellect, needs, and must receive, great modification. Still, labour in due proportion is an important part of our present toil. It is the condition of all outward comforts and improvements, whilst, at the same time, it conspires with higher means and influences in ministering to the vigour and growth of the soul. Let us not fight against it. We need this admonition, because at the present moment there is a general disposition to shun labour; and this ought to be regarded as a bad sign of our times. The city is thronged with adventurers from the country, and the liberal professions are overstocked, in the hope of escaping the primeval sentence of living by the sweat of the brow; and to this crowding of men into trade we owe not only the neglect of agriculture, but, what is far worse, the demoralisation of the community. It generates excessive competition, which of necessity generates fraud. Trade is turned to gambling; and a spirit of mad speculation exposes public and private interests to a disastrous instability. It is, then, no part of the philanthropy which would elevate the labouring body, to exempt them from manual toil. In truth, a wise philanthropy would, if possible, persuade all men of all conditions to mix up a measure of this toil with their other pursuits. The body as well as the mind needs vigorous exertion, and even the studious would be happier were they trained to labour as well as thought. Let us learn to regard manual toil as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits, have toiled at the work-bench and the plough."

* Glasgow, James Hedderwick and Son.

A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who can half the fervour tell,
That burns in all she's saying?

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course has ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

—*Glasgow Free Press* (*newspaper*).

WAR.

The following sarcastic recommendations are given by Dr Benjamin Rush, an eminent American physician and philanthropist, who died about thirty years ago:—

"In order to impress more deeply the minds of the citizens of the United States with the blessings of peace, by contrasting them with the evils of war, let the following inscription be painted on the sign which is placed over the door of the war-office at Washington, namely:—

An office for butchering the human species.
A widow-and-orphan-making office.
A broken-bone-making office.
A wooden-leg-making office.
An office for creating public and private vices.
An office for creating public debt.
An office for creating famine.
An office for creating pestilential diseases.
An office for creating poverty, and for the destruction of liberty and national happiness.

In the lobby, let there be painted representations of the common instruments of death; also, human skulls, broken bones, hospitals crowded with sick and wounded soldiers, villages on fire, ships sinking in the ocean, rivers dyed with blood, and extensive plains without a tree or fence, or any other object but the ruins of deserted farm-houses.

Above this group of woful figures, let the following words be inserted in red characters, to represent human blood:—

NATIONAL GLORY!"

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PICTURE OF THE INDIGENT CLASS OF A LITTLE TOWN.

MUCH as has been written on the subject of the poor, the public has never yet had presented to it any thing like an express picture of the actual condition of the indigent class in any one spot of the earth. Even that most faithful depicter of the humble, Crabbe, did not profess to describe the poor, the whole poor, and nothing but the poor, of one place: in all probability, he assembled features and cases from various districts, and grouped them into one picture; at least, we have no certain assurance that he did not do so. It lately occurred to us, in consequence of the discussions which have been taking place respecting the management of the poor in Scotland, that, if some well-defined district were pitched upon, and an accurate estimate formed of the amount of poverty in that district, the result might be of such a novel and interesting nature as to gratify the entire circle of our readers, at the same time that it might throw some light on a question which has, at the present moment, a peculiar importance within a narrower field. We therefore proceeded to a small town, with which we happened to be well acquainted, and set about making the necessary inquiries, the result of which we now propose to lay before the world. The name of this town, and its geographical situation, further than that it is in Scotland, are not necessary to the question: we conceal them, because it would be indelicate towards private parties to disclose them. The public, however, have the guarantee of any credit for veracity which we may have established with them, that the general description of the place, and all the particulars of its indigent class now to be given, are set forth truly.

This town is expressly and thoroughly a rural one. The district of which it is the centre, consists of arable and pastoral farms, and is almost as isolated by a bounding range of mountains as was the valley of Rasselas. There are no manufacturing establishments within many miles. The town, which contains about two thousand inhabitants, depends entirely on the supply of articles of necessity to its well-defined little district, and on the rural labour of its own humblest class; or, if there be any exception worth speaking of from this general description, it lies in two boarding academies, attended by boys from a distance, and in the existence of a few weavers who obtain work from Glasgow. It is common to describe such places as dull and more than ordinarily poor, and it may on that account be objected to as a fair specimen of the country at large. But, though it may be poorer than most manufacturing towns, we see nothing to prevent us from considering it as *a fair specimen of the towns in purely rural districts*. It possesses all the orders of society which a rural district gives occasion for in a town population, and all the residuum of poor which naturally falls from such a system of things. If not deriving wealth from manufactures, neither does it gather to itself, as most manufacturing towns do, the miserable of distant districts. In point of fact, however, it must derive wealth from manufactures in an indirect manner; for the produce of the district must be sold at higher rates than would otherwise be the case, in consequence of there being manufacturing customers for it.

The population of this town is just about 2000: a small rural tract, forming part of the same parish, may contain 600 more; but with these we have little to do. The town contains the usual variety of traders, some of whom have a tolerably good business, while others are in a very small way. There are two or three clergymen, and two or three medical men; a few legal practitioners in the sheriff court; a very few families living independently of trade; a considerable number of the ordinary artificers, as blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, &c.; and also a considerable number of labourers, of both sexes. Society, both in the town and its neighbourhood, is remarkable for the permanency of its forms. It has not for a long period been much richer or poorer than it now is. The gains of trade and the wages of labour are remarkably equable. A considerable number of persons have a little property, but few have much wealth. Traders are the fathers of traders, artificers of artificers, and labourers of labourers, with comparatively few exceptions. Some young men of the middle class emigrate to more active scenes, but few others do so; and thus from generation to generation little change of any kind takes place.

From what we had formerly known of the town, we were prepared to find, on careful inquiry, a considerable number of indigent persons; but the real number found, and the degree of indigence which characterised them, were far beyond what we had expected. Our attention was first directed to those who receive relief from the poor's funds of the parish, through the hands of the kirk-session.* The number of entries on the roll kept by this body during 1839, was 42. Four related to individuals residing at a distance, but having claims on this parish, leaving 38 resident paupers. Of these, 24 were females, 10 males, and 4 were children. In only 18 of the cases can the party be said to be single or solitary: in the other 20, the party is either plural, or at least connected with other parties, who are wholly or partially dependent on the aid granted. The real number of pauper children, exclusive of some others who only receive gratuitous education, is 9. The whole sum expended weekly on the 38 resident paupers was L.3, 6s. 3d., being at the rate of 1s. 9¼d. to each. By careful inquiry we obtained correct memoranda of the condition of all the persons on the poor's-roll, in order that the public may judge how far the sum given to each is adequate or suitable.

The largest sum given to any resident pauper in our list is 4s. a-week; and there is but one case of so large an aliment. It is for an old woman of imbecile mind, who, being unable to take any care of herself, and having no relations on whom she could depend, boarded and lodged with a poor family. The sum here given is probably the lowest at which the session could induce any family to take charge of such a person. Below this case, the largest weekly sum given is 2s. 6d., of which there are four cases. All of these are of a certain pretty well-defined character. One is a middle-aged insane female, who lives with a mother and sister, the latter of whom is a field-labourer. Here, we believe, it is presumed that the earnings of the sister should do a little for the pauper. Another case is that of a very infirm old widow, who has another old but rather less infirm woman living with her, by whose aid she makes a little by selling coal in small quantities. Here there are, in reality, two paupers; but, then, the coal business is presumed to do something for both. Half-a-crown a-week is therefore judged sufficient; but in reality it is not, and these two poor women would be in great wretchedness but for the kindness of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, and occasional aid from other quarters. The third of the half-crown pensioners is an old reduced shopkeeper, who has a paralytic and bed-rid wife, but who has 2s. weekly from other sources. The fourth is a middle-aged man, once an artisan, but now stone-blind, and who has a little girl, his daughter, living with him: he keeps a mangle, but is little employed, in consequence of his being less able to give aid in arranging the clothes than the females who are engaged in the same business. The utmost this man will make by his business is a shilling a-week, and that only in the summer months. His wife has found it necessary to separate from him, and go to service at a distance.

Ten persons have 2s. weekly. This seems to be the largest allowance given to an old man or woman who is past work and lives alone. In some instances there are dependent persons, as a sister, a wife, or a husband, also old; but in these cases one of the parties is able to work a little, so that 2s. is judged sufficient for both. In one case we find two sisters, one of them weak in mind; and when we made minute inquiry, we found that both pursue a system of almost open begging, so that probably the parish allowance does not furnish one-third part of their support. Another of these two-shilling pensioners furnishes a curious illustration of the working of the Scottish parochial system. The party was a widow with four children. In consideration of her family, she had at first 3s. weekly. Unfortunately, however, this poor woman became the mother of another infant; in consideration of which delinquency, her allowance was instantly reduced to 2s. Thus, instead of four children with three shillings, she had now five children with only two shillings.

Ten have 1s. 6d. weekly, being generally individuals either not quite disabled, or who live with relatives able to work a little, or who have relatives able to contribute something towards their support. In one instance, we found a woman living with a sister, both of them old, but neither quite worn out. The parish pensioner now and then earns a sixpence by some light labour for a weaver; the other can trim a garden, or keep an infant for a neighbour. Sixpence a-week being required for the rent of their humble dwelling, they have only one shilling certain. Their whole earnings may, on the average, be as much, or perhaps a little more. Oatmeal and potatoes are the staple of their food, but occasionally a neighbour will send them a bowl of barley broth. Thus they live, never from one year to another tasting the slightest comfort suitable to their years and infirmities. Another of these eighteen-pence pensioners is an old widow, who has had a large family, all of whom are now at a distance from her, but unable to give her any aid. Too feeble for any regular work, she is only able to sell some very trifling articles, by which she may realise occasionally a few pence. Other resources, besides mendicancy, she has none. A third of this class is a young woman so much deformed as to be unable to work, though healthy. She lives with a mother who works a little in the fields.

Of pensioners at 1s. a-week there are eight, generally persons of much the same order as the last, but with resources one degree better. One, for instance, is so stout as to be able to sell laces and other little wares in a basket throughout the country: she generally, on getting her 2s. once a-fortnight, proceeds immediately to convert it into a stock for the ensuing fortnight's sale. A second is an old farm-servant, who is partly supported by his children. A third is a widow, who can spin a little. A fourth is an old single woman, who, having a second bed in her little chamber, gets something for its use from a person nearly as poor as herself. Amongst our notes on this class, we find another highly characteristic trait of the administration of the poor's funds in Scotland. It relates to

* A body composed of the established minister and a few elders (lay officers of the church). In every parish there is such a body, forming the first, or lowest, of the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland, and possessing the management of the poor's funds.

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an aged widow, who is bed-rid from paralysis. She had the misfortune to have a daughter of bad character, whose son, an idle young man, hung about his grandmother's house. So, because of the daughter's character, which she could not help, and because she would not drive her grandchild from her house, she was restricted to an allowance of 1s. weekly, the half of which would probably be required for her house-rent. The authorities have since relented a little, and she has now 1s. 6d. weekly.

Of the only two remaining adult paupers, one has 2s. 3d. and another 6d. weekly, the latter pensioner being a female who only asked so much in order to pay her house-rent. We now come to the cases of children. We find that four orphans, who live with an elder sister, who is able to work in the fields, get 3s. 6d. weekly. One deserted illegitimate child, who is boarded with a poor family, is allowed 2s. weekly, such being the stated allowance in cases of the kind. Another deserted child, who lives with a grandfather and grandmother, who are very poor persons, gets only 1s., which is also the stated sum when the infant resides with relatives. In both cases the parish allows clothes and education. Several other children receive only education from the parish, and it may be remarked that, on this point, there is no want of liberality. A pauper child receives an amount of schooling equal to that received by any of the humbler class of children in the parish.

If there were no poor in the town besides those supplied from the parochial funds, there would be little occasion for remark, except as to the smallness of the parish allowances. Thirty-eight resident and four non-resident cases of pauperism in a town of 2000 inhabitants, would give about one pauper for eleven non-pauper families;* but the poor-roll, in reality, exhibits but a small portion of the poor of this town. There is a much larger number of householders, many of whom are in circumstances equally, while others are in a condition only a little less, necessitous. By inquiry and investigation we have ascertained the actual circumstances of nearly the whole of these parties. It appears, in the first place, that there is a class in great or very frequently recurring necessity, amounting to 63; namely, 22 widows, 17 single women, 4 deserted wives, or women whose husbands at least are unable to do any thing for their support, and 20 men. Nearly the whole of these are aged persons, who have been industrious in their days of strength and health, but are now able only in some instances to work a little at some light labour, while in many other cases the ability to work is entirely gone. Some will have a daughter who works in the fields, and thereby realises tenpence a-day in summer, the main stay of the family. Others will have a small allowance, from some person little richer than themselves, for keeping a natural child. Some, bed-rid and altogether helpless, trust almost entirely to private charity. One or two deal in coal, here an expensive article, which the poor generally buy in a stone at a time. We find, in our notes respecting these sixty-three parties, that only in 13, or one-fifth of the instances, was it ascertained that children grown up and settled at a distance, or any other relations, gave any kind of aid. This is a point on which much misapprehension exists. In that rank of life, children, when they grow up, and go into the world, generally hurry into engagements which preclude the possibility of aiding a sick or aged parent. The girls are less apt to do so than the young men; and it is remarkable that there is considerably greater appearance in these memoranda of poor persons being relieved or supported by daughters than by sons. In none of the cases here adverted to, does the parent find constant shelter in the house of a child. They are all householders on their own account, with only in some instances a daughter remaining to exert herself for the benefit of her parent. It is a remarkable and affecting circumstance, that, in more than one instance, the daughter, thus proving a stay and succour to her mother, is one who originally came as a child of shame.

We have now enumerated 38 resident paupers, and 63 of a class in nearly, if not quite, equal destitution. But these are still not all. We find that in this town there are 86 other householders in very indigent circumstances. The parties in this third class generally possess such a degree of health and strength as fits them for work. Some do work accordingly, when work is to be procured. Others might do well but for intemperate habits. All of them are occasionally in a destitute situation, particularly during the winter season. All of them, as well as most of those in the two former classes, were applicants at a soup-kitchen which was set up during the long-prevailing severe weather at the beginning of 1838. All of them were also applicants for relief from a committee of gentlemen appointed in January 1839, to superintend the distribution of about L.80, which had been collected for the purpose of affording some succour to the poor and unemployed at that season. Thus the total number of poor householders in this town, in 1839, was not less than *one hundred and eighty-seven*, representing about *five hundred individuals!*†

Judging from the memoranda in our possession, we cannot doubt that fully a third part of these families live in great part independently of eleemosynary aid, and only ask assistance under particular exigencies. Still the fact remains broad and palpable, that a *fourth part of the population of this rural town are not, from the comfort of their circumstances, or the delicacy of their feelings, above accepting of occasional charity from public sources.* We feel the force of this fact more keenly when we examine the amount of charity doled out in 1839. This charity, it may be remarked, was given in the form of meal and coal; and the distributions took place between the 16th January and the 23d February, a space of nearly six weeks. The exact sum expended on meal appears, from the account kept by the distributing committee, to have been L.54, 16s.; the exact sum spent on coal was L.18, 5s. 2d., being L.73, 1s. 2d. in all, the remainder having been devoted otherwise. Now, this gives to each family, at each time, only about 2s. 1d. in meal, and rather less than 9d. in coal;† a very small supply for a family during three weeks, and which we cannot suppose that any but very necessitous families would have condescended to accept.

It seems wonderful how so great a number of permanent and occasional paupers should find support in a town so small, of such limited resources, and which, moreover, is infested as much as any other place by vagrant poor. The conviction of our own mind is, that in general the support which these unfortunates do obtain, is very far below what nature requires. One or two slender meals of porridge or of potatoes, with occasionally a little tea, or a bowl of thin broth, form the diet of a day with most of them. It appears a system of protracted starvation. At all times, but more particularly in severe seasons, a large part of the aliment of the indigent class is contributed by neighbours a little better off than themselves. In this town, fortunately, the poor live near the rich. Accordingly, there is no person in tolerably comfortable circumstances who has not a set of dependants planted closely around him. Never does any such person boil a pot of broth, without sending several basins of the mess to as many of these people. Every family which uses tea, has some appointed old man or woman, who comes, after the meal is over, to get the leaves which have already given out the penult of their tincture, in order to go through the mockery of infusing them again, and parading the result with a little barley bread on a poor stool, in front of a fire which appears as if it might safely be held in the palm of one's hand. A great number of women in middle age are employed in field labour, which lasts only during the milder seasons of the year. They get 10d. per day, which barely suffices to support and clothe them during the time when they have work. In winter, accordingly, when there is no work, these women have no resource but charity. But for the broth pots of their neighbours, they would starve outright. Theirs is a well-defined case of occasional pauperism; but the parish does scarcely any thing for them. Of the condition of permanent and extreme indigence to which others are doomed, those who live in the world's more bustling walks can form scarcely any idea. It has hitherto been supposed peculiar to great towns, that there should be hordes of poor people who, when they rise, know not where the food of the day is to come from. But this is a common case in our little rural town also. Some of these people scarcely ever see *white* money. About two years ago, a gentleman sent a small sum to be distributed in weekly sixpences amongst a certain number of poor persons; several of the recipients of this bounty, on the money being put into their hands, said, with tears of thankfulness in their eyes, that they had not had a sixpence in their possession for several years before—a fact quite credible, when we consider how much of the charity of the place is in the form of food. On a similar occasion, a lady, after leaving a little dole with an old widow, having passed in the passage, overheard the poor creature saying in joyful accents to her cat, her sole companion, "Pussy, pussy, we're rich to-night, lass; *I've got a shilling.*" It is wonderful, considering the slender circumstances in which so many people live, that the mortality of the place is not greater than it is. Amongst these regular or occasional paupers, there is a surprising number of aged persons. We can only ascribe the protraction of their lives to the healthiness of the place, their early robust habits, and their exemption from excesses of all kinds. They seem weak in muscle, and thin in blood, and often have severe chronic ailments, such as cancer, ulcers, and palsy; but they are remarkably free from acute diseases, which, after all, are the most fatal to life. It is sad, however, to think of so many weakly and bed-rid old people so inadequately supplied with those necessaries which are perhaps at no time so necessary, and those comforts which are at no time so comforting, as when life is waning to its close.

The decent good behaviour of the great bulk of the extremely poor is very remarkable. Intemperance appears the cause of indigence in only a few cases amongst the families of secondary necessity; in the cases of first necessity, it may almost be described as unknown. In these cases, poverty is simply the natural and unavoidable consequence of surviving the period during which labour gave an independent support. The gains of the parties in these better days having been barely enough to support them, they could lay aside nothing for old age. Their children, generally farm-servants, labourers, or artisans, on scanty wages, having enough ado to support their own young families, can do nothing, or the nearest thing to nothing, for the generation passing away. Pauperism, in such circumstances, is inevitable, if life lasts. These poor persons are, therefore, in general marked by all the virtues which most prominently attach to Scottish humble life. A pious sentiment of resignation and contentment is almost universal. A lady who goes much amongst them as an emissary of a benevolent society of persons of her own sex, to distribute food and clothing where most pressingly required, spoke warmly to us of their quiet virtues, the modesty of their expectations, and their spirit of righteous self-denial. She reports, that often, in the course of her monthly rounds, when she calls on a person whom she knows to be very poor, and asks if any thing be needed, the answer will be, "Nothing this time, ma'am;" and the individual will perhaps point to some neighbour who she is sure *is* in need. There is great scrupulousness as to debt. When one of the eighteen-pence paupers of the parish died in January last, it was found that her rent was paid up till Whitsunday. Another assured us in last April that she had her rent paid up to Lammas. It is common for the parish paupers to allow the kirk-treasurer to retain as much of their allowance in his hands as pays their rent. A grocer, one day conversing with the above-mentioned lady respecting a certain poor woman who lived near by, said he should be glad to give her a little credit now and then, as he was satisfied of her honesty. The lady reported the offer to the poor woman, who, however, declined it, saying that she had once been owing *more than two shillings* before, and had been so distressed about it, that she resolved never to "take on" any more. Our informant also mentioned an instance of the benevolence of the poor to the poor. An old woman who had long been in miserable circumstances, having at length had a pension of five pounds left her by a relation, immediately began to exercise charity out of that little pittance, giving away, for instance, her tea-leaves regularly to a poorer neighbour. So true is Wordsworth's remark—

> "The poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life,
> When they can know and feel that they have been
> Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
> Of some small blessings."

Well, surely, might one of such a spirit "sit by her fire and build her hope in heaven."

Such is the state of the poor in a small rural town in Scotland, under a system of management which has been often represented as peculiarly calculated to *keep down* pauperism, and in contrast with which the English system is believed to be only a monstrous abuse. Out of 101 cases of extreme necessity, an out-door pension, at an average less than half of what is needed to support bare existence, is extended to only 38. There are other eighty-six cases of less or occasional necessity, to which no parochial relief is extended. Forbidden to dream of any thing approaching to a legal title to relief from the holders of the property and the realisers of the profits of the earth, the poor, thus enormous in number, are nevertheless the habitual or occasional pensioners of their more comfortable neighbours. Considerably more than a third—indeed nearly two-fifths—of the families in the town, are so far paupered as to be willing to come forward for a share of what may comparatively be spoken of as a small private charity. It is at the same time found, that only in a few cases out of those described as of great necessity, do the relatives of the parties afford any degree of succour. Surely there must be some strange misunderstanding respecting a system under which such results can be found.

One misconception is very obvious, and it is one which may be said to rest at the base of the system. It takes the form of a dogma that, if the poor are not supplied at all, or at least supplied very scantily, there will be the fewer poor. We might fairly ask, after stating the above facts, if the parish under our notice affords any practical proof of the soundness of this dogma. If we say that, by refusing to admit paupers on the parish roll, we repress *pauperism*, it appears to the present writer that we only affirm an identical proposition; but if we suppose that we extinguish *poverty* and *suffering* by repressing that, its outward and visible sign, the argument is as hollow as it is heartless. We have seen that, although the *paupers* of a small town may be kept below one-twentieth of the population, the *destitution* of the people may so increase and multiply, and so break down their boasted independence, that *one-fourth* of them may be obliged, and may be willing, to apply for and subsist on charitable assistance when they can get it; just as we know that in Ireland, where up to this time there have been no paupers, the portion of the population regularly dependent, during great part of the year, on the charity of the rest, has been not less than one-fourth of the whole.

* From returns, and calculations upon these returns, it appears that the number of individuals in a family in the parish is 4½; consequently that there are 470 families in the town.

* It may be remarked, that we have seen not only the poor roll, but the lists drawn up by the committees of both 1838 and 1839, and have obtained copies of these, together with memoranda of the particular condition of every one of the applicants. These various documents have served as materials for the present paper.

† It is to be observed that only 174 families were supplied. The remainder of the 187 were rejected as "unworthy," by which term, we regret to say, it is not so much meant that the parties were unentitled to relief in point of indigence, as that they were persons of bad character—moral repute being always an important element in the consideration of a poor man's claim in Scotland.

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But we would also put it to the consciences of men, if such a dogma be, in existing circumstances, either humane or just. In this community, a large portion of the people are constantly engaged, during their better years, in labours which tend to the comfort and enrichment of the rest.* For their labour they get only such wages as barely maintain them, leaving no means of providing for old age. Their inevitable fate, therefore, is to fall into helpless penury. Such persons may be said to be in the same circumstances with soldiers, who, having only such pay as suffices to give them immediate support, require to be pensioned in their latter years. What great hordes of old discharged soldiers would be if left *unpensioned*, these labourers are, without a legal claim to relief. How strange would it seem to hear the dogma announced that, if old soldiers were left pensionless, or endowed with only some mockery of a pension, there would be the fewer old soldiers! Yet the doctrine respecting the poor of the labouring class is exactly the same. It is a doctrine, accordingly, which would reflect burning disgrace upon those who announce it, if it were not that they are utterly blind to its real character.

We have only to notice, in conclusion, a notion very prevalent in the town in question, namely, that many poor people come into it in their old days from the country around. On careful examination, we found this to be the case to a small extent, but not so much as seriously to affect the question. Even, however, allowing for a moment that the country parishes are thus spared at the expense of the town, does it not add just one other inequitable feature to the present system?

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, or, to be more particular, in the year 1616, a shipwreck took place on the coast of Suffolk, before the eyes of a number of the assembled inhabitants of the district where it happened. The evening on which the bark came in sight was a stormy one, and its crew struggled long to avoid the half-seen breakers, or sunken rocks, which threatened them with evident destruction. Most gallantly indeed did the poor mariners struggle, and so long as the light was good they were successful. But the dusk of evening came on, and then the hope of their escape was awfully lessened. By degrees, the bark and its inmates disappeared from the straining gaze of those on shore. The last glimpse which the latter had of the ill-fated vessel, showed the deck crowded with passengers and crew, whose outstretched hands pled strongly though silently for help. Help could not be given, though the unfortunates received the warmest sympathy of those who saw them. Even after all was enveloped in gloom at sea, the people on land remained on the same spot, listening with horror to the howling of the storm, and expecting every moment to hear the sound mingled up with the "cry of some strong swimmer in his agony."

"Can nothing be done?" said a voice in the crowd, the first which had spoken aloud for some time. Every body turned round to the spot whence it came, the people of the place knowing that the sounds came from a stranger's lips. "Can nothing be done?" repeated the same person; "I will give a reward—a large reward for every life that is saved." An old fisherman took it upon him to reply. "Do you think," said he, roughly, "we would have stood idle this half hour, if we could have done any thing to save them? No; I think I know the coast as well as any man hereabouts, or any where else, and I know that no boat could have crossed the *black rocks*—unless bottom upwards." A murmur of assent was heard from all around. "You think, then," said the first speaker, after a pause, "that on these rocks the vessel will perish?" "Too likely, your honour," returned the fisher, whom the light yet permitted to see that his interrogator was a gentleman; "if the ship was once *within* these reeks, something might be done. But *within* them it never will be. What between the sand and the rocks, there is hardly sea-way for a herring-barrel to pass inside." "But, my good friend, there *is* a chance—a slight one perhaps—and you may at least have your boats on the alert." "Please God," replied the man, quietly, "I will be on the look-out. We *may* save some lives. But it will be a full hour ere the moon rises, and till then nothing can be done by man." "Thanks, thanks," cried the stranger, gratified and assured by the firm though quiet tones of the speaker; "I will reward all—all," he continued more quietly, "who will oblige me by receiving it."

In an hour the moon began to give a glimmering light, sufficient to permit the people ashore to glance over the face of the deep to a short distance. Nothing was visible there. A blank expression passed over the faces of the assembled band. But the old fisherman roused them to exertion, and a fishing-boat was put to sea in the little cove formed inside of the rocks alluded to. The wind was not so high as formerly, yet high enough to make the short excursion proposed a matter of danger to the three or four hardy men whom the old fisherman chose to take with him. We shall not attempt to paint the anxiety which followed the starting of the boat, the whole course of which the light did not permit to be seen from land. It returned at length, and with an ominous proof of the doom which had befallen the ship. It brought the body of a man!

The exertions of the stranger already mentioned were instantly devoted to the resuscitation of this victim of the deep. He had the insensible body carried to the old fisherman's cottage, and there used all possible means to restore the vital spark. His attentions were rewarded with success. Ere the morning light dawned, the castaway, a youth of noble appearance, was seated by the fire of the fisher's hut, able to converse with the stranger, and to thank him for his care. These thanks were expressed in good English, though with some peculiarities showing that English was not the native tongue of the speaker.

From the recovered youth it was learned that the vessel, which was an Italian merchantman, had struck soon after the night fell, and had gone to pieces in a quarter of an hour afterwards. He himself had swam for the shore, but had exhausted his powers and lost all consciousness before being taken up. The proofs of his statement were made in part visible by the daylight. Several corses were driven on shore, others were picked up by boats, and the remains of the little bark of Italy were cast on land by inches. The wreck had been an entire and terrible one.

Some time after this lamentable affair, the recovered youth was established as an inmate of the rectory of Hadleigh, the incumbent of which, Mr Petre, had been his preserver on the night of the wreck. The young stranger gave himself the simple name of Theodore, and seemed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs. But he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so accomplished, that he became as a beloved son to the good pastor. "I was a lonely man," said the rector to him repeatedly, "but heaven has given me a son in pity. You will not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for both." The young stranger replied with warmth to Mr Petre's kindness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he required no pecuniary support—that he would receive means enough to render him independent of all such aid, on corresponding with his friends in Italy.

Mr Petre introduced his new friend to all whom he himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr Balls, one of the principal proprietors of the neighbourhood. This gentleman was of an ancient local house, and proud of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold at the battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the eldest of whom was his daughter Mary, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle and susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance and elegant in manners, made ere long a deep impression on her affections, which was fully reciprocated by the object of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming, and so well knew the difficulties which his position as an unknown castaway involved him in, that, but for an accidental peril which the young lady sustained in his presence, from the unmanageableness of her riding palfrey, the secret might have remained for ever locked up in the recess of his own heart. The danger of the mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passionate outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to, ere the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. "This must not be," said Theodore at length, on one of these occasions; "your father, dearest Mary, must be told all. And yet I fear"—— "Fear!" replied the young lady, "what have we to fear?—you *must* be our equal in *birth*," and she glanced with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dignified form. "Birth! *equal in birth!*" cried he, and for the first time Mary beheld something like pride, or even haughtiness, on his countenance. But it soon passed away, and he said, "I *am* the equal of your father in birth, but circumstances exist which compel me to be so far silent on that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but the wife of my bosom will I reveal *my name and origin*." Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her lover saw a blush gather slowly on her downcast cheeks. He read its signification as clearly as if it had been told in words. "No, Mary," cried he, "the honour of my mother was as untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father—for ere long I shall have the means—that I am of good and honourable birth, and of means perhaps equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine."

Theodore did not address himself to Mr Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying glass at all the circumstances favourable to their wish, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. "My daughter, sir!" cried he; "my daughter is of an ancient and honourable family. The Balls family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly be conscious, sir, of possessing an honourable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this."

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr Balls spoke. "I am conscious," he replied, "of an honourable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly, and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honourable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal." Mr Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. "I might have taken a fictitious name, and have deceived you, but I prefer to admit that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all but one person." "And who may that person be?" said Mr Balls, with an ominous sneer. Theodore observed the look, and did not immediately reply. "Surely the person to whom you allude," continued Mr Balls, "must be the head of that house with which you seek to connect yourself?" The young stranger answered, "No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me." "That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dare not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!" Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated, that they knew the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honourable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favourable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr Balls declared, that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to show the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, although Mr Petre, whose confidence in his guest's honour and integrity was unshaken, joined his entreaties to those of the lovers to bring matters to a favourable close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and, finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if intrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might, by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She *did* learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented her love, and increased her pride in him a thousand-fold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father, when her marriage was disclosed. "Oh! believe me, dear father," she exclaimed, with tears, "he is one of whom you ought, in every respect, to feel proud!" "Proud!" cried the irritated father, "proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of an union with such as he!" "Yes," returned the daughter, "you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness." "If you desire me to do so, unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!"

In the little village of Llandulph, in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, who made many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and, to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She and her family were now in want. Mr Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature, he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his daughter was a broken-hearted widow, her husband having sunk under the pressure of want and its attendant distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr Balls to go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass tablet affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llandulph church, and still to be seen there by visiters, will show what Mr Balls learnt on his arrival there.

"Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesanio in Italy, descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Camilio, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodoro, the son of John, the son of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus the eighth of that name, and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople,

* It may be mentioned, that the poor's funds of this parish are chiefly supplied by what is called a voluntary assessment of the land-proprietors, the remainder being derived from the church collections, and other sources. The annual produce of the land of the parish is estimated at L.22,540, and the annual sum contributed for the poor in this manner is about L.229, or one per cent.

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until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary the daughter of William Balls of Hadleigh in Suffolk, gent.; * * * * and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January 1636."

Persecuted by Pope Paul V. and his successor Gregory XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodore Paleologus would have perished in Italy, had not the interference of a powerful friend procured permission for him to retire to England, upon condition of his taking an oath never to divulge his name, that those attached to the imperial house might remain ignorant of the existence of its representative.

"Father," said the widow of the last Paleologus, "I said you would one day repent."

The English squire, whose ancestor had been at the battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful regret of his conduct to the last of the Cæsars of the East!

A CHAPTER ON THUMBS.

"Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and buckler?
Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds."

FIELDING, it is but fair to admit, did not intend these words to bear the sense which is sought to be extracted from them here. They occur in his famous burlesque opera, and refer to the son of Gaffer Thumb, the renowned Tommy, whose fate it was to be for a time, as the story tells us, an inmate of the stomach of "a huge red cow, larger than the largest size." But the eulogy of the motto is not less applicable to *Thumb*, the finger, digit, or rather anti-digit, for so it may be termed from its position and uses. This member is somewhat neglected and undervalued at the present day. The ancients, however, evinced a deeper and juster sense of its value. "The Greeks," says Montaigne, "called it *antiheir*, as who should say, *another hand*." In like manner, the appellation by which the member was known among the Romans, displayed a thorough consciousness of its importance. They termed it *pollex*, a word derived from the verb *pollere*, to *bear sway*, to *excel*; thus indicating both its general excellence and its special superiority over the other component parts of the hand. In many additional respects the Romans exhibited in their customs their signal esteem for this important member. The thumb, in the brilliant days of Rome, had life and death at its command. A single movement of the organ, a slight inflexion of its joints one way or another, was the signal of fate to thousands—the forerunner of destruction, or the donor of a new lease of existence. Those acquainted with the customs of the Romans will be aware that we allude to the practice pursued by them at their gladiatorial shows, of deciding whether the unfortunate slaves who then and there hacked and slashed one another for the amusement of their masters, should be allowed to survive the combat or not, by *turning the thumb up or down*. If a gladiator, after fighting bravely either with man or beast, was at last worsted and put at his opponent's mercy, the spectators sometimes interposed to save his life by elevating their hands and turning their thumbs downwards and inwards, and their fiat, thus expressed, was all-powerful to save. If they were displeased, however, with the conduct of any particular gladiator, they almost uniformly condemned him to death by elevating their thumbs, and bending them outwards, and the poor wretch was dispatched accordingly by the weapon of his adversary, or, if that adversary chanced to be a wild beast, was left to perish beneath its fangs, unpitied and unaided. It is in allusion to this practice of the populace at their great spectacles that Juvenal says,

"The vulgar, with uplifted *thumbs*,
Kill each one that before them comes;"

which was their usual way when put into an evil temper by the state of public affairs or other extraneous causes.

The thumb was an equally influential and respected member among many of the other nations of antiquity, whom these polished and merciful Romans called *barbarians*. Tacitus, for example, tells us that certain barbarian kings, when they desired to make a peculiarly firm and lasting compact with any neighbour, were in the habit of joining their right hand with his, and twisting each other's thumbs, or tying them together by a cord; and when, by force of pressure, the blushing blood appeared in the tips, they pricked these with some sharp instrument, and mutually sucked them. This action was intended, no doubt, as a striking emblem of their desire to secure a lasting peace, by extracting the hot and fiery blood from that important member by which alone their hands and arms were made powerful either for offence or for defence. Something like the same mode of making compacts has been practised among all the Celtic and Gothic tribes; and in our own Scotland the custom is scarcely yet extinct. Allan Ramsay, in one of his songs, says,

"Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my *thumb*, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

If two bargaining parties respectively licked or wetted their thumbs, and joined the one with the other, the engagement was held to be firm and binding. Decrees are yet extant in the Scottish records, prior to the institution of the College of Justice, sustaining sales upon summonses of *thumb-licking*, the fact of that ceremony having been gone through at the time of bargaining being first established by legal testimony. Indeed, in markets and every place of sale, this custom was prevalent but a *few years ago* among farmers, tradesmen, and almost all parties engaged in traffic. The wet thumb was a token of rectitude of intention seldom falsified, and the man who could break his word, after confirming it by that sign, would have been regarded as one whom oaths could not bind. Another old practice, honourable to the same member, has now become altogether extinct. It is alluded to by Falstaff, when he says, "A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an *alderman's thumb-ring*." Such an article was actually worn by these great civic functionaries in past times, as an especial badge of office and token of high place, and also, no doubt, as a sign of the respect entertained for Thumb.

This quotation from Shakspeare has brought to mind, that on various occasions he exhibits a due sense of the value of the member under consideration. Knowing that upon the helm rests the safety of the ship, that upon the pilot's hand depends the right guidance of the helm, and that the pilot's hand were skill-less and powerless without the thumb, he makes his revengeful wierd-sister say,

"Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come,"

as if the possession of that potent member gave her the power of misleading and "tempest-tossing" the bark of the unfortunate "master o' the Tiger," whose chesnut-munching wife had roused the witch's anger. The mighty poet seems even to hint that the thumb is an organ of still greater value among the spiritual people than among men, and endowed with foresight and a peculiar degree of consciousness. How else are we to interpret the exclamation of one of the wierd-sisters?

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes."

It is, upon the whole, scarcely a matter for regret, that the thumb should not possess in this gross world qualities so high as these. The pricking might be annoyingly frequent.

In the times of the persecution in Scotland, those who were selected as torturers knew well how much a man could be injured through his thumbs. Old General Dalzell brought *thumbikins* into use in torturing the poor Covenanters. This instrument consisted of two separate and parallel horizontal bars, with a handled screw above, which moved the upper bar towards the lower one, and crushed the unfortunate anti-digits that might be placed between. The pain given by this instrument was so excruciating, that those who bore all other torments failed to bear this. One victim, by name William Spence, was crushed and maimed by the *bootikins*, or boots for torturing the legs, and was also kept from sleep for eight or nine successive nights. But he continued firm, till his "tormentors (says Bishop Burnet) grew weary of managing this: so a third species (of torture) was invented; little screws of steel were made use of, that screwed the thumbs with so exquisite a torment, that he sank under it." He "desired time, and he would tell all." Principal Carstares was also tortured by the thumbikins, and the very pair which crushed his thumb-bones, and caused his arms to swell to the shoulder, are still preserved. When Carstares was introduced to King William after the revolution of 1688, the monarch is reported to have inquired about the thumbikins. "I will show them to you," said the principal, "the next time I have the honour to wait upon your majesty." Carstares, who had got the instrument from the new Privy-Council of Scotland, was as good as his word. "I must try them," said the king; "I must put in my thumbs here.—Now, principal, turn the screw. Oh, not so gently—another turn—another;—stop! stop! no more—no more!—another turn, I am afraid, would make me confess any thing!" And such was precisely the result in cases of torture. The poor sufferers confessed *any thing*. It is to be hoped that the thumb will never be elevated to the same unlucky pre-eminence, which brought into existence such an article as the thumbikins.

A more commendable employment of this member in past times was that which gave origin to the phrase, "Rule of thumb." It was once a common enough practice in Scotland to measure objects in a rough way by calculating a thumb's-breadth as an inch. Of course no great accuracy could attend this sort of mensuration, and our more precise times apply the phrase jestingly to every case of rude or careless computation. There was a sort of fine assurance of prevalent honesty, however, about the old practice, though it certainly laid buyers too much at the mercy of wily pedlars. Besides, there is a vast difference in the breadth of different thumbs. In other points, also, they vary most materially. The truth is, that thumbs are decided and well-marked characters, as much as heads, faces, or any other portions of the animal frame. Scarcely any two thumbs are precisely alike. Some are elegantly curved at the point, while others are straight as a rush. Some can bend back till they touch the wrist, while others cannot be even slightly inclined in that direction without the greatest pain. On the other hand, some can be curiously bent inwards at the base, while others are fixed there as a rock. There are many other and intermediate varieties. These characters of thumbs are not unimportant, but the reverse. We believe that it will be almost universally found that all the cleverest and handiest carpenters, and, in short, the best tradesmen of every class that make much use of the hands, have thumbs *curved outwards*, and capable of *bending back* at the point. This is decidedly the mechanic's thumb, and the cause obviously is, that the prehension of instruments is greatly facilitated by flexibility of the upper portion of the member. This sort of thumb being by far the strongest variety, is not less advantageous to surgeons. They often require great power and flexibility in the upper part of the anti-digit. We recollect on one occasion witnessing the amputation of a boy's limb, where the *assisting* surgeon, whose duty it was to apply the tourniquet (for stopping the flow of blood in the arteries), on being asked to do so, merely applied his thumb over the seat of the great vessel of the leg, and, by its pressure, checked the course of the blood effectually. This digital strength rendered the use of screw and bandage totally unnecessary. In other cases, the same qualities were often equally useful to the same distinguished surgeon, and it would be well, indeed, if every operator possessed such thumbs.

But it is in *war*, in the art military, that the thumb assumes its true, its highest importance. The thumb makes the soldier; there can be no doubt of that. If there be dubitation on the point in the mind of any one, a cloud of witnesses may be called up to dispel it. Augustus Cæsar is said to have confiscated the estate of a Roman knight who had cut off the thumbs of his two sons to save them from war, and, before that era, the senate put a man named Caius Valienus into prison for life, on account of un-thumbing his left hand with the same view. These cases show at how early a period people acquired a sense of the value of this member in war, but at a later era of the Roman history the same thing was still more fully demonstrated. Laws were issued by successive emperors to prevent thumb-mutilation, yet the practice had become so common in the time of Theodosius, and still with the same view of escaping military service, that the word *poltroon* (*pollice truncus—mutilated in the thumb*), then found its origin as a synonyme for *coward*. The member has not lost its consequence in modern warfare, as any one who takes up Marshall's work on the Enlisting of Soldiers may at once see. In the British army, soldiers have been repeatedly found to cut off their thumbs, or blow them off with fire-arms, to procure discharges and pensions. Very recently, when a regiment was about to embark at Cork for the West Indies, four of the men presented themselves at one time with their thumbs minus a joint. "There was an instance (says the author just mentioned) of voluntary mutilation in the —th regiment not long ago. A soldier attempted to mutilate a thumb, but his courage failed him, and the operation was effectually concluded by his wife. Another soldier, who was at the time quartered in the Dublin depôt barracks, alleged that in consequence of falling forwards upon a fractured glass bottle lying at the bottom of the barrack stair, he had the thumb nearly amputated;" but the cut was discovered to have been made from the back of the hand, and the soldier was found in a lie, and punished. One dragoon swore that his horse had bit off his thumb, but his sword was found bloody, and the trick discovered. Sometimes parties have been known to chop off the forefinger, and sometimes the whole hand, but the thumb is the member most frequently mutilated to produce a disability for war. What an idea this gives us of the paramount importance of the organ! To thumbs we may ascribe the most glorious victories, as well as the most desolating wars of oppression. Without thumbs we should have had no heroes.

Strange as it may appear, thumbs are also essential helps to *oratory*. The most successful legal speaker of the present day, now a lord and a judge, as well as many other noted orators, show how much they depend upon the thumb for aid during their addresses, by perpetually tapping it with the forefinger of the opposite hand. At every tap, no doubt, the thumb gives out an unseen stream of eloquence, electrical, perhaps, in its nature, and of course the more calculated to affect the audience. Another curious and more mysterious use of the thumb is seen in the action of applying it to the tip of the nose, and spreading out the hand from it in a horizontal line. Unquestionably, there is some valuable signification couched under this movement, in which the thumb plays so distinguished a part; but this meaning is usually hidden under some incomprehensible words with which the gesture is accompanied. Talking of the nose, snuffers (we mean snuffing mortals, not candle-polling machines) could not carry on their pleasant amusement for an instant, but for the member we at present delight to honour.

"Betwixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose."

Thumbs, therefore, have a vital influence, we see, on an important branch of commerce—the tobacco trade.

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If our readers have not been convinced by all that has been said, of the importance of thumbs to mankind, we can only wish that they may have a touch of whitlow in the organ. If they do not then attain a full sense of its influence over their earthly happiness, we are no conjurors. But it is to be hoped that conviction will be attained without such a trial. As to our present paper, all our hope rests on its being *well thumbed*. If such be the result of the judgment of our readers, we shall be heartily satisfied.

WELLINGTON AND THE PAINTER OF NAPOLEON.

In the whole annals of Napoleon Bonaparte, there is nothing so touching as the fidelity evinced towards him in his adversity by many of those who had shared the good fortune of his earlier days. The time is come when we can look on the career of the wonderful Corsican with some degree of impartiality, and can do justice to such traits of personal devotion as those alluded to, which are rendered the more remarkable by the numerous instances recorded in history of an opposite line of behaviour. Among those most attached to Napoleon, alike in his prosperity and adversity, David the painter held a prominent place. He was the favourite artist of the emperor, and showed, by his pictures of Belisarius, of Socrates, of Brutus, of the Horatii, of the Passover, of Leonidas, and finally of the Crossing of the Alps and Coronation of Napoleon, that, as an artist at least, he well merited the patronage of his master. After the coronation picture, just mentioned, had been finished, Napoleon went to see it in the studio of the artist. The courtiers who were with him, being all of them well acquainted with David, addressed him with congratulations of a very familiar kind on his success. The emperor checked them, observing, in that pointed manner which gave a historical force to many of his sayings, "Gentlemen, be aware that M. David is a *baron of the empire*"—the first announcement which the painter had had of the honour intended for him.

David, as has been said, repaid the favour and friendship of Napoleon with the profoundest admiration and reverence. It may be supposed, therefore, that the disastrous events of 1814 and 1815 were productive to him of unmitigated sorrow. He also suffered personally from the change of affairs, being proscribed and compelled to fly from France. He remained, however, as near its confines as possible, Brussels being the place where he took up his residence. Shortly after the final downfall of his old master in 1815, an incident took place which seems to us to have something affecting in it, and to be worthy of relation.

David continued his artistical labours at Brussels. Indeed, within a few months he collected round him a number of young painters, who sought with avidity his instructions in art. From the stirring nature of the scenes in which he had passed his life, he was enabled to mingle his professional lessons with numberless anecdotes, both personal and historical, and these he always managed to make interesting, in spite of an impediment in utterance with which he was afflicted. He had received this mishap in a curious way. While prosecuting his schoolboy studies, being very poorly provided with money, he was obliged to board with people of the humblest grade; and the wife of his landlord, on one occasion when he was, as she thought, improperly talkative, struck him a smart blow on the cheek with a table-spoon. The consequence was, that a swelling arose on the interior, which lasted through life, and materially obstructed the movements of his tongue in articulation. The matter, however, of the painter's converse made up for all defects of manner. Above all others, Napoleon was his favourite theme, and one of which he never wearied. Fond regret mingled with his recollections of the emperor. Nor did David check himself in his discourse on account of any particular individuals who might be present. Princes, nobles, and other august personages, sometimes visited the painter's studio, and however unpalateable the subject might be, were compelled to listen with patience to David's laudatory reminiscences of the emperor.

The Duke of Wellington, generalissimo of the allied armies, and special inspector of the Low Country fortresses, came to Brussels. Being well aware of the presence of David in the city, he formed the resolution of visiting the artist and getting a portrait of himself executed. With this view he entered his carriage, accompanied by several of his officers, and desired the coachman to drive to David's house, "Rue Fossé-aux-Loups."

On stopping before the little green gate of the painter, the duke and his company were at once admitted. They were shown into a dining-room, decorated in a more splendid way, in one respect, than the halls of monarchs. Pictures, from the hand of David, covered the walls of the apartment, and in almost all of them Napoleon and his deeds formed the subject. In one place he was seen scaling the Alps, in form and appearance the same as when the ancient sides of these mountains echoed in reality to "young Bonaparte's battle-cry." In another place he was seen in his imperial cabinet, dictating missives on which hung the fate of nations. All around the apartment, in short, the English visiters saw the lineaments of their late great enemy.

Madame David was informed by her domestic that an English party sought admission to the presence of the painter, and she went to her husband's studio to know whether or not he would see them. "Yes," said he, in reply to her; "admit them here." Although he said so, however, a change came over his countenance, which indicated that the name of the English was not associated in his mind with agreeable emotions. He was at the moment engaged in painting his fine picture of Eucharis and Telemachus, and it was perhaps to dispel the feeling which had been excited by Madame David's announcement, that, after answering her, he turned again to his task. He had his pallette in one hand, and his brush elevated in the other, when the Duke of Wellington and his attendants entered the studio. David had already become so re-absorbed in his occupation, that he did not turn immediately round; but a movement of the visiters soon made him aware of their presence, and he turned his face to them. Then, for the first time, he saw their uniforms, and knew they were soldiers.

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing slightly, "to whom have I the honour of speaking?"

The chief of the party answered, "I am the Duke of Wellington."

At that name, the old painter—for he was now sixty-seven—grew first red and then pale, showing how much he was moved by the presence of the conqueror of his master and hero. He recovered himself, however, and said, in a coldly civil tone, "In what can I serve you?"

Madame David, who had come to the door of the studio with the visiters, now retired, with some apprehension of a disagreeable scene.

"I was desirous," said the duke, in reply to the artist's question, "to see a painter so celebrated; and as you have painted Bonaparte" ——

"You mean *the emperor*," said David, interrupting his visiter hastily, and reddening with anger.

"Precisely," returned the duke; "and I came to beg that you would execute a likeness of myself."

The old painter looked at the duke fixedly for a few moments, and then, with additional coldness in his manner, he said, "You know that I paint history only."

"Well," returned the duke, with a smile, "I am no personage of romance. You have celebrated with your pencil the features of—this great man," pointing to a figure of Napoleon, "and I, too, am ambitious to be painted by you."

"Sir," replied the artist, with a mixture of emotions legible on his countenance, "I do not paint the English—*I cannot paint the English!*"

David averted his head as he spoke. Seeing the strength of the feelings which actuated him, the Duke of Wellington and his party retired in silence. The duke was evidently disappointed, but he was in all likelihood disposed also, in some measure, to respect the emotions of the old painter of Napoleon. David could not paint the overthrower of his master and friend.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

CARLISLE—RAILWAY TO NEWCASTLE.

We lately had occasion, in the course of a journey southwards, to pass a few hours in Carlisle, and to proceed thence to Newcastle by the railway which is now established between these two ancient towns. Carlisle is a city of some interest, and enjoys a beautiful situation on a fertile plain about ten or twelve miles from the borders of Scotland, whose blue hills may be seen from it on the northern horizon, while those of Cumberland, amidst which the famed romantic lakes are situated, are equally visible as a south-westerly boundary. Through the midst of this varied green plain winds the Eden, a river about the size of the Tweed, and which, a few miles to the westward, falls into the Solway Firth, whose flat expanse and broad sandy shores are seen from the higher grounds of the neighbourhood.

On entering Carlisle from the Scottish side, and crossing the long stone bridge which is thrown over the Eden, the eye is attracted by the walls and turrets of the old castle, placed on a broad green mound or low hill, which rises from a pretty piece of meadow-land on our right, and flanks the town on its north-western quarter. Excepting the red-stone walls of the castle, still in good preservation, and enclosing some modern erections, and also the massive tower of the cathedral, rising from the centre of the town in front, one does not now perceive any striking marks of antiquity in the place. Formerly, the city was strongly fortified with walls and gates, but these have completely disappeared, and their place is now occupied with rows of villas and streets of modern date and aspect. Although there is no deficiency of stone in the neighbourhood, the town is built of red brick, after the usual English fashion, and it is only lately that an improved taste has introduced a few handsome edifices of yellow sandstone.

Until a comparatively recent period, Carlisle manifested few symptoms of advancement. It was usually esteemed to be a dull old-fashioned place, possessing the dignity of being the seat of a bishop, but without any great trade or traffic to put money in the pockets of its worthy inhabitants. This state of things is mending. For a number of years its manufacturing industry has been on the increase, and now the town may boast of possessing several cotton and other factories, each ornamented with its tall chimney, and smoking away in the most spirited manner. From a cotton-mill of uncommonly large dimensions lying south from the town, there rises a chimney, of an elegant octagonal form, to the height of 305 feet, and which is visible as far as Annan and places more remote in Dumfriesshire. Like most other towns of an improving character, Carlisle, as we were glad to learn, possesses a Mechanics' Institution for popular instruction, which is pretty well supported, though only to a very limited extent by the class of artisans for whose immediate benefit it was designed; of upwards of 200 members, we were told there were only from sixty to seventy belonging to the body of operative tradesmen. In this, however, there is nothing peculiar, as the same thing may be said of every mechanics' institution and school of arts in the kingdom. Lately, a handsome stone building has been erected by subscription shares, for the accommodation of the Mechanics' Institution and Literary and Philosophical Institution of Carlisle. This large edifice had been opened only a day or two previous to our visit, and we had an opportunity of inspecting its large lecturing hall on the occasion of an annual meeting and concert. It is a room of spacious dimensions, calculated to accommodate perhaps 700 or 800 people, and altogether creditable to the town, although the arrangements for lighting are certainly on a mean and defective scale, and a little taste might have rendered it much more convenient in different respects. The want of a lecture-room having been long felt in Carlisle, this, with all its deficiences, will prove of great value to the inhabitants; and we heartily wish that every town of the same size in Britain possessed a similar establishment.

The most gratifying of the local sights in and about Carlisle is that of the railway, which stretches eastward to Newcastle, connecting the eastern and western seas, and passing through a country fifty-six miles in extent, rich in coal, sandstone, and other mineral products. This railway, in its central portion, pursues a line very nearly the same as that of the Roman Wall built by Severus, and which extended from the Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne, to protect his conquests in Britain from the northern Picts, but of which no vestige now remains, except a carefully preserved fragment at a few miles' distance from Newcastle. The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company was constituted in 1829, but not with a view to using locomotive carriages; these have been introduced by virtue of a more recent act of Parliament. The western termination of the railway is at the basin of a short canal, which extends to the Solway; but passengers and general traffic centre at a principal depôt or station outside the town, on the London road, and near the spot formerly used as the place of execution—the famous *Hairibee*. How strange to reflect on the border rievers who here said their "neck-verse" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on the gallant and devoted men who more recently expiated on the same spot their rash efforts in behalf of the exiled Stuarts, and then consider that now the ground forms the site of a railway station! What an altered world we live in!

Driving into the capacious yard of the depôt, we are speedily placed in one of the carriages on the line, and off on our journey, with our face turned towards the east, at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour. The first object of interest on the route is Corby Bridge, a lofty erection thrown across the Eden, both up and down which we have a view of a most beautiful vale, overhung with heavy masses of wood, and dotted over with villages and old structures peeping from amidst the trees. Very near to the bridge, on looking up the river, is seen the old church of Wetheral in the early English style, with its adjacent and aged hamlet. On the opposite bank of the broad and clear running stream, and on the brink of a stupendous woody cliff, is Corby Castle, the seat of Henry Howard, Esq. Both the house and grounds, as well as a curiosity called St Constantine's Cell, are esteemed highly worthy of a visit by strangers. It appears that David Hume visited this part of the country in 1750; and the following lines, written by him on a pane of glass at the Old Bush Inn at Carlisle, were communicated to Mr Howard by Sir Walter Scott:—

> "Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast, sprawl;
> Here godless boys God's glories squall;
> While Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall;
> But *Corby's walks* atone for all."

The train dashing on in its headlong speed, leaves only a moment or two for a glance over this beauteous vale, and soon brings us to a viaduct of several high arches across another valley; thence through cuttings, and along embankments, till we arrive at the most remarkable work on the whole line, called Cowran Cut. From the soft and moist nature of the soil, this hill, it appears, could not be easily tunnelled, and it has been cut sheer down from the summit to a depth of 100 feet by a length of 1500 feet, leaving a gap of about 300 feet in breadth overhead. In the course of cutting the hill, which is chiefly of fine sand, marine shells were found in the centre at a depth of 80 feet from the surface, making it evident that the high ground was only a heap of matter silted from a sea, beneath which this part of Cumberland had formerly reposed. Proceeding onwards, we cross the river Gelt by a skew bridge of great architectural beauty, and looking down we perceive the water tumbling over a rough rocky bed, by the side of ancient quarries. The scenery below is wild and romantic. Amongst the rocks, as we are informed, is one called the "Written

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Crag," so named from an inscription on the face of it, left, as is supposed, by a party of the Second Roman Legion, who procured from this place the stones used in the erection of the wall of Severus. The line now proceeds across Helbeck Valley, and is shortly crossed by the railway from the coal-pits of the Earl of Carlisle. At about the thirteenth mile-post, and on our left hand side, we pass Naworth Castle, and beyond it, in the same northerly direction, the ruins of Lanercost Priory; both, however, scarcely, if at all, visible from the train, but to those who can spare time, highly worthy of patient examination. This may be called the country of the Howards and Dacres, two powerful families on the western marches. Lord William Howard, warden of these marches in the middle of the sixteenth century, kept 140 soldiers in his garrison of Naworth, and executed prompt justice on the borderers. Under the name of "Belted Willie," by which he was called from a studded belt which he always wore above his armour, he was long held in fear in the neighbourhood. The castle, which has been modernised in many parts, is still in excellent preservation. Lanercost Priory was one of the most important monastic institutions within the English border, and frequently suffered from the ruthless hands of Scotch invaders.

Proceeding onwards a few miles, we are brought to a broken part of the country, with winding valleys and green woody knolls, upon one of which, on our left, and at the distance of half a mile, is situated Gilsland, a rather famous and fashionable watering-place in this quarter of the world. There are several houses for the accommodation of visiters, the chief of which is a hotel or boarding-house of large size, placed at the head of a sloping bank, with a pleasant southern exposure. The mineral waters of Gilsland are various in quality. One contains principally sulphuretted hydrogen with a lesser proportion of carbonic acid; in its solid contents, common salt and soda are the chief ingredients. The other, or chalybeate spring, contains sulphate of iron in a strong proportion, carbonate of magnesia, and sulphate of lime.

Not very far from Gilsland, and also on the north of the line, a house of humble pretensions is pointed out by the name of "Mumps's Hall," being, it is said, the veritable "house of entertainment for man and horse," celebrated in Guy Mannering as the scene of the first meeting between Brown, Dandie Dinmont, and Meg Merrilees. The circumstances in every respect countenance the supposition; for the house was long kept by "Meg of Mumps's Hall," as she was styled, and is placed on the borders of a trackless flat waste, little reclaimed in the present day, and extending northwards to the hills of Liddesdale. The traditional stories related as occurring here, and the wild and reckless characters by which this part of the country was once infested, combined to render Mumps's Hall a place of evil reputation; and as such it must have fallen under the notice of Sir Walter Scott during his visit to Gilsland, where, it may be remembered, he met and became attached to the lady who afterwards accepted him as her husband. In this character it is alluded to as follows, in the Notes to the new edition of Guy Mannering:—

"There is, or rather I should say there *was*, a little inn, called Mumps's Hall, that is, being interpreted, Beggars' Hotel, near to Gilsland, which had not then attained its present fame as a spa. It was a hedge alehouse, where the border farmers of both countries often stopped to refresh themselves and their nags in their way to and from the fairs and trysts in Cumberland, and especially those who came from or went to Scotland through a barren and lonely district, without either road or pathway, emphatically called the Waste of Bewcastle. At the period when the adventures described in the novel are supposed to have taken place, there were many instances of attacks by freebooters on those who travelled through this wild district, and Mumps's Ha' had a bad reputation for harbouring the banditti who committed such depredations. An old and sturdy yeoman, belonging to the Scottish side, by surname an Armstrong or Elliot, but well known by his soubriquet of Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, had the following adventure in the Waste. Charlie had been at Stagshawbank fair, had sold his sheep or cattle, or whatever he had brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were then no country banks where cash could be deposited and bills received instead. The robbers had spies in the fair, by means of which they generally knew whose purse was best stocked, and who took a lonely and desolate road homeward—those, in short, who were best worth robbing, and likely to be most easily robbed. All this Charlie knew full well; but he had a pair of excellent pistols, and a dauntless heart. He stopped at Mumps's Ha', notwithstanding the evil character of the place, and, after a short delay for refreshment to himself and horse, proceeded on his journey. Having proceeded a few miles, he examined his pistols, and tried by the ramrod whether the charge remained in them, and resolved to reload them lest the powder had become damp; but what was his surprise when he drew the charge, to find neither powder nor ball, while each barrel had been carefully filled with *tow* up to the space which the loading had occupied. Charlie now perceived that the landlady of Mumps's Ha' had withdrawn the charge, and he reloaded his weapons with care and accuracy, having now no doubt that he was to be waylaid and assaulted. He was not far engaged in the Waste, when two or three fellows, disguised and variously armed, started from a moss-bog, while other two stout men appeared behind him at some distance. The borderer lost not a moment in taking his resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who called loudly on him to stand and deliver. Charlie spurred on, and presented his pistol, but its appearance only excited the contempt of the foremost robber. 'Ay, lad,' said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, 'but the *tow's out now*.' He had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding a man of redoubted courage well armed, instead of being defenceless, took to the moss in every direction, and he passed on his way without farther molestation."

Meg of Mumps's Hall, as we learn, lived to the extreme age of ninety-seven, and lies interred in the small churchyard which crowns the height a little farther to the eastward. Having now got beyond the lower vales of Cumberland, and reached the region which intervenes betwixt them and the slopes of the Tyne on the Northumbrian side, we observe a general upland appearance; the country is more bare, the farm establishments are generally on a small scale, and the houses are built of a darkish grey stone, and roofed with the same material, which gives them a poor and cold aspect. Close by a cluster of farm offices of this description, and on the top of a round knoll on our left, we perceive the ruin of Thirlwall Castle, an ancient border keep, and afterwards reach the Greenhead and Haltwhistle stations. Near the latter, the railway enters the flat vale of the Tyne, here a mere rivulet, and, crossing to its left bank, we keep that side of the stream for some time, afterwards cross to the right, and finally cross again to the left near Newcastle. The crossings are by substantial wooden bridges, and in one place in this portion of the line, the railway is carried by a tunnel of 200 yards through a hill which appears to intercept its progress. As we proceed eastwards from this point, the appearance of the country improves, the villages become larger and more numerous, and smoke and tall chimneys begin to show themselves. We are fast getting into a new country. Emerging from the patches of crag and woodland on the south side of the Tyne, the train is swiftly brought into the more open space of ground, near which on our right rises the ancient town of Hexham, the only considerable place on the whole route. Hexham is an old dingy red town, running along the summit of a low eminence, whose sides slope downwards to the plain of the Tyne, and are richly embellished with gardens, the whole being backed by hills to the south and west. In the midst of the houses rises the square turret of the church, one of the oldest in the country. The district around is considered as the finest in any part of Northumberland; the sheltered situation and fertility of the soil render the land available for large crops of fruit and vegetables, which are furnished to the Newcastle market, a distance of twenty miles. The railway has further afforded the means of enrichment from trade and commerce. The town has long been famous for its manufacture of leather, particularly gloves, of which 24,000 pairs are made annually. This branch of trade gives employment to a great number of persons of both sexes, and of all ages.

Shortly after leaving Hexham, the line passes on the north of a fine old ruin called Dilston Hall, once the property of the Earl of Derwentwater, whose accession to the Rebellion of 1715 lost him his fine estates in this quarter, and also his life. A modern mansion for the factor, employed by the Commissioners for Greenwich Hospital, to whom the property was assigned, is now placed amidst the remains of the old edifice. The old town of Corbridge is next seen, on a height to the north of the river. At a short distance another tunnel is penetrated, and a few miles farther on, we pass on our right the imposing remains of Prudhoe Castle, one of the largest ruins of the kind in the country. The walls, turrets, and heaps of fractured building, occupy a large space, on the top of a steep promontory, which communicates with the adjacent grounds by a narrow neck of land stretching towards the south. This ancient and shattered fortress belongs to the family of Northumberland.

After we have passed Prudhoe, the railway gets into a flattish district close by the river, and the dense masses of smoke that encumber the atmosphere, make it quite plain that we have reached the great and busy seat of the coal trade, as well as of divers manufactures which distinguish the lower valley of the Tyne, and of which Newcastle is the centre. Passing the village of Scotswood, we shortly cross the river by an excellent long bridge, and are set down in a depôt on the western outskirts of Newcastle, from which an omnibus carries us to our place of destination in the town.

The journey which we have attempted to describe, occupies three hours by the quickest trains, and four hours by those of a mixed kind. Formerly, before the establishment of the railway, the only public conveyances betwixt Newcastle and Carlisle were a couple of stage-coaches, and these were not always full. Now, there are six trains from each end daily, each train consisting of from four to eight carriages, and each carriage holding eighteen passengers. It is therefore clear that the railway, as is always the case, has created a traffic for itself, and led to a large system of personal communication in this part of the country, on an entirely new footing. But the traffic in goods is also of no mean amount; and here we are called on to observe the beneficial tendency of railways on places coming within the sphere of their operations. The increasing population of Newcastle, and the new sources of trade opening up all around it, call for an increasing supply of food, as well as of sundry materials for manufacturing purposes, produced at a distance. In this trade of supply, the country around Dumfries, and also the north of Ireland, have largely benefited. The rapid transit of goods, by steam-vessels from Belfast to the Solway, and thence by railway to Newcastle, has the effect of causing a continual importation of Irish produce to this busy seat of population. Newcastle, therefore, is now a liberal customer for the pork, bacon, butter, and other articles, produced by the farmers and peasantry of Antrim. As an instance of what is doing in this way, we were informed that one merchant alone in Newcastle, imported twenty tons of bacon weekly from Belfast—a species of trade that had no existence a few years ago, and which could not now be carried on but for the railway, which has connected the Tyne with the western sea. There can be little doubt that, considerable as the trade is, it is still but in its infancy. Newcastle is becoming one of the most populous, as it is already one of the most wealthy, of English seaport and manufacturing towns, and all lines of traffic connected with it will both aid in its increase and enjoy a share of its prosperity.*

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SNAIL.

"It cometh forth in April showers,
Likes snug when storms prevail;
It feeds on fruits, it sleeps on flowers—
I would I were a snail."

The poet Montgomery gives this curt and happy description of the habits of the creature to which we wish the reader's attention to be drawn in the present paper. The snail belongs to the Molluscous division of the animal kingdom, being among those varieties of it characterised by the possession of a head and shelly coverings. With regard to the proper scientific subdivision of this great family to which the snail belongs, it is only necessary here to state, that the animal forms a particular genus (*Helix*) in the *Pulmoniferous* section of the *Gastropods*, two words which indicate the possession of specific respiratory organs, and of a foot, or something serving that purpose, on the under or abdominal region of the body. This, at least, is the arrangement of the naturalist Cuvier. There are numerous varieties of the snail; and these are distinguished from one another by the colours of the shell and body, as well as by other particulars. Brown, grey, green, black, and white species are found in different countries, and in Britain alone many individual varieties exist. They have many characters in common, however; and in speaking of the habits of our indigenous garden-snail (*Helix pomatia*, the type of the tribe), the remarks made will apply generally to a large proportion of the whole family.

The garden-snail is an oviparous animal. It lays a great number of eggs at one time, and hides them in the earth with particular care. They are round in shape, of a white tint, and are attached one to another, by a gelatinous or slimy fluid. At the end of about fifteen days, the eggs are hatched, and the young snail leaves its temporary tenement, with nearly all its members perfected, and with its shell partly formed. Of course this shell is extremely minute; and it consists, at this time, of but one convolution. Its component material is carbonate of lime, deposited in alternate layers with a softer substance, which agglutinates the harder parts together. This can be shown by dissolving the carbonate of lime in muriatic acid, when the softer matter is left alone. The soft outer skin of the animal, commonly called the mantle, deposits or excretes the shelly covering. In explanation of this curious point in natural history, we may quote Dr Roget:—"If a portion of the shell of a living snail be removed, which can be done without injury to the animal, since it adheres to the flesh only in one point, there is formed, in the course of twenty-four hours, a fine pellicle, resembling a spider's web, which is extended across the vacant space, and constitutes the first stratum of the new shell. This web in a few days is found to have increased in thickness, by the addition of other layers to its inner surface; and this process goes on, till, in about ten or twelve days, the new portion of shell has acquired nearly the same thickness as that which it has replaced. The calcareous matter which exudes from the *mantle* is at first fluid and gelatinous; but it soon hardens, and consolidates into the dense substance of the shell."

In this manner does the young snail effect the construction of its shell, or rather enlarge the calcareous speck previously formed in the egg. It is the point or peak of the shell which is there formed. The animal afterwards deposits its shell *laterally*; but if it were to do so to an equal extent on all sides, it would obviously shut itself up in a long, straight, and rounded case. In consequence, however, of the heart and great blood-vessels being situated on the left, that side of the mantle is more active than the right side, and hence much more matter is there deposited, compelling lateral turns to be progressively made in the *contrary* direction, or towards the right, and "giving rise to a curve, which is continually changing its plane, being

* For some particulars respecting the places on our route, we have been indebted to "The Railway Companion." Scott, Carlisle; 1839.

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converted from a spiral to a *helix*, a term of geometry borrowed from this cause from the Latin name of the common snail." That this is the cause of the peculiar shape of the snail's shell, is made apparent by the fact, that in those mollusca which have the heart on the *right* side, the turns of the spiral are made to the *left* or contrary side. Hence the terms of dextral and sinistral shells, or right and left ones. The shell of the snail, it may also be mentioned, is usually called an *univalve*, from its being of one continuous piece; the shells of the oyster and cockle being called *bivalves*, from being of two pieces. The term *turbinated*, expressive of the spirality of the shape, is also applied to the shell of the snail. There are usually four and a half rounds or circumvolutions in the shell of the common snail.

So much for the ordinary calcareous case of the snail, and the very remarkable yet simple cause which gives it that spiral form so well calculated to render it a secure and comfortable lodgement for the possessor. But the shelly provisions are carried still further, and it will be proper to notice this point also at present. We are to suppose that the animal, during the completion of its shell, is gradually attaining its full bulk, a circumstance which naturally causes that extension of size visible in the under part of the testaceous covering. Having enjoyed its first season of summer, the garden-snail is endowed with the power of ensuring additional warmth and comfort to itself during the winter, when its shell must lie buried in snow. It constructs partitions or doors, partly membranous and partly calcareous, which extend across the whole aperture of the shell, and render the interior perfectly close. It is remarkable in how short a time the animal will complete these new coverings when circumstances occur to urge their completion. When the snail feels the returning warmth of spring, it forces off these doors by secreting a mucous fluid which loosens the adhesion between them and the shell. It reconstructs them when occasion again requires their presence. These are the principal natural processes connected with the shelly covering which the snail goes through. But accident sometimes calls for novel exertions. It can not only make its shell, but it can also mend it, and this to an extraordinary extent. Sometimes the shell is crushed seemingly to pieces, yet the animal will set to work, and in a few days repair all the breaches that have been made. The matter forming the patches is the same with the original shell, but the junctures are easily discerned, having a fresher colour than the rest, and giving it the appearance of a coat of many darns. Swammerdam proved that the snail, when robbed of its *whole* shell, could not reproduce it. It made attempts to do so, in the instance of his experiment, but failed, and soon died.

The soft body of the snail is attached to its shell, at the part called the pillar, by a strong and complicated muscle, which partly shifts its place with the growth of the animal. In the interior of the body, the chief parts to be noticed are the lungs, forming a single organ on the right side, and the heart, occupying the left. The rest of the body is filled chiefly by the digestive and intestinal organs. The body is long, and rounded externally. The most remarkable organs there situated are the horns, of which there are four, two large ones superiorly, and two smaller and shorter ones inferiorly. All these are seen distinctly when the animal is in motion, but the uppermost ones are those which chiefly deserve consideration, as well on account of the motions with which they are endowed, as because the *eyes* of the animal are situated at the extreme ends of them. These organs have the appearance of two blackish points. When examined apart from the body, they are found to have a bulbous or turnip shape, and have one coat. Some naturalists assert that the horns actually fulfil the purpose of a *telescope*. Dr Roget, an excellent authority, countenances this view. In addition to these telescopic advantages, the snail can bend its horns, and direct the eyes to different objects at pleasure, by a regular motion from muscles attached to the body; and when alarmed, it can retract and hide the horns in the soft integuments beneath. Under the small horns is placed the animal's mouth. This organ is furnished with broad lips, and is supported by an internal cartilage, having teeth or tooth-like projections upon it, eight in number, with which it cuts its food. The only other point worthy of notice in the exterior of the body is an aperture on the right side of the neck, which at once serves for the expulsion of the excrementitious matter from the body, and acts as an opening for the inhaling of air into the lungs. By the same passage, also, the eggs of the snail are emitted, when they are to be deposited in the earth.

In the season of heat and vegetation, the snail, with its body protruded from the shell, moves from place to place in search of food, carrying its house behind it. It effects its locomotion by alternately contracting and expanding the broad muscular region forming its belly, and usually though erroneously called its foot, exuding every where a slime, apparently for the purpose of facilitating its movements. The manner in which the creature attaches itself firmly to a stone, a wall, or any other object, is one of the most interesting parts of its economy. Nature has given it no claws or limbs wherewith to hold to objects; but like limpets, and all other animals of this tribe, it can attach itself securely by merely forming a vacuum betwixt itself and the object against which it is placed. Thus, the poor despised snail performs an elegant pneumatic experiment as effectually as could be shown by the most complete air-pump apparatus.

The snail is very voracious, as well as delicate in its choice of victuals. These consist of the leaves of plants and trees, which the animal eats in such quantities as greatly to trouble the repose of the respectable members of society who take care of our gardens. It is in the first fine days of April that the snail breaks down the door of its shell, and issues forth for the enjoyments of the season. We may suppose that its long winter fast is in part the cause of its gluttonousness at this moment. It at first takes any thing that comes in its way; every species of green vegetable seems to be welcome; but the appetite of the creature becomes in time so far appeased as to permit it to search for the most succulent plants of the garden. In almost every season, the juicy pulse is more or less destroyed in this way. Wet weather brings forth the snail in greatest numbers. Probably, one reason for this lies in the comparative ease which the dampness gives to its locomotion. When the cold season arrives, the snail, as has been mentioned, betakes itself to some snug retreat, often in company with several others of its kind, and, having closed up its shell, passes the winter in a state of torpidity. Some naturalists say that the creature makes its partition-door porous enough to admit air, but this is doubtful, and in some measure unnecessary; as we know that several animals which breathe in summer the atmospheric air, hybernate without exercising their pulmonary organs.

The eyes of the garden-snail have been described. The arrangement of the other senses is not so well understood. Swammerdam concluded, from various experiments, that the creature possessed the sense of smell, and there can be little doubt that it also enjoys the sense of taste; but an organ of hearing is almost unknown among any of the mollusca. Every individual snail brings forth eggs, although intercourse with others is requisite for their production. Another remarkable feature in the tribe is their power of reproducing parts of their bodies, when these are cut off. If the head of a snail be amputated, the whole of that part of the animal, including even the telescopic eyes, and the other organs of sense, will be reproduced in a wonderfully short time.

These are the most striking particulars relative to the natural history of the garden-snail, and its immediate congeners, which form the class of proper terrestrial *helicidæ*. There are other members, however, of the molluscous family, approaching so closely to the land-snail tribe, as to deserve a passing mention here. Garden-snails, though fond of damp, perish in water, when they fall accidentally into it; whereas the other varieties alluded to, though resembling the garden-snail in their shells, and in the general arrangement of all the important organs, are fitted to live altogether or nearly so in the water. The fresh-water snail, for example, lives in pools, being furnished, in some cases, with a peculiar contrivance by nature, for rising to the surface, or sinking to the bottom. The manner in which this is performed is by opening and shutting the orifice or tube in the neck, by which respiration is accomplished. The creature can so protrude and dilate this tube, and so fill its lungs with air or empty them, as to render itself specifically lighter or heavier, that it may swim or sink, as the case may be. When the tube is stretched, its edges are bent over and spread so as to rest on the water, and give the creature something to hang by. It is a remarkable peculiarity of the common fresh-water snails, that they are viviparous, not oviparous, and bring forth their young not only alive, but with shells on their backs! Swammerdam found, in one parent snail of this species, nine young ones, fully formed in the manner mentioned.

Many molluscous creatures of the sea, also, bear a close analogy to land-snails in their formation and habits. The genus Janthina, for instance, are usually termed oceanic snails. They contrive to float or sink by means of cells, which they can fill with or empty of air at will. As one of the best examples, however, of the manner in which nature contrives to make a creature like the snail exist in the ocean, some notice may here be taken of a different tribe, though modern naturalists have abolished the use of the generic name in their case. We allude to the Nautilus, which resembles the land-snail in many points, but has the additional provision of tentacula or feelers attached to its head, or rather has the rudimental horns of the land-snail more fully developed. "The shell of the Paper Nautilus (says Roget) is exceedingly thin, and almost pellucid, probably for the sake of lightness, for it is intended to be used as a boat. For the purpose of enabling the animal to avail itself of the impulses of the air, while it is thus floating on the waters, nature has furnished it with a thin membrane, which she has attached to two of the tentacula, so that it can be spread out like a sail to catch the light winds which waft the animal forward on its course. While its diminutive bark is thus scudding on the surface of the deep, the assiduous navigator does not neglect to ply its other tentacula as oars on either side, to direct as well as accelerate its motion. No sooner does the breeze freshen, and the sea become ruffled, than the animal hastens to take down its sail, and quickly withdrawing its tentacula within its shell, renders itself specifically heavier than the water, and sinks immediately into more tranquil regions beneath the surface."

It would be improper to extend an article so general in its nature as this, by endeavouring to describe and distinguish the numerous varieties of the *helicidæ*, or by including others of the aquatic mollusca, merely because they bear an affinity to the snail. The proper bounds of our article have been reached. In conclusion, therefore, we have only to observe, that snails are not a race of much direct value to man. Both land and water snails have been, and are still occasionally, used as articles of human food, but not extensively. The terrestrial snails, however, form articles of diet to birds to a large extent, and we often find their shells drilled with holes by the agency of worms. The latter, it is probable, after thus breaking the house, do not spare the tenants. Seeing that man is too apt to pass over such creatures as the snails, as not possessing characters entitling them to much attention, we may, before closing our sketch, quote Goldsmith's sensible remarks on this point. "Snails appear to an inattentive spectator (says he) as mere inert masses of soft flesh, rather loaded than covered with a shell, scarcely capable of motion, and insensible to all the objects around them. But when viewed more closely, they are found to be furnished with the organs of life and sensation in perfection; they are defended with armour that is at once both light and strong; they are as active as their necessities require, and are possessed of appetites more poignant than those of animals that seem much more perfectly formed. In short, they are a fruitful and industrious tribe."

A GLASGOW DINNER PARTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[The following sketch may be considered as a very suitable companion to that presented in last number from the clever novel of "Ingliston." It is abridged from a new and enlarged edition, now publishing in numbers, of an amusing little work, entitled "The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West." The hero of the scene is this same laird from whom the book takes its title, a rattling sharp-witted Ayrshire gentleman, who flourished during the latter half of the last century. As a picture of the manners of that age, and to all appearance a faithful one, the sketch may be said to possess a historical value, not to speak of the whim and drollery with which it abounds.]

THE day was one of intense cold; the frost during the previous night had been uncommonly severe; every house, whether thatched or otherwise, was thickly covered with a hard coating of frozen snow, from which depended long spikes of ice, glittering in the feeble rays of the sun like reversed bayonets at a soldier's funeral. The Westport well, and indeed every well in town, had an irregular train of silvery-looking icicles hanging from the spout, long and flaky, and such as the children in some parts of Scotland call the tail of John Frost's grey mare. It was on this day that a select party had made a paction to dine together in the Saracen's Head. This inn was then considered the chief house of entertainment in Glasgow, and the most fashionable resort of the nobility and gentry of the west of Scotland. Here the magistrates held all their convivial meetings, which, on extraordinary occasions, was made known to the public by the fact of two town-officers with their halberds taking post as a guard of honour at the door. The Lords of Session, also, in going the circuit, always made the Saracen's Head their place of sojourn. The house no doubt was well kept, and the gaucy, good-humoured, rattle-tongued landlady, with her rosy haffets, and large laughing brown eyes, was to many no small part of the attraction, though she laughed too much, and often out of place; but where a woman has good teeth to show, this will always happen. Yet, though Mrs M'Millan was at times rather forward, and took great liberties in the way of joking with her customers, she was in the main a frank, furthy, kind-hearted, good sort of woman.

The party kept their time pretty well, and consisted of nearly a dozen. Among these were, young Sillerknows, the Laird of Auldgavel, Doctor Seggie, who came in a chair, with his little French cocked hat under his arm, as black and glossy as a new-feathered crow, while his coat was covered with hair-powder, that had fallen from his head almost to his pouch-lids. The doctor, who was a fat, little, round-about looking man, was rather particular in the matter of dress, and on this occasion, besides an abundance of frills at his breast and hands, displayed between his waistcoat and the adjoining portion of his habiliments, a bulge or roll of linen, of the finest texture and the most spotless purity. This seemed to be regarded by some of the company as proceeding from vanity in the doctor; others imputed it to the rotundity of his figure preventing him from keeping the parts of his dress so close together as he might otherwise have done. There was also present a very odd-looking young man, who had been amusing himself through the day by skating on the river, and was brought to the party by Logan of that ilk; he was dressed in a long red coat, buckskins, and boots; his face was completely overrun with marks of the small-pox, while his nose was all drawn to one side of the face, and his mouth, as if from affection, appeared to have followed in the same direction. * *

While waiting for dinner, the company drew all as close round the fire as possible, and the conversation soon became very animated on the state of the weather. One declared he had seen a Highland officer slide on one foot from the top of the Drygate to the bottom, and that, when he stopped, he found the foot he had held up so firmly frozen to the bottom of his kilt, that he had to hop all the way to his lodgings. Another had seen two married ladies fall into an open part of the river, and, in consequence of their clinging to each other after they were got out, they became so completely frost-locked, that their husbands had to get them carried to a house to have them thawed, so that each might have his own wife again. * * * "These are very freezing stories, gentlemen," said Dr Seggie; "but without any joke, it is certainly very cold, and I don't see how we are to manage to take our dinner unless we get warm plates to eat it

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off." "Warm plates!" exclaimed several voices. "Yes, gentlemen," cried the doctor, "it is not uncommon in the south to have them in such weather, and I don't see why we should not have them here." "Warm plates for Scotsmen! a man's stomach maun hae come to a pour pass when it canna warm a dinner for itself," said Logan, "but let every man have his humour—here's the landlady, you can tell her about it, doctor." "Mrs M'Millan," said the advocate for comfort—"the day is so very cold, that we fear we will not be able to eat our dinner." "Not be able to eat your dinner!" screamed the jolly dame, with a loud guffaw which interrupted the doctor's preamble. "Now, that beats a'! our gudeman and me, and, indeed, every one about the house, eat more in this weather than they do in the heat of summer. I declare every jaw in our kitchen is gawn as if it was for a wager." "Mrs M'Millan," said the doctor, in a tone of greater solemnity than the occasion called for, "it is not the conduct of your kitchen people that is the matter in hand—have you any objections to give us warm plates to eat our dinner off?" "Warm plates!—did ye say warm plates, Dr Seggie? Weel, I've keepit a house this mony a year, and I never heard o' warm plates to a hot dinner before." "Then you refuse to give us them?" "By no manner o' means, Dr Seggie, so you needna lift folk before they fa'; you're welcome to any plates you please, and a' that I have to say is, that the longer a body lives they see the mae fairlies." "But is the dinner ready, Mrs Mac.?" "Deed is't, Auldgavel, and served up in the magistrates' room. Every thing's ready but the plates, and they'll soon be warmed, if I thought ye wasna making a fule o' me." "Woman," cried Dr Seggie in a pet, "we neither came here to make fools, nor to be made fools of, so get the warm plates momently, or I, for one, will leave the house." "Sweet keep us a'," cried the good-humoured hostess, "there's a storm in somebody's nose, light whar it like—but dinna be in a hurry, doctor, we'll mak' ye a' right belyve—you've gotten a warm temper, and you'll get a warm plate, an' I'll warm a bottle of water to put to your feet, and you'll get a warm brick in a nice clean warm towel, to sit on, and if a' that does na mak' ye comfortable, my certie! ye maun be ill to please." So saying, Mrs M'Millan wheeled off, with a loud laugh, to attend to her duties in the kitchen, leaving the doctor fretting and spluttering with anger, like a sausage in a frying-pan.

"Weel, gentlemen," said Logan to the company, who had now mustered in the magistrates' room, "here's a goodly set out, and I propose that Dr Seggie take the chair instanter." "I'll take no chair in this house to-night." "What! You don't mean to take your dinner standing?" "I mean what I mean, and I'll either sit or stand as I see proper." "Weel, weel, doctor, if you're in that bow-wow-humour, we must just get somebody else; come awa, Auldgavel." "Na, na, I ken nae better chairfu' than yoursel, laird, so sit down and tak' your frien' wi' the red coat here up beside you, and nae mair about it, for the dinner's cooling—and if you've nae objections, I'll face you mysel." "That's the thing, at last—come up to my right hand, Bob. By the bye, gentlemen, I should have told you before, that this is my frien', Mr Robert Hornshottle, of Howlet's howf, and likely soon to be of some other howf, if he plays his cards right. But here's the warm plates; hand them down to Dr Seggie, he's nearest the haggis." "There has been too much said about warm plates already; besides, I don't like haggis." "Will you take some hare soup, then?" "No." "Then say what you'll take yourself, doctor." "I'll take some of the beef in front of you, sir, if you can assure me of its being well pouthered." "I can only say this, doctor—that Mrs M'Millan's cook and your barber seem to be the best hands at poutherin' beef I know, and I think what I'm going to send you is off a bit of as weel pouthered beef as yourself." "Sir, I don't understand you; if I'm powdered, I'm the more like the company; but I won't be called nicknames by you nor any man, sir; no, sir, no man shall call me powdered beef with impunity." "Hand that to Dr Seggie. I'm thinking, doctor, you'll find that very excellent pouthered beef, although, like yoursel, it seems a wee thocht short to the out." "I'll have none of your beef, sir—you wish to make me the laughing-stock of the company, but I won't be made a laughing-stock by you, sir, nor any man, sir." "Weel, weel, doctor, see if you can get any of your neighbours to take it." "See to that yourself, sir," cried Seggie, turning his back pettishly on the chairman. "No offence, doctor—but I thought, as you were rather more in the powder way than myself, you would have a better chance for a customer. Do you say pouthered beef, Sillerknows?" "I do, if Auldgavel will help me to some of the breast of that turkey at his elbow." "I'll do that, and you'll find the turkey a great improvement, for I fear Logan cut for the doctor off a part that was rather salt." "Why, gentlemen, I don't know what to do with our frien', the doctor; I've tried him with haggis, and hare soup, and pouthered beef." "Sir, I want none of your attentions." "But I will attend to you though—and every one in company—while I fill this chair—so look around you, doctor, and see if there's any thing to tickle your fancy. There's a fine young goose, plump, crisp, and tender, wi' a pudding in its gebbie, and apple sauce at his side, like a weel tocher'd lass, and no courting required, doctor, but just put forth your hand, and help yourself. There is also a peerless-looking pie, covered with a paste that might tempt a bishop, and I'll warrant its inside is as rich as the mines of Potosi—so, doctor, if you're inclined to dig, you'll find your excavations well worth your trouble. Then, again, there is a dish of partridges, each reposing on his soft luscious downy bed of savoury toast, and holding up its claws as if imploring your attention. I declare, doctor, you must have a heart of adamant if you can resist such seducing supplicants. And look you here, my learned and fastidious friend, here's a brace of blackcock sending forth a fragrance that might put to shame the most costly incense that ever rose from the altars of the Romans. I would give you a Latin quotation on the subject, but you all know, gentlemen, that Latin with me is something like Dr Seggie's hair powder; it could get ony where but through the skull. That's right, doctor, tak' to your warm plate and help yoursel." "That's just what I mean to do," cried Seggie, breaking out into a laugh in which the company joined; "you're a tormenting humbug, Logan, but it's of no use to be angry with you. Two or three times to-night, had I been near you, I could have run my knife into you." "Ay, ay, but I hope you'll run it into something that'll do you more good. And now, doctor, suppose you and I should ha'e a glass of brandy together." "With all my heart; but really, laird, I was angry." "Man, muckle ye had to be angry about; if ye heard the hecklings I get frae my friends, you would wonder sometimes how I keep my senses. But I hope, Auldgavel, you're keeping a' their beards wagging in your quarter. Come, Sillerknows, help yourself and Middlemains to some of the pie before you; you'll find it good; Mrs M'Millan is a noble hand at a pie; but speak o' the deil and he'll appear—here she is with the venison." "Yes, laird, and I've brought some more warm plates, for I thought if ony thing needed them it would be the venison, though it's just piping frae the fire, and the fat's a' quivering about it like jeelie." "You're a sensible woman, Mrs M'Millan; set it down before me, and I'll soon show you a roomfu' o' lip-likers. The very smell o't's a cordial; come, gentlemen, while 'am preparing the delicacy for you, you can be washing your throats wi' a glass o' wine; I declare the flavour o' the heather that's about it might give fragrance to a ball-room, even though all the beauty and fashion of the country were in it. May I trouble you, Mrs Mac, to hand that to the doctor, he's got but little dinner yet." "Deed that's true; I've seen the doctor mak' a better dinner aff a caulder plate." "I've seen that too, leddie, and am sorry I said some angry words to you that there was no occasion for." "Ah, doctor, dinna let that trouble you; we in a public line maunna heed words. Words are but wind, they break nae banes; you were a little warm, nae doubt, but, as our cook says, a 'little pot is soon hot.' If you were as tall as Logan there, or even mysel, the heat would be langer o' getting to your head." So saying, with a loud laugh, in which the doctor and the company joined, the landlady made her exit, after which the duties of the table proceeded with silence and celerity, till the chairman, before drawing the cloth, proposed a glass by way of drinking the dredgy of the gallant fat buck they had helped to discuss. "And I propose," cried Auldgavel, "that we include the no less gallant brace of blackcocks." "I object to that," said Logan; "they must have a glass to themselves, for I'm sure, like the gallant buck, they both died game." "Ay, ay, Logan, there's no use in talking to you, for you must always have your pun. But, by the bye, Middlemains, can you tell me what's come o' Neapknows, I expected to have seen him here to-night?" "Did you no hear? He has been sequestered at the Court o' Session, and the Lord Ordinary, for some reason or other, has refused to dispense with the penalty of wearing the harlequin stockings; so he's rather shy of being seen out."* "That'll make him look to his feet." "At least, Auldgavel, it will make other folk look to them," cried Logan; "and, my certie, but I think the Lord Ordinary has gien him owre the shins, wi' a vengeance." "Yes! his lordship has been rather sair on his shins." "But, tell him frae me, Middlemains, to keep up his heart, for his shins will do as weel for leg bail as ever. By the bye, gentlemen, that puts me in mind o' a story of a dice-rattling neighbour o' mine, Peter Hosie o' Warlockscroft. He was a farmer, a drover, a horse-couper, a smuggler—in short, he was every thing, and you'll always see that the man of many trades thrives by none. Peter at last fell into the same scrape as frien' Neapknows, and, as his character didna stand high in the court, naething could be done about the stockings; so, some time ago, he threw a plaid about him, and came over to me, under the cloud o' night, to ask my advice, for he was engaged as best man at his niece's wedding. Now, you ken, gentlemen, that the harlequin stockings, as our friend Middlemains ca's them, are not the most becoming covering for the legs of a best man. Weel, I heard his complaint to an end. 'Go away home, Hosie,' quo' I; 'I'm to be at the wedding the morn, as weel as yoursel; dress out in your best, and be sure to comply wi' the act. Put on the stockings, by all means, and just wait in the house till I come for you.' Weel, next day I mounted my beast, and when I got to Hosie's, I found him a' ready, but sair down in the mouth, poor man, about the showy state of his legs. So, I puts my hand in my pouch, and tak's out a pair o' braw wide stockings o' my ain. 'Hae,' said I, 'draw on thae over the Lord Ordinary's, and let me see wha dare find fault wi' your shanks.' 'Laird,' said he, after looking in my face awee, 'that's cute.' 'Cute,' said I; 'you a horse-couper and didna think on the like o' that.' Now, Middlemains, tell your friend just to tak' the same plan: for though the act compels a man to wear party-coloured hosen, it does not, in cold weather like this, prevent him from taking care of his health, by drawing on a more comfortable pair on the top of them." "Logan, you ought to go back to Edinburgh, and take to the law. It's a shame for a young fellow like you, to be spending the prime of his life among a parcel of country horse-coupers." "Gang back among the Edinburgh lawyers! I can tell you, Auldgavel, that I'm a little particular about my company, and I wish to be where there's at least the chance of meeting wi' honesty. A horse-couper may be honest, were it only by mistake; but a lawyer, never—na, na, it's not considered professional to make mistakes of that kind." * *

Before the claret was fairly disposed of, the company had got into a pretty jovial humour. The chairman had sung "John o' Badenyon," Dr Seggie had given the "Jovial Tinker," and Sillerknows was roaring at the top of his voice "My father was born before me," when a capacious bowl was placed before the chairman, supported by a bottle of rum on one side, and a bottle of brandy on the other. "Now, gentlemen," cried Logan, "while I'm making up a bowl of matrimony for you, let us settle about breaking up. I have to dine at Eglinton house to-morrow, so I must make an early start." "Then I propose that we leave this when the waits come round." "And I propose," said Auldgavel, "that we get the waits to play before us all the way home. It's clear moonlight, and there's a meeting of the Pech-Club in the Black Boy to-night, and I would like to go past like ourscls." "My good friend," said Middlemains, "I fear by the time the waits come round, we'll no be so very like ourscls as you think, and as banes in frosty weather are said to be frush and easily snapped, so, in case some of us happen no to be so able to keep our feet, I propose that we tell the landlord to provide chairs for all except Dr Seggie, who has got one already, and that we all take to our chairs in the trance, and fall in in single files behind the waits, and I think that'll make a very decent set out gaun up the Gallowgate, on a night like this." The company were quite in the humour to relish any whimsical proposal: the above of course received a most hearty acquiescence.

"Weel, gentlemen," continued Logan, "since that's settled, my right hand neighbour will ladle out the drink till I go down and arrange wi' the landlord, so that there may be no mistake about it." So saying, Logan slipped from the room, while Auldgavel shook his head impressively to Sillerknows. "Do you think so?" "I'm sure of it; I know the youth." "Sure of what?" cried several of the company. "That Logan's away down to settle the reckoning." "That'll no do, we must speak to him." "You may, gentlemen, but it's of no use; we must take our revenge another time."

On Logan resuming his seat, the company began, open-mouthed, to rate him for the liberty he had taken, to all which he listened with the greatest patience till he was expected to reply. "Gentlemen, fill your glasses, and I'll give you a toast: 'May we always do as we ought to do.' You took the liberty of conferring upon me the honour of being your chairman, and I merely took the liberty of adding to that honour, by making you my guests. If I have done wrong, it was yourselves that set me the example. I have no other apology to offer; so here's wishing you all a merry new-year when it comes." "Ah, Logan, Logan, you're the old man, I see, and there's no use talking to you; so, here's wishing you may spend the coming new-year as merrily as you did last." * * * The conviviality of the evening, or rather the morning, had by this time reached its height. The company broke out into a grand Dutch medley, after which, a straggling fire of verses was faintly kept up by a few of the party, while the heads of some of the others began to droop. They had all drunk hard, owing to a vague impression they had of an early adjournment, as hinted by the chairman, who, it must be acknowledged, began to look drowsy himself. The house became gloomy and silent, and the lights, from want of attention, had waxed dim. The landlord now made his appearance to announce that the chairs were all come, and the waits in the kitchen. On hearing this, Logan rubbed his face, and started to his feet, like a giant refreshed, to help mine host to rouse his companions, and get them all settled in their chairs. "Remember, M'Millan, that I bring up the rear, and follow Auldgavel's chair, for I take my bed with him," said Logan, as he laid hold of the wait, to arrange with him about the starting music, which was agreed should be the favourite old air of "We're a'nodding," as being best adapted for the chairman's trot. On falling into a line, one of the chairs was found to be empty, Mr Hornshottle having set off on foot. "That's a hard skinflint of a callant, it's just to save the expense; but don't tell him, Mac, that I settled for the chairs, or he'll be for nicking his wizzen about losing his hobble hame." "But what will your honour noo be doing to us for our share lift?" asked one of the Celts. "Fall into the procession; M'Millan will pay you the same as the others, and if you meet with a drunk man, put him in, and take him to Mrs Hornshottle's—do you know the house?" "We both do that, and well too." "Then take him there, and tell the servants it's Bob—but he's a little changed with liquor—but that they'll know him when they see him with daylight. Do what I've told you, and I'll give you double fare for your trouble." "Och, we'll do tat, for I'll catch you a' drunk, Pech, in five minute." "I hope," said Logan, as he entered the sedan, "they wont meet with Bob himself; it would be better luck than he deserves." All being ready, the waits struck up, and the procession, lighted by the moon, took its way up the Gallowgate.

* For the sake of some of our readers in the south, it may be necessary to mention that, by the old Scottish Bankrupt Act, the defaulter was compelled to wear what is called "dyvours hose," namely, stockings of different colours—the law, however, was seldom enforced, except when glaring misconduct on the part of the bankrupt was complained of.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Balmy breeze from the blossomy south,
Kissing my lips with thy tender mouth,
Touching my forehead with delicate hand,
Lifting my hair up with breath so bland,
And bathing my head with scents of flowers,
Borne from the laps of southern bowers—
Balmy breeze, I behold not thee;
Yet, oh, how beautiful thou must be!

Stay—wilt thou stay, sweet breeze? Ah! now
It hath fled away from my lip and brow;
There, over the plain, its wide robe spreads,
And the gentle flowers are bending their heads:
It hath enter'd the wood—the beautiful breese!
I hear its music among the trees;
And now it is passing over the river—
I know by the water's timid quiver.

Balmy breeze! I behold not thee;
But, oh, how beautiful thou must be!
Come, thou breeze, from the bloomy south,
Kiss my lips with thy tender mouth;
Touch my brow with thy delicate hand,
And take me away to thy southern land;
Then never more, breeze invisible, roam,
But dwell with me in thy spirit's home.

—Whim-whams, by Four of us: Boston, U. S.

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THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

THE Caucasian mountains have for a long time past been inclosed within the bounds of the Russian empire without being subject to it. Their wild and savage inhabitants, separated by language and conflicting interests, form a number of small tribes, which have very little political intercourse or correspondence with one another, but which are all animated by the same love of independence and of plunder.

One of the most numerous and most formidable of those tribes is that of the Tchetchenges, who inhabit the great and little Kabarda, provinces whose extensive valleys extend almost to the summit of the Caucasus. The men are handsome, brave, and intelligent, but they are determined and cruel robbers, almost in a constant state of warfare with the troops of the line.

It is amidst those dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of that immense chain of mountains, that Russia has established a road of communication with her possessions in Asia. Redoubts or forts, placed at short intervals, defend the way as far as Georgia, but no traveller would ever venture even over that small distance alone. Twice a-week a convoy of infantry with cannon, and a strong party of Cossacks, escort government dispatches and travellers. One of these redoubts has become a village pretty well peopled. From its commanding situation it received the name of Wladi-Caucasus: it is the residence of the officer commanding the troops which perform the hard service we have just now mentioned.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment of Wologda, a man of family in Russia, though of Greek origin, was to take the command of the Fort of Lars in the defiles of the Caucasus. Impatient to reach his post, and brave to rashness, he had the imprudence to undertake that journey with the small escort of fifty Cossacks which he had at his command, and the still greater imprudence to speak of his intention, and to boast of it beforehand.

The Tchetchenges situated near the frontier, who are called Pacific Tchetchenges, are subjects of Russia, and have in consequence a free access to Mosdok, but the greater part of them keep up a correspondence and secret intercourse with the mountaineers, and very often take part in their robberies and share their plunder. The latter, secretly informed of Kascambo's intended journey, and of the very day of his departure, came down in great numbers, and lay in ambuscade on his route. At about twenty versts from Mosdok, on turning a small hillock covered with brushwood, he was attacked by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible: the Cossacks dismounted and stood the attack with great firmness, hoping to be succoured by the troops of a redoubt which was not very far off.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, though individually very courageous, are incapable of attacking in a dense body, and are in consequence not very formidable to a steady and well-disciplined body of men; but they have very good arms, and are excellent marksmen. Their great numbers on the present occasion made the conflict too unequal. After keeping up for a considerable time a brisk fire, more than one-half of the Cossacks were killed or disabled; the remainder had formed a circular rampart with the dead horses, behind which they were employing their ammunition to the best effect. The Tchetchenges, who have always among them some Russian deserters, whom they employ as interpreters, made them cry out, "Give up the major, or you shall be killed to the last man!" Kascambo, seeing that the total destruction of his party was inevitable, resolved to surrender, to save the lives of those who still survived. He gave his sword to his Cossacks, and proceeded alone towards the Tchetchenges, who instantly ceased their fire, their sole object being to take him alive, and thereby obtain a ransom. He had scarcely been a moment in the enemy's hands when he perceived in the distance the expected succours approaching. It was, alas! too late—the robbers hurried him off.

His denchick, or soldier-servant, had remained behind with the mule carrying the major's baggage. Concealed in a hollow, he waited the event of the combat. When he was informed by the Cossacks of his master's misfortune, the brave fellow immediately resolved to share his destiny, and, driving his mule before him, followed without loss of time the track of the Tchetchenges. He was beginning to lose sight of the hoof-marks in the darkness, when he fortunately fell in with a straggler, who conducted him to the place of rendezvous.

One may easily conceive what must have been the prisoner's feelings when he saw his denchick come spontaneously to share his miserable fate. The Tchetchenges immediately divided the booty. They left nothing to the major but a guitar, which they restored to him in derision. Ivan* (this was the denchick's name) took possession of it, and although ordered by his master to throw it away, refused to obey him. "Why should we lose courage?" said he; "the God of the Russians is great!†—it is the interest of these dogs to take care of you; they will do you no harm."

After a halt of a few hours, the horde of robbers was in the act of resuming the march, when one of their spies brought information that the Russians were still advancing, and that most likely the troops of the other redoubts would join in the pursuit. A council was held; the object was, not only to keep their prisoner, but so conceal their retreat, and also carry him far from their villages, so as to avoid reprisals. They accordingly dispersed by various roads. Ten men on foot were left in charge of the prisoners, while above a hundred horsemen remained together and proceeded in quite a different direction. They forced the major to take off his boots, whose impressions the enemy might have recognised, and obliged Ivan and him to walk thus barefooted all the first part of the day.

On reaching a torrent, the small party ran back on the grassy banks for about a mile, and then descended at the most precipitous and thorny part of the bank, so as to leave no trace of their passage. The major was so exhausted that they had to support him with belts and ropes to drag him across the water. His feet were all bleeding, and they were forced to give him back his boots to enable him to accomplish the remainder of his journey.

When they arrived at the first village, Kascambo, suffering more from grief than from actual fatigue, appeared to his keepers so wasted and so weak, that they treated him with more humanity than at first. They allowed him some rest and a horse for the journey; but to baffle all the investigations of the Russians, and make it impossible for the prisoner himself to inform his friends of his place of confinement, they carried him from village to village, and from one valley to another, often blindfolded. He thus crossed a large river, which he supposed to be the Sonja. They took great care of him during these expeditions, and allowed him sufficient rest and food. But when once he reached the distant village in which he was finally to be confined, the Tchetchenges suddenly altered their conduct towards him, and inflicted every species of bad treatment on him. They put irons on his hands and on his feet, and a heavy chain about his neck, the end of which was fixed to a large log of oak. The denchick was treated with less rigour. His irons were lighter, which allowed him to perform some services to his master.

In that situation, and at every new vexation he received, a man who spoke Russian came to him and advised him to write to his friends to procure his ransom, which was fixed at ten thousand roubles. It was impossible for the unfortunate prisoner to pay such a large sum, and his only hope was in the efforts of government, as they had formerly released a colonel who had thus fallen into the brigands' hands. The interpreter promised to provide him with paper, and to forward the letter safely; but after obtaining his consent, he was several days without appearing again, and the whole of that time was employed in aggravating the major's hardships and sufferings. They starved him; they took from him the mat on which he lay, and the cushion of a Cossack's saddle which he used as a pillow; and when the ruffian who acted as a mediator reappeared, he informed him, in a confidential manner, that, in case his ransom should be refused, the Tchetchenges were resolved to get rid of him, in order to put an end to the anxieties and expense he caused them. The object of this cruel behaviour was to induce him to write in a more pressing manner. They gave him at last a reed cut in the shape of a pen, and some paper; they took off the irons from his hands and neck, that he might write more at ease; and when the letter was finished, it was translated to the chiefs, who took charge of forwarding it to the Russian lines. From that moment he was treated with less severity, and only loaded with a single chain confining the right hand and right foot.

His jailor was a man about sixty, of a gigantic stature and most ferocious aspect, quite in harmony with his real character and natural dispositions. Two of his sons had been killed in a skirmish with the Russians, on which account he was chosen as the fittest keeper for the prisoner. The family of this man, called Ibrahim, consisted of the widow of one of his sons, about thirty-five years of age, and a young child seven or eight years old, called Mamet, whose mother was at least as wicked, and still more whimsical than the old man. Kascambo suffered much from her; but the caresses and the attentions of young Mamet were to him, in the course of his captivity, a solace and real relief. The poor child formed such an attachment to him, that all the ill humour and bad usage of his grandfather could not prevent him from coming to play with the prisoner on every opportunity. He called him his koniak, which, in the language of the country, means a guest, a friend. He shared secretly with him the fruit he could procure, and, during the long fast the major had to suffer, little Mamet cleverly took advantage of the absence of his parents to bring him bread or potatoes baked under the ashes.

A few months had passed over since the dispatch of the letter, without bringing forth any remarkable event. In that space of time, Ivan had managed to conciliate both the woman and the old man, or rather he had contrived to make himself necessary to them. He possessed to perfection the skill required for a young officer's kitchen. He brewed kislitchi* admirably, and dressed salt cucumbers in a superior manner, and had accustomed his hosts to all the little additions and improvements he introduced in their daily fare.

* His name was Ivan Smirnoff, which might be translated John the Meek, an appellation contrasting singularly with his real character, as will be found hereafter.

† A common saying of the Russian soldier in the time of danger.

* A kind of drink made with fermented bread.

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To establish himself still farther in their confidence, he also assumed the character of a buffoon, imagining every day some new jest to amuse them. Ibrahim was particularly delighted with his performance of the Cossack-dance. When any of the inhabitants of the village came to visit them, they took off Ivan's irons and bade him dance: he always did it with a good grace, adding every time some new ridiculous gambol. By such means he obtained the liberty of walking through the village, where he was generally followed by a crowd of children attracted by his buffoonery, and as he knew already the Tatare language, he soon learned the language of the country, which is only a dialect of it.

The major himself was often forced to sing Russian songs with his denchick, and to play on the guitar to amuse that wild company. In the beginning they used to take off the irons from his right hand; but the woman having observed that he sometimes did play with the irons on to amuse himself, they never granted that favour again, and the unfortunate musician repented more than once having shown his talent.

To obtain the liberty so ardently wished for, the two prisoners formed many and many a plan, but they were all very difficult to execute. When they had first arrived in the village, the inhabitants used to send every night an additional man to increase the guard. Insensibly this precaution was neglected—the individual very often did not come. The woman and the child slept in an adjoining room, and old Ibrahim remained alone with them; but he used to keep the key of the irons carefully in his pocket, and awoke at the slightest noise. The prisoner was treated every day more severely, and as the answer to his letter did not arrive, the Tchetchenges often used to come to the hut to insult him, and threaten him with the most barbarous treatment. They deprived him almost entirely of food, and he had one day the affliction of seeing poor little Mamet most unmercifully flogged for having brought a few meddlars to him.

A very remarkable circumstance in Kascambo's painful situation, was the respect and confidence which his persecutors could not help feeling for him, and the profound esteem with which he had inspired them. While the barbarians heaped on his head every sort of insult, and every species of oppression, they, notwithstanding, very often consulted him in their private affairs, and made him the judge of their differences. Among other disputes of which he stood umpire, the following deserves to be quoted for its singularity.

One of these ruffians had intrusted a Russian note of five roubles to a comrade who was setting out for a neighbouring valley, charging him to remit it to some one there. The fellow went off accordingly, but lost his horse, which died on the road, and persuaded himself that he had a right to keep the five roubles as an indemnification for the loss he had met with. This mode of reasoning, very worthy of the Caucasians, was by no means to the taste of the proprietor of the cash. At the return of the traveller, there was a great uproar in the village.

These two men had gathered around them their relations and their friends, and the quarrel would have terminated in bloodshed, had not the elders of the tribe, after endeavouring in vain to calm them, advised them to submit the case to the decision of the prisoner. The whole population of the village proceeded tumultuously towards his habitation, that they might sooner learn the issue of this ridiculous case. Kascambo was brought out of prison and seated on the small platform, which served as a roof to the house.

Almost every house in the valleys of Caucasus is partly dug under ground, and is only elevated four feet above the level of the soil; the roof is horizontal, and formed of hard-beaten clay. The inhabitants, the women especially, are in the habit of reposing upon these terraces after sunset, and frequently even spend the whole night there in fine weather.

When Kascambo made his appearance on the roof, a profound silence ensued. It was, no doubt, a wonderful sight to behold before this singular tribunal, infuriated clients armed with pistols and daggers, submitting their cause to a judge loaded with chains, and half dead with hunger and miseries of all sorts, but who judged, nevertheless, without appeal, and whose sentence was always respected and obeyed.

Having lost all hopes of making the defendant understand reason, the major ordered him to approach; and resolved to win the laughers at least over to the side of justice, he put to him the following question:—"If, instead of giving you the five roubles, your comrade had merely charged you with his compliments, would your horse not have died all the same?"

"Perhaps," answered he.

"Well, then," added the judge, "what would you have done with the compliments? Would you not have been obliged to keep them as a payment, and be content? I order, in consequence, that you shall give back the note, and your comrade shall give you his compliments."

As soon as this sentence was translated to the spectators, a universal roar of laughter proclaimed afar the wisdom of the new Solomon. The defeated man himself, after some farther discussion, was forced to yield, and said, giving up the money, "I knew beforehand that I should lose, if that dog of a Christian had any thing to do with it." That extraordinary confidence shows what an idea these people must entertain of European superiority, and it is also a proof of the innate sentiment of justice which exists even among the most ferocious and most savage of men.

Kascambo had written three letters since his detention without receiving any answer: a year had passed over. The unfortunate prisoner, deprived of linen, and in utter want of every comfort of life, found his health fail rapidly, and was giving way to despair. Ivan himself had been ill for some time. The stern and severe Ibrahim, however, to the great surprise of the major, had taken off the young man's irons while his indisposition lasted, and left him still at liberty. The major interrogating him one day on that subject, "Master," said Ivan, "I have wished for a long time to consult you upon an idea that has come into my head. It strikes me it would be wise in me to become a Mahometan."

"You are become mad, I suppose."

"No; it is the only way in which I can be useful to you, and at least procure you some good food and some linen—in short, who knows?—when I am free. The God of the Russians is great!—we shall see."

"But God himself will forsake you, wretch that you are, if you betray him."

Kascambo, whilst he was lecturing his servant, could scarcely refrain from laughing at his absurd plan; but when he proceeded to forbid him peremptorily to go on with it, "Master," replied Ivan, "it is out of my power to obey you, and it would be useless to conceal it any longer: the thing is done; I have been a Mahometan since the very day you thought me ill, and my irons were taken off. I am called Houssein now. Where is the harm? I shall become a Christian again whenever I like, and as soon as I am free. See, I have already no more irons on, and I can break off yours at the first favourable opportunity, which I hope will soon present itself."

According to the promise made, he was no longer chained, and enjoyed from that moment a greater liberty; but that very liberty had nearly proved fatal to him. The principal leaders of the expedition against Kascambo soon began to fear lest the new Mussulman should desert. The long stay he had made among them, and the knowledge he had acquired of their language, enabled him to know them all by their names, and to give their description at the Russian lines, supposing he should reach them, which would expose them individually to the vengeance of the Russians: and they in consequence highly disapproved of the ill-judged zeal of their priest. On the other hand, the strict Mussulmans who had favoured him at the moment of his conversion, soon observed that when he said his prayers on the roof of the house, as is the custom, and as the Mollah had particularly recommended him to do, by way of conciliating the public good-will, he often happened by mistake to intermix some signs of the Cross among his prostrations towards Mecca, to which place, by another still more unfortunate blunder, he at times turned his back—a series of accidents, which made them rather suspicious as to the sincerity of his conversion.

A few months after his feint apostacy, he perceived a great change in the manners of the inhabitants towards him, and could not mistake the manifest signs of their ill will. He was seeking in vain the cause of that alteration, when some young men, with whom he was particularly intimate, came and proposed to him to accompany them in an expedition they were about to undertake. Their plan was to pass the Tereek, to plunder some merchants who were going to Mosdok. Ivan accepted without hesitation. For a long time he had wished to procure himself some arms; and they promised him, besides, a share of the spoils. He thought, also, that on seeing him return to his master, those who suspected him of wishing to desert, would no longer have any grounds to justify their suspicions. However, the major having strongly opposed his joining the party, he pretended to have given up the thoughts of it, when, one morning, Kascambo awaking, saw the mat upon which Ivan used to sleep carefully rolled up against the wall; he had gone off during the night. His companions were to pass the Tereek the following night, and attack the merchants, whose march was known and followed by their scouts.

The confidence of the Tchetchenges ought to have created suspicions in Ivan's mind. It was not natural in men, so cautious and so cunning, to admit so freely a Russian, their prisoner, in an expedition directed against his own country people. It was, indeed, found out some time afterwards, that they had invited him to accompany them with the sole intention of murdering him. As his quality of a convert obliged them to some sort of regard, they had proposed to keep a close look-out upon him on the road, and to make away with him at the moment of the attack, leaving it to be supposed that he had perished in the fight. Only a few members of the party were in the secret; but the event baffled all their sanguinary designs. Their troop was hardly placed in ambush, to attack the merchants, when it was itself surprised by a regiment of Cossacks, and so vigorously charged, that they had infinite trouble in passing the river again. The intensity of the danger made them forget their plot against Ivan, who followed them in their retreat.

While the panic-struck band was crossing the Tereek in complete disorder, the horse of a young Tchetchenge stumbled in the middle of the river, and was immediately carried off by the rapid stream. Ivan, who was behind him, pushed his horse forward, at the risk of being drowned himself, and, taking a firm hold of the youth, at the moment he was disappearing under the foaming waters, succeeded in carrying him safely to the opposite shore. The day was then beginning to dawn, and the Cossacks, recognising his uniform, immediately marked him out, and shouted, "A deserter! Kill the deserter!" His clothes were completely riddled with balls. At last, after having fought with the courage of despair, and burnt all his cartridges, he returned to the village with the glory of having saved the life of one of his companions, and of having made himself useful to the whole troop.

If his conduct on this occasion did not gain over all the party to him, it won him at least a friend; the young man he had saved adopted him for his konisk (a relation held sacred by the mountaineers of the Caucasus), and swore to defend and protect him against each and every one. But this union and friendship were not sufficient to protect him against the hatred of the principal inhabitants. The courage he had displayed, his attachment to his master, increased to a great degree the fears with which he had inspired them. They could no longer look upon him as a buffoon, incapable of any design or enterprise, such as they had supposed him to be till then; and when they reflected on the failure of the expedition, to which he had been admitted, they began to wonder how the Russian troops had come upon them so completely in the opportunity of time, in a place so distant from their ordinary residence, and they suspected him of having secretly communicated with them. Although their conjecture was completely without foundation, they watched him more closely. Old Ibrahim himself, fearing some plot for the prisoner's escape, prevented all conversation between them; and the brave denchiak was menaced, and even sometimes beaten, when he wished to converse with his master.

In this miserable and distressing situation, the two prisoners contrived new means of conversing, without raising the suspicions of their keeper. As they were in the habit of singing Russian songs together, the major took his guitar, when he had any thing important to communicate to Ivan in the presence of Ibrahim, and sang out his questions. Ivan answered to the same tune, and his master accompanied him with the instrument; this arrangement presenting nothing new, their enemies never found out the stratagem, to which, besides, they resorted but very seldom.

More than three months had elapsed since the unfortunate expedition we have mentioned, when Ivan thought he perceived some extraordinary stir and agitation in the village. Some mules, laden with powder, had arrived from the plain. The men were busily engaged cleaning their arms, and making cartridges; he soon learned that a grand expedition was in preparation. The whole nation was to unite in attacking a neighbouring tribe, which had placed itself under the protection of the Russians, and allowed them to construct a redoubt on their territory. The object of this campaign was no less than to exterminate the whole population, along with the Russian battalions who protected the construction of the fort.

A few days after, Ivan, on leaving the hut in the morning, found the village completely deserted. Every man capable of carrying arms had gone off during the night. In the short turn he took through the village to gather information, he obtained new proofs of the bad intentions entertained towards him. The old men evidently shunned him. A little boy plainly told him that his father was resolved to kill him; and as he was returning, absorbed in mournful thoughts, he saw on the roof of a house a young woman, who raised her veil, and, with signs of the greatest alarm, motioned him with her hand to be off, pointing towards Russia. She was the sister of the young Tchetchenge he had saved at the passage of the Tereek.

When he entered the house, he found the old man busy examining Kascambo's irons. A new comer was seated in the room; it was a man whom a slow fever had prevented from accompanying his comrades, and who had been sent to Ibrahim as an additional guard over the prisoners, till the return of the inhabitants. Ivan marked that precaution, but without showing the slightest surprise. The absence of all the men from the village presented an admirable opportunity for the execution of his designs; but the increased vigilance of their jailor, and the presence of the invalid, rendered their success very uncertain. However, his death was inevitable if he waited the return of the warriors: he foresaw that their expedition would be unsuccessful, and that, in the fury of disappointment, they would not spare him. He had no other alternative than to abandon his master or deliver him forthwith. He would have rather suffered a thousand deaths than adopt the first resolution.

Kascambo, who was beginning to lose every sort of hope, had fallen into a kind of stupor, and preserved a profound silence. Ivan, on the contrary, was more calm and more gay than usual; he fairly surpassed himself in preparing the dinner, and kept singing the whole time Russian songs, in which he introduced some words of encouragement for his master. "The time has come," said he, adding at every phrase the insignificant chorus of some Russian popular song, "*Hai luli, hai luli*—the time has come to put an end to our misery or to die. To-morrow, *hai luli*, we shall be on the road to a town, a pretty town, *hai luli*, which I shall not name. Courage, dear master! the God of the Russians is great!"

Kascambo, completely indifferent to life or death, and ignorant of his denchick's plans, merely answered, "Do as you please, and hold your tongue." Towards

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the evening, the sick man, whom they had treated generously to make him stay, and who, besides a very copious meal, had amused himself the whole day eating chislik,* was seized with such a violent access of fever, that he had to give up, and retired to his own house. He was allowed to depart without great difficulty; Ivan having completely removed every fear of the old man by his extraordinary gaiety. To remove more entirely every cause of suspicion, he withdrew very early to the end of the room, and laid himself down on a bench against the wall, waiting till Ibrahim should fall asleep; but the latter had resolved to watch all night. Instead of spreading himself on a mat near the fire, as usual, he sat himself down on a large log of wood, opposite to his prisoner, and sent away his daughter-in-law, who retired to the next room where her child was, and shut the door.

From the dark corner in which he was placed, Ivan observed attentively the scene before him. By the glimmering light of the fire, which flashed at times a transient blaze, an axe glittered in a recess of the wall. The old man, overcome with sleep, would at times let his head fall heavily on his chest. Ivan saw it was time, and rose to his feet. The suspicious jailor immediately noticed it. "What are you doing there, you dog!" cried he, harshly. Ivan, instead of answering, proceeded towards the fire, yawning and stretching himself, like a man coming out of a deep sleep. Ibrahim, who felt overcome with sleep, ordered Kascambo to play the guitar to keep him awake. The major was about to refuse, but Ivan brought the instrument to him, making the usual sign; "Play, master," said he; "I want to speak to you." Kascambo tuned the guitar, and beginning immediately, they sang together the terrible duet which follows:—

Kascambo.—*Hai luli, hai luli*, what have you got to say! be cautious!" (At every question and every answer they sang a verse of a Russian song.)

Ivan.—"See that axe, but do not look at it. *Hai luli!* It shall dash out that villain's brains. *Hai luli! hai luli!*"

Kascambo.—"Useless murder! *Hai luli!* How could I escape with my irons?"

Ivan.—"The key will be found in the rascal's pocket. *Hai luli!*"

Kascambo.—"The woman will give the alarm. *Hai luli! hai luli!*"

Ivan.—"Never mind, happen what may, will you not perish all the same—*hai luli!*—of hunger and of misery?"

The old man becoming attentive, they repeated a double allowance of hai lulis, accompanied by a loud arpeggio. "Play, master," added the denchick, "play the Cossack; I shall dance round the room to get near the axe; play boldly!"

Kascambo.—"Well, let it be so, this hell will be over." He turned aside his head, and began to play the dance with all his might.

Ivan began the steps and grotesque attitudes of the Cossack, which pleased the old man most particularly, making ridiculous leaps and gambols, and uttering loud shrill cries, to distract his attention. When Kascambo saw that the dancer was near the axe, his heart beat violently in his chest, and he panted with anxiety; that instrument of their deliverance was in a little press without a door, cut in the wall, but at an elevation which Ivan could not very easily attain. To bring it within his reach, he seized a favourable instant, caught it rapidly, and put it on the ground, in the very shade formed by Ibrahim's own body. When the latter looked round at him, he was already far from the spot, and continued the dance. This dangerous scene had lasted for some time, and Kascambo, tired with playing, began to think that his denchick's courage was failing, or that he did not judge the opportunity favourable. He raised his eyes towards him at the moment when the intrepid dancer, with the uplifted axe, was advancing in steady strides to strike the old brigand. The emotion the major felt at this sight was such, that he ceased playing, and dropped the guitar upon his knees. At the same moment, the old man had stooped, and made a step forward to push some brambles into the fire: the dry leaves blazed up immediately, and threw a great light into the room: Ibrahim turned round to sit himself down.

If at that moment Ivan had persevered in his enterprise, a struggle man to man became inevitable, and the alarm would have been given, which was to be avoided above all things; but his presence of mind saved him. He no sooner perceived the major's agitation, and saw Ibrahim get up, than he put down the axe immediately behind the log he used as a seat, and resumed the dance. "Play, play!" said he to his master; "what are you thinking of?" The major, seeing the imprudence he had committed, quietly recommenced playing. The old jailor had not a suspicion, and sat down again; but he ordered them to stop the music and go to rest. Ivan brought calmly the guitar-case, which he placed on the stove; but, instead of receiving the instrument from his master's hand, as quick as lightning he seized the axe behind Ibrahim, and struck him such a terrible blow on the head, that the unfortunate wretch did not even give a sigh, but fell dead with his face in the fire: his long grey beard was instantly in flames; Ivan pulled him aside by the feet, and covered him over with a mat.

They were listening to know if the woman had been awake, when—astonished, no doubt, at the profound silence which had succeeded to such a noise—she opened the door of her room. "What are you about here?" said she, advancing towards the prisoners; "what means that smell of burnt hair?" The fire, which had been scattered about, produced almost no light. Ivan lifted the axe to strike her—she saw it in time to throw aside her head, and received the blow in the chest—she fell with a groan: a second blow, as rapid as a thunderbolt, caught her in her fall, and laid her dead at Kascambo's feet. Frightened and horror-struck at this second murder, which he did not expect, the major, seeing Ivan proceed to the child's room, rushed forward to stop him. "Where are you going, wretch?" said he; "would you have the ferocity to sacrifice also that poor child who has shown me so much affection? If you were to deliver me at such a price, neither your attachment nor your services could save you whenever we reach the line."

"At the line," said Ivan, "you will do as you please, but here we must put an end to all this."

Kascambo, gathering his whole strength, caught him by the collar, as he was forcing his way. "Villain!" cried he, "if you dare to attempt his life, if you touch one hair of his head, I swear here before God that I shall give myself up to the Tchetchenges, and your cruelty will be fruitless."

"To the Tchetchenges!" repeated the excited denchick, raising the axe over his master's head; "they shall never take you alive again: I shall murder them, you, and myself, before that shall happen. That child can ruin us by giving the alarm, and, in your present condition, a woman might drag you back to prison."

"Stop, stop!" cried Kascambo, out of whose hands Ivan was trying to escape; "stop, monster; you shall kill me before you commit this crime!" But alas! weak as he was, and embarrassed with his irons, he could not hold the excited young man, who pushed him violently aside, and he fell heavily to the ground, half dead with surprise and horror. Whilst, all covered with the blood of the first victims, he was struggling to get upon his feet, he cried out incessantly, "Ivan, I entreat you, do not kill him; in the holy name of God, spill not the blood of that poor innocent creature!"

As soon as he could, he ran to his assistance; but on reaching the door of the room, he knocked himself in the dark against Ivan, who was returning. "Master, all is over; let us lose no time, and make no noise. Don't make any noise," answered he to the bitter and desperate reproaches which his exasperated master addressed to him. "What is done, is done; now there is no drawing back. Till we are free, every man I meet is dead, or he shall kill me; and if any one enter this door before our departure, I consider not whether it be man, woman, or child—I shall stretch them there with the others."

He lighted a splinter of larch-wood, and began to search the pouch and the pockets of the dead brigand. The key of the irons was not there. He sought it also in vain in the woman's clothes, in a trunk, and every where he imagined it might be concealed. Whilst he was engaged in this pursuit, the major was giving way, without any prudence or control, to the bitterness of his grief; Ivan consoled him after his own manner. "You ought rather," said he, "to mourn the loss of the key of your irons, which can't be found; what can tempt you to regret these wretches, who have tormented you more than fifteen months? They wanted to make away with us. Well, their turn has come before ours. Is it my fault?"

[Here must in the mean time be concluded this singular, but true narrative: it will be resumed and brought to a close in the ensuing number.]

* Mutton roasted in small bits at the end of a sharp stick.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.—LABOUR.

Labour is a word which political economists have used in two different senses. In its more accurate application, it refers to the means adopted for obtaining certain ends; but it has likewise been adopted to designate those ends themselves, or the *results* of labour in its more correct designation. Thus, in a former chapter, capital was spoken of as accumulated labour. It is in the former sense alone that we have here to discuss the subject.

Labour may be defined as the exertion, bodily or mental, expended for the accomplishment of a certain end. In the common use of the word, the result aimed at is not so much kept in view as the extent of the exertion expended in accomplishing it. When a man continuously exerts his sinews, he is said to labour; and if he do so to the production of some end neither useful to himself nor to others, his labour is said to be unprofitable. In considering the nature of labour, however, in connexion with political economy, that kind only can be taken into consideration which is profitable in some form or other; in other words, that which results in some service being done to the community. Whatever a man does for the purpose of procuring food and clothing for himself, is labour. But however energetically a man should gratuitously exert himself in wrestling or gymnastics, he would not be considered as labouring, unless, indeed, it might be said that he was thus laying in a stock of strength to fit him for some useful industry; in this case, to the extent to which he lays in strength to render that industry more productive, he may be said to labour. Suppose, however, that the individual is paid for exerting himself in wrestling or gymnastics. Here the occupation entirely changes its nature, and becomes to its full extent labour. It may not, to be sure, be of much ultimate service to mankind; but fashion, caprice, or whatever else may have instigated the desire for it, is to be supposed in such an event to have made it one of the wants of society; the community are ready to give value for it, and the operation through which the demand is supplied is labour.

The demands of society are thus the only criterion to distinguish what is labour in this sense, and what is not. It is impossible to establish any other criterion of utility. A man may be convinced that a certain occupation in which he is engaged will be productive of the greatest benefit to mankind; but if men will not take him at his word, and pay him for his exertions, these exertions are not labour in the sense in which it is necessary here to view it—as an article in the market. On the other hand, the quack, whose pills cut off his fellow-beings by thousands, is, in virtue of the credulity to which he ministers, a labourer in the strictest sense of the term. It follows, that certain exertions will be partly labour, partly not: namely, labour, in so far as they are spent on something which is wanted—mere useless tension of mind or muscle, in so far as they are applied to what is not wanted. Thus, the exertion of making tiles for covering houses will be strictly labour; but if the tile-maker should volunteer to spend his time in putting certain ornaments on the interior of the tiles, where they will not be seen, and where consequently they will have no such value in the eyes of the purchaser as will prompt him to make an allowance for them, here is a mere fantastic outlay of time and exertion. Lost labour it would be called; and in the sense in which labour is viewed in political economy, it would be no labour at all.

But let us bring this doctrine to bear more clearly on practice. The loss of labour, in the manner just illustrated, is but casually and rarely exhibited; but there is another form in which it is too common, namely, that where exertion is used in producing something which is in demand, but a greater quantity is produced than what is demanded. Thus, if ten men be sufficient to produce the quantity of shoes requisite for the consumption of a village, while there are in reality twelve shoemakers at work in it, one-sixth part of their exertions is lost. To estimate, however, the number which is required for the wants of a community, there are various circumstances to be taken into consideration. The proportion which any class of labourers ought to bear to the other members of the community, cannot be absolutely fixed; it must bear relation to circumstances. Thus, in a country where there is much capital, and a comparatively small population, the value of every kind of labour will be greater than where the population is large and the wealth small. Let us take two communities, then, in one of which the demand for every kind of labour is double what it is in the other, while the number of labourers is the same in both. If there be ten shoemakers in each, though those in the former make double by their work what those in the latter do, yet there is none of the labour of the latter thrown away, because the quantity produced is proportioned to that of other productions of labour. If, however, the shoemakers of the latter could easily remove to the former, and did not do so, they would be throwing away their labour.

There is still, however, another matter to be taken into consideration, before we can estimate whether any particular portion of the labour-market is overstocked, namely, the relative amount of labour necessary for the different trades or professions which are open to a man's choice. In the same town you will find two sets of workmen, the one of which receives a shilling a-day, while the other receives five shillings; and yet each of these methods of occupation shall have just the proper quantity of labour devoted to it, so that none is thrown away. The difference is owing to the intensity of the labour bestowed in the one, in comparison with that bestowed in the other; or, in other words, to the comparative rarity or abundance of the qualifications required for the two pursuits. The superiority may be in muscular strength, in neat handedness, or any other description of skill, or in education; the result simply is, that the labour in the one case is more valuable than in the other, and for the purposes of comparison it may be talked of as more intense. Here, as in other cases, it is impossible to draw absolute distinctions; they must be left to be arranged by circumstances as they occur. If we suppose the labourer who gets five shillings a-day to be a watchmaker, and he who gets one shilling to be a pavier, then the labour of watchmaking is in that community five times as valuable as the labour of paving, and for the purposes of political economy it is so much the more intense. In other places there may be adventitious circumstances; such as a peculiar abundance of persons possessing the qualities necessary for being

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watchmakers, which may make the difference in value less. These circumstances will be more minutely considered when we come to treat of wages.

We are now, perhaps, placed in a position to take a more minute view of the circumstances in which labour may be thrown away or lost through the miscalculation of the labourer. Suppose there are two trades, the qualifications for the performance of which are exactly of the same standard; if there be a greater proportional number of persons employed in the one than in the other, then the former is glutted, as it is termed, and there is so much labour thrown away. Suppose that the trade of shoemaking and that of saddlery require exactly the same qualifications; in other words, that of a certain number of men able to do both, each is able to do either the one or the other. Let us suppose that the quantity of saddlery labour required is just half that of shoemaking labour which is required. Suppose that the number of men capable of performing both is thirty; to make their labour bear to the community its exact value, there ought to be twenty shoemakers and ten saddlers. If, instead of this, there are twenty-five shoemakers and five saddlers, here are five men throwing away their labour, or, a fifth part of the labour of twenty-five men is lost.

If this were merely a theoretic distinction, which did not affect practice, we should not have enlarged upon it. Unfortunately, it is too amply illustrated in daily life. District or family prejudices, and the natural indolence of the human mind, prompt men to follow professions which are much overdone. Apart from greater exertion, mere change of pursuit and habit would often materially increase a man's income; yet the change will not be made. It is thus that generation after generation will follow a trade, for the produce of which the demand once existing has ceased, and they will call it a "poor trade," and consider themselves oppressed by the rest of mankind, forgetting that their hardships are the result of no other combination of circumstances beyond their own foolish choice. The mistake is exhibited, perhaps, most glaringly in the adherence of individuals to localities where their labour is not profitable. Thousands of individuals, who could incalculably benefit their condition by removing to spots where there is a demand for labour, do not dream of adopting the means of benefiting themselves and society, but dose away life in their self-elected poverty, ruminating on a vague conviction that Providence has not destined them for good fortune. In the two subjects of wages and machinery, a little more practical light will be endeavoured to be thrown on this subject. Meanwhile, it is our design, by the above remarks, to bring to the conviction of our readers the circumstance, that the man who follows an unprofitable, instead of a profitable occupation, not only injures himself but society at large. He is like one who should join a multitude of others, to divert their labour from the channel of utility, and employ it in something useless. The supernumerary workman, on the principles above pointed out, is as ill employed as if he were assisting to build a new pyramid in Egypt. Those who take their labour to a wrong market, are thus not merely themselves the sufferers—they occasion a loss to the community. On those who are blind to the dictates of self-interest, this consideration will probably not have much effect; but it is fit that it should be kept in view by those more stirring spirits, whose exertions not only benefit themselves, but are frequently the means of rousing the dormant energies of their neighbours. The indolent and injudicious will be carried forward by the power of public opinion, when nothing else will move them; and it is difficult to form an idea of the amount of good that might be done by the propagation of sentiments tending to counteract the barbarous prejudices which tie people to employments which have ceased to be profitable.

In a commercial and thickly peopled country, the greater part of the labour of the inhabitants will be for sale, and not for home consumption. The expertness acquired by the person who devotes his labour to one object, aided by the facilities which the application of capital gives to the employment of labour in the form in which it is most profitable, tend to place the community in such a position that each man finds he will possess the greatest quantity of the comforts of life, not by making them for himself, but by employing his labour in some one article used by others, by selling which he is enabled to choose from the general market articles produced by others under equally advantageous circumstances. In this country, indeed, the division of labour is carried so far, that we but seldom meet with an article in ordinary use the whole of which is fabricated by one individual. The labourer who thus throws the produce of his exertions into the general market, has thus a perpetual measure of the value of his industry, which he who devotes his time to the production of articles consumed by himself cannot so easily achieve. There are many circumstances in which the produce of labour may be profitably consumed by the labourer. For instance, it would in general be a clear loss were the baker to buy the bread he uses at home, or the shoemaker the shoes he wears. If the former, however, instead of selling his bread and buying shoes, were to make them for himself, bestowing on the work the time he might give to his own trade, he would in almost every case be a loser. There are, at the same time, many descriptions of labour which constitute separate professions, and which, at the same time, in certain circumstances, it may be more advantageous for a man to do himself than to get done by others. Thus, the farmer bakes his own bread, while the merchant and manufacturer purchase theirs. When we find, however, that even those who sell their labour frequently go to the wrong market, it is still more likely that those who have not the criterion of a price before them should mistake the value of their exertions. Hence, there is much domestic labour wasted. Variety of occupation is sometimes sought as a recreation, and the exertion which may be thus applied is not to be looked on as wasted labour. There is, however, a fallacy in favour of home production, which makes many a man launch into expense under the guise of economy. There is a lurking feeling that the payment of money only is extravagance, and when that unpleasant process can be avoided, the receipts that are sacrificed are overlooked. Many a man who, if he turned his attention to one object, might make a comfortable livelihood, fritters away his time and abilities in multitudinous ingenious pieces of labour, by which he avoids sundry trifling disbursements at the sacrifice of the substantial means of living.

In labour—useful labour, as we have above explained it—we find the great standard by which the value of every commodity is measured. How much of the produce of labour will be given in exchange for it? is the simple question by which the value of any thing is ascertained. There are, indeed, just two elements of value—labour and monopoly. That a thing should bear value in the general market of the world, it is necessary that labour should have been expended on it, or that it should be something of which the supply is limited, and for which a certain portion of the proceeds of labour will be given. Of the former, gold itself, as the reader may recollect was shown in the first chapter, is an instance. Of the second, land is the most extensive example in existence. As will be more minutely explained under the subject of rent, the only means of ascertaining the amount of value that is in a monopolised commodity is by measuring it with labour; there is nothing in its intrinsic nature that can indicate the extent. Of three fields, perfectly on a par in their capabilities and proceeds, one in the vicinity of Manchester or Glasgow will bring £12 an acre; a second, in the more remote parts of Perthshire, will bring £2; and a third, in Hungary, may not be worth 5s. Here we have an illustration of another truth, to be afterwards more fully explained, that it is only through means of labour that even the monopolised article is made valuable. This latter is, after all, but an instrument in the hands of industry, worthless of itself, but capable of being increased in value to an incalculable extent, when made the subject of man's industrial exertions.

Before leaving this subject, it may be as well to notice a distinction, adopted by Adam Smith and others, between productive and unproductive labourers. "There is one sort of labour," says Smith, "which adds to the value of the subject upon which it is bestowed; there is another which has no such effect." As of the former kind, he classes the labour of the manufacturer; while he says, "The sovereign, for example, with all the officers both of justice and war who serve under him, the whole army and navy, are unproductive labourers." That such a distinction as that between productive and unproductive labour does exist, may be admitted; but a little consideration will show that it is impossible to draw the line. As has been already observed, there are very few articles in common use which are the production of any one man; the greater part are the result of an organised division of labour. If we admit, then, that the man who hammers out a knife blade, that he who grinds it, that he who whets it, and that he who fixes it to its handle, are each one a productive labourer, shall we deny the same character to the overseer, without whose organisation the labour could not have been thus productively divided, or to the book-keeper, whose daily attention to his duties are necessary to keep the establishment from ruin? If we admit these, shall we then exclude the policeman and the magistrate, whose labour is bestowed in preserving that social order, without which all the manufactories of the district would cease to exist, or the physician, who assists in preserving the health of the workmen? Let us take the distinction in another view. Is a maker of children's toys a productive labourer? This, by the way, is an occupation involving more capital and industry than many would readily anticipate. An instance has been known of a glass manufacturer receiving an order for £500 worth of glass eyes. If it be decided that the toymaker is unproductive, what shall we say to the maker of the ornaments which gratify the adult; the painter, the statuary, nay, the builder and the clothier, in as far as their exertions are bestowed on the production of mere ornament? On the other hand, if the maker of toys is a productive labourer, shall we exclude the actor or the rope-dancer, whose exertions are directed to the same end—that of producing amusement? If we take the extremes of the scale, however, the distinction appears very forcible. The baker or the cotton-spinner may be deriving small incomes when compared with that of the rope-dancer; yet there is no comparison as to the respective productiveness of the two, or as to the extent to which their distinct efforts tend to increase the wealth or useful commodities of the community. The rope-dancer, indeed, however large his income, is rather a vehicle through which the productions of others are dispersed, than himself a producer. He is a means by which the money of his neighbours is spent, neither increasing nor decreasing its amount by his own efforts. He gives amusement, however. The manufacturer loses part of his inducement to exert himself if he have not some means of relaxation; and thus even the rope-dancer is to a certain extent indirectly productive.

SKIMMINGS FROM AN OLD RECEIPT-BOOK.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have obtained a sight of a manuscript receipt-book, written early in the last century, and which latterly seems to have belonged to the Honourable Margaret Murray, a sister of the first Earl of Mansfield. Such books were to be found in every house of any consequence, before printed manuals of cookery had become common. They were generally compiled from one another, with such additions as each lady housekeeper could give from her own skill and experience, or as could be obtained from the skill and experience of her nearest friends and neighbours. Accordingly, many of the receipts were of indefinite antiquity, while others might be considered as nearly contemporary with the date of the particular manuscript in which they appeared. The book before us contains many curious matters, illustrative of the habits of thought and the habits of common life which prevailed rather more than a hundred years ago.

The receipts in this book are not, it must be observed, cookery receipts. They refer to the more refined parts of housekeeping, as the preserving of fruits, the compounding of sweet cakes, and the making of cordials and medicinal preparations. Common cookery would, we presume, be left to servants, who would conduct it according to traditionary rules which no one ever thought of improving; while the ladies themselves would deem it a fair part of duty, to study the mysteries of pastry, preserving, and the concoction of specifics. Not even the highest rank seems to have been exempted from such labours, for, amongst these nostrums, is one entitled "The *Countess of Ruthland's* Receipt for making the rare Bamburry Cakes qich was so much prais'd att her doughter's wadding." If we might judge from the volume in our possession, we would say that much more attention must have been bestowed by the ladies of those days upon confectionery than upon learning, for the spelling is generally of a very original kind, and the handwriting in many parts by no means distinguished for elegance.

It does not seem necessary to bestow any particular notice on the great mass of the receipts in our volume, these referring only to ordinary objects, as "To make marmollate of oranges," "To make a goosberry Full," "To make Cherrie Water," "To make Gilly Flowr water," "To make Steill Carvie," "To clarifie Sween's Saime," "To make goosberry Wine," "To make Curran Wine," &c. Here the titles, we presume, are enough. Our attention, however, is irresistibly arrested when we come to such a characteristic and peculiar receipt as "To make Oyll of Swallows," which proceeds thus:—"Take swallows as many as you can get, ten or twelve at the least, *and put them quick into a mortar*; and put to them lavender cottone, speke, cammomyle, knot grass, ribwort, balm, valerian, rosemary tops, woodbine tops, strings of vines, French mallows, the tops of ale hoof [and other ten or twelve like things], of each of thes ane handfull; *beat all thes together*, and put thereto a qart of neats feet oyll, or May butter; *stamp them all together*, and beat them with ane or twe ounces of cloves, and put them all together into ane earthen pot; stop it verie clos with a piece dough round about, so clos that no air can come out; set them nine days in a cellar, and then take them out and boyle them six or eight hours on the fire, or else in a pan of water; but first open your pat and put in half a pound of vax whit or yellow, and a pint of sellat oyle, and strain them through a canvass cloth." For what purpose on earth could our ladies have designed this unhallowed mixture!

"King Edward's Perfume" is highly characteristic of the age when floors were strewed with rushes, and only cleaned once in a few weeks. "Take twelve spoonfulls of right red rose water, the weight of sixpence in fine powder of sugar, and boyll it on hot embers softly, and the house will smell *as though it were full of roses*; but you must burn the sweet cypress wood befor, *to take away the gross air*." "A Cordiall Water of Sr Wallter Rouligh's" is also worth giving. "Take a galloun of strawberries, and put them into a pint of aquavitæ: let them stand four or five days. *Strain them genteely out*, and sweeten the water as you pleas, with fine sugar or with perfume."

Here, however, is a much greater marvel than any of the above, namely, "A Soveraigne Water of Doctor Stephen's, which he a long time used; wherewith he did many cures; he keept it secrett till a little befor his death, and then gave it to the bishope of Canterbury in a writing, which is—Take a gallone of good Gascon wine, and take vinegar, gallingall, cinnamun, nutmegs, cloves, grains, annisseeds, fennell seeds, of every of them a dram; then take carroway seeds of red, mintes, rose, tyme, pelletory of the wall, rosemary and wild tyme, camomyle, the leaves if you cannot get the flowrs of small lavender, of each a handfull; then bray the spiret small, and bray the herbs, and put all into the wine, and let it stand twelve hours, stirring it divers times, then still it in a lembik, and kep the first

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water, for it is best; then put the second water by itself, for it is good, but not of such virtues." Hear, reader, the virtues of this water: "It comforts the vital spirits, and helps all inward diseases, that come of cold. It is good against the shaking of the palsie. It cures the contraction of the sinews. It kills the worms in the belly and stamach; it cures the dropsie; whosever useth this water morning and evening and not too often, it *preserveth him in good liking*, and will *make him seem young verie long*, and comforteth nature marvellously. With this water did Master Stephen preserve his life till extream age wold not let him goe nor stand, and he continued fyve years when all the physicians juged he [wold] not live a year longer, nor did he use any other medicine but this!"

It will be observed that Dr Stephen's sovereign water includes an ingredient which has generally been allowed to have a direct effect in "comforting the vital spirits." The same principle is found in all the other cordials described in our receipt-book. We have "The Lord Spencer's Cherrie Water," the basis of which is "ane pottle of new sack," and which is "good for faintings and soondings;" likewise "The Lady Spotswood's Stamach Water," the basis of which is "white wine ane pottle;" and "Doctor Butler's Cordial Water against melancholy, most approved," which seems at first to be a mere decoction of a great list of gay spring flowers, until, on looking a little closer, we discern that it, too, has a substantial foundation, in "a qart of Canary wine," so that even we moderns may well believe the concluding passage—"take of this water at one tyme three spoonfulls thrice a weick, or when you are il; it *cureth all malancholy fusies*." So also "A Cordial Water called Sanatifera" rests upon "a Chopine of Brandie," which is only, as it were, by the bye, ordered to be poured upon "the ingredients;" not to speak of the concluding direction to "take a spoonful or two *amongst a litle warme ale*."

There is "A Receipt of Water much magnified by the Hylanders and Italeans, for thikening the hair wher it is, and making it grow wher it is not;" but the ingredients are not to be enumerated before polite society. At the bottom of "a Receipt against Melancholy and Madness," we are informed that "the eating of a roasted magpie is very good against Madnesses, *tho occasioned by witchcraft*; but if it makes the patient wors, vomiting well will make it good." As further illustrations of the habits of ladies of high rank in those days, we have "To make chees, Lady William Hay's way," "How to make Cherrie Brandie, the Countess of Linlithgow's way," a "Receipt to make Gillie of Hartshorn, my Lady Hyndford's way," a "Receipt for Goosberry Venegar, my Lady Ormiston's way," and a rival receipt to the last by "Colonel Keith's Lady." Lady Balcanquhal, Lady Woodhall, and Mrs Isobel Stirling, also appear as authorities on these grave matters. Nor was the sterner sex above lending their aid. The Lord Spencer's Cherrie Water has already been alluded to. We have also "The Lord Barron Halmon's True Receipt of the Queen of Hungarie's Water," and "Lord Neill Campbell's Receipt for a Squinancy, which he bought for 3 guinies from a mason who lived by it when he could not work." This Lord Neill was a younger son of the famous Marquis of Argyll, beheaded at the Restoration. That men of such rank should have put faith in obscure nostrums practised by the humblest and most ignorant of the community, shows in a striking light the imperfect wisdom of those times.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PROCRASTINATION.

We are told by an old proverb "never to leave things till to-morrow that can be done to-day," and many examples are given of persons who have attributed their whole success in life to their attention to this well-established rule. Now-a-days, the proverb requires to be a little more stringent. If we expect to compete successfully in our profession, whatever it may be, it will be necessary not to leave any thing for the next hour, or the next minute, that can be performed in the present—leaving matters till the morrow is now quite antediluvian. Railways, steam-boats, and the penny post, have put mettle in the heels of the public; and he who lags in the old procrastinating fashion—"ay, we'll see about it by and bye"—is pretty certain of getting himself overrun and trampled upon in the onward struggle.

To be serious, the true way of getting through the world with either present or prospective comfort, is to do whatever is required *right slick off*, as the Americans say—not postponing for a single instant what can be immediately executed, unless prudence should suggest a due measure of delay; and such a suggestion, of course, is always to be carefully attended to. A constant exercise in promptitude of execution has a powerful effect in sharpening the wits. The mind of a man who is every minute called on to decide upon a matter of importance, becomes at length exquisitely acute; while he whose mind is little exercised in this way, becomes incapable of decision without long cogitation. A London merchant, for example, who receives a hundred letters in a morning, will decide on the kind of answer to be given to each almost as quickly as they are individually opened, although they may involve matters of thousands of pounds. A country gentleman would probably require a week for each, and, after all, probably leave some altogether unanswered. We have never gone to the country without observing this kind of procrastination. A small job that might be done in five minutes, will be pushed off for a day or two, and made a matter of serious consideration. In this dawdling way, thousands of men dream away their existence, and are just as poor and miserable at the end of their days as they were at the beginning.

CORNS—THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

The invariable and sole cause of corns is *pressure*. It has been so arranged in nature, that, when any unwonted pressure upon any part of the body takes place, a thickening of the cuticle or outer skin ensues in that part, for the purpose, evidently, of affording the required protection. This process takes place as a direct consequence of pressure, for when a part is severely pressed, the flux of particles from the interior of the skin is stopped at the outside: the particles, prevented from there flying off, are accumulated, and added to the thickness. This goes on indefinitely, and it would go on in any part of the body. The cheek of the fairest maiden might in time, by the proper means, be thickened to the consistency of the upper leather of her shoe. On any spot where pressure takes place, the thickening is greatest in the centre. At that particular point, at a certain stage of the process, the cuticle assumes the hardness of horn, and this causes great pain in the tender parts beneath, when the external pressure is further continued—unquestionably a warning of kind Nature that her child has persisted too long in an injurious course, which ought as quickly as possible to be stopped, and retraced.

The remedy is to be effected by means the reverse of those by which the evil has been induced. The pressure must be removed, and the very opposite of pressure must be applied to the place. If, while the pressure is altogether removed, a soft or wet substance be laid upon the part, the hardened cuticle will become soft, and in time fall off; and in the course of the ordinary process of waste and supply which goes on all over the body, a new skin of proper character will be supplied. Generally, it is desirable to adopt a quicker mode of cure. The thick skin may therefore be in the first place pared as much as may appear safe or convenient. Let pressure be at the same time as much as possible removed. After two or three repeated parings under these circumstances, the corn will grow out from the bottom. But the quickest, most convenient, and most certain cure, is, to pare, as above directed, and to bind up the place with a rag soaked in melted candle-grease. In this case the application must be repeatedly renewed, and the paring may also be repeated, if the thickness of the integument will allow of it. At the end of about a fortnight, if there be no counteracting circumstance, the corn will have disappeared. It may be remarked, that, if the part be kept well supplied with the softening application, it may be subjected to considerable pressure, and yet the cure of the corn will proceed. Candle-grease is more suitable than any other oleaginous substance, because it does not so readily become absorbed in the cloth.

Supposing a cure effected, the patient will only be able to prevent the recurrence of the evil, by studying as far as possible to prevent a renewal of that pressure by which it was originally produced; and this brings us to consider the form of that article of dress, which is the chief, if not the only, recognised cause of corns.

Small feet being usually esteemed an important requisite for a handsome exterior, great anxiety is generally manifested, especially by the fairer part of creation, for small shoes. Shoes, therefore, are often worn too small for the natural size of the foot. In this alone we see abundant cause for corns, for a tight shoe inevitably occasions pressure in one part or another. This is, then, an error to be avoided by all persons accessible to rational ideas—while, on the other hand, a too wide shoe is also to be avoided, seeing that it is sure to occasion friction in some particular place, and thus bring about the same evil result. But it is in the form of shoes, rather than in their size, that the evil most frequently lies.

In the ordinary manufacture of shoes, two leading errors are committed. The first is in a too great contraction of the shoe towards the front. If we look at the foot of an infant or a savage for the natural form of the foot, we find that, from the heel forwards, it gradually widens as far as the situation of the little toe, and from that point, instead of contracting equally on both sides, contracts only on one, namely, from the point of the little to the point of the great toe. The foot is indeed an irregular isosceles triangle, of which the front of the toes is the base, the line from the great toe to the heel the longest side, and the line from the little toe to the heel the shortest side. Instead, however, of making shoes in any thing like this form, they are made with a lozenge-shaped front for elegance, thus crushing the toes into a narrow angular space quite unsuited for their reception. The evil is increased by the second of the two great leading errors—the elevation of the heel. It seems strange that, while the exquisite adaptation of all nature's works to purposes and circumstances is so often the theme of remark, no one ever thought of asking why, if high heels were convenient to mankind, nature did not make them so. For certain, if such a peculiarity of structure had been conducive to our good, we should have found ourselves possessed of it. But the truth is, that, so far from being conducive to good, it is quite the reverse. When we put something under our heels to raise them permanently an inch above the level of the ball of the foot, we lose the power of our limbs to an immense extent. The body is thrown *off* some of its strongest supporting muscles, *upon* some of the weakest, namely, those in front of the limbs. The posture becomes constrained, difficult, and imbecile. Free and forcible motion is impossible. No graceful dancing could be executed under such circumstances. In the case of a gladiator or a wrestler, it would decide the day against a man considerably stronger by nature than his antagonist. Its worst effect, in our ordinary modes of life, is to wedge the foot deeply into the angular recess prepared for it in the fore part of our common shoes, and thus to expose it in its tenderest part to all the pressure which it seems possible by any convenient means to create in that region. From this peculiar cause, perhaps, arises the greater part of the calamity of corns.

We do not point out these errors, with any hope of seeing them quickly corrected. There are, however, some rational persons who, if we shall have succeeded in convincing them, may be expected to sacrifice fashion, in some considerable measure, to convenience. They may not altogether and at once go the length of banishing heels from their shoes, and having those articles of dress made in the form of isosceles triangles; but they will at least lower the heels, and widen the fronts of their shoes, as far as they can without making themselves appear odd. It is not unworthy of remark in this place, that the Highlanders of Scotland in former days had no heels to their shoes, to which circumstance may probably be attributed in no small measure the graceful freedom of their motions, and their amazing powers as pedestrians.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, in which we have now arrived by the railway from Carlisle, may be described as in a state of transition from a general meanness, or at least mediocrity of aspect, to a condition of great elegance and convenience, indicative of a wonderful spirit of improvement, and of advance in a course of thriving and profitable industry. Some seven or eight years ago, we had made a passing visit to the place, and observed that it had little to distinguish it from some other English provincial towns, whose plain brick edifices are rendered dingy by age, and the volumes of smoke which usually canopy their black-puddled streets. At that period, however, Newcastle was beginning to manifest symptoms of improvement; in one part of the environs, several rows of smart yellow-coloured brick houses were springing up as places of residence for the more affluent class of inhabitants, and nearly in the centre of the town, a large and handsome stone structure had been erected, embracing an arcade of elegant proportions, with lines of shops and a number of public offices. Since that period, a surprising change has been effected. A kind of new town, built of beautiful light sandstone, resembling the better parts of the New Town of Edinburgh, has been placed in the centre of the old; and as the improvements are still incomplete, the houses of various crooked streets and alleys seem in the course of being pulled piece-meal to the ground and cleared away, while fresh and gay lines of building, ornamenting the newly opened broad thoroughfares, are taking their place. Some little account of this destruction and re-edification of the metropolis of the northern counties, can scarcely fail to be read with interest.

Those who have never been in Newcastle, may readily imagine the Tyne—here a noble river, double the size of the Clyde at Glasgow—issuing from the beautiful fertile valley on the west, through which we have described the railway as passing, and pursuing its course between high sloping banks towards the east. At the point where the river becomes rather closely overhung with rising grounds, are built the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, the former on the north, the latter on the south bank, and both stretching upwards from the connecting stone bridge over the superior grounds. The situation on the northern side had been in early times selected by the Roman generals as a commanding point for one of their chief stations along the line of wall from the Tyne to the Solway. During the middle ages, a considerable monastic institution, which helped to attract inhabitants, was planted on the spot, and conveyed to it the name of Monkchester; but this designation was dropped when Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, erected a fortress on the high bluff which overhangs the Tyne, and gave it the name of the New Castle, in contradistinction, it is presumed, to the older castle of Prudhoe, now in ruins farther up the valley of the Tyne. From this time, or about the beginning of the twelfth century, the town grew apace under the shel-

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ter of the castle, was strongly walled to protect it from the warlike incursions of the Scots, and received from successive kings and Northumbrian princes various privileges. The situation of the town on the river, also, gave it a great advantage over less favoured towns near the Scottish border. We find that, as early as the fourteenth century, it was already noted for its maritime traffic; for in 1346, it furnished 17 ships and 314 men to carry on the siege of Calais. Its prosperity received frequent checks from plagues, onslaughts, and various other tragical circumstances incidental to an age of ignorance and strife; yet its natural or acquired advantages carried it over all difficulties, and rendered it one of our most busy and wealthy provincial towns.

The main cause of both its increasing trade and population, is its fortunate situation in the midst of the great coal-district of Northumberland and Durham, or a large tract on both sides of the Tyne, which affords an ever-ready depôt for shipping, and an outlet for a most extensive traffic. The distance of Newcastle from the sea is only about ten miles, and the volume of water in the river at favourable times of the tide, is sufficient to float craft of from four to five hundred tons burden, up to the quay that bounds the lower part of the town. The coal-field of Newcastle is reckoned to extend to a medium length of 44 miles by 21 miles, forming an area of 924 square miles; and, after making all allowances for breaks or defects, it is understood that over this vast space there is an average depth of ten feet of coal. Deducting a sixth for what is already consumed, there remain upwards of seven billions of tons, which, at the rate of 5,235,602 tons exported per annum (that being the quantity for 1837), will afford a supply for 1450 years. The strata amidst which the coal seams are found, are chiefly sandstone and limestone, with ironstone at no great distance, so that the subterranean wealth of the district cannot be considered as limited to one article. The sandstone, as all the world knows, forms a first-rate material for grinding stones; the lime is of great value for agriculture and other purposes; and the ironstone is now, in some places, beginning to be worked on a large scale for smelting. With an abundance of coal and iron, two of our most valuable materials in the arts, and the best means of export, it would have been surprising if Newcastle and its neighbourhood had not assumed the importance which they now enjoy.

From the lower portion of Newcastle, on the bank of the river, where the business in shipping is carried on, a steep street ascends to the higher town, making in its course a bend round the base of the knoll on which the ancient fortlet or castle is placed, and still in a well preserved condition, with a conspicuous turret rising from the mass of antique buildings which parasitically surround it. All the lower department of the town, consisting of business streets and factories, remains in its former state, and it is only on emerging from this quarter, and coming to the central thoroughfares, that the nature and extent of the alterations are observable. Northwards from the old principal cross street, in which stands the church of St Nicholas with its high and elegant tower, the improvements are chiefly to be found. At the time of our former visit, a secluded area of ground, measuring twelve acres in extent, and which belonged to the monastery or nunnery already referred to, was unappropriated for any useful purpose; and at a short distance from it, there was a large market for meat, vegetables, &c., besides a considerable cluster of houses of a mean order. From the central district, the town expanded, by slow degrees, in a northerly and westerly direction, leaving the large monastery grounds in the condition of an unprofitable wilderness, in the heart of a busy seat of population. Many efforts were made to purchase and render useful so valuable a property; but, from being in the hands of a party unwilling to dispose of it, all such attempts proved unsuccessful. At length, it came into the possession of a proprietor who was willing to sell it, and it was purchased in 1834, for the sum of L.50,000, by Richard Grainger, an architect, who had already signalised himself by effecting various improvements in the town.

Mr Grainger—as we learn from a memoir of his life in the Penny Magazine, written, we believe, by Miss Martineau—was born in Newcastle in 1798, and such was the humble condition of his parents, that he was educated at a parish charity school. In early life, he was remarkable for nothing but the serenity of his disposition, which has been his characteristic through life. Some of the inhabitants of Newcastle can recall the appearance of the boy in those days, in his green badge-coat, with his round, ruddy, smiling countenance, and his singularly quiet manner. At the proper time, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter and builder, and won some attention by the remarkable steadiness and easy composure of his character, giving promise of respectability, and indications of power of mind. When his apprenticeship had expired, his elder brother George, who was a bricklayer, engaged him to join in an enterprise of his own, pulling down and rebuilding a small house. George died prematurely, and Richard being thrown on his own resources, was patronised by Mr Batson, an opulent member of the Methodist body, to which the young builder belonged. By Mr Batson he was employed to build some houses in Higham Place; and soon after he married a respectable and worthy young lady, with a fortune of L.5000. Afterwards, he undertook, on his own account, the erection of several new buildings, mostly, however, of brick, and in the plain style in which English towns are ordinarily constructed. Some of his structures were of a more elegant and important kind, among which was the Arcade, already noticed, which alone cost L.40,000. His various undertakings, up till 1832, are reckoned to have required an outlay of L.195,000.

It may easily be supposed that these expensive speculations were only warranted by the growing prosperity of the town, and the natural demand for a better class of dwellings, shops, and warehouses, than had hitherto existed. Circumstances, as in the similar case of the New Town of Edinburgh, required the change, and to Mr Grainger was given the tact to take advantage of them. The achievements of this bold designer, were, however, only commencing. Having, in 1834, purchased the monastery grounds in the centre of the town, and bought up other old property adjacent, to the amount of L.45,000, he brought forward a well-matured plan for opening communications by handsome new streets through the district, so as to connect some of the busy parts of the town, distant from each other, and which could only be reached by inconvenient circuitous ways. In the lines which he proposed to execute, were placed the market and theatre; but, by certain arrangements, these were removed, leaving a large space open for thorough improvement. Mr Grainger engaged to build a new theatre, and to furnish a new market on a far more splendid scale than the old one, on receiving an adequate remuneration from the corporation. In August 1834, he began his operations, which were rapidly, and without the aid of an act of parliament, carried into execution. The new market was opened in October 1835. These extraordinary proceedings, which were generally popular, did not escape opposition; but by Mr Grainger's sound judgment and activity, all obstacles disappeared. His removal of the theatre was threatened with an injunction; but within three hours from sealing the contract, the chimneys were down, and before any message could have reached London, the whole edifice had disappeared. Another instance of Mr Grainger's Bonapartean promptitude has been mentioned. "A house in Grey Street projected in an unsightly manner, so that it became of importance to the architect to get possession of it. The different owners of the house and cellar made difficulties, and Mr Grainger was longer than usual in carrying his point. At last he succeeded, but not before the contract had interested the inhabitants, who amused themselves with watching whether the architect's design was to be injured by the projection of this one house. The purchase being effected, the tenant's family were, that very evening, removed to a house which Mr Grainger had made comfortable for them, and their fires were still burning when the demolition of their late dwelling began. In the morning, when crowds came to see how the affair proceeded, not a vestige of the house remained."*

Other difficulties consisted in planning and executing levels, for the scene of operations is principally a gentle slope, with a southern exposure, in the middle of the town, and in its former condition it had numerous heights and hollows which it was necessary to transform into an even surface. The digging and carting, exclusive of the cost of deposit, amounted to L.21,500. Sand was procured from some parts of the ground, and in other places the clay was adopted for making bricks. The plans for laying out the new streets involved great artistic skill; but all were projected solely from Mr Grainger's own conceptions and experience, with the assistance of his observations during a visit to Edinburgh, London, and Dublin. He attributes much, we are told, to a visit to Edinburgh many years ago; what he saw there gave him great delight and a powerful impulse. To carry those plans into execution required an enormous capital, and it cannot be supposed that any one individual could have been found to peril so much money on a series of architectural creations, however ostensibly useful. In this department of his undertakings, it is understood that he was powerfully aided by Mr Clayton, town-clerk, and a member of a very opulent and influential family. Through this gentleman's personal and professional assistance, Mr Grainger was enabled to work out his plans; and as many of the new houses were sold or let as soon as they were erected, a much smaller active capital served the purpose than would have been otherwise required.

The result of Mr Grainger's proceedings, as it at present appears to a stranger, has been the erection of eight or ten new streets, varying from about 80 to 500 yards long, and consisting of houses whose fronts are built entirely of a fine yellowish sandstone. The houses rise generally to a height of four floors, reckoning the ground story, and the principal lines are in a most elegant style of architecture, with corner and central buildings of a superior order, and embellished with lofty Corinthian pilasters and cornices. Some of the streets are designed as private dwellings, with sunk areas and railings; but the main division, to which most attention is directed, consists of houses rising from the street, with a ground-floor of shops, and bearing a close resemblance to the buildings of West Strand in London. The names of these principal thoroughfares are Grey, Grainger, Market, Blacket, and Shakspeare Streets. These, as well as other streets, do not run parallel to each other, but are accommodated to the nature of the ground; one makes a bend, so as to present the convex and concave sides of a crescent, and three form a triangular mass of building; and this may be considered the centre of attraction in the newly-modelled district. At the mutual termination of two streets which constitute the triangle, is erected a tall column in honour of Earl Grey, resembling the Melville pillar at Edinburgh, and surmounted by a statue in stone. This handsome structure, which was finished in August 1838, during the meeting of the British Association, makes a good appearance in the general external view of the town, in conjunction with the crown-like tower of St Nicholas and the finely proportioned spire of All-Saints.

In the central part of one of the new lines of street, the new theatre has been erected. It exhibits a portico in front, of the best architectural taste, resting on a row of Corinthian columns, forty-one feet in height. The projection of the portico over the pavement has been objected to as a blemish in the street, but in reality it is a beauty, for it relieves a flat sameness in the lines of buildings, and offers a pleasing break for the eye to rest upon. The theatre in its interior accommodation is rather smaller than that of Edinburgh, but is more elegantly fitted up, and is well supported. We can speak with pleasure of a remarkably well performed piece in the standard and respectable drama, on one of the evenings during our residence in the town. The manager, Mr Ternan, with his wife (late Miss Jarman), sustain this department of the public amusements of Newcastle with great credit to themselves and satisfaction to their audiences.

In the lines of new streets, there are various banks and other establishments of local importance, but none of these demand our notice except the Central Exchange and public market, two establishments each unrivalled in its way. The Central Exchange occupies the interior of the triangular mass already noticed, the facing of which is Grey, Grainger, and Market Streets. The main entrance is undistinguishable in the line of houses, and it is only on going through a lobby that the grandeur of the place is apparent. The interior is a semicircular area, measuring 150 by 95 feet, with a corresponding height, and powerfully lighted by a great number of windows in the roof, supported on flying buttresses. We enter by the flat side of the semicircle, and are immediately struck with the great extent of floor of tasselated pavement, the lofty pilastered walls, the vast roof with its numerous beams, pointed and ornamented, and, above all, by the bold design of a semicircular colonnade of fourteen pillars, painted to resemble yellow-veined marble; this colonnade is a main support to the roof, and encloses a space slightly raised and carpeted on the flat side of the structure, and laid out as a news-room, with handsome tables and chairs; thus, there is an open walk of great breadth on the paved floor of the house round the convex side of the colonnade. Opposite the colonnade, a double stair conveys the visiter to an elegantly fitted up tavern or coffee-room, to which there are other entrances from the adjoining streets. Altogether, this Central Exchange is an exceedingly grand structure, more like what one might expect to form a magnificent temple than a place for merchants congregating, and therefore strongly characteristic of that principle of advancement in society which connects elegance and refinement in architecture with other purposes besides the public offices of religion. The institution is well supported; it has now about 2000 annual subscribers at a guinea each; Mr Grainger remains as the proprietor, and for this work alone deserves a high degree of credit.

The public market, which is across the way from the Central Exchange, consists of a quadrangular area of upwards of two acres, all under one roof, and surrounded by the houses of four new streets. It has entrances from the different sides, and, on visiting it, we perceive that it consists of four principal arcades, crossed at right angles by four equally spacious avenues, the whole lined with open shops or booths, and well lighted from the roof; the length of the avenues is 338 feet. The entire length and breadth has a remarkably clean and neat appearance, expressive of a correct taste. In the long and broad hall, or spacious arcade devoted to the sale of vegetables, butter, &c., there are placed, opposite cross avenues, two handsome stone fountains, or jets d'eau, with basins capable of holding three thousand gallons each. To appearance, about half the booths in the market generally are not let, but the others are in full operation. Those who have seen St John's market in Liverpool, may have a pretty good idea of the design of that of Newcastle, which, however, is much more spacious, and infinitely more tidy in external aspect. At another part of the town, opposite St Nicholas'

* Penny Magazine.

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Church, a new corn market has been erected, greatly to the convenience of farmers and others, who formerly exposed their grain in the open street during all weathers; it is not yet completed, but the covered hall is already in use on market days.

DR COMBE ON THE MANAGEMENT OF INFANCY.—EARLIEST MENTAL EDUCATION.

DR COMBE has added another to the list of his valuable publications, in the small volume of which the title is quoted below.* The prominent merit of the new treatise appears to us to be, that, for the first time, it fully and clearly carries those who inquire respecting the right management of infants, to natural principles. He first expounds "the nature and laws of the infant constitution," and upon these founds the rules which he asks us to obey. Throughout the whole work he keeps this object steadily in view; and so reasonable, accordingly, do the rules appear, that, even where they most diverge from ordinary practice, they seem calculated to make conviction of their soundness almost unavoidable. The composition of the work is marked by the same clearness and simplicity as the former treatises of the same author. As a specimen, we select Dr Combe's views respecting the earliest mental education:—

"* * * At birth, the brain, which during life is not less essential to the action of the internal faculties than the eye, ear, nose, &c., are to the external senses, is so imperfectly and delicately constituted as to be almost wholly unfit for active mental manifestation; and, accordingly, we meet with none except sensation of bodily pain, and the desire for food. Beyond these, scarcely any trace of activity of mind can be detected; and hence sleep, or the negation of mental action, occupies nearly the whole time. The structure of the brain, however, being then extremely delicate, is very easily disordered, and susceptible of permanent injury, which, as in the similar instances of the eye and the ear, may impair the efficiency of its functions to the end of life; or, in other words, induce permanent idiocy or imbecility.

Such is the state of the mind and brain for some time after birth. By degrees, however, traces of extended mental activity begin to show themselves, and the appetite for food is no longer the only instinct which seeks for gratification. The infant, by its looks and smiles, gives indications of awakening consciousness long before it can conceive the nature of the cause by which it is excited. In this way it exhibits, even at a very early age, movements which neither sensation nor experience can explain, and which, as is happily remarked by a late acute and elegant writer, are in truth the signs of its dawning affections. 'Even at the early age of six weeks, when the infant is still a stranger to the world, and perceives external objects so indistinctly as to make no effort either to obtain or avoid them, he is nevertheless accessible to the influence of human expression. Although no material object possesses any attraction for him, sympathy, or the action of a feeling in his mind corresponding to the action of the same feeling in the mind of another, is already at work. A smiling air, a caressing accent, raises a smile on his lips; pleasing emotions already animate this little being, and we who recognise their expression are delighted in our turn. Who, then, has told this infant that a certain expression of the features indicates tenderness for him? How could he, to whom his own physiognomy is unknown, imitate that of another, unless a corresponding feeling in his own mind impressed the same characters on his features. That person near his cradle is perhaps not his nurse; perhaps she has only disturbed him, or subjected him to some unpleasant operation. No matter, she has smiled affectionately on him; *he feels* that he is loved, and he loves in return.'

Here, then, is the true key to the philosophy of infancy, and to the right training of the infant mind. The internal emotions, like the external senses, are distinct from each other, and independent in their action. Present its appropriate object to one whose organ is already sufficiently developed, and it will start into activity, just as the eye does when the rays of light are directed upon the retina. Look at an infant six months old, for example, and observe the extent to which it responds to every variety of stimulus addressed to its feelings. If we wish to soothe it in a moment of fretful disappointment, is it not a matter of notoriety that we succeed by gentle fondling, and singing to it in a soft and affectionate voice? If our aim is to rouse it to activity, are not our movements and tones at once changed to the lively and spirited? When, inadvertently, an acrimonious dialogue ensues between the nurse and any other person in the presence of an infant, is it not a common occurrence for the child to become as uneasy as if the scold was directed to itself, and forthwith begin to cry? If, on the other hand, an affectionate and gentle-tempered mother enters a nursery, and, imagining the infant to be asleep, merely addresses the nurse in the soft tones characteristic of her mind, do we not instantly see the infant waken up, and with a placid smile look around to solicit the notice of its parent? Or, to use one more example, if a disagreeable, ill-tempered, coarse-looking person, happens suddenly to approach an infant, are not the instantaneous results an exclamation of terror, and a clinging to the mother's bosom for protection?

The bearing and importance of these truths would be at once perceived, were parents acquainted with the structure and laws of the animal economy, and with the fact that the mind acts through the medium of bodily organs, to the influence of which it is subjected during the whole course of life. * *

The grand principle, then, to be borne in mind in the moral and intellectual treatment of even the earliest period of infancy, is, that the objects which are specially related to each individual faculty form the natural stimulants of that faculty. Danger is thus the object or natural stimulant of the feeling of fear, and suffering that of the feeling of compassion, just as sound is of the ear, or light of the eye. The child has no choice in the matter. If the natural stimulant of any feeling be presented, that feeling will start into activity, precisely as vision does when the eye is penetrated by rays of light. We cannot by an effort of the will cease to see or hear, so long as light and sound reach the eye and ear; and neither can we prevent the internal feeling from arising when its object is present.

It is a law of the internal faculties, as well as of the external senses, that, when they are repeatedly and appropriately exercised upon their own objects, they gain both in strength, in durability, and in readiness of action. We have seen, that by exercise of this description, the Indian becomes expert in following tracks and distinguishing sounds which the unpractised European cannot detect. By the application of the same principle to the emotions of the mind, and to muscular efforts, the Indian becomes trained to the display of firmness in enduring pain, to the prosecution of revenge, and to dexterity in the use of the bow; and it only requires to be carried farther and more consistently into practice by civilised man, to yield equally marked results in his moral and intellectual advancement. * *

From the principle already laid down, that each faculty is constituted with a distinct relation to objects or qualities as peculiar to itself as light to the eye or sound to the ear, it follows, that when we wish to exercise or strengthen any of them, we must directly excite them to activity by the presentment of their own stimuli; and when we wish to keep in abeyance a faculty which is already too strong, the only effectual way is to withdraw its objects and leave it in repose, in short, to '*lead it not into temptation*.' But for the ready response of the faculty to the stimulus of its objects, temptation would be a word devoid of meaning.

From this proneness of the mental faculty to respond readily to its natural stimulus, it obviously becomes a matter of great importance to the future character of the individual to regulate the circumstances in which he is placed, or the stimuli by which he is surrounded, especially during the very impressionable period of infancy; for with the fact before us, that every feeling or faculty is in this way strengthened by reiterated exercise, it is natural to suppose that many a child owes much of its perverse temper or cheerful disposition to the continued influence of similar dispositions exhibited by the nurse or mother, during the early period of its existence.

After the preceding pages were printed, I became acquainted with an occurrence which so strikingly illustrates and confirms the accuracy of the principle insisted upon, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. A respectable-looking woman made some purchases in a shop in town, in payment of which she presented a five-pound note. The clerk, on examining it, refused it as a forgery. The poor woman took it back with some surprise, and offered another of the same value in its place. It also proved to be forged—some suspicion was excited, and the woman was handed over, in a state of great agitation, to the police. Having failed to account satisfactorily for having the notes in her possession, an inquiry was instituted, and by which it was ascertained that she had been for several years in the service of a gentleman in the country, where she bore a high character for integrity and good conduct. About a year before, she first saw the two notes lying unconcealed among some old papers in her master's room, where they continued undisturbed for month after month, as if forgotten by him. For a long time she never thought of touching them; but at length the desire to appropriate them arose in her mind, as she believed they would never be missed. After resisting the impulse for months, the desire increased so much by the daily stimulus of the object which excited it, that she at last yielded, and subjected herself, for the first time in her life, to the degrading consciousness of guilt. Afraid of detection, she made no use of the notes for some time, but reserved them for the purchase above referred to, and with what result we have already seen. The gentleman had known the notes to be forgeries, and allowed them to remain undestroyed.

Considering the manner in which this poor woman was 'led into temptation,' and her desire of appropriation strongly excited and *educated* by the daily stimulus of its appropriate object—and considering also the fearful moral evil brought upon her in the permanent degradation of character of which she must have been conscious even when undetected—it is impossible not to acknowledge, that she was an object more deserving of pity than of punishment, and that greater blame was due to the person who so carelessly exposed a fellow-creature to such a snare, than to her who fell into it after so long a period of resistance. Had the gentleman been fully aware of the real force of a direct stimulus thus incessantly addressed to any feeling of the mind, he would have felt that his own negligence was not less culpable than its results were unfortunate.

It is astonishing, indeed, from what an early age a faculty will respond to its stimulus, whether that stimulus be direct or only from sympathy. Madame Necker de Saussure gives an affecting example of this fact, which she witnessed in a child of nine months old. 'The child was gaily playing on its mother's knees, when a woman, whose physiognomy expressed deep but calm sadness, entered the room. From that moment the child's attention was wholly fixed on the person, whom it knew, but for whom it had no particular affection. By degrees its features became discomposed; its playthings dropt from its hands, and at length it threw itself sobbing violently upon its mother's bosom. It felt neither fear nor pity; it knew not why it suffered, but it sought for relief in tears.' Facts like these show how careful we should be in duly regulating the moral as well as physical influences by which infancy is surrounded.

It has often been affirmed, that bad temper, strong passions, and even intellectual peculiarities, are communicated to the infant *through the medium of the mother's or nurse's milk*, and that hence it is of great consequence, in choosing a nurse, to select one of a cheerful and amiable character. But, while admitting that the quality of the milk may exert an influence, I am disposed to believe, that the effect upon the child is caused more especially by the natural action of the evil passions stirring up, and, in a manner, educating the corresponding passions in the child. Many sensible people imagine that they may say or do any thing in the presence of an infant, because it is too young to observe or be affected by it. This, however, is a great mistake. It is true that an infant may be unable to form an intellectual opinion on any occurrence; but it is not less true, that, from a very early period, as shown by Madame Necker de Saussure, its feelings respond to the calls made upon them, and thus give a bias to the mind long before the child can exercise any act of judgment. * *

Let us, then, not deceive ourselves, but ever bear in mind, that what we desire our children to become, we must endeavour to be before them. If we wish them to grow up kind, gentle, affectionate, upright, and true, we must habitually exhibit the same qualities as regulating principles in our conduct, because these qualities act as so many stimuli to the respective faculties in the child. If we cannot restrain our own passions, but at one time overwhelm the young with kindness, and at another surprise and confound them by our caprice or deceit, we may with as much reason expect to gather grapes from thistles, or figs from thorns, as to develope moral purity and simplicity of character in them. It is vain to argue that, because the infant intellect is feeble, it cannot detect the inconsistency which we practise. The feelings and reasoning faculties being perfectly distinct from each other, may, and sometimes do, act independently, and the feelings at once condemn, although the judgment may be unable to assign a reason for doing so. Here is another of the many admirable proofs which we meet with in the animal economy of the harmony and beauty which pervade all the works of God, and which render it impossible to pursue a right course without also doing collateral good, or to pursue a wrong course without producing collateral evil. If the mother, for example, controls her own temper for the sake of her child, and endeavours systematically to seek the guidance of her higher and purer feelings in her general conduct, the good which results is not limited to the consequent improvement of the child. She herself becomes healthier and happier, and every day adds to the pleasures of success. If the mother, on the other hand, gives way to fits of passion, selfishness, caprice, and injustice, the evil is by no means limited to the suffering which she brings upon herself. Her child also suffers both in disposition and in happiness; and while the mother secures, in the one case, the love and regard of all who come into communication with her, she rouses, in the other, only their fear or dislike."

* A Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy. By Andrew Combe, M.D. Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co., and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London. 1840. Pp. 376.

FOREIGN ENGLISH.

Some tradesmen in Paris, and other continental cities where the English resort, among various ways of paying court to our countrymen, give English translations of their shop cards, usually printed underneath or at the back of the original. Very odd assemblages of words result occasionally from this practice, when zeal outruns knowledge. Thus the keeper of a cooking shop at Brussels, which has for its sign, "*Au Bœuf à-la-mode*," advertises himself, on the English side of his card, as "J. P. V. —*Board House, at the Fashionable Beef!*" But of all the mystifications in this way that ever fell under our notice, the greatest was contained in a play-bill, which we read not very long ago on the front of the Theatre-Royal at Brussels, where the enigma was the more puzzling because we could scarcely suppose the misprint to be pure blunder. The first piece to be performed that night was announced under the following title:—"MARDE AS AN MARSH HEAR." We may almost defy our readers to guess that this riddle was meant as the English name of an extravaganza called "MAD AS A MARCH HARE!"—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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JOHN HAMPDEN AND HIS GRAVE.

JOHN HAMPDEN, one of the most venerated of English patriots, was the descendant and heir of a family of Saxon origin, long settled in Buckinghamshire, and possessed of extensive property both in that and adjoining counties. He was born in the year 1594, his mother being Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to Oliver, afterwards Protector of England. In 1609, John Hampden entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and there distinguished himself highly in his studies. Ten years afterwards, he was married to Elizabeth Simeon, heiress of Pyrton in Oxfordshire, and spent some time afterwards in the placid enjoyment of a country life, and of the society of a wife whom he dearly loved. His rank and importance, however, rendered it incumbent upon him to enter parliament in the beginning of 1621. In this new situation, he immediately attached himself to the anti-royalist or popular party; and though he never attained to the very highest eminence as a speaker, his strong good sense, cultivated mind, and resolute spirit, together with the natural influence attaching to him as one of the wealthiest commoners of the country, gave him a degree of prominence in the public eye alike honourable and perilous. In the second parliament of Charles I., when the king resorted to new modes of raising supplies, Hampden suffered a temporary imprisonment, along with others, for refusing his share of the subsidy. Getting more and more deeply embroiled, as time ran on, with his parliaments and people, the king at length attempted to revive an obsolete tax, known by the name of ship-money. On this occasion, "John Hampden (says Hume) acquired by his spirit and courage universal popularity throughout the nation, and has merited great renown with posterity, for the bold stand which he made in defence of the laws and liberties of his country." He resisted, in his own case, the payment of the tax. It was not the extent of the imposition, for the sum amounted to no more than a few shillings, which made this resistance memorable, but the principle which dictated it, and the fact that the nation at large viewed Hampden as a champion who had put himself forward to defend their common rights. The king nominally gained the victory in the legal struggle which followed; but the conviction of his arbitrary purposes was strengthened in the minds of the people to his ultimate ruin.

Hampden's first wife died, leaving nine children, and he married a second time. But he tasted few of the comforts of home and domestic society in his latter days, being constantly engaged in the still darkening affairs of the state. Finally, the king and his parliament came to an open rupture, and mutually took up arms. Hampden, of course, continued to side with the popular party, and in the outset of the civil war, displayed as much courage in the field as he had shown in the senate. But he did not live to see much of this great contest. On the 18th of June 1643, a battle took place between the royalists under Prince Rupert, and the army of the parliament under Essex, at Chalgrave Field, and John Hampden there received a mortal wound. The circumstances attending the receipt of this injury have long been a source of doubt and dispute, and have given origin to an inquiry of a strange and peculiar kind, even in our own day.

Lord Clarendon and the majority of historians, relate that the patriot was "shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone," and caused his death "three weeks" afterwards. Hume, following Sir Philip Warwick, narrates that a prisoner taken by the royalists in the action at Chalgrave, "said that he was confident Mr Hampden was hurt, for he saw him, contrary to his usual custom, ride off the field before the action was finished; his head hanging down, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck." Hume also states that he died "some days" after the event. But another account of the fatal injury differs materially from these. It is presented in the following terms in the Earl of Oxford's papers:

"Two of the Harleys, and one of the Foleys, being at supper with Sir Robert Pye at Faringdon House, Berks, in their way to Herefordshire, Sir Robert Pye related the account of Hampden's death as follows:—'That, at the action of Chalgrave Field, his pistol burst, and shattered his hand in a terrible manner. He, however, rode off, and got to his quarters; but finding the wound mortal, he sent for Sir Robert Pye, then a colonel in the parliament army, and who had married his eldest daughter, and told him that he looked on him in some degree accessory to his death, as the pistols were a present from him. Sir Robert assured him that he bought them in Paris of an eminent maker, and had proved them himself. It appeared, on examining the other pistol, that it was loaded to the muzzle with several supernumerary charges, owing to the carelessness of a servant who was ordered to see that the pistols were loaded every morning, which he did without drawing the former charge.'"

In the year 1828, Lord Nugent, being then engaged in writing a memoir of Hampden, and therefore desirous of ascertaining the real cause of the patriot's death, bethought himself of having his grave opened, in the hope that his remains might yet be in a condition to throw some light upon the question. He therefore made application to the Earl of Buckinghamshire (to whom the family estates had descended) for permission to make search for the grave in Hampden church, and to open the coffin and examine the body. Leave to this purpose having been granted by his lordship, and confirmed by the rector, the search took place on the 21st July, in the presence of Lord Nugent, Counsellor (now Lord) Denman, the Rev. Mr Brookes, and nearly twenty others, onlookers and assistants. The circumstances have been thus detailed by an eye-witness:—"It is remarkable that so distinguished and wealthy a family as that of Hampden should never have possessed a private vault for the interment of the respective branches of the family; such, however, is the case; they have, from a very early period, been buried in the chancel of the church, about four feet deep. On the morning of the 21st July, we all assembled in the church, and commenced the operation of opening the ground. After examining the initials and dates on several leaden coffins, we came to the one in question, the plate of which was so corroded, that it crumbled and broke into small pieces on touching it. It was therefore impossible to ascertain the name of the individual it contained. The coffin had originally been inclosed in wood, covered with velvet, a small portion only of which was apparent near the bottom at the left side, which was not the case with those of a later date, where the initials were very distinct, and the lead more perfect and fresher in appearance. The register stated that Hampden was interred on the 25th June 1643; an old document, still in existence, gives a curious and full account of the grand procession on the occasion; we were, therefore, pretty certain that this must be the one in question, having carefully examined all others in succession. It was lying under the western window, near the tablet erected by him, when living, to the memory of his beloved wife, whose virtues he extols in the most affectionate language. Without positive proof, it was reasonable to suppose that he would be interred near his adored partner; and this being found at her feet, it was unanimously agreed that the lid should be cut open to ascertain the fact, which proved afterwards that we were not mistaken. The parish plumber descended, and commenced cutting across the coffin, then longitudinally, until the whole was sufficiently loosened to roll back, in order to lift off the wooden lid beneath, which was found in such good preservation, that it came off nearly entire. Beneath this was another lid of the same material, which was raised without materially giving way. The coffin had originally been filled up with sawdust, which was found undisturbed, except in the centre, where the abdomen had fallen in. The sawdust was then removed, and the process of examination commenced. Silence reigned. Not a whisper or breath was heard. Each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the result as to what appearance the face would present when divested of its covering. Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and first removed the outer cloth, which was firmly wrapped round the body—then a second, and a third—such care having been taken to preserve the body from the worm of corruption. Here a very singular scene presented itself. No regular features were apparent, although the face retained a death-like whiteness, and showed the various windings of the blood-vessels beneath the skin. The upper row of teeth was perfect, and those that remained in the under jaw, on being taken out and examined, were quite sound. A little beard remained on the lower part of the chin, and the whiskers were strong, and somewhat lighter than his hair, which was a full auburn brown. The upper part of the bridge of the nose was still elevated; the remainder had given way to the pressure of the cloths, which had been firmly bound round the head. The eyes were but slightly sunk in, and were covered with the same white film which characterised the general appearance of the face. Finding that a difference of opinion existed as to the indentation in the left shoulder, where it was supposed he had been wounded, it was unanimously agreed to raise up the coffin altogether, and place it in the centre of the church, where a more accurate examination might take place. The coffin was extremely heavy, but by elevating one end with a crowbar, two strong ropes were adjusted under each end, and it was thus drawn up by twelve men in the most careful manner possible. Being placed on a trestle, the first operation was to examine the arms, which nearly retained their original size. On lifting up the right arm, we found it was dispossessed of its hand. We might, therefore, naturally conjecture that it had been amputated, as the bone presented a perfectly flat appearance, as if sawn off by some sharp instrument. On searching under the cloths, to our no small astonishment, we found the hand, or rather a number of small bones, enclosed in a separate cloth. For about six inches up the arm the flesh had wasted away, being evidently smaller than the lower part of the left arm, to which the hand was firmly united, and which presented no symptoms of decay, farther than the two bones of the forefinger loose. Even the nails remained entire, of which we saw no appearance in the cloth containing the bones of the right hand. At this process of the investigation, we were perfectly satisfied that, independently of the result of any farther examination, such a striking coincidence as the loss of the right hand would justify our belief in Sir R. Pye's statement to the Harleys, that his presentation pistol was the innocent cause of a wound which afterwards proved mortal. It was, however, possible that at the same moment, in the heat of the action of Chalgrave, when Colonel Hampden discharged his pistol at his adversary, that his adversary's ball might wound him in the shoulder; for he was soon after observed, as stated by Sir Philip Warwick, 'with his head hanging down, and his hands leaning upon his horse's neck.'

In order to corroborate or disprove the different statements relative to his having been wounded in the shoulder, a close examination of the parts took place. The clavicle of the right shoulder was firmly united to the scapula, nor did there appear any contusion or indentation that evinced symptoms of any wound ever having been inflicted. The left shoulder, on the contrary, was smaller and sunken in, as if the clavicle had been displaced. To remove all doubts, it was adjudged necessary to remove the arms, which were amputated with a penknife. The socket of the right arm was perfectly white and healthy, and the clavicle firmly united to the scapula, nor was there the least appearance of contusion or wound. The socket on the left shoulder, on the contrary, was of a brownish coat, and the cavicle being found quite loose and disunited from the scapula, proved that dislocation had taken place. The bones, however, were quite perfect. Such dislocation, however, must have arisen either from the force of a ball, or from Colonel Hampden having fallen from his horse when he lost the power of holding the reins, by reason of his hand having been so dreadfully shattered. The latter, in all probability, was the case, as it would be barely possible for a ball to pass through the shoulder without some fracture either of the clavicle or scapula. In order to examine the head and hair, the body was raised up and supported with a shovel; on removing the cloths, which adhered firmly to the back of the head, we found the hair in a complete state of preservation. It was of a dark auburn colour, and, according to the custom of the times, was very long, from five to six inches. It was drawn up and tied at the top of the head with black thread or silk. The ends had the appearance of being cut off. On taking hold of the top knot, it soon gave way, and came off like a wig. * * * This was the only spot where any putrescence was apparent. * * * He was five feet nine inches in height, apparently of great muscular strength, of a vigorous and robust frame; forehead broad and high, and the skull altogether well-formed—such a one as the imagination would conceive capable of great exploits.

Here I close the narrative—one of singular interest to those who were eye-witnesses of the examination, which presented a scene so novel, so ghastly, but at the same time so full of moment, that it will ever prove a memorable event in the short era of our lives. We recalled to mind the virtuous actions of the deceased, his manly defence against the tyranny of the Star-Chamber, his abandonment of every social and domestic tie for the glorious cause of freedom; and whilst we gazed on his remains, remembered that that voice which was once raised on behalf of his country, had contributed in no small measure to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, which, but for his warning, might to this day have been withheld from an enlightened people."

MAY MORN.

A VISION.

[BY SWYNFEN JERVIS.]

Shame be to him who sits at home and thinks,
While all the busy world is out a-Maying;
Better by far, upon the flowery brinks
Of streams, that babble as they run, be straying.
It is but one brief hour agone,
Since, with her cloudy mantle on,
And deck'd with brighter jewels than e'er shone
Amid the tresses of an earthly bride,
The fair Aurora I descried,
As up the mountain's steepy side
She flew, as though her soul were in her feet,
High on the topmost verge her lingering lord to meet.
Had you but seen the glow of lovely red,
As o'er her cheek the bright suffusion spread,
And marked her look of innocent delight,
When first his radiant forehead met her sight,
You would have deem'd your happiness complete,
And all the pageantry and state
That on anointed monarchs wait,
Thenceforth a shallow mockery and a cheat.
From his imperial car the god descended,
And with surpassing dignity and grace,
Like some tall statue stooping from its base,
Advanced with eager step to her embrace.
One moment more, and side by side
They sat—the monarch and his bride.
The heavenly car moved on, not unattended,
For smiling Plenty hover'd nigh,
And Joy and Love were there, and Mirth, with half-closed eye.
I saw no more: for 'mid the blaze,
The gathering splendour of encircling rays,
As toward the zenith the bright god of day
Pursued his glittering way,
The glorious vision ended.
And I return'd, to tell in verse
Of scenes which, fitly to rehearse,
Might task the loftiest powers of him
Who sang of heaven's proud cherubim,
And first to our astonish'd eyes,
In strains which for their purpose high
Men "will not willingly let die,"
Unveil'd the charms of Paradise.

—*Spectator, May 2.*

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NECESSARIES AND LUXURIES.

THE indefiniteness of the range of human wants is matter of such notoriety, that we do not need in this place to expatiate upon it. But it may be allowed us to remark, for the sake of argument, that the number and variety of the things which a person in tolerable circumstances requires to make his life comfortable, *is* very great. It is much greater than most people who have not reflected on the point are probably aware of, including as it does all the various things eaten and drunk, all the various things worn, all the various furnishings of a house, the services of various kinds performed by attendants, the gratifications of taste, and the various visitings and recreations, which are more or less frequently indulged in. No one would, if strictly questioned, say that all of these things are necessaries; but most people act and feel as if they were so. The loss of any of them would occasion a blank, which would excite much immediate discontent, and to which it would require a long time to reconcile us. A lady whose health was such as to forbid her a whole winter's balls, would expect to be heartily sympathised with, although the home to which she was confined might be supplied with every other possible luxury. A gentleman who smokes cigars would, if denied that regalement for a single fortnight, be apt to take the matter very grumblingly. On all of those points, the question whether they are necessaries or luxuries, whether dispensable or indispensable, never arises. But that the need for them is really felt is indubitable, and therefore they may be surely described as practically regarded by those who use them as necessaries.

Yet amongst these very people there is an abstract idea of *necessaries*, quite different from that which seems to reign over their own practice. This abstract idea is much the same as that of the moral poet, "meat, clothes, and fire." When they dream of an anchorite, they allow him nothing but "meat, clothes, and fire." Perhaps he is even restricted to vegetable diet. Water is certainly the only necessary beverage—

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well."

Nor is this allowed to be a mere abstraction, or a material for furnishing out the picture of a hermit, but it becomes a real measure for what is to be dealt out to actual human beings in all circumstances of an unfortunate nature. In most cases, for example, a pauper is held to be sufficiently provided for, if he obtains "meat, clothes, and fire"—that is to say, a plain and perhaps unvaried diet, a coarse but sufficiently warm dress, and house shelter. There is no thought in his case of even the simplest of those innumerable appliances and indulgences which constitute the fortunate man's idea of what is necessary to himself. What is indispensable to sustain immediate existence is given, but nothing more—that is, let us always remark, in the generality of cases, for in some there is greater liberality. Our ordinary ideas respecting a mendicant are of the same kind. We are anxious that he should not starve, either of hunger or cold; but if he is supposed to be supplied with the means of doing any more than merely keep in life, he is thought to have too much, and if he spends any part of his receipts on articles not strictly necessary for his support, woe to him the next time he applies for an alms. It is expected of a mendicant—and indeed this may be said of the unfortunate and reduced in general—that no sort of enjoyment should ever come his way. To think of a beggar having even a hearty laugh by the evening fire in his mean lodging, seems wrong and out of character. If he for a moment lays aside his poor look and his whine, he becomes a base deceiver in our eyes, and we resolve to button up for ever against his whole fraternity. These ideas are perhaps not unnatural, and they are not brought into notice here with any design of reflecting discredit on those who entertain them. It would be unreasonable for those dependent on the productive part of the community, to expect to have the same indulgences as those on whom they depend. Those who produce may be fairly allowed to have a right to consume what they produce, though that may involve many superfluities; while those who consume without producing any thing, may as fairly be expected to be content with a narrower range of indulgences. Our object is to enlighten, not to ridicule or blame.

It appears, then, to us, that, whether or not men's ideas of what is necessary to themselves be too wide, their ideas of what is necessary for the unfortunate, or for those whom they take under their protection, are generally too narrow. They are deceived by finding that simple food, clothing, and shelter, are alone required for the *immediate* support of life. They see these things keep in the breath from one day to another, but do not reflect that to maintain a healthy existence for a *considerable space of time* may require something else—some part, in short, of those indulgences which they do not deny to themselves. That such is really the case, is, we think, rendered extremely probable by various considerations, and by none more than the universal anxiety which exists for something beyond simple unvaried food, and clothes and shelter. It is found that no one whatever, except he be a fanatic of some kind, rests content with that range of necessaries, if he can obtain any thing beyond it. Whether we look to revenue returns, or to the behaviour of individuals, we have this all-pervading desire strongly impressed on us. There are some, it is true, who hesitate not to speak of the millions spent on tea, tobacco, and such articles, as so much money thrown away; but thus to set up a solitary opinion against the actual choice and practice of an immense nation, argues perhaps more self-esteem than reflection. The nation, in spending these sums, must surely feel that it has an equivalent for them; and what is this equivalent but the gratification of certain cravings or needs? Perhaps the articles consumed are not those suited to gratify these cravings either most agreeably or most harmlessly: there may be others which providence has designed to give that gratification, without any drawback of injury to the physical or moral nature of the people. But these things must be held as an exponent of the cravings nevertheless, and that is sufficient for the argument. With regard to individual illustrations, no one who has a personal acquaintance with the less affluent or fortunate classes, can hesitate to acknowledge the eagerness with which the poorest poor grasp at little indulgences beyond the "meat, clothes, and fire." We will not here speak of the more debasing of these indulgences, though even of them were we to speak, it would be more in sorrow than in blame. Let us only notice those which cannot be said to do any great or immediate injury, while unquestionably they minister to the gratification of some existing appetites or tastes.

We once knew an artisan who realised only seven shillings a-week by his labour, and who had little other income wherewith to support his household. His family had grown up and ceased to be a burden to him; but his wife remained, and seven shillings was but a poor income for the weekly support of two persons. He was a rigidly honest and prudent man, disposed to fulfil, and who had fulfilled, all the duties of life creditably. He allowed himself no relaxation from constant labour. He took no food between six in the evening and nine next morning, though before nine he always wrought three hours. There could not be a more interesting example of self-denial in a lowly walk of life. Yet this man spent fourpence every week upon tobacco. He told us that he had often debated with himself the propriety of cutting off this last remnant of the little comforts of better days, but he never had been able to do so. We feel certain, from his whole character, that, if he could have dispensed with the tobacco without a very great and very distressing sacrifice, he would have done so; he was quite the man to have made any sacrifice at the call of high principle. But sensation in this matter overcame principle. He, in short, could not want this small modicum of tobacco. Before we knew of this case, we were disposed to censure working-men of small wages for using tobacco, but we have never been since. Again, how anxious are the aged poor of the female sex generally found to obtain the occasional treat of a little tea. The tincture of this leaf seems totally innutritive, and therefore useless to the poor; yet there is no solid which they prefer to it. Give any poor old woman a trifle of money, and it is ten to one that she goes and buys a few pennyweights of tea, although she may be at the moment in the most pressing need of more substantial provisions. This seems the height of foolishness; but can we be quite sure that we know best? A friend of ours knew an old female in the country, who, whenever she could command a little tea, *locked her door* to keep out all intruders while she regaled herself with it. Surely there must be some grave cause for circumstances like these. Is it not the voice of some natural principle which cries thus loud within the old and feeble? In the workhouse of our own city, the food given is of a very monotonous kind, though perhaps sufficient in point of quantity. It is common to see one of the poor inmates creeping along from a neighbouring shop, with a single salt herring in his hand, purchased with some accidentally acquired halfpenny. It may be said, what need of this herring, when he every day has a dinner of soup made from ox-heads, with a loaf? But a natural principle prompts the monotonously fed old man to seek for some relishing variety to his fare; and a salt herring is of that character. Those who feed every day on the best, with ample variety, do not detect the principle; but the poor man who dines day after day for years on one mess of soup-maigre, discovers it. Is it not reasonably to be inferred that the rich would find reasons for a great many other preferences, and tastes, and habits in the poor, which at present astonish them, if they were to take a trial for a while of the *condition* of the poor?

The drift of all these remarks is to impress, if possible, a more liberal sense of the *needs* of unfortunate human beings than what at present exists. We should wish to see all who have any charge over the poor, disabused of the erroneous notion that life can be quite well sustained by the barest necessaries, when in reality something farther and various is required. We should wish that the rich would not think ill of the poor, or be cooled in their efforts to do them good, because the poor are disposed to indulge in some of those comforts which the rich themselves enjoy in abundance, seeing that it is an imperative law of our nature to desire such comforts, which accordingly cannot be permanently withheld altogether without some evil ensuing. A benevolent person who wishes to sustain some of his poorer neighbours may think that he does a great deal if he supplies bare daily necessaries: he certainly does much, but let him not suppose that he extends a full support to his dependants, when he withholds things which, with regard to extended years, are as pressingly necessary as bread is for each day.

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Comforts in food or other articles of consumpt, are not alone to be regarded here. There are solacements for the mind which are not less necessary for a healthy existence. Amongst these may be reckoned occasional recreations and sports, indulgence in cheerful society, reading, and an exercise of the feelings which have a regard to the world beyond the present. Many a person would suppose that he did enough for a being dependent on his generosity, if he provided a sufficiency of animal comforts alone; but this is a great mistake. There is as great a certainty of derangement and discomfort, if a cheering intercourse with the world be withheld, as if we denied some immediately requisite article of food: it only takes a longer time to realise the result in the one case than the other. And similar effects follow from deprivation of the other elements of comfort. We shall see these matters in a clearer light, if we once reflect what a complex being man is, how many sentiments, affections, and powers, exist in his frame, all calling for exercise on the various things in the world and out of the world, which they have a respect to. How preposterous to suppose that this strange bundle of clamorous appetites and faculties is to be kept sweet by the mere administration of a certain amount of food, or even by the addition of a few luxuries! The whole being must be kept in a condition appropriate to its character in all its various parts, before there can be any approach to contentment of an unaffected kind, and before we consequently can expect such moral results as may be regarded with satisfaction.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

CONCLUDED.

The key of the irons not being found, all that had been done for the liberation of Major Kascambo seemed to have been done in vain, unless the irons could be broken. Ivan, with the corner of the axe, managed to loosen the ring attached to the hand, but that fixed to the foot resisted every effort; he was afraid of hurting his master, and did not dare to use all his strength. On the other hand, the night was advancing, and the danger was becoming pressing: they resolved to depart. Ivan tied the chain firmly to the major's belt, so as to annoy him as little as possible, and to make no noise. He placed in a pouch a quarter of mutton with some other provisions, and armed himself with the deceased's pistol and dagger. Kascambo took his bear-skin cloak; they went out in silence, and, turning round the house to avoid meeting any one, they struck into the hills without following the ordinary road to Mosdok, supposing that they would be pursued in that direction. They skirted for all the rest of the night the mountains on their right, and when daylight began to dawn, they entered a beech-wood, which crowned the summit of the hill, and screened them from the danger of being discovered at any distance. It was in the month of February: the ground on those heights, and especially in the forest, was still covered with hard snow, which offered a firm footing to the travellers during the night and part of the morning; but towards noon, when it became melted by the sun, they sunk at every step, which made their progress very slow. After a most painful and most difficult march, they arrived at the side of a deep valley they had to cross, at the bottom of which the snow had disappeared; a well-beaten path ran along the windings of the rivulet, and showed that the spot had been frequented. This consideration, added to the excessive fatigue and exhaustion of the major, determined the travellers to remain in that place till night: they established themselves among some isolated rocks which rose from the centre of the snow. Ivan cut a quantity of fir branches to make a soft bed for his master, who lay down immediately. Whilst he was resting, Ivan was reflecting on the safest plan for continuing their route. The valley over which they now stood was surrounded with high hills through which no passage was visible. He saw that the beaten path could not be avoided, and that it was necessary to follow the course of the rivulet to get out of this labyrinth. It was eleven o'clock at night, and the snow was becoming harder and firmer when they descended into the valley; but before starting, they set fire to their establishment, as much to warm themselves as to prepare a small meal of chislik, which they needed much. A handful of snow was all they had to drink, and a mouthful of brandy crowned the feast. They luckily crossed the valley without seeing any body, and entered the narrow pass where the road and the rivulet lay contracted on each side by precipitous hills; they walked on at the utmost of their speed, knowing well how dangerous it was for them to be met in that narrow passage, which they only cleared fairly at nine in the morning. It was only then that this dark defile opened all of a sudden before them, and displayed over the tops of the lower mountains the immense horizon of Russia, spreading itself afar like a distant sea. One could hardly form a true notion of the pleasure the major experienced at this unexpected sight: "Russia! Russia!" were the only words he could pronounce.

The travellers sat down to rest themselves, and to enjoy in anticipation their approaching liberty. This prospect of happiness was embittered in the major's mind by the remembrance of the horrid catastrophe he had witnessed, and which his fetters and blood-stained garments presented in such vivid colours to his imagination. While contemplating at a distance the termination of his labours, he calculated in silence and anxiety the difficulties of the journey. The sight of the long and dangerous route which still remained to be performed, encumbered as he was with irons, and his limbs swollen with fatigue, soon effaced the last trace of the momentary pleasure created by the view of his own native land. The torments of a burning thirst added to the anguish and distress of his mind. Ivan ran down towards the rivulet to bring some water to his master: a bridge formed of two trees was thrown over it, and he saw a habitation at a small distance. It was a sort of chalet, or summer residence of the Tchetchenges, which was deserted. In the situation of the fugitives, that isolated house was a most precious discovery. Ivan interrupted his master's reflections to conduct him to the refuge he had so fortunately discovered, and, after establishing him as comfortably as possible, he proceeded to search for the magazine.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus being often exposed to the incursions of their neighbours, have always near their houses subterranean recesses in which they conceal their provisions and their utensils. These magazines, in the shape of a narrow well, are closed with a plank or a large stone, carefully covered over with earth, and generally placed in a spot where there is no grass, lest the difference of shade should betray the deposited treasure. In spite of all these precautions, the Russian soldiers often find them out. They go over the beaten paths around the habitation, knocking about with the ramrod of their guns, and the sound indicates to their practised ear the cavities they are seeking. Ivan discovered one under a shed close to the house, and found in it some earthen jars, a few stalks of maize, a bit of crystal salt, and several house utensils. He ran for some water to begin cooking: the quarter of mutton, with some potatoes he had brought, were placed on the fire. During the preparation of the dish, Kascambo roasted the stalks of Indian corn, and some nuts, found also in the magazine, completed the meal.

Ivan, having now more time and more means, succeeded in freeing his master entirely from his fetters, and the latter, now more composed and more calm, and, besides, well restored by a meal excellent under present circumstances, fell fast asleep, and the night had quite closed in when he awoke. Notwithstanding this favourable rest, when he wished to resume his route, his swollen legs had stiffened to such a fearful degree, that he could not make one movement without experiencing intolerable agony: it was, however, necessary to depart. Supported by his servant, he started mournfully, convinced that he should never reach the term so ardently wished for. The motion, however, and the heat of the walk, calmed by degrees the pain he suffered. He walked all night, halting frequently, and almost immediately continuing his journey. But sometimes giving way to despair, he would throw himself on the ground, and entreat Ivan to abandon him to his fate. His intrepid companion not only encouraged him by his speeches and example, but employed almost violence to raise him to his feet and drag him off. They came to a most difficult and most dangerous passage, which they could not avoid; to wait for daylight would have caused an irreparable loss of time. They resolved to go through, at the imminent hazard of being precipitated from the heights. But before engaging his master in this peril, Ivan resolved to reconnoitre the pass, and to survey it alone. While he was going down, Kascambo remained on the edge of a rock, in a state of anxiety by no means easy to describe. The night was dark: he heard under his feet the distant murmur of a rapid river, whose agitated waters were rolling tumultuously through the valley; the noise of the stones detached from the mountain's side by his companion's feet, indicated to him the immense depth of the precipice on which he was standing. At this moment of anguish and of distress, which might be the last of his life, he thought of his beloved mother, who had given him her blessing at his departure from the line, with that tender maternal affection which no other love can ever equal; that thought renewed all his courage: a pleasing presentiment that he should once more see her arose in his mind. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed; "do grant that her blessing shall not have been given in vain!"

As he was just finishing this short but fervent prayer, Ivan returned. The passage was not so difficult as they had at first supposed it to be. After descending a few fathoms between the rocks, it was necessary, in order to gain easier ground, to skirt a narrow ridge of rock, inclined, and, besides, covered with slippery snow, under which the mountain formed a steep and abrupt precipice of fearful depth. Ivan made openings in the hard snow with his axe to facilitate the passage; they both commended their souls to God. "Now," said Kascambo, "if I perish, let it not be for want of courage; sickness and misery alone could ever damp my spirits; I shall go now as long as the Almighty will give me strength." They surmounted all difficulties, successfully accomplished their perilous passage, and continued their route. The paths were becoming more frequented and well beaten; they only found snow in the spots exposed to the north wind, and in the hollows where it had gathered. They had the good fortune to meet no one till day-break, when the sight of two men, who appeared at a great distance, obliged them to lie down flat on the ground to avoid discovery.

After leaving the mountains in those provinces, the forests disappear, and the eye looks in vain for a single tree to relieve the nakedness of the country, except on the banks of large rivers, where they are even very scarce: this circumstance is very extraordinary, considering the fertility of the soil. They had been following for some time the course of the Sonja, which they had to cross to reach Mosdok, and were looking out for a spot where the stream, being less rapid, would afford them a safer passage, when they discovered a figure on horseback coming straight towards them. The country, totally uncovered, presented neither tree nor bush for concealment. They squatted down under a ridge of rock near the water's edge. The traveller passed within a few yards of their hiding-place: their intention was merely to defend themselves if they were attacked. Ivan drew his dagger, and gave the pistol to the major. Perceiving, however, that the rider was but a boy of twelve or thirteen, he sprang abruptly on him, seized him by the neck, and threw him down. The youth attempted to resist; but on seeing the major appear at the river side, pistol in hand, he ran away at full speed. The horse was without a saddle, and with only a halter passed in his mouth by way of a bridle. The two fugitives made use immediately of their capture to pass the river. This rencontre was most fortunate for them, for they very soon saw that it would have been impossible to cross it on foot as they intended. Their charger, although burdened with two men, was very nearly carried away by the rapidity of the stream. They reached the shore, however, in safety, but it was too steep to allow the horse to land; they dismounted to ease him. As Ivan was pulling him with all his might to make him climb the bank, the halter gave way. The poor animal was carried off by the current, and, after many an unsuccessful attempt to land, was fairly overpowered and drowned.

Deprived of this resource, but less tormented now by the fear of being pursued, they made for a rocky hillock, which they perceived in the distance, intending to hide there, and rest till night. By their calculation of the distance they must have gone over, they judged that the habitations of the Pacific Tchetchenges could not be very far away. But it was by no means safe to trust to these men, whose possible treachery would ruin them for ever. However, in the desperate state of weakness to which Kascambo was now reduced, he could not reach the Tereak without assistance. Their provisions were exhausted; they spent the rest of the day in sullen and mournful silence, not daring to communicate to one another their mutual anxieties. Towards the evening, the major saw his denchick strike his forehead with his hand, and give a deep sigh. Surprised at this sudden mark of despair, which his intrepid companion had never yet displayed, he inquired the cause of it. "Master," said Ivan, "I have committed a great fault!"

"May God forgive it us!" replied Kascambo, with great compunction.

"Yes," continued Ivan; "I have forgotten to carry off that splendid rifle, which was in the child's room. But it cannot be helped; it did not occur to me; you made such a moaning up there, that you put it out of my head. You laugh; it was indeed the prettiest rifle in the whole village. I would have made a present of it to the first man we meet to make a friend of him, for I do not exactly see how we can, in your present condition, accomplish our journey."

The weather, which had hitherto favoured them, changed suddenly in the course of the day. The cold wind of Russia blew with violence, and covered them with sleet. They started again at nightfall, uncertain whether to risk entering one of the villages, or to avoid them entirely. But the long journey which on that alternative awaited them, became utterly impossible in consequence of a new misfortune which happened to them towards the end of the night.

As they were crossing a small ravine, on a wreath of snow which covered the bottom of it, the ice broke under their feet, and they sunk up to the knees in the water. The efforts Kascambo made to extricate himself, completely drenched his garments. From the moment of their departure the cold had never been so intense; the whole country was covered with sleet. After half an hour of the most painful and laborious travel, nipped by the cold, he fell down, exhausted by fatigue and pain, and refused peremptorily to go a step farther. Convinced of the utter impossibility of ever reaching the term of his journey, he considered it an useless cruelty to detain his companion, who could easily escape alone. "Listen to me, Ivan," said he; "God knows I have done every thing in my power till this very moment, to take advantage of your help and assistance; but you see now that they cannot save me, and that my fate is sealed. Go to the line, my dear and faithful Ivan—return to our regiment, I command you; tell my old friends, and my superior officers, that you have left me here a prey to the ravens, and that I wish them a better fate. But, before leaving me, remember the oath you took up there in the blood of our jailors. You swore that the Tchetchenges should never take me alive again: keep your word!" So saying, he lay down, and covered himself all over with his bear-skin cloak. "There is still a resource left," replied Ivan; "it is to seek a habitation of

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Tchetchenges, and bribe the master with promises; if he betray us, we shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with. Try to drag yourself so far; or," said he, seeing his master's exhaustion, "I shall go alone, and try to gain over a Tchetchenge; if things turn out well, I shall come back with him, and carry you away. If they go wrong, if I perish and cannot return, there, take the pistol." Kascambo stretched out his hand, and took the pistol.

Ivan covered him up with herbs and brushwood, for fear he should be seen during his absence. He was about to depart, when his master called him back. "Ivan," said he, "listen again to my last request. If you ever succeed in passing the Tereek, and see my mother again without me" ——

"Master," interrupted Ivan, "farewell for a few hours. We shall meet again in the course of this day. But, if you die, neither your mother nor mine shall ever see me again!"

After an hour's walk, he perceived, from a small rising ground, two or three villages, at about four miles' distance: it was not what he wanted; he wished to find a solitary house, which he might enter without being observed, and secretly gain over the master. The distant smoke of an isolated chimney discovered to him what he wished for. The master of the house was seated on the floor, busily repairing one of his boots. "I come here," said Ivan, "to offer you an opportunity of winning two hundred roubles, and to ask of you a service. You have, no doubt, heard of Major Kascambo, a prisoner among the mountaineers. Well, I have carried him off—he is here close by—sick, exhausted, and in your power. If you deliver him up to his enemies, they will praise you certainly, but, you know it well enough, they will not reward you. If, on the contrary, you consent to save him, by keeping him only three days in your house, I shall go to Mosdok, and bring back two hundred roubles in fine sounding silver for his ransom. But if you dare stir one inch from your place," added he, drawing his dagger, "and give the alarm to get me arrested, I murder you this instant. Give me your word this moment, or you are a dead man."

The determined tone of Ivan convinced the Tchetchenge without intimidating him. "Young man," said he, pulling quietly on his boot, "I have also got a dagger in my belt, and yours does not frighten me. Had you entered here as a friend, I should never have betrayed a man who had crossed the threshold of my door; now, I promise nothing. Sit down there, and explain your wish." Ivan, seeing at once who he had to do with, sheathed his dagger, sat down, and repeated his proposal. "And what security do you offer me," asked the Tchetchenge, "for the execution of your promise?" "I shall leave you the major himself," replied Ivan. "Do you think I would have suffered for fifteen months, and brought my master to your house, to desert him there?" "Well, I believe you; but two hundred roubles are too little—I must have four hundred." "Why not ask four thousand?—it's just as easy; only, as I intend to keep my word, I offer you the two hundred, because I know where to get them, and not another kopeck. Would you place me under the necessity of deceiving you?"

"Well, let it be done for the two hundred roubles; and you come back in three days, and alone?" "Yes, alone, and in three days; I give you my word for it; but have you given me your own word?—is the major your guest?" "He is, and so are you from this moment; you have my solemn word for it."

They took each other's hand, and ran for the major, whom they brought back half dead with cold and hunger.

Instead of going to Mosdok, Ivan hearing that he was nearer to Tchervelianskaya-Stanica, where there was a considerable post of Cossacks, hastened directly thither. He had no great trouble in making up the necessary sum. The brave Cossacks, several of whom had been present at the unfortunate engagement which had cost Kascambo his liberty, were happy to put their purses together to complete his ransom. On the appointed day, Ivan departed to go and deliver at last his master; but the colonel who commanded the post, fearing some new treason, would not allow him to return alone; and, in spite of the convention and agreement made with the Tchetchenge, he sent a detachment of Cossacks with him.

This ill-judged precaution was very near being fatal to Kascambo. His host no sooner perceived the lances of the Cossacks in the distance, than he thought himself betrayed; and displaying at once the ferocious courage of his nation, he conducted the major, still weak and sick, to the roof of the house, tied him to a pillar, and placed himself before him, with his rifle in his hand."

"If you advance," cried he, as soon as Ivan was within hearing distance; "if you make another step, I blow the major's brains out; and I have fifty cartridges left for my enemies, and for the traitor who has brought them."

"You are not betrayed!" exclaimed the faithful denchick, trembling for his master's life; "I have been forced to come back accompanied; but I have brought the two hundred roubles, and keep my word."

"Let the Cossacks retire," added the Tchetchenge, "or I fire."

Kascambo himself begged of the officer to retire. Ivan followed the detachment for some distance, and came back alone. But the suspicious brigand would not allow him to approach. He bade him count the roubles on the footpath, at a hundred yards from the house, and be off.

As soon as he had secured them, he returned to the roof, and, throwing himself at the major's feet, begged his pardon, and entreated him to forget the bad usage he had been forced to make him endure for his own safety. "I shall only remember," said Kascambo, "that I have been your guest, and that you have kept your word faithfully; but instead of begging my pardon, I should rather prefer you to take off these ropes."

Without answering, the Tchetchenge, seeing Ivan return, bounded from the roof, and disappeared like lightning.

In the course of the same day, the brave Ivan had the satisfaction and glory of restoring his master to his dear friends, who had lost all hopes of ever seeing him more.

The author of this narrative, happening to pass Iegorievsky some months after, arrived during the night before a small house, of very elegant appearance, and particularly well lighted up. He jumped from his kibick, and approached a window to enjoy the sight of a most lively and animated ball which was taking place on the ground-floor. A young officer was also looking on, and appeared particularly taken up with the gay scene in the interior of the apartment.

"Who gives this ball?" inquired the traveller.

"It is our major, who was married to-day."

"And what may be his name, pray?"

"His name is Kascambo."

The traveller, who was acquainted with the singular history of this gentleman, congratulated himself on having yielded to his curiosity, and admired the bridegroom, who, glowing with pleasure, had completely forgot for the moment the Tchetchenges and their cruelty.

"Have the kindness to show me also the brave denchick who delivered him." The young officer, after some hesitation, answered, "I am the man."

Doubly surprised at this extraordinary coincidence, and still more at the youth of the speaker, the traveller asked him what his age was. He had not completed his twentieth year, and had just received a sum of money and the rank of officer as a reward for his courage and fidelity.

This brave young man, after having voluntarily shared his master's misfortunes, and restored him to life and liberty, was now enjoying his happiness on his marriage-day, gazing at the feast through the window. But the stranger happening to express his astonishment that he should not be in the ball-room, and appearing also to imply some suspicion of ingratitude in his old master, Ivan glanced towards him a fierce and angry look, and walked into the house whistling the tune "Hai luli, hai luli!" He very soon appeared in the ball-room, and the inquisitive traveller jumped into his kibick, quite thankful not to have received the fatal axe over his skull.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CLOTHES' MOTH.

THE moth commonly found among clothes is the *Phalæna Tinea Pellionella* of naturalists. It is a creature of some interest, both on account of the peculiar features which mark its history, and the annoyance which it gives to man in an important point of his domestic economy. The Tinea Pellionella finds its food and habitation chiefly among woollen stuffs and animal furs, and haunts alike the coarsest and finest substances of that description. The ermined robes of kings and judges are held not one whit more sacred by it than the habiliments of the poor and humble. Its proper food is said to be hair, however; and when a skin covered with that material comes in its way, it shaves off the capillary covering as cleanly and cleverly as a razor could do. But it also feeds liberally on wool and furs, and as these substances form our common clothing, it is in connexion with them that the Tinea Pellionella comes chiefly under our eye. Another species of moth, likewise, the Tinea Sarcitella, feeds on wool, and commits great ravages among clothing of that material. Generally speaking, the following remarks will apply to it, as well as to the preceding species.

In its moth state, the Tinea Pellionella is of small size, and of a leaden colour. It is, like its congeners, originally produced from an egg, and is then perfectly naked—which circumstance overturns Paley's assertion that man is the only member of the animal world that is born naked. The further statement of the same writer, that the human animal can alone clothe itself, is likewise disproved by the history of this insect. As soon as the little creature quits the egg, being not, as man is, in a state of helplessness at that period, it begins to form a suit of clothes for itself. For this purpose, it spins, in the first place, a thin and very fine tissue of silk around its body, in the same manner as other insects spin their silk-cases. It then cuts the filaments of the wool or fur on which its egg had been deposited, dividing them close by the skin or thread of the cloth, by means of a pair of teeth with which it is provided for that end, and which act precisely like scissors. The same filaments are then cut by the insect into convenient lengths, and applied one by one, with the most surprising dexterity, to the outside of its silken case, to which it fastens them by the agency of the additional silk which it emits at will, applying always new layers in succession, and fastening them in the same manner, until it has thus brought the whole case to a convenient thickness. No product of human art could be more regularly woven than this vestment, the mechanical process being precisely the same in both instances. When completed, the case is in the shape of a hollow tube, of the length of the body of the insect, which makes its abode in the interior, nor ever quits it except in case of urgent necessity. When it wants to feed, it puts out its head and helps itself with its cutters; and when it is desirous to shift its position, it pushes out its six anterior limbs, having first fixed the posterior ones to the case, so as to drag it along when the fore legs move.

Being thus within a warm and compact tenement, lined with the most delicate silk, the insect feels as comfortable as may be, until its bulk, increasing with its age, renders some alteration of the original structure necessary. In fact, this necessity occurs several times successively. The consequent mutations of the case "are accomplished by the little occupant (to use the words of Kirby and Spence) as dexterously as by any tailor. If the case merely requires lengthening, the task is easy. All that is necessary, is to add a new ring of hair or wool and silk to each end. But to enlarge it in width is not so simple an affair. Yet it sets to work precisely as we should, slitting the case on the two opposite sides, and then adroitly inserting between them two pieces of the requisite size. It does not, however, cut open the case from one end to the other at once; the sides would separate too far asunder, and the insect be left naked. It therefore first cuts each side about half way down, and then, after having filled up the fissure, proceeds to cut the remaining half: so that, in fact, four enlargements are made, and four separate pieces inserted." These additional rings and longitudinal stripes are always lined with silk, and are as perfect in disposition as the original case. The additions are well marked, and may be observed under ordinary circumstances. But there is one way by which they may be made still more distinct to the view. The colour of the habit, or any part of the habit, always corresponds with the hue of the cloth from which the materials may be taken. Accordingly, the progress of the creature's various operations is made beautifully manifest, when it is transferred from cloth of one tint to a differently coloured article. Thus, if the original case has been formed from white cloth, and the insect be then placed upon a scarlet article, the first rings at the ends, which usually constitute the first enlargement, will be of scarlet. Let the creature then be shifted to a black cloth, and new rings of black will appear. The side stripes may in like manner be rendered blue or green, so that, upon the whole, the case will present a parti-coloured appearance, making the Tinea into a little harlequin.

In such a manner does the insect proceed, always enlarging its case with undeviating regularity in proportion to its growth, and consuming in the process a very considerable amount of the stuffs upon which it chances to be at the time. Another portion of the same material, whether wool, hair, or fur, is required for its food, and this portion, also, is no inconsiderable one. But besides the consumption occasioned by clothing and feeding, the creature is compelled to extend its ravages still farther. In moving from place to place, it seems to be as much incommoded by the long hairs surrounding it as we are when walking among long grass; and accordingly, it projects its scissors in front of the case, and mows down, as with a scythe, all that stands in its way. Its track is thus still more distinctly marked on the stuffs which it is placed upon. When it pauses in its course, a silken cable is thrown out and fixed, securing in this way a safe anchorage in case of any movements taking place in the main body of the substance to which it is attached.

When enclosed in this case, the creature is in what is called its larva state, and attains the length of about half an inch. The period then arrives, when, in consonance with the modes of its tribe, it prepares for its change into the pupa or *chrysalis* condition. This change is begun by abstinence from food, and the creature subsequently weaves around it a cocoon of silk, spun for the purpose. From this it issues forth, in the space of about three weeks, in the shape of a small nocturnal moth, of a leaden or silver-grey hue, and with a black point in the middle of each wing. This evolution takes place usually in the month of August, and the insect, now completely formed, exists afterwards but a week or two, during the whole of which time it appears to be incessantly engaged in searching for a fit place in which to lay the eggs which are to continue its race. Having fulfilled this end, its short career comes to a close. Out of the whole period of its life, which extends to about a year, ten months are spent in the larva or caterpillar condition.

The eggs of the clothes' moth are an alarming sight to the careful housewife, and they are brushed off and destroyed by her without compunction, whenever they

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are seen. When one thinks of the extraordinary ingenuity which these creatures evince, and the beauty of the processes which they go through, one feels, as it were, a degree of regret at the annihilation of creatures which have been endowed by the Disposer of all things with powers and habits so surprising; but further consideration should satisfy us that a check must be put, and was intended to be put, on the spread of all these inferior creatures, if they interfere with the comfort of man. An unlimited spread of these moths would keep us half naked; and it would be as foolish to encourage or permit such a thing, as it would be to foster the breed of tigers on account of the uncommon beauty of their skins. Hence, notwithstanding the interest with which the natural history of the clothes' moth abounds, its removal from substances of use to man becomes quite legitimate. The ravages which the creature commits among furs and fine woollen goods, are indeed so great, that much ingenuity has been expended upon attempts to get rid of it. Unfortunately, the means by which this may be most easily effected, are attended with disagreeable effects to the cloth or other material so cleaned. Turpentine, or the flavour of it, when moderately strong, instantaneously kills the moth; but turpentine is highly unpleasant to the human senses, and, when cloth is once impregnated with it, there is no removing its odour. Where this is of lesser consequence, no more effective remedy can be used, and only one colour, rose-colour, is affected by the oil. If goods infested by the Tinea, be put into a close place, and a saucer of turpentine placed along with them, the fumes which rise from the oil, at a moderate temperature, will destroy the vermin, without the substance being actually touched or sprinkled with it. To touch the cloth with a hair brush dipped in the liquid, will bring the nuisance, however, to a speedier close. The best way of banishing the consequent smell, is to hang up the stuff for a time in the open air.

The smoke of tobacco, or a decoction of it, is also effective in removing these insects. The flavour of this substance is so disgustful to them that they are either killed by it, or avoid the tainted material. Here, again, however, the odour is one distasteful to the senses of a majority of the human race, particularly when it comes to them through the medium of clothes. The following plan is another of the many that have been proposed for the purpose under consideration. Some observers discovered the curious fact that the clothes' moth has a strong dislike to unwashed wool, probably from the animal oil or grease incorporated with it. Acting upon this discovery, many people have got rid of the insect by placing unwashed wool in layers among the infected cloth, or rubbing it upon the latter material, so as to communicate its flavour thereto. Another plan is also very generally followed. It had been observed that the moth was seldom if ever seen in drawers or boxes of cedar-wood, and it struck some one that to place cedar shavings in drawers made of other woods might answer the same purpose. We believe that this very simple scheme has proved pretty effective upon trial. The cedar has rather a pleasant flavour than otherwise. Many other strong-smelling substances, and in particular camphor, have been used for the same purpose with more or less success; but into the history of all these expedients it is needless to enter here. We must observe, however, before concluding, that, for the banishing of moths from ordinary household wardrobes, frequent airing of the contents is perhaps the best of all plans that can be tried. The clothes' moth, or its larva, delights in close, secluded, smothering situations, and cannot abide the open air. When the clothes are taken out, they must be well shaken, as the silken cables already alluded to, by means of which the creature anchors its case, hold it very firmly attached in ordinary instances. In September, when the larva is young, the attachment is less secure, and therefore that month is the best for airing and shaking clothes. They will be cleared of the vermin completely for the whole ensuing season, if the operation be then efficiently performed. September is the best season, likewise, for smoking these insects, as they are more easily killed, of course, when young.

We have now but one other point of interest to notice relatively to this curious little creature, which forms, as we have seen, so striking an analogy to the human being in two important particulars, petty and insignificant as it may appear. We allude to its nakedness at birth, and to its tailoring powers. The remaining point of interest in its history has reference to the excrementitious matters which it emits. We quote Dr Anderson's Recreations in Natural History upon this subject. The excrementitious matter of the larva is tinged red, blue, green, or white, just as the colour of its food may be, and from this peculiarity Dr Anderson is led to suggest, "that this insect might be usefully employed by man in the preparation of *pigments*. It is probable that the colours thus obtained might possess qualities that belong to none others, so that it is a proper object for experiment." To a certain extent, Dr Anderson goes on to tell us, experiments had been already made, and from these it was found that the matters in question possessed an extraordinary fineness of tint and comminution, and that "they mixed equally well with water and oil. Thus, therefore, might be obtained greens and blues of the most beautiful tints in a state of perfection, and also one colour which has long been a desideratum, namely, a fine opaque white for water-colours." The doctor then proceeds to say, that, if ladies must have artificial complexions, how much superior would be such paints to the deleterious cosmetics in common use; and as hairs form in part the food of the insect, he ingeniously remarks, that "the pearly hairs of a grandmother might be the means of augmenting the beauty and saving the life of a grandchild, by affording a pearl white of a delicacy of tint and harmlessness of character that cannot be equalled by any chemical preparation."

These suggestions were made more than forty years ago, and we are not aware if they have been ever adopted for any practical purpose. They seem somewhat fanciful, certainly; but when we remember that the cochineal insect affords one of our most common dyes, we cannot but think that Dr Anderson's suggestions might have some practical value. He points out that shearings of cloth, an article usually treated as refuse, and various kinds of wool and hair, might be dyed and used as food for the Tinea Pellionella and its immediate congeners, such as the Tinea Vestianella, or clothes' moth of summer, the Tinea Tapetzella, or tapestry moth, and the Tinea Mellonella, or moth that attacks bee-hives. We repeat that we are not aware whether the plan has been tried or not since it was suggested, but it is worth an experiment. Let not any one smile at it, on account of the necessary minuteness of the proceeds of such an experiment, when tried at least on a small scale. How vast are the quantities of silk used in the world! Yet is it a petty grub just such as is the Tinea Pellionella, that supplies all that enormous amount of silk. Attention and care have produced these great results in the one case, and similar means might have similar effects also in the other.

THE POLICE AGENT.

BY ARMAND DURANTIN.

[Abridged from "Pictures of the French, drawn by themselves," now in course of publication.]

THERE exists a class of men whose name is well known to the public, but whose manners, habits, and diplomatic address, almost defy observation—a remarkable type in French society, but a type varied to infinity: we mean the POLICE AGENT.

We have observed that every one is acquainted with his name, but very few have studied his position. We do not speak of the *garde municipal*, who belongs to a regular body of troops; nor the policeman, the zealous protector of public peace and morals, who would not scruple to take Fanny Elsler herself into custody if she were ever to venture to dance the cachucha under the shade of the Chaumière, or in the Tivoli gardens. But there exists a peculiar class of agents who eschew scrutiny, and are almost impenetrable to the common observer—in short, the *secret* agents, whose mysterious proceedings we have been watching in order to bring them to light in this gallery.

In truth, the notions generally entertained of the organisation of the police, are singular enough. Many worthy citizens firmly believe that there is no street, passage, public walk, or assembly, that is not crowded with secret police agents, and thieves no less numerous. With respect to thieves, we do not say nay; but, certainly, the number of agents is limited enough: only they know how to multiply themselves with so much address, that one alone would, in a case of great urgency, be enough to watch over Paris.

Thirty-two agents alone have the surveillance of the French metropolis, and the care of the safety of its inhabitants. They are mostly chosen from among those unfortunates who, having no other employment or resources, are compelled to accept a wretched situation, of which most of them are ashamed. Doubtless, this is an amelioration of the moral condition of the police, but it is perhaps an evil; for those men who are unskilled in the trade, who are unacquainted with the tricks of the thief's profession, who cannot associate with robbers, are more likely to let delinquents escape than their predecessors, who had daily intercourse with bad characters, followed them in their nocturnal depredations, and to their secret haunts, and watched and denounced them in time to prevent the perpetration of intended crimes. The police have indeed appreciated the inefficiency of the agents, and are occasionally obliged to employ men of a different stamp, who are not strictly in their pay, but who perform the same duties as the ancient companions of Vidocq. This class of spies, composed of known thieves, and men who have already been convicted, establish an intercourse with the police agents, and although they do not entirely renounce their unlawful practices, clandestinely give information that often leads to the discovery of crime. Their number is unlimited; they generally meet at wine shops, taking care to place a scout at the door to keep watch.

The secret police agents begin their operations in Paris early in the day. Some are charged with the inspection of pickpockets, others with the apprehension of shoplifters. For this service the agent disguises himself as a workman, dandy, or what not. The features of this class of thieves are known to him, and not a day passes that he does not detect one or more in the very act, in spite of their artful evasions. Others have in their province to proceed under the superintendence of their chief, M. Allard, to effect the dangerous arrest of housebreakers and murderers. When a man is suspected of having committed murder on the highway, the chief of the brigade of safety gives instructions to the sixteen inspectors of lodging-houses in Paris, and these make inquiries about the haunts of the accused parties. The steps of the latter are dogged, every attempt is made to discover where they passed the night of the crime; and if circumstances corroborate the suspicion, they are immediately taken into custody, and placed in confinement.

The agents receive eight francs per arrest; but out of these eight francs they have to pay *their* informants. Moreover, the higher officials levy a mulct upon the paltry remainder, so that the agent pockets a few sous only of his premium. Yet it is well known that the duties of the police are efficiently discharged; and though it is impossible to prevent every crime, few are left unpunished.

The Police Agent is not very conversant with the usages of good society, nor is he there treated with respect by his superiors, as the following anecdote will testify. The head of a department entertained several important personages; the invitations included a secret agent, from whom information was required. Uneasy in such good company, the agent was unable to conceal his embarrassment. He was particularly puzzled by the sight of the little silver spoon on each salt-celler, and could not divine the use of an instrument apparently so superfluous.* Wishing to help himself to some salt, our humble guest removed the salt-spoon, and coolly plunged his finger and thumb into the salt-celler; he then carefully replaced the mysterious instrument. The master of the house observing a sneer on the countenances of his guests, turned to the secret agent, and complimented him on his renowned skill in capturing thieves. Gratified by this notice, the agent related some of his feats, and asserted that no thief could escape him.

"Are you so ready at tracking?" asked the functionary.

"As a poacher after game," answered the agent.

"Then can you tell me," pointing to the salt-celler, "what animal has passed there?"

Yet the Police Agent has a good deal of learning. He knows all languages, and, according to circumstances, he could arrest you in French, English, Italian, or German, and would make himself understood in Chinese, if he had to capture a mandarin. He is a very chameleon for changing at will, colour, tone, and manners. The world is his native country; he has neither friends nor relatives, and would, if need were, arrest himself. Seven towns assert that Homer was born within their walls; an equal number would rise to disown the Police Agent, if there were the slightest suspicion of one of them being his birth-place. He is of any age, or of none; he has names without number, and is never known twice by the same. To-day he has riches, honours, a title and the ribbon of an order; to-morrow he will wear a blouse, and smoke a clay pipe. He knows every thing, sees every thing, and is every where at once. With one ear he listens to the instructions of his principal in the Rue de Jerusalem, while with the other he overhears the conference of certain conspirators in a garret in some obscure faubourg. In the first days of the Republic he frequented the clubs with his chin immersed in the folds of a large red scarf; when France was ruled by the Directory, he played deep in the saloons of the Faubourg St Germain. Then came the Empire, and he acted as spy alike upon the royalists and republicans. Governments changed; but not the agent. The suspected party of one day was in power the next; and the agent many a time received his orders from those who a few days before were under his surveillance. After the Restoration, decorated with orders and noble titles *ad lib.*, he acted as a spy towards the Bonapartists, who could no longer reward his services. At a later period, after the revolution of 1830, he insinuated himself into secret societies, composed of the most inveterate enemies of the government, and gave the first signal of the *emeutes*. We saw one called as a witness before the court of assize, impudently reply to the judge, who was ignorant of his position, and boldly provoke an uproar, knowing that he would be supported. This agent was a more violent *bonnet rouge* than the wretches whom he had denounced.

There are dandies of the profession, charged with important operations, and certain captures that require more intelligence and cunning than force and courage. Not a day passes that you do not elbow one of them in the street; and often at the theatre, your amiable and obliging neighbour, who converses with such good taste on all the trifling topics of the day, is no other than an agent of the Rue de Jerusalem come to feel political pulses, or watch the proceedings of a notorious member of the swell mob.

The Police Agent has a wonderful faculty for every metamorphosis. The man who a few minutes ago appeared so rough and ill bred, can in a twinkling assume the most elegant manners. This reminds me of a curious scene at which I was present a few summers ago in a hotel at Cauterêts, when I myself was completely duped by a Police Agent.

I dined that day at the *table d'hôte*, and by my side sat a charming young Parisian lady. A stout old gentleman was tying a napkin round his little boy's neck, while his wife endeavoured to cut something eatable off the lean skeleton of duck sent her by the young man at the head of the table. My attention was naturally attracted by the carver, who at a *table*

* [Salt spoons are a recent introduction into France.—ED.]

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d'hôte is too important a personage to be neglected. I observed him closely.

He was rather a good-looking young man of about five and twenty; his black hair was artistically curled; he wore a small moustache, and his countenance had a very pleasing expression.

The next day, I learned that the fair traveller had been to visit the waters of Cauterêts, and that not daring to venture alone, she had accepted the young dandy's arm.

For some time they walked on in silence beneath the avenue of elms, and were bending their steps towards a neighbouring village, when a post-chaise that was rapidly passing them stopped on a signal from the young man.

"What are you going to do?" asked the fair traveller.

"Surprise you agreeably," answered the young man, laughing. "Step in, walking is weary work, and for me this journey will be most delightful."

"Sir, you are too gallant."

"No one can be gallant enough for so fair a lady," returned her companion, carrying her unresisting hand to his lips.

"Come," said she, laughing, "I abandon myself to your care. What should I have done," she added, in a tender voice, "if I had not met you? I must have died of ennui! You are certainly my good genius."

The young man smiled, and made no answer. Meanwhile, the post-chaise drove rapidly onwards; and an animated conversation soon ensued between the travellers.

"Where are we going?" exclaimed the young lady. "This is surely the high road. Postilion! postilion!"

The young man did not reply; he no longer even smiled.

"Sir, this conduct is infamous," cried the young lady, in a voice of terror. "Where are we going? Whither are you carrying me?" "To Paris."

"What do I hear?"

"That, so far from being your good genius, I am, on the contrary, commissioned to conduct you, first to the Rue de Jerusalem, and thence to prison."

"There must be some mistake, sir."

"Oh dear no, not at all—I never make mistakes. You are Emma Popply. What! don't you remember Rigody?" So saying, the handsome young fellow slowly took off his jet black wig, which concealed a short crop of bright vermillion; removed the false beard and moustache that graced his bald chin and lip; and having carefully bestowed them in his great-coat pocket, he coolly proceeded to fill and light a common red clay tobacco-pipe, humming snatches of Brandhofen all the while.

The chaise still drove at great speed, to the great dismay of one of its occupants. Having exhausted tears and threats, she had recourse to cajoleries, and these failing, tried an hysterical fit. But all were alike unsuccessful; nothing could disturb the equanimity of the agent, who, with the utmost unconcern, watched the volumes of smoke ascend to the roof of the chaise.

"Sir, your conduct is cowardly and beneath contempt, thus to inveigle a poor defenceless woman!" said Emma, almost bursting with rage.

"You are a charming companion," said the agent, removing his pipe, and kissing her hand with mock respect.

"This insolence is not to be borne," said the irritated fair one, smartly boxing her tormentor's ears.

"You were more amiable a few minutes ago," answered Rigody, still unmoved.

"Let me go," said she, after a few minutes' hesitation, "and I promise you two-thirds of all I possess, jewels, gold, and notes."

"No—the thing's impossible."

"Suppose I consent to be yours?"

"You have just made me a better offer," said the young man.

"Brute," cried the mortified lady, relapsing into a silence that was unbroken till, three days afterwards, the post-chaise stopped before the hotel in the Rue de Jerusalem. The entrapped lady was handed out by her fellow traveller, and taken charge of by two policemen, who immediately closed the iron gates behind her.

I returned to Paris, and had entirely forgotten the two travellers, when one evening, about two months afterwards, whom should I meet at a party but my handsome hero of the glossy black hair, beard, and moustache. Having returned his bow, I inquired how matters stood between him and his conquest.

"Which?" asked he. "Ah! I remember. A young girl, rather pretty?"

"The same. You carried her off, lucky fellow that you are!"

"Carried off! No, indeed; I only took her to the prefecture of police. If you consult the register, you will find this entry:—'June 3, 1832.—Emma Popply, aged twenty-two, accused of purloining diamonds and cashmeres. Placed in confinement at five o'clock this day.'"

"Why, who are you?" said I, in astonishment.

While I spoke, an old gentleman stopped near me, and stared hard at the young dandy, who, instead of answering me, changed colour, and, turning on his heel, disappeared in the crowd.

"Sir, can you tell me who that young man is?" said I, turning towards the old gentleman, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A secret agent of police," was the answer. "Some months ago I was his dupe in a political affair, in which he played the part of accomplice to act as spy against us. Every time he sees me, he instantly retreats. Whenever you chance to meet the fellow, do not fear to unmask him openly, sir, as I have just done to you."

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS AT DAMASCUS.

THAT species of persecution to which the Jewish people were exposed in England, and other European countries, during the middle ages, has lately been revived with barbarous atrocity at Damascus, under the government of Mehemet Ali. The people of this country have been made acquainted with the details of this odious transaction from the report of Mr Merlato, the Austrian consul at Damascus, addressed to M. Laurin, Consul-General for Austria at Alexandria, dated March 23, 1840, and which has been circulated in a translated form in the English and French papers. From the succinct account of Mr Merlato, it will be observed that the pretexts for the injuries committed on the unhappy Jews, are very nearly the same as those which have been always used in similar cases—an unfounded charge of murdering adult or infant Christians, for the sake of employing their blood in certain religious offices. The following is Mr Merlato's report:—

"On the 5th of February 1840, a Capuchin friar of the name of Father Thomas, a native of Sardinia, disappeared suddenly from Damascus, where he had resided since the year 1806 or 1807; and at the same time a young man, his servant, was likewise missing. Father Thomas had formerly practised medicine, and for a considerable time past had devoted himself exclusively to the vaccination of children of all classes and all religions; he was well known throughout the country. He had amassed a much larger fortune than is consistent with the regulations of the monastic order to which he belonged. He was not fond of giving; he talked a great deal, and to all kinds of persons, without exception; he was rather given to intemperate habits; he was of an easy temper, and had but little education.

The day after his disappearance, the French consul (M. le Comte de Pratti Menton), whose duty it was to investigate the affair, commenced the task of tracing the fate of the two unfortunate men. He repaired first to the chamber occupied by them; money, the friar's effects, those of the servant of the hospice—all was found untouched. At the same time several Israelites declared that the Friar Thomas had been seen in the quarter of the Jews towards evening, on the day on which he was missed. No one said that he had been seen to quit it, no one testified to his having been seen elsewhere. It was inferred from these circumstances, that, on his entrance into their quarters, he had been murdered by the Hebrews. As soon as this idea was conceived, the search was no longer directed towards any other part of the town; yet it surely would not have been improper to carry the investigations beyond the quarter of the Jews, more especially as Father Thomas and his servant had, a short time previously, had a violent quarrel, accompanied with blows, in the square of Hassan Pacha (a part of the city much frequented), and as this fray had arisen between them and some Mussulmans of the lowest class, such as porters, carters, &c. Nevertheless, a young Hebrew, who thought proper to declare that he had seen him elsewhere, was so severely beaten with rods, that he expired after twenty-four hours' imprisonment.

Arrests followed: the bastinado was liberally used among the sufferers; one Hebrew, a man sixty years old, expired under the strokes; his crime was that of being doorkeeper of the Jewish quarter. The bodies of two Israelites lately dead were disinterred, to see if they were those of the two men who were missing, or at least those of two Jews who, having assisted in the perpetration of the crime, might have received some fatal wound in the struggle in which Father Thomas and his servant had perished. Many houses were searched, among which were some belonging to Austrian and Tuscan subjects, or persons protected by Austria, under the authority of my consulate; but for many days all these investigations were completely fruitless.

At length the French consul demanded the release from prison of a Turk of low extraction, named Mohammed Telli, who had been confined for debt towards the state, and employed him in the affair, not only to trace the guilty persons, but likewise to exhort suspected persons and prisoners to furnish, by their confessions, some clue, some indications, for the discovery of the crime and its authors.

Among the first persons arrested was a Jewish barber; he had been interrogated at the French consulate, and in his answers were found some confusion and some contradictions; he was thought to be more seriously inculpated than the other prisoners. He was kept at the consulate for three days, was exhorted to declare every thing, and was promised a reward, and a safe conduct to foreign countries—but all these means were ineffectual; he persisted in his denials; nothing could shake him. He was remanded to his excellency the Sherif Pacha. The promises were renewed without success. Then he was cruelly beaten with rods two several times, and they applied the torture to his head. In the interval he received a brotherly visit from Mohammed el Telli, so that he ended by declaring as follows:—He said, 'That on Wednesday, February 5, towards evening, he had been called into the house of David Arari, where were also Joseph, Aaron, and Isaac Arari, Moussa Aboulaffia, Moses Salonati, and Joseph Lanisado, all distinguished merchants among the Israelites. They desired him to murder Father Thomas, who already lay bound in a corner of the room, but he refused to execute a crime so horrible. Then they dismissed him, putting into his hand a sum of money to induce him to keep silence respecting what he had seen. He retired, without knowing the fate of Father Thomas.' The seven merchants were instantly arrested and interrogated. They denied every thing. They were ordered to be bastinadoed; but it being remembered that as most of them were of an advanced age, they might very likely die under the first strokes, it was thought that confession might be extracted by another species of torture. They were consequently made to remain standing for thirty-six hours consecutively, without being allowed to sleep. They underwent this torture, but persisted in denying all. After this trial they were beaten with rods, but this proceeding was soon suspended, for at the twentieth stroke the sufferers fainted away. As they persisted in their denial, the French consul judged that the punishment inflicted on them had not been executed according to the letter, and demanded that it should be repeated. This request was acceded to, but they continued to declare themselves innocent.

In the meanwhile, the servant of David Arari was seized on. He was made to submit for a long time to the torture of the rod. In the intervals they washed his lacerated body with cold water; at last he said, that, by order of his master, David Arari, he had called on the barber to bid him come towards evening to the house. They searched the house of David Arari as many as six times, in hopes of discovering something; but fruitlessly. At length, on the evening of the 27th of February, 1840, the servant, whose name was Murad el Fallat, was called; after a formal promise of impunity, a promise made to him by the French consul, after more than one of Mohammed el Telli's affectionate visits, he declared 'That it was he himself who had murdered Father Thomas, in the house of David Arari, his master, in the presence and by the order of the seven merchants under arrest; the blood of the poor friar had been received in a crystal vase, for religious purposes to him unknown. The barber and himself were then employed to cut the body in pieces, to bray in a mortar the bones and the skull, and carry the whole away to an aqueduct which flows through one of the streets inhabited by the Hebrews, at a distance from the dwelling of Arari.' They now returned to the barber, interrogated him gently, in an insinuating manner. They encouraged him by fresh promises of impunity: he declared at last the same as the servant had declared. The French consul and his followers went to the place that had been indicated, preceded by the two witnesses one after the other. These two persons were mounted on carts, their sufferings not permitting them to stand or walk. At the spot pointed out by them, the drain was opened, and some bones were found, together with the remains of a cap. Some physicians declared that they were human bones. These were taken to the seraglio, and shown to the seven accused men, who, nevertheless, persisted in repelling every accusation of guilt. They were then made to suffer tortures of various kinds, and given up to the rods, and, one after the other, they all at last confessed themselves guilty of what the barber and servant had declared.

Four days after the confession of the seven merchants, an attempt was made to compel them to give up the watch and keys of Father Thomas. The unhappy men, perceiving that the sole aim was to prolong their miserable existence in the midst of the most dreadful tortures, denied every thing, and declared that their late confessions had been extorted from them by the violence of their agonies. This caused much surprise to the inquisitors, who had again recourse to the bastinado and other tortures, to bring them back to their former confessions, but all in vain."

The consul then states that similar accusations had been made, with respect to the servant of Father Thomas, against other Israelites, among whom was Picciotto, an Austrian subject; that Picciotto had proved a distinct *alibi* by the evidence of Mr Marson, an individual under the protection of England; that the bones stated to have been found were afterwards declared by an able physician to be those of animals; and he then proceeds as follows:—

"I, as consul, could not allow that an unfortunate Austrian, whose reputation as an honest man and peaceable merchant had hitherto remained unblemished, should be given up to the malice of his enemies. I have therefore thought that a circumstantial account of the proceedings should be forwarded to your imperial consulate-general in Egypt, in order that such measures may be adopted as you shall judge proper for preventing, not only a subject of our empire, but even any European, whoever he may be, from finding himself, as is here the case, at the mercy and discretion of this infamous judicial inquisition. I venture to hope that you will appreciate the reserve and caution of our conduct in this deplorable business, when

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you read the correspondence which has taken place. Our opponents had it in their power to lay hold of a formidable weapon against us, namely, the blind and ignorant fanaticism of the Christians in this country. Because I, as Austrian consul, did not warmly lend myself to the encouragement of measures dictated by stupid passions, they have dared to address to me the most opprobrious imputations, and have probably ascribed to me the most foul and immoral intentions. I therefore most respectfully implore your excellency to interfere actively and efficaciously towards preventing, for the future, the recurrence of these calumnies, and obtaining honourable reparation for the injured individuals. If the Egyptian government will conscientiously endeavour to obtain accurate information on this strange event, it has only to summon all the accused, in order that they may be submitted to another examination, rigorous, but more in accordance with the customs of civilised nations. Otherwise my opinion is, that the truth with respect to this affair will always remain involved in obscurity."

In another statement of the same consul, the following passages occur :—

"The Israelites of this town have undergone persecution, against which any other class would have risen in revolt. The names held in the highest estimation among the Jews, those whose fortunes are derived from the purest sources, those whose weakness is most deserving of compassion, are equally insulted and insecure. Sixty-three children have been detained in prison several days ; women have been called upon to appear, and have been interrogated. At the first suspicion, the most respectable Jews, if not previously arrested, took flight ; others secreted themselves in their houses, in order to escape the insults of the Christians."

The irritated Christians assembled in the public squares, relate to one another the most unheard-of extravagances about this sect, which they hate. The consul has made public an Arabic translation of some execrable doctrines imputed to the Jews, and drawn from a Latin book, entitled *Prompta Bibliotheca*. This book has been furnished through the zeal of our Christian missionaries of the Holy Land. A copy of it has been forwarded to his excellency Ibrahim Pacha.

Finally, Mr Merlato, in a third statement, says—"An agent of the government yesterday discovered the retreat of Moses Fahi, son of Meir. He was brought before the pacha ; they asked him where his father was. He answered that he did not know ; instantly he received the bastinado. The child, being of a weak and delicate constitution, implored them to send for his mother. She was brought, but revealed nothing. The young man was again scourged with rods, and the unhappy mother in despair disclosed the place where her husband had taken refuge. I declare to you, sir, that it is impossible to endure any longer the spectacle of such atrocities, in which, underhand, the Latin monks and some Christian monks of the country take an active part, backed by the blind fanaticism of a mob who think their bigotry Christianity. A system of espionage is publicly organised, and encouraged by promises of money. All hearts are void of compassion ; each dreads for himself the miseries of which he is witness. I shall claim, in the most urgent manner, the interference of the superior authorities."

M. Laurin, Consul-General at Alexandria, thus expresses himself in a letter :—"The accusation has no legal foundation ; the avowals of guilt have been obtained either by the agony of the torture, by intimidation, or by deceit.

For the interest of humanity, as well as especially for that of our subjects who are in danger of being put to death, though innocent, I am making every possible exertion to obtain from Mehemet Ali an order to direct that proceedings may be carried on in a humane manner, and judgment pronounced by judges who may be enlightened, independent, and free from prejudice. Mr Merlato deserves all praise, and every assistance in his courageous efforts on behalf of the innocent."

In consequence of the representations made to him, Mehemet Ali interfered to stop the persecution at Damascus, though it is yet uncertain whether he will make a full and proper investigation into the subject, or issue such commands as will prevent a recurrence of the illegal barbarities. From a passage in the petition of the Egyptian Jews to Mehemet Ali, praying for his interference, it is evident that the persecution was greatly promoted by a certain resident European. After adverting to the revolting and incredible charge that the Jews would sacrifice a man and drink his blood, the petitioners say—"This is false on the face of it, but the old enmity of a person too powerful in Syria against every individual of our faith, gives credit to such a falsehood, and hence the most respectable people of the country are tortured ; blows without number are inflicted on their persons ; newly invented and most severe tortures afflict the unhappy race, and these are the means to induce them to confess! Surely such great suffering might extort a false confession from some of them, for, though there are many men who can face immediate death, there are but few who can endure torture, and in Damascus the tortures are greater than they have ever been in the world. Already have Israelites been known to confess themselves guilty, and afterwards their innocence hath been proved. Above one hundred children are perishing in prison from want of food. And this is the way in which justice is administered to your people in Damascus." The individual here alluded to, and whom the Jews in Egypt dare not venture to name, is Count Pratti Menton, consul of France—a fact which, if true, certainly calls for some decided measure on the part of his government. We are glad to learn that the British government has already exerted itself in behalf of the much injured and perilously situated Jews of Damascus, and from this circumstance alone we may anticipate a speedy conclusion to these barbarities.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

NEWCASTLE—CONCLUDED.

THE improvements which I have described as having taken place in Newcastle, were accomplished in the space of five years, or between 1834 and 1839, and added new property to the town which has been valued at nearly a million of pounds. Much of this property, however, remains unfinished or unoccupied ; a great number of the shops have never been opened for business, and are not likely to be required for several years ; many houses, likewise, remain without inhabitants. It is rather unfortunate, that, by Mr Grainger's arrangements, there is little choice in the new erections. There is a complaint of a want of variety. A shop is but one apartment, notched out of the front of a building, leaving the house otherwise from cellar to garret to form a private dwelling, entered by a separate door. This kind of house has many inconveniences ; it will not be selected by a superior order of inhabitants, who will prefer a house at a distance from the business streets, and it is too large and expensive for persons of moderate desires and means. The common-stair plan of building, as at Paris and Edinburgh, might have been introduced into some of the business districts with considerable advantage both to proprietor and tenant. In the present partially occupied state in which we find both new houses and shops, an annual rental, as it appears, of L.17,416 is realised ; when fully occupied, the sum will be increased to L.40,000.

The whole of Mr Grainger's surprising alterations were begun and carried on towards completion without an act of parliament—a circumstance only to be accounted for by the general popularity of his schemes and his own energy of character. He was likewise greatly favoured by having to negotiate with a town-council which had been lately remodelled, and was desirous of carrying useful improvements into effect. So far was the civic corporation impressed with the propriety of making extensive improvements, that it procured an act of parliament in 1827, by which, along with powers respecting matters of police and local management, it possesses authority to remove certain old streets and buildings in divers quarters, so as to open up new lines of thoroughfare from the environs. This design, and also a plan for extending the quay for shipping and steam-boats, are now slowly in progress under the care of the council, whose funds are able to permit to a certain limit this species of outlay, as they amount annually to about L.40,000. Of the ultimate benefit of all these schemes of improvement, there cannot be any doubt. Newcastle had greatly fallen behind the taste of the age : it was not even worthy of itself. It is now, in point of elegance and comfort, on a par with, or rather superior to, most towns of the same resources.

At the period of my stay, the town was enjoying the treat of a polytechnic exhibition, which I took the opportunity of visiting, and found to be got up in a highly praiseworthy manner. The exhibition occupied a series of large apartments, in two separate buildings, which were connected by a temporary covered gallery thrown across a narrow street. Here we found upwards of 300 paintings and drawings, a variety of pieces of sculpture and models, a very large quantity of objects of vertu and curiosity, such as occupy public museums, an equally large quantity of articles illustrative of the progress in the arts, and many objects in natural history. High walls covered with rare and costly articles, long rows of glass-cases sparkling with gems and valuable objects of art, tables loaded with a profusion of vases, jars, &c., formed some of the details of the scene. But the principal place of attraction was the largest of the apartments, which usually serves as a music-hall. This room, measuring 100 feet in length by 40 in breadth, had its centre occupied by a circular basin of water, surrounded by a table on which was a railway with a small locomotive vehicle and carriage running round it ; it contained also a canal, on which was a model steam-boat in motion. Arranged around the margin of the circular table, there were various working models of apparatus demonstrating hydraulic operations. Near these interesting objects were exhibited five large annular polysonal lenses, with mirrors mounted in framework, as now used in lighthouses of the first order, with revolving and flashing lights ; the whole lighted up every evening. In another corner of the room a Jacquard loom was kept in constant operation, weaving figured waistcoating. In the middle of the floor stood a highly-finished steam-engine of five horse-power and somewhat novel arrangement, made for the exhibition by the Messrs Hawthorn of Newcastle. The cylinder of the engine, which rested on the floor, was singularly shallow, but of large diameter, and it and all other parts of the mechanism were of finely-polished iron : so smoothly and noiselessly did the engine work, that it was not heard over the hum of voices in the apartment. By means of shafts and belts, it turned a variety of apparatus requiring power to keep them in motion. By far the most interesting of these pieces of machinery that came under my observation, was Walton's patent card-making machine, which is probably the most wonderful apparatus ever contrived by human ingenuity. The object of the machine is to cut small pieces from a coil of fine steel wire, bend the pieces into a particular shape, and insert them as rows of teeth in a flat leather belt ; the ultimate design being to employ the toothed belt in the carding of cotton or wool. The making and insertion of teeth by the hand is a laborious and tedious operation, and therefore the invention of this machine is one of the finest triumphs of skill. The apparatus, which seems a perfect cluster of small wheels, levers, and other minute parts, acting by short and rapid jerks, performs nineteen distinct motions in the making of every teeth, and makes and fixes 250 teeth per minute. It was under the watchful care of a superintendent, who at times shifted the belt ; it had been brought from Lancashire to be exhibited, at a considerable expense to the directors. The exhibition, I am glad to say, was warmly supported by the inhabitants, not only of Newcastle, but of all the adjoining district ; and by a liberal arrangement of the directors of the railway, persons were brought from Carlisle to see the exhibition and carried back at a reduced fare. Up till the period of my visit, 7339 season tickets, and 21,919 single admission tickets (the latter 6d. each) had been disposed of—a fact of the most gratifying kind, as showing the extent of the interest now taken in rational and improving exhibitions.

Newcastle has long possessed one of the best mechanics' institutions in the kingdom, and has now an institution or society for providing popular lectures and music, on Saturday evenings, at a cheap rate of admission. I went to one of these Saturday evening assemblies, which took place in a spacious lecture-room beneath one of the halls of the polytechnic exhibition. The admission money was 2d., and I found present about 700 persons, chiefly workmen, and some young men from shops and warehouses. By some accident, the lecturer did not make his appearance, and the entertainment was necessarily confined to music. Some pieces were well performed on the piano, and sung by different individuals of both sexes, employed for the purpose ; but other parts of the performance were less to be admired. It is a pity that this entertainment should be defective in point of management, for such meetings, when well conducted, as they are at Glasgow, do much good, being both a cheap and an innocent substitute for the seductions of the public-house.

Besides these institutions of a humble character in Newcastle, there are others of a higher grade, for purposes of social advancement, and the cultivation of science and the arts. Latterly, a most extensive suite of public baths has been erected by subscription, and is now in full operation. I have seen nothing of the kind any where to compare with these baths. A substantial stone building of one story, covering an area of 176 feet by 134, is laid out with large and small baths on a remarkably liberal scale. There are, in a central open part, two plunge baths, one for gentlemen 100 feet by 50, the other for the working classes 96 feet by 30. Leading from the various corridors around these, are warm, medicated, tepid, vapour, and hot air baths, each in a small apartment, with a dressing-room adjoining : one section is laid off for ladies, and another for gentlemen, with separate entrances, and waiting rooms. All the baths are lined with glistening white tiles, and look clean and comfortable.

It is evident from these and other matters which fell under my notice, that Newcastle possesses a population who are desirous of being something more than mere money-makers ; no other town of its size is so ready a patron of the fine arts, or spends so much of its gains annually on literature. London booksellers tell us that no town in England, the metropolis excepted, has such a large demand for embellished and costly productions of the press. The general habits and language of the lower classes of the inhabitants afford some less gratifying traits ; still, it is pleasing to reflect that here, at least, is a horde of industrious human beings, who are not exposed every now and then to a complete failure of the means of subsistence, in consequence of those stoppages of employment which elsewhere occur almost at fixed times, and produce such wide-spread misery. Newcastle and its neighbourhood, embracing a population of 150,000, have little or no experience of these dreadful disasters. The people—all who are able and willing to work—are well employed, and at generally good wages. The manufacture of steam-engines and locomotive machines, which has lately been added to the course of industry, is now carried on to a very large extent, and employs some thousands of workmen. I had the good fortune to be permitted to walk through the establishment of Messrs Hawthorn, where five hundred men are constantly engaged in making these engines and machines, and was astonished at the magnitude and complex details of the concern. Upwards of a dozen locomotives—each valued, I understand, at about L.1500—were pointed out to me as preparing for the North of England and other railways. Nothing more is wanted to prove that the world is in no likelihood of standing still, than a visit to such an establishment.

In order to have some notion of the trade upon

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the Tyne, I devoted a day to a sail in a steamer down the river to its estuary, a distance of ten miles. There is nothing in the voyage which can afford pleasure to the eye of a scene-hunter; all that craves attention belongs to coal-mining or manufacturing, and indicates the character of the district. From Newcastle, pretty nearly all the way downwards on both sides, the banks rise rather steeply from the edge of the water, being in some places composed of huge mounds of clay or muddy material, brought as ballast in vessels from London and other places to which coal is exported. These mud hills, the accumulation of centuries, in some parts cover a large space of ground, and rise to a height of perhaps 150 feet. In time, they become covered with herbage, and are not distinguishable from the steep banks which adjoin them. Placed at favourable spots on both sides, are numerous dingy smoking factories of glass, pottery, paints, and chemical materials. At intervals, we observe depôts of grinding stones, with wharfs for their shipment; and at many bold parts of the banks are seen staiths for putting on board coals from the pits, which lie at the distance of from a quarter of a mile to eight miles from the river. For this immense coal-field, the Tyne has for ages served as the great and commodious outlet. It has been the practice for many years to convey the coal from the mouth of the pit by a railway leading to the bank of the river, where it has been taken on board of lighters, called keels, to be carried down to the ships at Shields, or on board the vessels themselves, if able to come alongside. By improvements in the navigation of the Tyne, and the erection of staiths, the clumsy mode of employing keel boats has been greatly obviated. A staith is a very peculiar apparatus. It is a species of high scaffolding of wood, forming the terminating point of a railway from the pit, and to its brink is brought the loaded waggon ready to be emptied into the vessel beneath. As soon as the waggon reaches the verge of the scaffold, it is seen to sink slowly without suffering any disturbance, and is thus let down till close over the ship's hold, when the bottom is disengaged, and the entire contents are deposited in their designed situation. The waggon, being now emptied, rises in the air to the level of the scaffold, and immediately runs away along the line to make way for its successor. The mechanism by which this feat of falling and rising is performed is a powerful lever process, whose exterior large arms are alone seen in action. By these means a vessel can receive its load in a very short space of time, and the coal is likewise preserved from being dashed and broken, as would necessarily be the case if it were poured into keels, and from them shovelled into the holds of ships in the river. Keels are now used chiefly for conveying coal from the staiths above the bridge at Newcastle. The keelmen, who have latterly declined in number, are an exceedingly active body of watermen. Three men and a boy, the usual amount of a crew, will guide one of their little vessels down the river to Shields, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, there deliver their cargo of eight chalders, or twenty-two tons, and return by the tide to the place whence they set out, all within a space of fourteen hours. It has been established by evidence before a committee of the House of Lords, that the keelmen of the Tyne receive less payment for their enormous day's labour than a London lighterman enjoys for conveying the same quantity of coal from the ship's side to the wharf. This, however, is only one of many monstrous abuses to which the coal trade of London is subject, and to which the people of that city submit with wonderful resignation. At Newcastle, coal is, as might be expected, remarkably cheap. I saw some of a fine quality burning in a gentleman's house, which, I was informed, cost only six shillings per ton, being rather less than a fifth of the price in London.

On approaching the mouth of the Tyne, our steamer shot past successive groups of vessels ranked up in some kind of order, to the extent of many hundreds, and waiting either for their cargo or a favourable opportunity of putting to sea. Opposite North Shields the masses of shipping increased in density, and here, penetrating through their ranks, the small steamer landed us on a slip of quay, apparently the only flat piece of ground in the town. North Shields, which may be considered the shipping port of Newcastle on the Tyne, is a most uninviting cluster of old red brick houses, stuck on the face of a hill overhanging the river, and is balanced on the opposite shore by a facsimile of itself, but of inferior dimensions, entitled South Shields. Plunging through the miry and tortuous lanes of this busy emporium of the coal trade, we emerged on a high bank beyond the town, and forthwith proceeded a distance of about a mile to Tynemouth. This is a retired and agreeable place of summer residence, very different in aspect from its neighbour, and, with its ruined priory, commands a charming prospect seaward. Immediately below is the bar of the river, distinguishable by the white foam which curls in masses over it, and through whose passages it requires considerable nautical skill to bring a vessel safely into port.

Some thirty years ago it was almost as difficult a matter to reach Shields from Newcastle as it was to reach Margate from London; but now all this is changed. First came steam-boats, and then a railway. At present, the railway carries the day; though the fare by water is only 6d., the locomotives have almost driven the steamers off the course. Having given our custom to the boats in going down, we thought it but fair to countenance the railway in going up. Distance eight miles—time twenty minutes—fare 9d.; the thing was well done. I never was on a railway which pleased me so much as this. The line proceeds over a flat tract of land, through the midst of villages inhabited by colliers employed in the pits, and crosses, by lofty bridges, two deep ravines with rivulets tributary to the Tyne. All the rails are firmly screwed upon square blocks of wood, laid longitudinally, and bound together like a frame-work, at the distance of every twelve feet or thereabouts. By these means, the rails rest throughout their entire length on a uniformly level basis, by which all jolting and lateral motion are avoided. After trying all the principal railways in England, as well as several in other countries, I have found none on which the motion is so easy and smooth as that between Newcastle and Shields; and I can ascribe this to no other circumstance than the mode of laying the rails on longitudinal bars of timber. In proceeding along the line from Shields, the train passes at the distance of about half way the church and village of Wallsend, with the colliery of the same name. This place marks the terminating point of the Roman wall on the Tyne. The various other villages, which are rapidly shot past, mostly consist of brick and tiled dwelling-houses of a humble order, for colliers and their families; but all, as was mentioned to me, are clean and comfortable to no inconsiderable degree, and each, as I observed, was furnished with a pig-house behind, the use of pork or bacon being universal in this part of the country.

On the south side of the Tyne, a railway, also lately established, connects Gateshead with Sunderland, and that being joined by another railway which branches off to Durham, this great and rapidly improving district may be said to be already laced all over with these admirable means of communication.

THE LITTLE FISHMONGER.

[BY MRS S. C. HALL.]

(From "The Britannia" newspaper.)

PEOPLE who live amid the hurry and bustle of large cities are seldom able to study the various shades of human character, like those who, having fewer objects to divert their attention, have also more time to observe. In great cities people come and go—you do not meet the same face perhaps more than once a-year—and then, except that time may have underlined the stronger features, the face is dressed exactly in the same manner—the same smile—the same expression, whether it be born of pain or pleasure—and, it may be, the same phrase is repeated, either in the way of question or reply; for those "greetings in the market-place" are all generally alike. In the busy world your sympathies have no time to take root; the wheel revolves, the kaleidescope is shaken, you forget and are forgotten, the more wide your field of observation the less leisure you have to observe; and though you have a moral certainty that every creature you meet has a distinct and positive character of his or her own, they dwell in your memory only as black, brown, or fair! These is the little Fishmonger, for instance, who lives with his small fry of children in that little bleak lonely cottage near the Canal. I have passed that man scores of times, hear his voice in the distance every morning of my life, know the names of every one of his children, and even of his little ugly cur dog Tickle, a misshapen, blear-eyed, cross-grained brute, as ever infested a high-road or narrow lane, and whom every cat in the village, acting upon the combination system, sets up her back at, be she at the street-door, or staring with her great green eyes out of the first-floor window. I thought I knew the character of the little Fishmonger, whose very name of Job was given, it would seem, in derision and defiance of every rule of Christian patience, for Tickle and Job are well matched. What the dog is, that is the master—and what the master is, that is the dog. Job is as lame upon his two legs as his canine follower is upon double the number; as ready to snarl and growl, and quarrel with the mistresses of the various cats, as the cats are with Tickle; in fact, the little Fishmonger's approach is the signal for a sort of running fire from cottage to cottage; every one quarrels with Job, every one buys from Job—for his fish are good, and he lays them nicely out upon a snow-white cloth, and covers them with fresh-cut grass. He is, of course, a violent Radical, and was still more so; but at a beer-shop where politics are talked over regularly and strongly, some one told Job that a new prerogative was to be given to mankind under the title of Socialism, which bestowed more liberty than Radicals, or even Chartists, had ever dreamed of before; inasmuch as men were to exchange wives, and wives husbands, at pleasure. Job presupposed a case—and which (considering how ill he had often treated his kind, gentle, and still pretty Mary) was very natural—he supposed that if Mary pleaded incompatibility of temper, and took unto herself another husband, what was to become of him, the three young Jobs, and Tickle? Job went home that night a silent man, did not visit the beer-shop the following night, hinted that he thought things were going too far, and that, perhaps, he might join the Temperance Society.

Still Job has not foreworn his opinions, and if any of his village customers, with the charitable intent of irritating *the little Fishmonger*, ask him what he is, he says, "What I always was," in a tone that effectually silences any further inquiry, at least for the time. Job has, I believe, no friends; the gentle patient creature who shares his toils and bears with his temper seems as much in awe of him as any one else, and his children skulk out of the sunshine and into the shade when they hear his footstep. He has now three little children—eighteen months ago he had six, but the scarlet fever carried off three in one week; the little coffins, covered with decent black, left Job's lonely bleak cottage in the snow of a December morning; the coffins were placed upon a hand-barrow, the undertaker supporting the front handles, and a kind neighbour bringing up the rear; while Job followed with his dog and his weeping wife. Very sad, indeed, the humble procession looked, so desperately dark upon the silver snow; but Job shed no tear, nor even thanked his neighbours who attended; if he felt, the iron of his stern-built frame suppressed the emotion. Of all men in the parish, Job has long been instanced as the most hard, the most severe, the most unyielding, but honest and true. His word was never doubted, nor his honesty questioned. He is, in short, a character over whom circumstances have no influence—he never moved his seal-skin cap in his life to any of the powers that be—he never went to see a sight but one, and that was a huge sturgeon, exhibited in Hungerford market three years ago—and then said, "he was a great fool, for it was nothing but a big fish after *all*." He never laughed, nor cried, except "Fine haddock and live sole," or "lobsters," with variations peculiarly his own, laying a long strong emphasis upon the word "lob-bb," and ascending by thirds into "sta-hi-hi-ers," and, strange as it may seem, the cry was by no means unmusical. "You cry lobsters very pleasantly, my mistress says," said the cook to him one day as he was—not *shouldering*, but, if I may be permitted to coin a word—"*heading*" his lobsters. "Does she?" quoth he, jerking the basket on his head; "eagh! it doesn't much matter; my cry's my own, and I shouldn't change it."

Still, notwithstanding his ungraciousness, Job felt the compliment, for he always stops at the corner, and gives the "Sta-hi-hi-ers" with as perfect melody as possible, and then jerks the basket, as much as to say, "I know I did *that* well." Now, would any suppose, from what I have said of the little Fishmonger, that there was a tender chord in his bosom, which reverberated as gently as the tones of an Æolian harp, if breathed over by the evening breeze—he who had followed three children to the same grave without a tear—who had uniformly treated his wife harshly—who was the bugbear of the neighbourhood, who was disliked by every housekeeper who bought his fish, whose surliness was a byword, who often ill-used the ill-favoured but most faithful cur that trotted at his feet; even Job had a tender morsel in his ossified heart:—and thus I know it.

There is an immensity of privation endured by the lower classes. As an Irishwoman, I see it less than others, because the peasantry of my own country suffer and bear so much more. Still there is a great deal, even in neighbourhoods where the rich spend much time, and more money, in visiting and relieving the distresses of their humble fellow-creatures. Somehow no one liked to visit Job; although it was observed, and, being observed, talked about, that Job carried herrings instead of haddocks, and shrimps instead of lobsters—that his cheek was less ruddy, and that poor Tickle not only eyed the butcher's shop, but absolutely purloined a bone, for which he was soundly thrashed by his master. Mrs Job was not met going to market as of old, and when questioned said, "she bought at night." Just when things looked "*suspicious of poverty*," Job fell and broke his arm; his pale pretty wife hawked the fish about for a time, and sad it was to hear her low gentle voice roused to the energy of a cry in the cold winter mornings. People bought from her though they did not want, for every one liked her. One of the ladies of our district committee met Mary and offered her assistance, which she thankfully accepted, and the same lady called at the cottage to repeat the gift; Job was unfortunately at home alone, and to the kind question of "Can I be of any use to you?" answered a gruff "No!" that offended a kind but warm-tempered visiter.

A pebble will sometimes turn the current of sweet charity.

Job got better—well, the people said; but even the small stock of herrings dwindled into half a basket of sprats.

"Job," inquired a cottager's wife, "Job, will you warrant these sprats?"

"No!" roared the little Fishmonger; and off he went, followed by the hairy shadow of what had been Tickle.

The question was repeated once and twice. Job had been imposed on, but was too honest to impose upon others.

"No," he vociferated for the last time; "and I'll carry them no longer," and he threw the sprats into the nearest ditch.

Lonely as his cottage had always been, it was more lonely than ever. The bed and bedstead, the chest of drawers, the clock, whose stroke had marked the hour each child was born, and whose iron tongue had knelled the time of the departure of three from a world of trouble—all were gone. His wife and children were cowering over the ashes of a miserable fire,

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looking into the embers, with hungry eyes, that did not dare to look into the face of him whose harshness but increased their misery; when Job strode into what had been their bedroom, and locked the door; in a corner stood, or rather lay, a box covered with dust—he opened it, and brought forth an old violin.

Rizzio himself, in the presence of Mary, never touched a harp with more tenderness than Job, when he drew the dusty bow over the two last strings of his long-cherished instrument.

"Hush!" whispered his wife to her eldest living child. "Hush!" and then she burst into tears, while the youngest starveling said, with blue and quivering lips, "Mammy, *shall I dance?*—daddy never played music till now, since brothers died!"

Job came out after a time—the violin and bow had been carefully dusted and replaced in the box, which the little Fishmonger carried under his arm.

"Job!" exclaimed his wife, "you are not going to sell that, are you! Job, you have often said you would die to part with it; you've had it seven-and-twenty years. Oh! Job, the only times you've been kind to us, was when you played it—*it softened your heart, like*—it was a friend to us. I thought *the time might come* when you'd play it again."

Job made no answer, but quitted the cottage.

The little Fishmonger proceeded on his way, but not rejoicing. Any one who observed his firm and doggod step, his bent head, and the determined gathering together of his entire frame, could perceive that he was resolved to go through whatever he had undertaken, and that the undertaking was (to him) of consequence. We are all too apt in this hastily-judging world—we are all, I say, too apt, according to the old proverb, to measure our neighbour's corn in our own bushel—to fancy our own privation great, and our neighbour's small—to think, if the peasant-girl place a field-flower in her hair, that she trenches on our prerogative—indulges in a superfluity. But I must finish my story, and cease moralising. The little Fishmonger plodded on to the beer-shop, where he had first heard of the advantages of Socialism. "If," he thought within himself, "these people wish us all to share and share alike, surely they will take a shilling chance in a raffle for my poor violin."

Job entered the room. One fellow, the orator of the party, was making a speech, while another, acting on the principle of equal right to be heard, was singing a song. It was evident there did not exist among them even the rude courtesy that is shown by one labourer to another; each wanted to be first; none would be last. Some took the part of the orator, others of the singer, and the *little* Fishmonger, pressing his treasure more closely to his side, squeezed himself into a vacant seat, and waited the issue, or rather waited for a pause in the contest, that he might propose a plan, which was to save his children from immediate starvation, and deprive him for ever of his cherished instrument; he was right glad of the tumult—for it seemed to diminish that which raged in his own bosom: pride and independence had been tugging at his heart; and when, for a moment, he closed his eyes, to shut himself in, as it were, with his own considerations, his wife's ghastly face, and the blue quivering lips of his youngest born, rose before him. This forced him into action, much against his sullen nature, and, to the astonishment of the "company," he sprang upon the table, and, in a voice hoarse with unusual emotion, declared his desire to dispose of the cherished treasure of his soul by raffle, charging a shilling for each chance. There was an immediate desire to see the instrument.

"Shillin' a-piece for that 'un!" exclaimed a coal-heaver; "vy, I wouldn't give ye a shillin' for the whole—box and all."

"Play on the two strings, Job; let's hear the music," said another, sneeringly.

Job looked as though he could have knocked the speaker down.

"John Cummins," quoth the pot-boy, "sold a gayer looking one than that, last week, for five bob and a pint of purl."

"I tell you what, Job," said the butcher, who had often declared that, but for Job's fish, he could sell more meat, and consequently did not regard him with particular favour, "put it up at a silver fourpence a chance, and I'll begin by taking three;" and he struck the table with his fist, and looked round, as much as to say, "I have made a liberal offer."

"Too liberal," exclaimed another; "the whole *concarn* ain't worth it."

"If it was not worth it," answered Job, sturdily, "I should not bring it to be raffled for, though God knows, I ——!" the little Fishmonger was about to make a confession of his poverty, but he could not, and quietly stepped down off the table.

"God knows what!" inquired the butcher.

"*All things*," was the laconic reply, as he prepared to quit the house.

"Holloa!" said the landlord, "won't you stand any thing?"

"No," shouted Job; "there ye are all of ye, pretending to more liberality than the rest of the world—and—but no matter—God knows all things." He rushed from the house, and walked towards town. The consciousness that he had acted too hastily pressed him still more deeply into misery; and now, when no eye was there to bear witness against him, heavy and bitter tears coursed each other down the rough furrows in his cheeks. He came to the bridge which is thrown across the Canal—twilight had deepened into night, and the young moon threw a line of silver light upon its waters, that seemed a peaceful and secret bed for those whom earth rejects from her cares and sympathies. He laid the box on the wall, and leaning his arms upon the parapet, looked down upon the deep and narrow channel.

"If I was out of the way," he thought, "the neighbours would all look to Mary and the children; it's me they can't bear; but no one ever could bear me but poor Mary! After all, it's a dirty way of ending one's days; all mud, and not a good fish from one end to the other of it. So near home, too!" And after a lengthened pause, having, as it would seem, changed his purpose, he took up the box, and proceeded along the back road across the fields, passed Earl's Court, until he came to a lane where the Eagle Saw-Mills exult in noise and smoke, through Thistle Grove, that *olla podrida* of suburban architecture, across the Fulham Road, down Milman's Row—and there flowed the Thames. Apparently the poor fellow had resolved to throw himself off Battersea Bridge, but, on presenting himself at the toll-house, the man demanded a halfpenny. Alas! he had it not.

"Are you coming back?" asked the keeper.

"No," muttered Job; "I hope not."

"Because, if you were, you might leave that box in pledge," observed the man.

The little Fishmonger paused. "Well, I will," he answered.

"Stay," persisted the guardian of the bridge; "let me first see its contents."

Job stood half under the shed, and opened it.

"Why," he exclaimed, looking down on the venerable instrument, "it ain't worth a halfpenny!"

"Yes, it is," said a voice behind them. Both men were surprised, but the keeper touched his hat, for the new comer was an eccentric but well-known character, residing not quite half a mile on the Surrey side of the venerable bridge.

"Let me look at that instrument," said the gentleman.

Job placed it in his hands without speaking, but fixed upon his countenance the earnest, anxious look of one whose life depended upon his decision.

The gentleman turned it over, tapped it gently with his knuckle to ascertain if it was sound, peeped into the interior, again turned it over, smiled, and looked at the little Fishmonger, while taking the bow he held towards him.

"The bow is new—that is to say, new compared to the other," observed Job. "It's a good bow."

"Psha!" said the old gentleman, returning it.

"I bought it myself," added Job, rather offended.

"And the violin?"

"Ah! my father had it of an old Italian gentleman, who died suddenly; his things were sold by the landlady; and *having a turn for music*, he took it in part for wages due. He used to play on it to me when I was a child, to dance to it—to dance! God help me!"

There was a world of misery in the sound of that last sentence—"*To dance! God help me!*" But the old gentleman did not heed it.

"And you will sell it?"

The little Fishmonger was a chapman; but still he had suffered too much of prolonged sorrow during the past days—too much of intense agony during the last few hours, to think of his craft, and he eagerly answered, "Yes!"

"Before you tell me your price," said the gentleman, "let me ask you if you know what it is?"

"Ough!" grumbled Job; "to be sure I do—it's a fiddle."

"Ah!" said the stranger, drawing out his purse, "what do you want for it?"

"I would not part with it if I could help it—no money can pay me for it; but many that heard it said it was *prime*; perhaps—thirty shillings"——

"For *that!*" exclaimed the toll-keeper, contemptuously.

The gentleman emptied his purse into Job's hand; one, two, three, four, five golden sovereigns, and placing his card upon them, said, "Call upon me to-morrow, and you shall have the full value of your instrument."

He then buttoned it up carefully, as if it had been an infant, inside his cloak, and departed with the air of a man who had obtained his heart's desire. Job was for a moment as one palsied, but perceiving the stranger had forgotten the bow, he seized it, and ran after him.

"It is of no value," said the gentleman; "call on me to-morrow at twelve."

What Job received beyond the five guineas I do not know—but this *is* upon record, that the gentleman, a distinguished musical amateur, now boasts of the possession of a *real* Cremona; and the little Fishmonger has declared his intention of taking a shop in Victoria-road, and commencing business in a first-rate way.

He has engaged a man to carry his basket—Mary goes to market by daylight—and Tickle has grown so fat as to have lost much of his disposition towards worrying cats. Job also is decidedly better tempered, and absolutely laughs when he cries "lob-bb-stairs" at the corner. Prosperity has extracted much acid from his nature, and though the expression of his countenance remains the same, there is the evidence of a better spirit in the tones of his voice. In short, prosperity has improved our little Fishmonger.

A BEAR HUNT IN LAPLAND.

A peasant generally goes out in search of his trail, and, having found it, moves in a ring some miles in circumference, to make sure of having him within it. He then gradually contracts his circles, till he comes to the retreat itself of the animal. Weeks are sometimes expended in this search; the peasantry are then summoned to a skall by the landshofoding, or governor of the province, and put under the direction of the jogmoestare, or ranger of the district, who marshals them, and commands their movements. The peasants are generally formed into circles, and come armed with whatever weapons they can procure. Though opposed singly to a whole host, the bear often spreads havoc among his assailants. Every ball that enters his huge carcass but adds fire to his fury, and wo to the individual whom his wrath has singled out. It ceases to be a mere pastime, and nothing but the greatest self-possession can save him from a miserable death. While at Hernosand, I saw a representation of an event that took place at a skall in the neighbourhood, in 1831, and which shows that bear-hunting must be quite equal to tiger-hunting in excitement and peril. The bear on this occasion was very large; nothing like an American bear, with which an Indian can grapple, but an enormous beast able to carry off a pony under his arm. His temper, probably never very good, had been ruffled by ten shots lodged in different parts of his body; all present entrenched themselves, and awaited some desperate effort on his part, should not a lucky shot through the head speedily give him his quietus. At this moment, a man, bolder than his companions, advancing before them, the bear rushed upon him, tore the gun from his hands, and began to wound him with his tremendous claws. The wretched man was unable to contend with his muscular antagonist; already his wounds were letting out his life, when a young Norrlander, unable to look quietly on, rushed to his assistance. Besides the danger which he himself incurred, and which, of course, he had no feeling of, there was some difficulty in shooting the bear without striking the man. As he advanced, the bear rose on his hind legs to meet his new opponent: his victim dropped before him; the Norrlander seized the favourable opportunity, raised his gun with both arms high above his head, to bring it in a horizontal position on a level with the bear's, and, trusting to feeling more than sight, discharged his piece. An immediate death-wound could alone save either from their enemy. The success which the brave man deserved attended him, and the ball passed through the brain of the bear, which fell dead on the rescued man.—*Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and, in all your transactions, *remember the final account.*

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-flaps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children!—*Hope On! Hope Ever! by Mary Howitt.*

SONG OF THE HAPPY MOTHER.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Look at me, my pretty boy,
With thy golden ringlets flowing,
Bright blue eyes, and cheeks all glowing:
Was there ever such a one?
No; I'm sure there can be none.

Look at me, my sweetest boy,
Rosy as a summer morning,
Sweet as dew the leaves adorning:
Was there ever such a one?
No; I'm sure there can be none.

Look at me, my kindly boy,
Nor too froward, nor too fearful,
Ever kind and ever cheerful:
Was there ever such a one?
No; I'm sure there can be none.

Look at me, my darling boy,
No sad naughty child could ever
Be so loved and lovely—never.
You may wish for one as fine,
But, good folks, you shan't get mine.

Should a merchant come to buy;
Let him ope his golden coffers,
Would I take his richest offers?
Never—buy where'er he can,
He should not get my pretty man!

R. S.

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CORRESPONDENTS.

CONTRARY to all precedent, the conductors of this work have, from its commencement, declined to receive communications of any kind from unknown correspondents, being certain that, were the case otherwise, there could not fail to arise, out of so vast a circle of readers, such a multitude of weekly letters, and so great an amount of mediocre and inferior compositions, as would have engrossed our whole time, without any advantage worth speaking of to the work or to the public. We have from the first endeavoured to make the public aware, that the Journal, being a work designed for all who would read, and having in view certain definite results, is necessarily composed by individuals who act in concert, knowing to direct their efforts towards those results; and that, accordingly, nothing can be more unsuitable to it than the occasional productions of young and unskilled writers, who only aim at the glory of seeing themselves in print. It has also been shown that, while we were anxious to discharge every fair and reasonable duty of courtesy, we should have been unfit for any other employment, if we were to read and reply to every letter of remark, inquiry, and discussion, which our readers might be prompted, whether in the spirit of levity, or for serious and respectable objects, to send to us. Notwithstanding these announcements, a great quantity of communications of all kinds have been made to us by unknown persons, so great indeed as to prove in a very striking manner how hopelessly enormous must have been the weekly load which would have reached us, if any thing of the kind had been invited, or even tacitly permitted. Many of these communications have been from evidently estimable persons, containing either compositions of some merit, or remarks deserving attention; but the great majority have been of the kind which we from the first dreaded—verses by children in years or intellect, crude and trite essays, tales of ultra sentimentalism deficient in both character and incident, and letters which it would have only been a waste of time to read, if it were not that, in the very qualities which make them to us undesirable, they served in some measure to illustrate human character.

Chancing one day lately to have our attention directed to a vast pile of this forbidden correspondence—if it can be called correspondence which has never had but one party—it occurred to us that, after all, it might not be amiss to publish a selection of the offered compositions, and to take the desired notice of some of the letters of criticism and inquiry, so as at once to gratify the writers and to make the public acquainted with the state of the case. We propose to do this in the greatest possible good humour, and with the very reverse of a design in the least to offend particular parties. Let each correspondent only keep his own secret, and he is safe.

A great number of letters relate to circumstances of an unimportant nature connected with the work itself. A gentleman from the remotest corner of England or Ireland will think it worth while to let us know that the first sentence of a particular article, lately published, contained, to the best of his judgment, a grammatical error; while one word substituted for another in an immediately following passage from an English poet, seemed to him to deprive the said passage of much of its point. The payment of some fifteen or eighteenpence was not, in the days of dear postage, thought too much for the writer to give, to enable such a letter to reach us. There is indeed no circumstance too minute to be thought worthy of correspondence. One "constant reader" will suggest that the references in the index for our volumes should be to pages instead of numbers, though the former has been in reality the case since the second volume—a circumstance which a constant reader ought surely to have known. Another will ask in what number a particular article, of which he has a faint recollection, appeared. Some suggest alterations in the size of the sheet. Since Mr Rowland Hill has come into action, this branch of our correspondence has much increased. People will now write from all parts of the United Kingdom to inquire where and how they may get this and that—particulars which they ought to learn from the next bookseller. If a difficulty occurs about keeping a few of the sheets sewed together, the perplexed purchaser immediately devotes a queen's head, as he most irreverently calls it, to the purpose of asking the editors what he is to do, when, in truth, to parody Sterne's remark on Smelfungus, he ought to ask his wife or eldest daughter. Let not our readers at large suppose this to be a hypothetical case. An extract from a late letter, received from a very distant part of the kingdom, will show its reality. The writer, after some remarks of a complimentary nature, comes at length, as he says, "to the point," which point is this. "My neighbours, mostly artisans, and too poor to buy, requested me to let them have a reading of my copy. I felt pleasure in complying with their wishes; but *mark the consequences*. After a month's numbers had gone the rounds, owing to the way they were stitched, they were returned torn from where the stitch caught, half an inch; and, when again lent, the paper, thus torn, soon lengthened an inch to the right of the original rent. *What could I do?* I intended to keep them, to have them bound up in years; but, owing to this, I had to give up my intention, and now they remain almost useless. [Our correspondent then describes an effort he made to sew them up as books are bound, which he had ultimately to give up in despair—so that] *I had to relinquish the buying of them*, much to my regret. Many have complained to me that they were in a like situation. I am certain, if you could contrive some way to avoid this, many persons would take them that do not. When they get into this state, they are tossed about as almost useless; and the money is then considered to have been almost thrown away." We must own that, without this acknowledgment, we could not have believed that any reader would have given up a work which he professed to like, and the price of which is a mere trifle, because a great quantity of reading and thumbing wore it considerably. To think of the small price of this sheet being considered as thrown away, because, after some twenty people have read it, it has become a little ragged and unfit for binding—as if all this vast amount of reading (as much as one person reading a book of twenty large sheets) were nothing! Surely we have here a remarkable illustration of the insatiableness of the human heart. Something of the same kind may have been remarked in many quarters with regard to the cheap postage. People are relieved all at once from the long-felt burden of paying sevenpence at an average for every letter they receive, and, instantly after, instead of any joyful feeling thereanent, we hear only mutterings at trifling inconveniences, and ridicule at the peculiar appearance of the stamps and envelopes.

The inquiries for information and advice are so numerous and so various, that the most encyclopædic and most sage of minds would fail to answer them all satisfactorily. "A subscriber from the commencement" writes from the neighbourhood of London—"I shall feel obliged if you will inform me *what is a good thing for the voice*, for I am in the habit of singing, and after I have done so but for a short time, I become quite hoarse. I cannot take eggs," &c. A gentleman states that he is emboldened by our philanthropy to ask "what is the best and most expeditious mode of drying the inside of, and making fit for habitation, a newly built house." He is in great haste, too, for an answer, for he enters the premises at Ladyday, and his wife is somewhat poorly. Here are two things we never once thought of in our lives, yet about which we are expected to be as conversant as if we were opera-singers on the one hand, or builders on the other. We were some years ago requested to state by what steps a person might attain the situation of a serjeant of police, and more recently to describe the state of the law respecting the hiring of servants in Ireland. The respectable individuals who made these inquiries must allow us to express our surprise at being supposed to have such information at our fingers' ends. We can only account for such applications, upon the supposition that the great number of facts of one kind and another stated in every Journal, has at length led to a general belief that there is nothing beyond our ken. This would certainly be a very flattering supposition, but, we fear, it would not be much more sound than the notions which the people of most states are said to entertain respecting the wisdom of their rulers. It has been said that the world is in reality ruled by a very little wisdom; and so we suspect the Journal is conducted by virtue of a remarkably small stock of knowledge. We must not forget that our friends "the boys" sometimes make bold to approach the editorial throne. We had some years ago a most formidable communication from the secretary of a juvenile bathing club, calling our attention to the expediency of forming swimming or bathing clubs all over the kingdom, and holding occasional competitions at certain stations, in the manner of the Yacht Club regattas. We had also the honour to be addressed by "a young though constant reader," for the purpose of ascertaining if a round substance of a bluish colour, which people sometimes meet in the sea when swimming, has the power, as is usually said, of making those whom it touches feel as if they had been burnt.

In all of these cases, the subject of inquiry is comparatively trifling. In many others, it is no unfair calculation that to fully ascertain the point inquired about, would occupy us a week, and require, besides, some travelling. For example, we have been asked to state where the title-deeds of a piece of property in Lancashire, forfeited in the affair of 1745, might be found. In some instances, advice is asked about the most delicate domestic affairs. Persons residing in distant provinces will explain to us their whole circumstances, and ask how we should advise them to proceed—our advice, if we give it, being understood to actuate them towards decisions involving the whole future weal or woe of a family. A young person of fortune, whose home was in a remote part of the United Kingdom, and who lived disagreeably with his relations, once actually came to Edinburgh, to seek counsel from two humble individuals who have their own troubles to contend with, and are only conscious of forming a channel through which the maxims of general and traditionary wisdom may be communicated a little more largely than heretofore to society. Individuals who think of settling temporarily on the Continent for the sake of economy or the education of their children, will write to us from the most distant parts of England, minutely describing the state of their family and pecuniary circumstances, and requesting us to point out the places most suited to their purpose. In more than one such letter, the writer discusses the attractions of various places, in a manner

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which shows, what he would perhaps scarcely believe, that he knows ten times more of the matter than we do, having probably done that which we never did, namely, turned his attention to the subject, and been for some time in the habit of conversing on it with all who really had any information to give. We are often, as might more reasonably be expected, asked to point out the most eligible colonies, with a view to emigration. Here also we have sometimes very minute specifications of circumstances, joined to a request that we should take all these into consideration, and advise accordingly. The request is certainly an honour, and we trust it can never be supposed that we do not sympathise heartily and earnestly in the anxieties of these parties, albeit we never saw, and probably never shall see them. We are also sensible of there being a great and deplorable cause for such applications, in the faithlessness of many of the books on the colonies. Unable to depend on what they find in print, the intending emigrants eagerly seek for the testimony of some tangible person; and to us they come, as almost the only individuals with whom they think they can have any confidential communication. It is generally with sad hearts that we receive and read these letters, for we are at once anxious to do friendly service, and yet sensible that in such cases we cannot and ought not to interfere. In some instances, even while we sympathise with the writer, the letter will irresistibly raise a smile, from the very simplicity which it evinces. Amongst a bundle of epistles of this kind, we find one of pretty old date, which we should be glad if we could present in full to our readers, without any risk of giving pain to the writer, towards whom we feel nothing but good will. It is from a middle-aged married man, exercising the profession of a teacher in one of the southern counties of England. He commences, as almost all such correspondents do, with a panegyric upon our humble labours, and a hope that his addressing us will not be deemed intrusive. He then proceeds, in about three long and closely filled pages, to give a history of his life, and an account of his existing circumstances, which he was somewhat dissatisfied with. He wishes to change, either to some other school, or to some other kind of business. Having hitherto made little or nothing, "I should," says he, "give a decided preference to such occupation as would afford the safest and surest mode of realising a competence." After another long and closely filled page respecting qualifications, he re-commences under a new date. He has in the mean time turned his thoughts to emigration. He then details a totally different set of qualifications, having a regard to the condition and prospects of a settler in one of the colonies. He recollects that he has always had a liking for gardening. He "can *handle a spade*, and is not averse to manual labour." He wishes to know what part of the globe would be most suitable. He looks ultimately to the purchase of land. He would wish to fix himself where the soil is most valuable for agricultural purposes, and where the climate is most salubrious, and not differing very much in temperature from the one to which he has been accustomed. These points being settled, he would wish to secure the best advice as to *all the minutiæ of procedure*, whether to apply to any of the emigration companies, what articles to take with him, the most prudent precautions to be taken by one possessing a small capital, and so forth. Might he not unite his former to his new profession in his new country? He then enters into a long exposition of what he thinks he could do in a literary capacity in a remote settlement. Finally, after six dense pages, he expresses his fear that he may not have made his case yet plain enough for our forming a judgment upon it, but entreats that nevertheless we shall speak to it as well as we can. To have been able to say ten decided words in answer to this gentleman's inquiries, we should have required to visit him, and spend at least a month in the study of his character and circumstances, and, after all, it would have been the most painful responsibility we could have incurred if we had taken it upon us to advise him in what part of the world to bestow himself!

Letters from men who have entered learned professions, and are not prospering in them, are not uncommon. While perhaps holding a high head in some provincial or metropolitan situation, they pour into the ears of a pair of distant strangers the bitterest complaints of the ambition or misjudgment of parents, which has condemned them to a position in which they are virtually idle, and have no hope of ever realising a subsistence. We hear of the *law's delay* in a different sense from that generally thought of. These individuals seek our aid and counsel, with a view to changes which could not be breathed of in their own neighbourhood without injury to their present prospects, such as these are. The woes attending the more ambitious walks of life are thus brought before our eyes in a way quite peculiar, and which conveys the most painful impression of such courses in a country like this, where all the beaten paths are overcrowded. Another class of applicants are youths just about to enter the world, whose minds have been stimulated by the cultivation now so common, but who feel trammelled and bound down by harsh, degrading, and unworthy circumstances, which they know not how either to submit to or to overcome. Placed perhaps in obscure and remote situations, they have scarcely one congenial spirit near, to whom they can communicate their feelings, or from whom they can seek advice. But this little sheet weekly comes before them, with words which they honour by calling wise, and sentiments which they deem generous and philanthropic; and finding it to be, as it were, their only friend, they turn to its editors for a helping hand in their darksome struggle. Many affecting tales thus reach us, of the force of which *we*, certainly, may well be sensible; but how is a stranger to interfere in matters so delicate, and so full of responsibility? Principles we may expound, and a general spirit of benevolence we may seek to encourage and extend; but we, of course, neither can nor ought to take it upon us to direct the fate of individuals. Let one remark of experience here attend the sympathy which we would express for this class of our correspondents. It is alone the energies native to each man, and not any external aid or advice, which can steadily or certainly enable him to become the master instead of the slave of circumstances.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FIFTH ARTICLE.—CAUSES OF DIFFERENCES IN THE AMOUNT OF WAGES.

On a former occasion, namely, in No. 377, we considered this important subject at some length, chiefly with reference to capital, as the general fund out of which the whole amount of wages must come. We propose on the present occasion to turn our attention to the circumstances which rule the distribution of the fund, and regulate the proportional amount of wages. Wages is the word used for expressing the return which a man obtains for his labour, whether it be employed in the production of a commodity in demand in the market, or assume any other form in which it will be remunerated—such as menial service. When a cooper makes a cask, and charges a certain sum for it, the whole of that sum is not wages: part of it is the repayment of what he has expended for wood and in the use of tools, with the usual profits; the remainder only is wages. The price, however, of a basket made of osiers plucked on the wayside, without expense to the maker, is wages. The chief distinctions which have been taken on the subject of wages, are on the question of extent. Simple, however, as may at first sight appear the distinction into high and low wages, it is one the elements of which political economists have been completely baffled in the attempt to lay down, and it is pretty clear that any rules on the subject can only be of an approximating character. Some have employed the simple element of money, calling wages high when much is given, and low when little is given. However clearly this criterion may distinguish the extent of two sets of wages both paid at the same time, or within an immaterial period of each other, it will be difficult to make it a means of comparing the relative state of the working classes at two distinct periods; for the precious metals themselves, though not subject to the same sudden fluctuations as other commodities, may become changed in value to a material extent, after the lapse of a long interval. Thus, "The differences," says Mr Senior, "which have taken place in the amount of money wages at different times, inform us of scarcely any thing but the abundance or scarcity of the precious metals at those times." Nor is mere money a proper criterion in comparing wages in one place with those in another at one point of time, for there are many adventitious circumstances which will make the same sum "go much farther," as it is called, in one locality than another, even though both be within the same kingdom. Three shillings a-day in Dublin will make a man as well off in every point of view as four shillings will make him in London.

Another criterion attempted has been, the proportion which the labourer receives of the produce of his labour, as compared with the quantity that goes to the capitalist. Perhaps, by taking the whole amount of the produce of labour in any one country, and finding what proportion of it is divided among the whole labouring population, an estimate might be made of their position, or, in other words, of the amount of wages. This would be an unfair criterion, however, in individual instances, for the circumstances which elevate or reduce the labourer's wages sometimes affect the returns of the capitalist to a still greater extent. When wages are at a miserably low ebb, the manufacturer's profits are sometimes proportionally lower; sometimes they are extinct altogether; and he keeps up his trade merely because he has embarked capital in it, which, if he stopped, would be entirely, instead of only being partially, lost. In these circumstances, the labourer, though he may receive *the whole* of the returns procured for the produce of his labour, may be very poorly paid.

Of the economists who have adopted some one article as a measure of wages, those who have taken grain have certainly been nearer the truth than those who have taken money. Wages, they say, are high when the labourer gets much food, or what will buy much, and low when he gets little. It is obvious that, if not the whole, by far the greater part of the wages of labour will be included under this measurement. If one hundred shillings in one year will procure but one quarter of corn, and in another year will procure two, the labourer having on both occasions the same money wages, is, in the latter, not quite twice as rich as in the former (for rent, clothing, &c., have to be taken into consideration), but he is at all events much richer. This, however, is a measure which, the greater the wages are, and the higher the labourer rises in social condition, loses its accuracy. To be a perfect measure, indeed, it would presume food to be the only commodity on which wages are spent: and to make it approximate accuracy, it must presume only a small portion expended on other things. Thus, to the pavier, who is perhaps earning 15d. per day, the price of grain is of the utmost consequence in elevating or depressing his wages. To the physician or barrister, who may be making several guineas a-day, and who, perhaps, uses no more grain than the pavier, the price of food, as it directly affects him, is not an object of a moment's consideration; and so in the grades between these two extremes. The higher, indeed, the wages are, and the greater therefore the quantity of artificial wants, the less accurately does the quantity of food they will procure measure their amount.

Another method which has been suggested for measuring the extent of wages, is by the amount of commodities of all kinds which they will procure for the labourer. In using this test, however, for the purposes of ascertaining the respective position of the working classes at different periods, we must compare their comforts and luxuries with those possessed by other members of society. The same amount of these commodities at two different epochs of history, mark very different relative ranks. It is often remarked, that a well employed labourer of the present day possesses more comforts and luxuries than ever fell to the lot of one of our Saxon kings: yet, if it be the case that other classes of society have had their comforts and luxuries increased in a still greater ratio, it cannot be said that the relative position of the labourer is elevated. During the last half century, a wonderful diminution has taken place in the price of manufactured goods—a diminution by which the labourer's position has been materially improved. Yet, unless it has been improved by this means to the same extent to which that of the other classes of the community have been benefited, it cannot be said to have been elevated—in other words, wages cannot be called higher. Fifty years ago it may have taken ten days' wages to procure for the labourer's wife the printed calico gown which may now be had for one day's labour; yet were wages reduced by even one-third of what they were fifty years ago, there is no doubt that they would be virtually lowered. Thus difficult is it to find any means by which the amount of wages can be accurately measured: but there is no doubt that all the methods proposed have their respective uses, in providing us with the means of at least approaching the solution of that very important problem—perhaps the most important in the science of political economy—whether the labouring portion of the community is well or ill remunerated.

In a commercial and manufacturing country, such as ours, where almost all the labour is sold, and there are very few who apply the produce of their exertions entirely to their own domestic uses, the means by which labour is set agoing is capital—a subject which has been considered in another chapter. The extent to which this impulse is in existence, will materially affect the extent to which labour can be made use of. If we presume that it is unlimited—that is to say, that wherever there is an opening for its application, it is forthcoming, then the relative amount which the different kinds of labourers will receive in wages, will depend on two circumstances—the extent to which the species of labour they are able and willing to execute is in demand, and the number of individuals who are prepared to supply that demand. When the demand is great, and the number prepared to supply it small, wages are high; and when these circumstances are reversed, they are low. It is a common fallacy to overlook these regulating circumstances, and to consider the amount of wages as regulated by the price of the necessaries of life—to say that wages will be high when food is dear, and that they will be low when food is cheap. Wages can only be regulated by the price of the necessaries of life in one particular case, which is, fortunately, of very rare and limited occurrence; it is that where the labourer, instead of disposing of his labour as a trader, is merely kept in existence by his employer like a domestic animal, for the sake of the work that may be obtained from him. Matters can only be in this state when labourers are so numerous in comparison with the demand for labour, that, from their underbidding each other, the employer could hire them at less than what would support life, were it not that then they could not labour. In this case, and this alone, the wages given will depend on the price of necessaries, for of these the labourer must have a certain quantity, otherwise the employer loses his labour. When provisions are lowered in price, the employer can lower his wages, because the competition being for bare subsistence, he knows that if those who have hitherto worked for him decline to do so, others will be glad to take their place. In the case, however, where wages, depending on the number of individuals capable of meeting the demand, are beyond what is barely enough for subsistence, both parties are in a state of competition; and if the labourers be underbidding each other, the employers

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are overbidding. It were an idle use of words to tell an artificer, whose labour is in demand, that he must work for less, because bread is cheap. If wages, indeed, were thus measured by the means of subsistence, there are circumstances necessary for the continuance of the species, which would of themselves make marked distinctions in the rate of wages. They would have to be increased or decreased, according to the largeness or smallness of a family; whereas, in practice, the question whether a labourer is a bachelor in lodgings, or the parent of twelve children, is one which the employer has no occasion to ask.

As there are great varieties in the amount of wages for different kinds of labour, so are there of the intensity of the labour given in return. The smaller the number who are capable of performing the sort of labour wanted, in comparison with the demand, the greater, as has been before remarked, is the amount of wages given. Incidental circumstances apart, then, the reason why the number is smaller will be because the labour is more difficult. Adventitious circumstances, the most material of which is education, will have, in many cases, the effect of giving the few their superiority over the many; but in more instances than are generally imagined, native energy and intenseness of exertion accomplish the distinction. The unskilled labourer, working on small wages, looks frequently to the wealth of the busy member of a higher profession, as one incidentally favoured through unequal fortune, without reflecting that the labour by which it is bought is fully as much greater than his own, as the lot of the possessor is more felicitous. The qualities by which great things are accomplished, are firm endurance, the exertion of much thought and calculation, and the resignation of immediate gratifications for future advantages. These qualities are comparatively rare, and it is because they are so that they generally bring in the end great worldly advantages to those who exercise them. The labourer, who sluggishly gives forth his daily amount of physical strength to satisfy the cravings of nature, is apt to view the results with envy, and but seldom reflects that the reason why he himself does not attain them is, because he is either unable or unwilling to support the continuous and calculated exertion and the sacrifice of ease by which they are purchased.

The amount of wages that can be procured by a man in any particular line, constitutes almost the only means we possess of estimating the extent of the labour he incurs, because the greater the extent of the labour (in other words, the difficulty of performing the work required) the fewer are the persons who will be capable and willing to undertake it, and these fewer, before they consent to relinquish the comparative ease enjoyed by the followers of less difficult pursuits, must be bribed by a higher rate of remuneration. Incidental circumstances, however, tend so far to disturb this measure, that in particular cases it is frequently not to be trusted to. Ambition will prompt many a man to undertake very intense labour for a small remuneration—hence, where the labour is equal, the less honourable the trade the better it is paid, unless it be so far degrading that none but vicious characters will engage in it. We can often then pronounce one trade to be more laborious than another, independently of the wages in each; if it so happened, for instance, that a skilful watch-maker received no more than a hand-loom weaver, we should undoubtedly say either that the former was under, or the latter overpaid, owing to the operation of some circumstance tending to disturb the course of the labour market. It so happens that an incidental circumstance at the present moment depresses the wages of the hand-loom weaver, to an extent which has created a vast amount of misery. The circumstance in question is the introduction of the power-loom. The effect of this has doubtless been very great; but in looking to the misery of that unfortunate class, too much perhaps has been attributed to the introduction of machinery. Hand-loom weaving happens to be a very easy trade—perhaps the easiest in which any considerable number of men has in later times been employed—and the indolent and unenterprising are loath to abandon it. During the rapid progress of the cotton manufacture, there was a demand for this description of work, which raised the remuneration for it above its natural scale, when compared with other kinds of labour; and a class of men were thus brought into existence, who, accustomed to gain their bread by a small amount of exertion, were peculiarly unfitted to be turned adrift to choose a new profession. Circumstances thus tended in the first instance to elevate this pursuit above, and afterwards to depress it below, its natural level. Still greater revulsions have occasionally taken place on a smaller scale. On some occasions, during the progress of the war, gun-lock makers have been known to be paid a guinea a-day. Such high remuneration prompted many to follow the trade, who, on the return of peace, found that it sunk below the average of other handicraft occupations.

The proper price of labour may be disturbed by a monopoly, whether occasioned by the operation of law, or by voluntary combination. In the former case, the responsibility generally lies, not with the individual labourer, but with the legislator; in the latter, it is solely at the door of the labourer, who thus sacrifices others to the desire of obtaining money without working for it. Presuming a certain sum of money to be the amount which the community is able and disposed to expend on some branch of labour, a combination among the individuals who practise it may assume either of two forms. They may limit their number, and thus compel the sum to be spent in such a manner that each of them shall obtain more wages, and that the amount of labour executed shall be less than would have been the case had there been free competition; or, secondly, if their numbers amount to or exceed that which free competition would produce, they may insist on working only to a limited extent, and thus obtaining more wages for their work than they would have procured in a free market. In either case, the wrong done is this, that the labourer obtains money for work which he has not done. In the one case, he is paid as if he had performed a more difficult kind of labour than he has done; in the other, he is paid for little labour as if he had given much. The question is—who are injured? It is not the capitalist, for what he has to look to is merely the profit of so much outlay; and if the public have a certain sum to give him for what he produces, it is of no consequence to him whether it be given for much or for little of the commodity. By bringing the capitalists of other nations to compete with him, to be sure it *may* affect him; but this is a separate question, in which, as shown in another paper, the workman is more concerned than his master. The person, then, on whom the overcharge of the labourer falls, is the consumer; and it is of importance that we should know on which class of consumers it falls most heavily. The answer is easily given—it is on the poorest class. The poor spend nearly their whole income on the produce of labour; the rich only spend part of theirs; and if they procured but half the quantity of commodities they do, they would not be great losers, while the poor are materially benefited or injured by a slight increase or decrease. Horses, dogs, works of art, and an array of servants—articles in which the wages of ordinary labour are but a partial ingredient—form the principal subjects of the rich man's expenditure. As to his bread and linen, it would not materially affect him if they cost double what they do; while an increase of five per cent. on these articles would be materially felt by the poor man. Before the late improvements in the cotton manufacture, calicoes were a coveted and admired dress among the higher classes, because they cost six times their present price. If we could imagine combination existing to such an extent as to restore them to their old cost, the rich would resume them with the same pride as before; but how great would be the loss to the family of the poor man? Let it not be lost sight of, that every combination to raise wages, creates a distinct and palpable loss, nearly the whole of which falls on the working classes.

AILEEN A-ROON,*

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

THERE was preparation for a great festival in the halls of Kavanagh. On the morrow, the young heiress of that ancient house, a princely one in the elder days of Ireland's history, and still distinguished and wealthy, was to be wedded to a neighbouring chieftain and relative, her equal in rank and fortune. Great was the joy of the father and kin of the maiden on this occasion. But what were the feelings of the principal party concerned? On the evening preceding the day appointed for her nuptials, Aileen Kavanagh sat in her chamber, weeping bitterly. She had given her consent to the ceremony which was to take place, but that consent had been wrung from her by ways and means of which she was now suspicious. She had been told that the youth to whom she had long since given up the whole treasure of her affections, was false to her, and had wedded another. Carol O'Daly, brother of Donogh More, the chief of one of the most ancient families of Connaught, had been the lover of Aileen. He was one who had no equal among the youths of Connaught, as regarded either personal qualities or mental accomplishments, to which latter possession, indeed, comparatively few even of the noble and wealthy could lay any strong claim, in the days to which our story refers. Carol O'Daly had never met his superior in feats of arms, yet his own tastes were peaceful, and he cultivated all the elegant arts of the time with such assiduity, that, had experience not taught them to speak prudently when they mentioned the name of Carol, the rude chieftains of Connaught would have called his likings feminine and unbecoming. As it was, O'Daly became renowned for his skill on the harp, and no professional minstrel of the country would have dared to compete with him. When Aileen Kavanagh was just blooming into womanhood, Carol was a friend of her father, and a visiter at his castle. It may be imagined how brightly he shone in her eyes, when contrasted with the less polished chieftains around. She was herself passionately fond of music, and he taught her so to touch the harp, that she became, to use his own words, "the only rival of whom he was afraid." The pair loved each other, and at this moment every thing smiled on their love. But the Kavanaghs quarrelled with Donogh More O'Daly, and, though no actual contests followed between them, an enduring coldness took place of their past friendship. Carol was frowned away from the castle of Kavanagh, though he left it not till he had won a pledge of faith from Aileen, and had in turn vowed to her enduring constancy.

To clear his brother from unjust charges which had caused the English viceroy to outlaw the whole name and clan, and to while away the interval till better days might come, Carol O'Daly left his native district to visit the court of the viceroy. It was at this time that the father of Aileen pressed her to give her hand to a relative, whom he wished to make the supporter of his house and family. The maiden confessed, and pled in excuse, her affection for Carol O'Daly, and her engagement with him. After a short interval, finding her inclinations not to be otherwise overcome, her father informed her that her lover was false, and produced witnesses, who so far gained on the credulity of Aileen, as to cause her hastily to assent to the union proposed by her father. But all her lover's truth and nobleness of nature rushed afterwards upon her recollection, and she became miserable at the thought of what she had done. As the time fixed for the nuptials approached, that misery increased to excess. On the day, however, which preceded the fatal one, an event occurred which admitted a ray of hope into her mind. An old attendant, who had been the confidant of her former engagement, brought her a letter from Carol O'Daly. He had heard of her intended nuptials, and of the calumnies invented against him; and he besought her to grant him an interview, and allow him to clear himself in her eyes before it was too late. The night preceding the nuptial morn was the earliest on which he could arrive, and even then it would be only by the utmost speed of his good horse that he could accomplish the journey.

Hour after hour passed away on that night, and Aileen, who had entreated to be left alone, sat in her chamber weeping, for Carol did not arrive. Her old attendant, who filled to her the place of a mother, and who was the only person beside her, in vain strove to cheer her sinking heart. The night was a dark and stormy one of winter, but in spite of its inclemency, Aileen was ever and anon at the window looking out. From this vain task, she turned always to her harp, a memorial of her lover, which was at the present moment unusually dear to her. Midnight came and went by. The heart of the maiden grew heavier and heavier, and her lamenting found voice in song.

AILEEN'S SONG.

The night is dark, the wind is high,
And fiercely drives the sleet:
It seems as all had vow'd that I
And Carol should not meet.
Yet well I know his dauntless heart,
And well I know his faith;
But one thing will his purpose thwart—
And that one thing is Death.

They said that he was false to me,
That he had bow'd to gold,
And, where his heart could never be,
His hand had basely sold:
I did a while believe their guile,
But soon I felt and knew,
That Carol's love as heaven above,
As truth itself was true.

More wild and loud the storm has grown,
And darker is the night:
Unmindful of a maiden's moan,
The moon withholds her light.
Oh! what if Carol lose the way,
Or perish in the flood!
The thought forbids my heart to play,
And curdles all my blood!

Look out, ye pitying stars above,
Look out, thou gentle moon!
Give light and guidance to my love,
And bring him to me soon.
Of all my earthly hopes and fears
This night it bears the sum:
But wherefore blind myself with tears?
Oh, surely he will come!

The hours of night ran on, and still no signal of the lover's arrival was heard under the window of the unhappy Aileen. Again and again did she send her aged nurse to the private postern by which they expected to receive Carol, and of which the attendant had taken care to secure the key. But the wished-for visiter was not to be seen. Anxiety about her own fate was now mingled, in the mind of Aileen, with fears for the safety of her lover on a night so dark and stormy. She prayed for the appearance of the moon, with a fervour only to be conceived in such a case as hers. At length, she was conscious of a light breaking slowly into her apartment. She started up, and rushed to the casement, only to sink back in deeper distress than ever, for it was the light of dawn.

But for the prayers and entreaties of her attendant, the despairing Aileen would have left the castle, and sought, in the tender mercies of the storm, that refuge and relief which seemed denied to her from all other sources. The anxious and attached nurse, however, poured out assurances that Carol would never desert her, but would yet find means to save her from the fate she dreaded; and the heart of the maiden derived some little encouragement from these assertions. The day was spent by Aileen in mingled agonies of fear and hope. She kept her chamber under plea of preparation for the ceremony, but all the preparation requisite was made, not by her, but by her attendants. The evening came, with a speed which seemed to her unnaturally great; and the castle was filled with the kin of the Kavanaghs, prepared to hold joyous festival. Aileen, though sick to death at heart, was compelled to grace with her presence the reception of the visiters, to whom, notwithstanding the languor of her move-

* Aileen a-Roon. "Aileen (or Eilen) the *secret treasure of my heart.*"

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ments, she seemed the fairest of human beings. Happily, the youth to whom she was immediately to be wedded was not of ungentle nature, and seconded her wish, which she was at length compelled to express, for leave to compose herself by a short retirement. She had passed to a corner of the hall for this purpose, when, rising gently amid the other music, the sounds of a single harp arrested her ear. The air it played was new to her, but of surpassing sweetness, and thrilled her very heart. She looked to the spot where the harper sat, and saw a figure, with snowy hair, and bent seemingly with the load of many years. She drew nigh, as if attracted involuntarily, to the secluded place which the harper occupied, and heard him pour forth the following words, in unison with his music, and in tones so low that the crowd heeded them not. But the ears of Aileen caught the sounds as fully as if they had been uttered by a thousand voices.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

Here is thy home to be,
Aileen a-Roon?
Or wilt thou go with me,
Aileen a-Roon?
Far on the mountain side,
Wilt thou become my bride?
Or wilt thou here abide,
Aileen a-Roon?

Think of the happy hours,
Aileen a-Roon,
Wait us among the flowers,
Aileen a-Roon:
None whom you here may see,
Ever can love like me—
None else would *die* for thee,
Aileen a-Roon!

Think of my breaking heart,
Aileen a-Roon!
Oh are we thus to part,
Aileen a-Roon?
Here then amid my foes,
Come I my life to close—
Welcome the grave's repose,
Aileen a-Roon!

Blow never fell on me,
Aileen a-Roon,
But was repaid with three,
Aileen a-Roon:
Yet on thy kin my arm
Ne'er shall alight in harm—
Fatal but strong thy charm,
Aileen a-Roon!

Oh think how fond our love,
Aileen a-Roon!
All other loves above,
Aileen a-Roon!
Ne'er did the tribes of air
Number a truer pair—
Oh must I now despair,
Aileen a-Roon!

The agitated maiden knew that Carol was before her, and hope and terror contended so strongly in her breast, that she would have fallen to the ground, had not her nurse, who, having introduced the harper, had been watching the scene, passed quickly to her side and supported her. Aileen took advantage of the permission to retire formerly given her by her father, and moved with her attendant from the apartment, only whispering tremulously in passing her lover, "Thine—thine only!" By this time, however, her stay had been noticed, and some of the visiters were attracted towards the strange harper. Carol broke out into a verse which seemed as a common harper's welcome to a bride, but which bore a different meaning to the ears of the retiring maiden herself:—

Cead mille failte,
Aileen a-Roon,
Cead mille failte,
Aileen a-Roon.

When the harper had thus sung a "*hundred thousand welcomes to Aileen, the treasure of his heart,*" he was silent, and the attention of the company was soon diverted from him. Seeing this, he rose slowly, and, with the step of apparent age, left the hall. In a few instants, knowing the castle well, he had made his way to the apartments of Aileen, and had folded her in his arms. "Aileen, beloved!" he cried; "I am come!" "Oh save me—save me!" was her reply. "I will; I can!" he returned. "Horses wait us but a short way hence; and there, too, is Donogh More, and my brave brothers, with many a good arm besides, to guard and rescue thee! They would have stormed the castle, Aileen, before the betrothed of Carol O'Daly should have been lost; but I would not shed blood akin to thine! Come, thou shalt be saved without blood! Come, my beloved!"

In those rude feudal days, when matches were seldom made upon the fair principle of mutual liking, an escape such as that proposed to Aileen by her lover was not so apt to shock the better feelings of a well-disposed maiden as it might now be. Aileen fled with Carol O'Daly, and fled safely. The Kavanaghs soon discovered their loss, and, suspecting the truth, pursued the fugitives, but in vain. A deadly feud was like to have followed, but Donogh More O'Daly, who was restored to peace with the ruling powers chiefly through the impression made by his brother at the viceroy's court, gratefully defended the fugitives, in such a way as to show the father of Aileen the prudence of coming to terms. A joyous event this was to the bride of Carol O'Daly, and not unimportant to the welfare long afterwards of their children and children's children.

The air which Carol O'Daly played in the castle of Kavanagh, and which had sprung up in his mind while musing sadly upon Aileen and journeying to her rescue, is known in Ireland by the name of Aileen a-Roon; and the words which he sung are also extant, though we shall not say that those given here contain any thing more than a partial glimpse of some of the ideas expressed in the original. The incidents now related are familiar to this hour to the common people in Ireland, and the expression "Cead mille failte," first used by Carol O'Daly, has become a byword among them. Scotland has sometimes put in a claim for Carol O'Daly's beautiful composition, which also bears the name of Robin Adair, but there can be no doubt entertained that its origin is Irish. Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of Aileen a-Roon than of all the great works he had executed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF EMANCIPATED NEGROES.

A FRIEND, residing in Scotland, has communicated to us the following most interesting anecdote, of the truth of which our readers may rest fully assured:—

"Alexander Finlay, a native of Edinburgh, was, at an early period of life, sent out to Jamaica, and took his post as a book-keeper on a plantation, where he rose to be an overseer, and is now an attorney, having the charge of several estates. If I may judge from the good feeling and good sense which appear in his conversation, he must have been a favourite with the negroes, and acquired a thorough knowledge of their character and habits.

The average produce of one estate, put under his charge (I believe, though I am not quite sure, the very estate on which he had been educated), was, during the last twenty years of slavery, sixty-seven hogsheads of sugar, and the expense of management some hundreds of pounds per annum. As soon as the term of apprenticeship commenced, he, then the attorney for owners at home on whose confidence he could rely, paid off all the European officers, and gave the charge of the negroes and the labour to negroes whom he thought qualified for the duty, not by their education, for they could neither read nor write,* but by their character and habits. The produce rose to ninety-seven hogsheads, and is now *one hundred and five*, and the expenses of management do not exceed L.50 per annum, chiefly gratuities to the black men, who do the duty of book-keepers and overseers.

This is the account given to me by Mr Finlay. He is a plain man, without any affectation. I have confidence in all he says; and it is confirmed by the overflowing gratitude of his owners, ladies, who are surprised to find themselves so rich.

The greatest of his difficulties, when he set about the work, was the violence of opinion against him amongst the white public."

THE POLITICAL PREPOSSESSIONS OF ROBERT BURNS.

The general impression respecting the political feelings of Burns, is that they were of the liberal stamp. They certainly were so, and to an ultra extent, in his latter days; but this is far from being true of the earlier period of his life. In the year 1825, two gentlemen having had a dispute and a bet on this subject, one of them wrote to Sir Walter Scott, to request that he would, if possible, decide the question for them, when the author of Waverley replied in the following terms:—"There is not the smallest question that Burns, when he first came to Edinburgh, was a keen Pittite, and a Jacobite to boot. The latter feeling, he somewhere says, was a matter of sentiment rather than reason, but he was quite serious in his approbation of Pitt's administration. The whole ballad beginning

'When Guildford good our pilot stood,'

is an eulogy on the prime minister, and a very warm one, and he is mentioned as a subject of panegyric in his Ode to the King on the Birth day. After Burns went to Dumfriesshire, and the French Revolution broke out, he adopted other views in politics of a more popular nature, and of course the minister sunk in his estimation; but down to that period he was an admirer of Mr Pitt. (Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

Edinburgh, 21st February, 1825."†

Sir Walter, also, in a note communicated to Mr Lockhart, and printed in his Life by that gentleman, alludes to some "passing stupid verses in the papers, attacking and defending his [Burns's] satire on a certain preacher, whom he termed 'an unco calf.' In one of them," adds Sir Walter, "occurred these lines in vituperation of the adversary—

'A whig, I guess. But Rab's a tory,
And gies us mony a funny story.'

This was in 1787."

These dicta of Sir Walter Scott appear quite true. The Jacobite feeling was certainly the predominant one in the poet's earlier years, and down to about 1790; but such other political bias as he acknowledged at that time, appears to have been in favour of the ministry of Mr Pitt. He seems to have been prepossessed in favour of this statesman from the first, in consequence of his admiration of the gigantic genius of Chatham. "Will's a true gude fellow's gett [child]," he says, in his Dream for the king's birthday. Again, in his Earnest Cry and Prayer respecting the troubles of the distillers, he says, "Tell yon gude blude o' auld Boconnock's," meaning Mr Pitt, whose illustrious sire was second son to Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in the county of Cornwall. In another place the poet says, quite seriously, "A garter gie to Willie Pitt." The three last verses of the ballad on the American war form the most decisive proof of the poet's predilection for the "heaven-born minister." They are a stormy burst of triumph on his overcoming the Coalition.

"The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did cry, man;
And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man,'" &c.

At the same time, it must be kept in view that the regard which the poet entertained for the minister was but in small measure extended to the existing occupant of the throne.

At the general election of 1790, the contest between Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall and Captain Miller, for the Dumfries burghs, was celebrated by Burns in three ballads, in which he evidently leans to the former candidate, who was the tory. In one of these, he makes a bitter allusion to the conduct of the whig party on the regency question. After this period, Burns began to be affected by the principles which led to the French Revolution, when, of course, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, the government of the day sunk in his estimation.

BENNETT'S WHALING VOYAGE ROUND THE GLOBE.

THE ship Tuscan, of 300 tons burden, T. R. Stavers commander, sailed from London in October 1833, on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean, having on board Mr F. D. Bennett, whose object was to investigate the anatomy and habits of southern whales, and the mode of conducting the Sperm Whale Fishery (a subject then untouched by the literature of any country), and to make as many observations on the state of the Polynesian, or other lands he might visit, and to collect as many facts and examples in natural history, as opportunities might offer. The ship had a prosperous voyage round Cape Horn and into the Pacific Ocean, where she made an extensive excursion by the Society and Sandwich Isles, to a point near Nootka Sound; thence southward to the Society Isles again, and from that point straight westward to the Indian archipelago, and so homewards, returning to Britain in November 1836, without having lost one man by disease or accident. Of this voyage we are now presented by Mr Bennett with a very agreeable narrative,* to which are added distinct sections on the southern whales and whale fishery, and on the general natural history of the countries visited. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, in the present state of the North Sea whale fishery, a satisfactory account of the southern whales, and of the best modes of taking them, is of great importance in a commercial point of view, to say nothing of its completing a department of natural history over which, till now, much obscurity has rested.

The cachalot, or sperm whale, peculiar to the southern seas, is about sixty feet long, and is chiefly distinguished in external figure from the Greenland whale by the great bulk of its head, upon the fore part of which, external to the skull, is a huge mass of fat, sometimes producing several tons of oil. The animal is gregarious, and usually occurs in small parties, which the sailors call schools, or pods; but sometimes a number, "exceeding all reasonable conception," is assembled, and the sea for miles around appears "a succession of spouts." "A large party of cachalots, gambolling on the surface of the ocean, is one of the most curious and imposing spectacles a whaling voyage affords; the huge size and uncouth agility of the monsters exhibiting a strange combination of the grand and ridiculous. On such occasions it is not unusual to observe a whale of the largest size leap from the water with the activity of a salmon, display the entire of its gigantic frame, suspended at the height of several feet in the air, and again plunge into the sea with a helpless and tremendous fall, which causes the surrounding waters to shoot up in broad and lofty columns capped with foam; whilst others of the school leap, or 'breach,' in a less degree; sportively brandish their broad and fan-shaped flukes in the air, or protrude their heads perpendicularly above the waves like columns of black rock."

The general process of attacking the sperm whale so much resembles that of attacking the Greenland, which has been already described in this work, that we shall not present any summary of it. But there are some features of the adventure, of a peculiar nature, arising from the particular character of the animal, which may be adverted to. While the nature of the Greenland whale is of a pacific and gentle character, the cachalot has a considerable inclination to offensive warfare. If allowed time to rally after being first harpooned, he often becomes a wary and mischievous adversary. An old female and a half-grown male are considered the most troublesome to encoun

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* They kept accounts by tallies, or, as we used to call them, nick-sticks.

† The original of this letter is in the possession of Henry Darley, Esq. of Stillorgan, in the county of Dublin.

* Two vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley. 1840.

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ter, from their active and combative temper. Mr Bennett considers these dangers as sufficient to counterbalance the advantage of the agreeable climate in which the southern whale fishery is pursued. He says—"Some of these whales, when attacked, will retreat but little from the spot on which they are harpooned; but rather lie, and fight with their jaws and tail until life is extinct. Others, without being themselves injured, will aid an attacked companion, and from the circumstance of their actions being less watched, often succeed in doing serious injury to the boats, whilst some few individuals make wilful, deliberate, and even judicious, attempts to crush a boat with their jaws, and, unless avoided or killed, will repeat their efforts until they succeed in their object.

An 'under clip,' or blow received from a whale's flukes near the surface of the water, may shatter and overturn a boat, or injure the crew by the force of the concussion alone; but human life is chiefly endangered when the tail of the animal is swept rapidly through the air, and either descends upon the boat, cutting it down to the water's edge, or encounters in its *trajet* some of the crew standing up, as the headsman or harpooner, who are destroyed and carried away by the blow; and this last is the most common, as well as the most sudden and awful calamity recorded in the fishery.

It was by a melancholy accident of this kind that an experienced and enterprising whaler, the father of our commander, lost his life when in command of the ship Perseverance, and outward bound on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. He was engaged in destroying a cachalot on the Brazil Bank, when a rapid and inevitable blow from the flukes of the animal struck him out of the boat; his body floated on the water, and was immediately rescued and conveyed to the ship; but although no external marks of injury were any where visible, all attempts to restore animation were of no avail, for life was totally extinct. One of the crew, pulling an oar in the same boat, was also killed by the same blow. The whale, after thus dealing destruction amongst its pursuers, effected an escape; but there is reason to suppose, from the clue of marked harpoons left in its body, that it was subsequently destroyed by an American whale-ship.

Captain T. Stavers, of the Tuscan, when cruising in the North Pacific, during the season of 1831, had the misfortune to lose his chief mate, Mr Young, under circumstances very similar to the preceding. On the morning of the 30th of August, a small party, or 'pod,' of sperm whales was noticed from the ship, and the commander and second-mate lowered their boats in pursuit, leaving Mr Young on board in charge of the vessel. While engaged in destroying a large whale, the boat of the second-mate was so severely shattered that the consort boat was compelled to receive both the wrecked crew and the harpoon-line. The chief mate, on observing this dilemma, lowered his boat and came to their assistance. The harpooned whale was then spouting blood and much exhausted, while a loose cachalot, of equal size, remained in its vicinity, striking at the boats with his flukes, with the evident intention of assisting his wounded comrade. The boats were close together, and Captain Stavers had but just remarked to his mate, that as the whale was nearly dead, he would leave him to complete its destruction, whilst he harpooned the loose cachalot, when the tail of the latter passed, with the rapidity of lightning, over and in front of his boat, and simultaneously, Mr Young, though a large and strong man, was seen flying through the air at a considerable height, and to the distance of nearly forty yards from the boat, ere he fell into the water, where he remained floating motionless on the surface for a few moments, then sank, and was seen no more. There can be no doubt that his death was instantaneous. A native of the Society Islands plunged into the water immediately the accident occurred, and endeavoured to save the body of his unfortunate officer, but it had sunk before he could swim to the spot where it fell. No injury was sustained by any other person in the boat, nor was the boat itself injured, beyond a portion of the bow being broken off, and the thigh-board, which was torn from its place and accompanied the body of the unfortunate mate, so powerful was the impulse it had received. As is customary in cases of serious accident, the line was cut from the whale, that the boats might be at liberty to render every assistance; but when it was found that no human aid could avail in this instance, the boats renewed their attack on the harpooned whale, which was soon after killed and taken to the ship, whilst the mischievous cachalot made off, after he had been pierced with many lance-wounds. The chief mate of the British South-Seaman Lyra, when in the cruising ground off Japan in 1832, was also swept from his boat and destroyed by a blow from a whale; and similar casualties are too numerous and uniform in their results to permit a more particular notice.

Some sperm whales appear reluctant to employ their tail when attacked, but prove active and dangerous with their jaws. Such individuals often rather seek than avoid the attacking boats, and, rushing upon them with open mouth, employ every possible art to crush them with their teeth, and, if successful, will sometimes continue in the neighbourhood, biting the wreck and oars into small fragments. When thus threatening a boat, the whale usually turns and swims upon its back, and will sometimes act in a very sluggish and unaccountable manner, keeping its formidable lower jaw suspended for some moments over the boat in a threatening attitude, but ultimately rolling to one side, and closing its mouth harmlessly; nor is it rare to observe this whale, when pursued and attacked, retain its mouth in an expanded state for some minutes together. Such threatening demonstrations of the jaw, as well as some others with the flukes, occasionally compel a boat's crew to leap into the water, and support themselves by swimming or clinging to oars until the danger is past.

A highly tragical instance of the power and ferocity occasionally displayed by the sperm whale, is recorded in the fate of the American South-Seaman Essex, Captain G. Pollard. This vessel, when cruising in the Pacific Ocean, in the year 1820, was wrecked by a whale under the following extraordinary circumstances. The boats had been lowered in pursuit of a school of whales, and the ship was attending them to windward. The master and second-mate were engaged with whales they had harpooned, in the midst of the school, and the chief mate had returned on board to equip a spare boat, in lieu of his own, which had been broken and rendered unserviceable. While the crew were thus occupied, the look-out at the mast-head reported that a large whale was coming rapidly down upon the ship, and the mate hastened his task, in the hope that he might be ready in time to attack it.

The cachalot, which was of the largest size, consequently a male, and probably the guardian of the school, in the meanwhile approached the ship so closely, that although the helm was put up to avoid the contact, he struck her a severe blow, which broke off a portion of her keel. The enraged animal was then observed to retire to some distance, and again rush upon the ship with extreme velocity. His enormous head struck the starboard bow, beating in a corresponding portion of the planks, and the people on board had barely time to take to their boat, before the ship filled with water, and fell over on her side. She did not sink, however, for some hours; and the crew in the boats continued near the wreck until they had obtained a small supply of provisions, when they shaped a course for land; but here, it is to be regretted, they made a fatal error. At the time the accident happened, they were cruising on the equator, in the longitude of about 118 degrees west, with the Marquesan and Society Islands on their lee, and might have sailed in their boats to either of these groups in a comparatively short time. Under an erroneous impression, however, that all those lands were inhabited by an inhospitable race of people, they preferred pulling to windward for the coast of Peru, and in the attempt were exposed for a lengthened period to extreme privations.

The few of the crew who survived their complicated disasters first made the land at Elizabeth, or Henderson's Island, a small and uninhabited spot in the South Pacific, and which until then had never been visited by Europeans. After a short continuance here, part of the survivors again put to sea in search of inhabited land, and ultimately reached the coast of South America; when an English South-Seaman sailed from Valparaiso, and rescued those of the sufferers who had been left to support a precarious existence on Elizabeth Island. By a strange fatality, Captain Pollard, who was amongst the number of survivors, had the misfortune to lose the ship he next commanded, by running her upon a coral reef (then but little known) in the North Pacific. He returned to the United States, dispirited by his ill fortune, and, engaging in agricultural pursuits, ceased to tempt any further the perils of the deep.

A few cachalots have been noted individually as animals dangerous to attack. One was thus distinguished on the cruising ground off the coast of New Zealand, and was long known to whalers by the name of 'New Zealand Tom.' He is said to have been of great size; conspicuously distinguished by a white hump; and famous for the havoc he had made amongst the boats and gear of ships attempting his destruction. A second example, of similar celebrity, was known to whalers in the Straits of Timor. He had so often succeeded in repelling the attacks of his foes as to be considered invincible, but was at length dispatched by a whaler, who, forewarned of his combative temper, adopted the expedient of floating a cask on the sea, to withdraw his attention from the boats; but notwithstanding this *ruse*, the animal was not destroyed without much hard fighting, nor until the bow of one of the boats had been nipped off by his jaws."

The oil of the sperm whale is the purest of all the animal oils employed in commerce. In its original state, it contains a variable proportion of spermaceti and other gross matters. Of spermaceti we may only remark that, though formerly held as the most certain cure for an inward bruise, its chief use in modern times is as a substitute for wax in the manufacture of candles. The most rare and costly product of the sperm whale is *ambergris*, which is not found in any other of the whale family. Mr Bennett gives us the following account of this substance: "For many years after the civilised world became acquainted with this drug, its origin and composition remained involved in great obscurity. It was usually found floating on the seas of warm climates, and was generally considered to be of a resinous or bituminous nature: and when subsequently detected in the intestines of the cachalot, a doubt was still entertained of its true character, and whether it had not been swallowed by the animal, rather than produced within its body. Of late years, chemical investigations, and a more extended prosecution of the sperm fishery, have satisfactorily solved this problem, and determined that ambergris is a morbid concretion in the intestines of the cachalot, deriving its origin either from the stomach or biliary ducts, and allied in its nature to gall-stones, or to the bezoars of herbivorous animals; while the masses found floating on the sea, are those that have been voided by the whale, or liberated from the dead animal by the process of putrefaction.

It is not common for the whaler to find ambergris in the cachalots he destroys; nor does he, indeed, make a very rigid scrutiny of the intestines in search of it, unless a suspicion of its presence be excited by some marked peculiarity in the whale. Some years ago the whale-ship Mary, of London, discovered a dead cachalot floating on the ocean, and as there were no injuries on its body to account for death, that event was attributed to disease; consequently, the whale was strictly searched for ambergris, and the captors were gratified by finding a very large quantity of that valuable drug impacted in its bowels.

Concretions of ambergris are either black, grey, yellow, or ash-colour mottled with yellow and black. They occur of various sizes, and their maximum weight would appear to be thirty or forty pounds; but it is recorded that a mass of prodigious size, weighing 182 pounds, was carried to Ireland in the year 1694. An entire concretion, which had been recently taken from a cachalot destroyed by the South-Seaman Hoffly, and which was shown to me by her commander, when we spoke that vessel in 1835, did not exceed four ounces in weight. It was in the state as removed from the whale; of an oval form, and pointed at each extremity; of a dull-black colour; smooth on the surface; resembled soap in texture and consistence; and was similarly unctuous to the touch. Its odour was slight and peculiar, but not decidedly fragrant, unless heat was applied.

The only use made of ambergris in this country is as a perfume, and for this purpose it is chiefly prepared in the form of an alcoholic solution, or essence. It possesses a peculiar property of increasing the power of other perfumes to which it may be added, and when combined with musk, has a remarkable effect in softening the odour of that drug, and rendering it more agreeable. The retail price it bears in London is about one guinea the ounce—a value which invites to its frequent adulteration. The best tests of its purity are the oily appearance it assumes, and the odour it emits, upon the application of heat; and its perfect solubility in hot alcohol.

Some medical virtues have been attributed to this odoriferous substance, but they are all doubtful and unimportant. It is said to be tonic, aphrodisiac, and antispasmodic; it is certainly an aperient."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR DENMAN.

THE amusing work entitled "Physic and Physicians," recently published, contains an autobiographical memoir of Dr Denman, extracted from his "Introduction to the Practice of Midwifery," and which gives an interesting account of the difficulties he had to meet and overcome before attaining the eminence in his profession to which his talents and high accomplishments entitled him. As this memoir seems worthy of being extensively read, we present it to our readers in the abridged form in which we find it in the new work above mentioned. It must be premised that Denman was born and educated in the country, and came to London in 1754, for further information and improvement. "'The money,' he says, 'with which I was supplied for this purpose, amounted to L.75; L.50 bequeathed by my grandfather, and L.25 as my share of what my father was supposed to be worth at the time of his death.

As I am now,' he continues, 'entering upon the details of my own life, I may be permitted to speak of myself. I had been educated at the free-school at Bakewell, in such sort of knowledge as my old master Mr Hudson was capable of teaching. I understood a little Greek, I was tolerably well informed in the Latin language, and I wrote a good hand.

I had not been instructed in any of those accomplishments which serve to show inferior capacities to advantage, nor had I seen much company, having never been from home a week at any time of my life.

It might be truly said that I was 'home-bred;' but I had an excellent constitution, having been accustomed to live on the most homely diet, and I had hardly ever been out of bed at ten o'clock at night. In short, I was a meagre, hungry, sharp-set lad. Though my education was very incomplete, I had a very competent knowledge of pharmacy, and knew as much of disease as the frequent reading of Dr Sydenham's works and a few other books could give me. I had a common understanding, and some ambition to succeed in the world, though I was ignorant of the means of procuring success; but I had been trained in habits of industry, frugality, and civility or respect to those with whom I had been connected.

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When I arrived in town, I was recommended to Mr Hunt, a hairdresser in Dean Street, with whom my brother had lodged and boarded. I paid him ten shillings and sixpence a-week, and a bad bargain he had. The money I brought with me to London was intended for the purpose of enabling me to attend St George's Hospital, and two courses of anatomical lectures; but in six months it was wholly expended. I knew little of economy, for having never been accustomed to the management or disposal of money, I acted as a child in this respect, contriving how to spend it as soon as it was received. This was rather a misfortune than a fault; but it is amazing to me, when I recollect how many years I lived in the world without changing this disposition, and how many inconveniences it caused me in the course of my life. My money being gone, there was a necessity of seeking some employment for immediate support. Many were thought of, but none seemed so agreeable to myself or friends as going to sea in the king's service. I applied to the Navy Board for an order to be examined at Surgeons' Hall; and, very much to my own astonishment, I passed as surgeon to a ship of sixth rate, April 3, 1755. The ship to which I was appointed lay at Blackstairs, but I had no money to prepare for the voyage, or to bear my expenses to the ship. I pawned my watch, and set off with about forty shillings in my pocket, to enter among strangers upon a way of life of which I had no more idea than of the Mogul's court.'

After Dr Denman's return from sea, he was recommended by his friends to settle at Winchester. At this time he had saved up L.500. After residing at Winchester for some time, he says in his journal, 'I soon became impatient of waiting, and began to blame myself and others for having undertaken a matter of so much importance without more deliberation. I fretted, made myself less likely to succeed by uneasiness and solicitude, and after teasing myself and my friends for about four months, I determined to quit Winchester, having thrown away, since my arrival in England, nearly two hundred pounds.'

Dr Denman left Winchester for the great metropolis; and after attending a course of anatomical lectures and dissections, on the recommendation of Drs Kelly and Kirkpatrick he obtained his degree of M.D. from the University of Aberdeen.

Dr Denman received forty pounds in fees the first year; but this sum, he says, 'though not adequate to pay my expenses, gave me some encouragement.' He then published an essay on puerperal fever, which gained him some credit and increased his practice. He also published a letter to Dr Hirch, on the construction and use of vapour baths; but this, the author says, 'scarcely produced so much as to pay the expense of printing it.'

The doctor, finding it difficult to support himself from the proceeds of his practice, applied to be appointed surgeon to one of the king's yachts. He received the appointment, which was worth L.70 a-year to him; but in 1777 he was obliged to resign the situation, as the yacht was ordered upon service, and the attendance would have been incompatible with his London business. But to continue the doctor's autobiography:—'The whole savings,' he says, 'of the nine years I had been at sea, were now entirely expended, and I had with great difficulty kept myself out of debt; the thoughts of which hurting my pride, and giving me very mortifying reflections, I began to be very circumspect about my expenses. However, on the strength of the yacht, I had taken a small house in Oxendon Street, but I furnished only one parlour, thinking to complete it gradually, as I was able; and I hired a maid-servant, who cheated me very much. When I went into this house, excepting my furniture, I had but twenty-four shillings in the world, but I was out of debt. My business increased every year, and in the third year after I had taken my house, I had two hundred and fifty pounds, which, together with the profits for the yacht, prevented all present inconvenience, and gave me better hopes for the future.

About this time died Dr Cooper, a teacher of midwifery, of no great reputation. Mr Osborn, who had attended St George's Hospital when I did, and who was pretty much in the same predicament with respect to fortune as myself, agreed to give lectures with me. We purchased Dr Cooper's apparatus for L.120, and great difficulty we had to raise the money between us. We began to read lectures in the year 1770, awkwardly enough, and with little encouragement, as I suppose most people do at first; but it is probable that we improved, for in a short time the lectures flourished, and with them my business, and I believe my credit also.

Dr Cooper had likewise been man-midwife to the Middlesex Hospital; I offered myself as a candidate to succeed him; and after a very hard contest, some expense, and endless trouble, I was elected jointly with Dr Krohn.

I was now surgeon to the William and Mary yacht, I was teacher of midwifery, I was man-midwife to the Middlesex Hospital, I had published two pamphlets, which had at least acquired me a character for industry and common abilities, and I got upwards of L.300 a-year by my business. I was in the thirty-seventh year of my age, and I determined to marry; and becoming acquainted with the family of Mr Brodie, a respectable army linen-draper, I chose Elizabeth, his youngest daughter, then in the twenty-fourth year of her age. I received no money as a dowry, but two leasehold houses in Vine Street, Piccadilly, which produced L.80 a-year, clear of all deductions.

It was impossible to have chosen a wife more suitable to my disposition and circumstances; her manners were amiable, her disposition gentle, her understanding naturally good, and improved by reading and the conversation of reasonable people, and she had that regard for truth and propriety, that I was firmly persuaded no human consideration could induce her to depart from them. She was frugal without meanness, temperate, and cheerful; and it was impossible for any two people to have lived together with more perfect harmony than we did for nine years.

My assiduity increased with my family, so that in the very year we were married, we saved L.200, and have continued to do so every year since. About two years after our marriage, I thought it necessary to take a larger house, partly for appearance and partly for convenience, that in which we lived being too small. In the year 1772, I therefore removed into Queen Street, Golden Square, which I thought would be a good situation for lectures and for business, and I soon after purchased the lease of this house for L.1200. Three hundred pounds of this money I had saved, and for the rest I paid interest about four years, when the whole purchase was completed. I had now a large house; my business brought me in about L.400 a-year, the lectures L.100, the houses in Vine Street L.80, the yacht L.70, and I lived rent free. My business was chiefly among the lower class of people, but I never lost sight of the possibility of getting business among a higher rank; and I had struggled through so many difficulties, that my mind became seasoned against common accidents, and I was better qualified to conduct myself in the more intricate parts of the business of life. My friends have for some years given me credit for being remarkably steady; but I may assure the reader of this, whether it be my wife, or my daughters, or my son, that if I have steadiness, it is all acquired, my natural disposition being impetuous. I always thought steadiness worth every other quality, either in man or woman, and it has been the business of my life to acquire it.

About this time I took courage, and kept a chariot in the winter;* but the advantages which might result from it were rather expected than realised. My business, however, both increased and improved, though slowly; but in the year 1778 it amounted to L.600, and the profits of the lectures to L.150; and then I built a new chariot. In the year 1777, I purchased two pieces of land near Lynn, in Norfolk, for which I paid down L.350, and was to pay L.500 more. This land was to bring me in four per cent. for my money, or L.34 a-year; but I was unfortunate in my bargain, the value of money increasing immediately after I had made it; first, by the failure of Mr Fordyce the banker, which put almost an instant stop to all credit; and, secondly, by the French and American war, which occasioned a real scarcity of money.

With my new chariot I had a coachman in a handsome livery, and a servant behind, which were beyond my wish and inclination, but I thought them due to my present reputation, as well as to my future prospects; and I hoped that I had secured my family from distress, if I were to die before I had an opportunity of making any farther addition to my fortune. We observed the most strict frugality in all other respects. On February 23, 1779, I was made happy by the birth of my son, which was an unexpected blessing, as I had given up all hopes of having any more children, my daughters being at that time more than seven years of age. I shall not fail to do all in my power to provide for them, consistently with those rules of probity and integrity which I have always established as guides of my conduct, and from which, when they are capable of judging, they will be glad that I have never swerved. If the property I may leave behind me should not be so much as they expect, or as I wish, they will see the reason in this narrative. Whatever it may be, it ought to wear well, because it has been honestly gained. They will see an example of the good which attends industry and fair intentions, even when counteracted by errors and indiscretion.

The continuation of this memoir must be left to some future period, and it concludes for the present on the 5th of August 1779.'

Thus concludes the deeply interesting autobiography of Dr Denman. It appears that, after having written the above account of his early life, he found that his business did not increase as rapidly as he anticipated, and he was compelled to take pupils, three of whom attained considerable eminence in the profession, namely, Dr Parry, of Bath; Mr Chesshen, of Hinckley; and Philip Martineau, Esq., of Norwich.

In 1781, his house was burned down, which involved him in considerable pecuniary difficulties. On the death of Dr Hunter, Denman rose rapidly in practice, and was placed at the head of his profession. Upon removing his residence to Old Burlington Street, he was called to attend the late Duchess of Devonshire—a circumstance particularly gratifying to him, as, from the impression of his early life, he always felt strongly attached to that noble family.

Dr Denman now finding the duties of his profession too laborious for him, he gradually introduced his son-in-law, Mr Croft, who had chosen the same branch of the profession, and who attended to the more arduous duties of the practice, until the doctor finally retired from the field. Dr Denman died in the year 1815."

*[The keeping of a carriage is indispensable to success in the practice of London physicians. No man who walks on foot is supposed to possess any ability.—Ed.]

CONTRABAND MUSEUM IN PARIS.

I had caught a bad cold, and just as I lifted up my head to sneeze, I saw through one of the windows of the mayor's office, in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious justice, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a kind of doll as large as life. What to think of this I did not know; so I asked the doorkeeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer; and, on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my *cicerone*.

In a huge dusty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which have been confiscated from time to time by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling: all unfortunately in complete confusion. Look before you; there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds just two quarts and a half. On the other side are logs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with whole armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond it a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spools of cotton. The coloured gentleman who had excited my sympathy so much at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances:—He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck or Ethiopian *chasseur*, on the footboard of a carriage, fastened by the feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country. One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of oaths and yells, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips. The negro, however, never spoke a word. His good behaviour delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow," they cried; "see how well *he* behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!" He showed a perfect indifference to their applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the footboard, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you!" Oh, surprise! the shoulders rattled. The officer was bewildered: he sounded the footman all over, and found he was a man of metal, and as full as his skin would hold of the very best contraband liquor. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph. The first night the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture in his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

How many strange stories these inventions of roguery might tell! Only ask that empty mattrass that lies there by the stove. That mattrass came from Valenciennes. One morning, two citizens left the town, with swords in hand, and seconds by their side. The solemn mournful gait of their companions indicated clearly the deadly character of the promenade, which took place before the eyes of the revenue officers. The angry principals were so anxious to get to work, that they drew almost as soon as they were beyond the walls. The crossing of their blades, and the clatter of the duel, would easily be noticed from the guard-house. After a desperate contest, the noise ceased. A cry of distress was heard; and if both the contending parties had preserved their honour untouched, the person of one of them could not boast of the same immunity. A wide wound across the forehead, and a scientific thrust into the region of the sternum, which bled profusely, were easily seen. In a moment, a hand-barrow, with the aforesaid mattrass upon it, were transformed into a litter, and the procession re-entered the town by the same gate, amidst the sympathies of the guards.

It happened that one of the soldiers had dabbled a little in medicine, and been surgeon's mate in a regiment. He took pity on the wounded man, and followed him home, to offer him his services. This generous behaviour won him all hearts in Valenciennes, except those of the seconds, who were at a loss how to get rid of a benefactor whose presence would be so fatal to the success of their daring fraud. At last, the most ingenious of them took the soldier aside, and begged him to wait a few moments in another room, till he got the sick man ready to receive his disinterested physician. The surgeon-soldier readily agreed to this; the friend availed himself of the interval, and whispered in the patient's ear, as he lay on the mattrass, "We are lost!"

"*Sabrebleu!* and why?" asked the wounded man.

"Speak lower! one of the custom-house guards wants to dress your wounds."

"My wounds? he shant do it—I want to keep them as they are, and you go and tell him so."

"He wont believe it," was the answer.

"But suppose I dont want to be cured? I presume I am my own master, and besides, I have a reason for it."

"I know that, but the fool will insist on it."

"He may go to the d—l; I'll jump out of the window first."

"Why, you wretch, we shall be ruined."

"What of it? I wish I had really been badly wounded, I give you my word for it."

"Alas! I'm afraid it's the only way to get out of this scrape."

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"Much obliged to you."

"If you only would" ——

"Well, what?"

"It's time enough yet, perhaps" ——

"Well?"

"The wife of Brutus, on a like occasion, inflicted a desperate wound on herself."

"What have I get to do with that?"

"Don't you understand, my dear friend?"

"Ah, horrible! I shudder at the thought. You are so fond of me, that you are very willing to shed *my* blood"—and the frightened patient raised himself up in bed.

"Come, come, try to be reasonable."

"You are troublesome: do you think I'm going to throw away my life to serve you—think of something else. I should like very much to oblige you—but in such a way—never! I'd die first."

"Only think what it is you object to—only two little wounds—if they only look natural, it's all sufficient. Come, my dear fellow, say you agree to it."

"I tell you again and again, I wont."

"Come, now, be clever, I've an easy hand; and the surgeon will be tired waiting."

"I suppose you think it will be fine fun for me."

"Oh what a fuss you make about a couple of little scratches! If kindness and friendship cannot touch your obstinate heart, let's see what force will do." And thereupon the friend seized his sword; the patient dodged the first blow, leaped to his feet, snatched up the other weapon, and attacked his aggressor furiously. The soldier, hearing the scuffle, rushed into the room, and succeeded, not without trouble, in separating the combatants, when he found, to his great surprise, that it was not the sham patient that needed help, but his friend, till now safe and sound, whom the dying man had pinked just below the thorax.

"I thought," said the soldier, "that these gentlemen were too polite to give me all the trouble of coming for nothing."

The wounded man was soon cured, and the mattrass, stuffed full of English goods, well repaid the soldier for his medical services.—*From the French, in the New York Mirror.*

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol was so denominated, by an Arabian physician who discovered it, from a fine impalpable powder with which the ladies of Barbary were accustomed to tinge the hair and edges of the eyelids—the word being thus anatomised: *Al*, the, and *Kahol*, powder of lead ore.

There is a prevalent notion, which has been of some use in resistance to the maxims of temperance, that, alcohol being a direct product of nature, it ought to be esteemed as a gift of Providence, and received and enjoyed as such. We find this view controverted in a work recently published under the title of "Bacchus, being an Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects, and Cure of Intemperance," by Mr Grindrod of Manchester. It is there represented that alcohol is a thing of considerably different character, and that of course all such arguments for its use as an intoxicating fluid must fall to the ground.

When vegetables cease to live, they, like animals under the same circumstances, hasten to a complete dissolution or decomposition, so as to become once more inorganic matter. Very soon after they have ceased to live, if steeped in water, at a temperature o about 60 degrees of Fahrenheit, they begin to undergo a process called *fermentation*. Of this process there are three stages, each, however, only to be realised under certain conditions. For the first, or *vinous* stage, the above temperature is necessary; for the second, the *acetous* stage, a temperature of 70 degrees is required; the third, or *putrefactive* stage, has also conditions peculiar to itself.

The first stage in fermentation is named the *vinous*, because at that stage is developed the spirit of wine, or alcohol. The second is named *acetous*, because in like manner vinegar is then produced. It is by arresting the process at these respective stages, and subjecting the fermenting matter to distillation, that human ingenuity obtains alcohol and vinegar, neither of which is ever found, in any form or combination whatever, as the effect of any living process, but only as arising "out of the decay, the dissolution, and the wreck, of organised matter." The constituent elements of alcohol are, nevertheless, the same as those of all living vegetable substances, namely, *carbon*, *hydrogen*, and *oxygen*; the first being, out of 100 parts, as 52, the second as 13, and the third as 35. These statements will serve to introduce the following remarks of Mr Grindrod:—

"On the supposition that the formation of alcohol is the result of natural laws, it may pertinently be inquired, why man interferes with and disturbs the operations of nature, at a particular period, that is, exactly at the commencement of her object, and thus prevents that ultimate action which otherwise would inevitably take place. The answer is simple and decisive. He arrests the operations of nature exactly at that period when he can supply himself with a product calculated to gratify his depraved and vitiated appetites. Hence the multifarious and complicated inventions of the wine-maker and brewer.

This branch of our inquiry may be better understood by a slight review of the active laws of animate vegetable creation, so far at least as they have connexion with the present object of our investigation. The constituent principles of vegetables consist of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. The poisonous upas, and the nutritious grape; the fragrant rose, and the nauseous assafœtida; the refreshing foliage, and the delicate tints of the vast arcana of vegetable nature, each owes its peculiar quality to these simple substances. So wonderful, indeed, is the laboratory of nature, that even from the same trunk, and from a mass of sap, apparently homogeneous in its character, substances of a very opposite nature are produced. An oil, bland as that of the olive, is eliminated from the poppy. In some parts of the globe it is extensively employed for dietetic purposes. From the same plant is extracted the milky juice, from whose substance is produced the poisonous opium. The delicious pulp of the peach also is well known to enclose in its kernel a poison of a most deadly character. Olive oil is another instance in point. Its chemical constituents approach near to those of alcohol; how materially, however, do these substances differ in their operation on the human system! These facts are sufficient to convince us how profound, and yet how simple, are the operations of creation, and how boundless she is in her resources to supply the wants and to gratify the lawful pleasures of man.

The knowledge that the whole of this variety in vegetable creation is occasioned simply by a very slight variation in the combination of three simple substances, affords to us a distinct idea how the elementary principles of alcohol may exist in nature, without the actual existence of alcohol itself. No human investigation has as yet, nor indeed have we any reason to suppose it ever will, discover the slightest trace of native alcohol in any part of the creation of nature.

The application of this argument is familiar and clear. Many persons assert that alcohol is contained in grain and fruit, and in every part of vegetable creation, and that therefore it is intended by the Creator for the use of man. Such, however, is not the case. The elements of alcohol, indeed, are to be found throughout the whole of vegetable creation, and so are the elements of other deleterious substances, but not a particle of alcohol itself. So long as the chemistry of life retains its sway, will the constituent materials of vegetable matter hold together in the relation in which nature has placed them. Death, however, or, in other words, decomposition, subverts this natural arrangement, dissolves its connexions, and new and totally different combinations are thereby formed. So it is with alcohol. In wines, this poison undergoes evolution during the decay or decomposition of the juice of the grape; in malt liquors, man destroys the vital principle of the barley, by converting it into malt, and then subjects it to another artificial process, which produces results similar to those which take place in the production of wine.

By many it has been supposed that alcohol does not exist ready formed in fermented liquors, but that it is generated by the heat used in the process of distillation. The fallacy, however, of this view, is manifest from several considerations, and by none more than by the following decisive experiment made by Mr Brande, and subsequently confirmed by other distinguished philosophers. Add to wine a solution of the subacetate of lead, and the colouring and extractive matter will be precipitated. The further addition of a small portion of dry subcarbonate of potassa, separates the alcohol from the fluid, which floats on the surface, and will ignite on coming in contact with a lighted taper. By this means we decisively determine that distillation separates merely the alcohol, which had been previously evolved by the process of fermentation; its constituent parts being thereby extracted, in their elementary forms, from the saccharine juices of the grain or fruit, and combined under a new, a potent, and a deleterious form.

Arguments like these are interesting, and even necessary to remove such objections as are urged in proof that alcohol is a 'good creature of God.' The great point, however, to be ascertained, is, the effect of these liquors on the moral and physical powers of man. Let it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that alcohol is a creature of God, and no advantage will be derived by its advocates from the concession. Many of our most powerful poisons are the creatures of God. The poisonous upas, and the deadly hemlock, are each of them creatures of God; yet the Creator nowhere authorises his creatures to make use of them as habitual articles of diet. He has given to man the power of distinguishing between moral good and evil; and although the scientific knowledge of the precise character and quality of articles generally used for dietetic purposes may be limited in a great measure to professional men, yet it is every man's duty, as it is obviously his interest, to acquire by experience all the knowledge he can upon that important subject; and conscientiously to abstain from every indulgence which is calculated either to affect his moral character, or to injure the exquisite texture of his intellectual or corporeal frame."

We leave this train of reasoning to the best consideration of our readers, without pretending to pronounce decisively on a point which involves the whole question of providential design.

SURPRISING OF MILITARY POSTS.

About the same time, one of Hill's posts near the confluence of the Aron with the Adour, was surprised by some French companies, who remained in advance until fresh troops detached from Urt forced them to repass the river again. This affair was a retaliation for the surprise of a French post a few days before, by the sixth division, which was attended with some circumstances repugnant to the friendly habits long established between the French and British troops at the outposts. The value of such a generous intercourse old soldiers well understand, and some illustrations of it at this period may be quoted. On the 9th of December, the 43d were assembled in column on an open space, within twenty yards of the enemy's out-sentry; yet the latter continued to walk his beat for an hour without concert, relying so confidently on the customary system, that he placed his knapsack on the ground to ease his shoulders. When at last the order to advance was given, one of the British soldiers, stepping out, told him to go away, and helped him to replace his pack; the firing then commenced. The next morning the French, in like manner, warned a 43d sentry to retire. But the most remarkable instance happened on the occasion of Lord Wellington being desirous of getting to the top of a hill occupied by the enemy near Bayonne. He ordered the riflemen who escorted him to drive the French away, and seeing the former stealing up, as he thought, too near, called out to commence firing; with a loud voice one of those old soldiers replied, "No firing!" and then, holding up the butt of his rifle towards the French, tapped it in a peculiar way. At the well-understood signal, which meant, "We must have the hill for a short time," the French, who, though they could not maintain, would not have relinquished the post without a fight if they had been fired upon, quietly retired. And this signal would never have been made if the post had been one capable of a permanent defence, so well do veterans understand war and its proprieties.—*Napier's Peninsular War.*

ANECDOTE OF ACHILLE MURAT.

[The following curious anecdote is translated in the New York Mirror, from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, a French periodical which has been published for several years in the same city, and is now under the care of a gentleman named Gaillardet.]

We may mention the name of a prince as having been, for a time at least, connected with the New Orleans bar. M. Achille Murat, son of the ex-king of Naples, made his *début* as an advocate there, and showed himself a remarkable man, if not an orator. With a singularity, however, which belongs to his character, he never appeared at the bar a second time, and has since quitted the gown and the country. We may, however, mention an anecdote of his stay here, which rests on the authority of his mother, the Princess of Lipona.

While Italy was a province of the empire, a mutiny broke out in the garrison of Leghorn, of so serious a character as to excite in a high degree Napoleon's indignation. He was no friend of insubordination, and resolved to crush it in its bud, and make a terrible example of the culprits. Joachim Murat was charged with this painful duty, and set off for Leghorn without delay. When he arrived there, the insurrection had spent itself, and shame and remorse succeeded a temporary forgetfulness. However, the emperor's orders were strict, and punishment must be inflicted. Murat therefore called the soldiers together, and, after reproaching them bitterly for their offence, required that the ringleaders of the mutiny should be given up, otherwise ten men out of every battalion would be drawn by lot, and shot. The soldiers hung their heads, and professed themselves ready to submit to any punishment their emperor might inflict upon them, but begged the general not to force them to turn informers against their comrades. Murat would not yield, and the ten men, whose names were drawn, were about to be carried off, when three soldiers stepped to the front, and avowed themselves the instigators of the revolt. There was so much shame and contrition expressed by the *sieur moustaches*, that Murat was deeply moved. He stood silent a while, then ordered the three criminals to be taken to prison, to be shot the next morning. That same night, when every thing was quiet, except the measured step of the patrol, and the cry of the sentinels on the walls, Murat was seated in his apartment, while before him stood three grizzled veterans, cap in hand, weeping like children. It was not death that the heroes of Arcole and Marengo feared—it was to be disgraced to die the death of traitors; they wept, not for their fate, but for their crime!

"Listen!" said Murat. "I believe you are really sorry for what you have done, and I want to save your lives. To-morrow, at daybreak, you will be led out to execution, outside the city. I will take care there shall be no spectators. The platoon will fire on you with blank cartridges, and you must fall down, and remain motionless, till they march off the ground. A trusty man will be ready to put you into a close carriage; a vessel sails to-morrow for America, on board of which you will embark. Here is a purse of gold for each of you. Will you promise to behave yourselves?"

Every thing happened as he had arranged it; and Napoleon thanked Murat for having taken the lives of only three of his soldiers. The circumstances remained a secret till 1830, when Prince Achille Murat, walking one day in the suburbs of New Orleans, was caught in a shower. He sought shelter in the nearest house, a small and plain one; a man and wife, with their children, were the only inhabitants. The man had an austere, yet good-natured face, and that stiffish walk which an old soldier can never get rid of. The prince remarked that his host eyed him fixedly, and seemed strangely agitated. The prince, on the other hand, sitting by the humble hearth, cast his eyes round the room with the idle curiosity of a man who has nothing to do. He rose, for he saw on the walls some coarse engravings of Napoleon's generals and battles. Above them were placed, under a laurel crown, two portraits of Murat, as general, and as king. "Have you ever served France?" asked the prince. "Yes, sir," answered his host, not without embarrassment. "Where? and under whom?" "In Italy, under General Murat." The son of the soldier-king held out his hand to his father's old comrade. "Your name, my brave fellow?" "Claude Gérard; might I ask, sir, ——" "I am Achille Murat." "It is true, then, and my eyes did not deceive me! You are the son of my general, of my king, of my saviour! If I am now alive, if I have a wife and children, I owe it to him, and to

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him alone;" and thereupon the old soldier told the story we have sketched down, often interrupting it with blessings and exclamations of gratitude.

The prince, whose singular character, and aversion to society, led him to avoid the city, and wander about in the country, never, while he remained in America, found any roof more welcome, and visited none oftener, than that which covered the poor and humble abode of his father's old companion in arms.

HUMOURS OF AN IRISH STUDENT.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sung them with infinite pathos and humour; and the old woman at the corner of College Green was certain of an audience, when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jonglerie* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now, it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical *réunion* he had held at the corner of York Street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton Street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone, between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street of any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but, when in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any particular thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, agra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darlin'?" replied he sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intensely at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below; and then waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours!" "Blessed Virgin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing, to get near the important spot, was awful.

"Where did he come from?" "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" were the questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this? A culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities, and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well; and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Landor might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway, as raised their interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides—of the crime he was guilty—the sentence passed on him—and the day he was to suffer.

"Do ye see the light, dear," said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string; "do ye see the light; oh! he's fainted, the creature." A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by an universal shout of "Break open the street."

Pick-axes, shovels, spades, and crow-bars, seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigour that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving stones; parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole capable of containing a mail-coach, was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward, and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature. And now began a most terrific fray; the stones forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot, which had assumed a very serious character, got under. Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers, and changed his costume, and was relating over a supper table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.—*Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.*

GREAT EVENTS FROM TRIFLING CAUSES.

There is a tradition in Scotland, that a dram of brandy produced the restoration of Charles II. A messenger from the Parliament of England had brought letters to General Monk whilst he remained in Edinburgh. This messenger was also intrusted with dispatches to the governor of Edinburgh Castle, a circumstance which he mentioned to one of Monk's servants while on his journey. The man (a sergeant) saw something unusual in this, and prevailed upon his fellow-traveller to drink a dram of brandy with him at a neighbouring ale-house, where the messenger became ultimately so drunk that the sergeant was enabled to take the papers from his custody without detection. This done, he posted to his general with the packet, who, on perusing its contents, found an order for his arrest and detention in the castle. Policy and resentment at once directed the eyes of Monk to Charles Stuart, and his restoration succeeded.

THE EGGS AND THE HORSES.

[The following version of a popular English story, of which an outline is given in Grose's Dictionary, was one of the "speeches" at St Saviour's Grammar School in November 1837. The youthful author has already given to the world an attractive volume of versified fables, under the title of "Old Friends in a New Dress."*]

John Dobbins was so captivated
By Mary Trueman's fortune, face, and cap,
(With near two thousand pounds the hook was baited)
That in he popp'd to matrimony's trap.

One small ingredient towards happiness,
It seems, ne'er occupied a single thought;
For his accomplish'd bride
Appearing well supplied
With the three charms of riches, beauty, dress,
He did not, as he ought,
Think of ought else; so no inquiry made he
As to the temper of the lady.

And here was certainly a great omission;
None should accept of Hymen's gentle fetter,
"For worse or better,"
Whatever be their prospect or condition,
Without acquaintance with each other's nature;
For many a mild and quiet creature
Of charming disposition,
Alas! by thoughtless marriage has destroy'd it.
So, take advice; let girls dress e'er so tastely,
Don't enter into wedlock hastily
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week follow'd week, and, it must be confest,
The bridegroom and the bride had both been blest:
Month after month had languidly transpired,
Both parties became tired:
Year after year dragg'd on;
Their happiness was gone.

Ah! foolish pair!
"Bear and forbear"
Should be the rule for married folks to take.
But blind mankind (poor discontented elves!)
Too often make
The misery of themselves.

At length the husband said, "This will not do!
Mary, I never will be ruled by you:
So, wife, d'ye see?
To live together as we can't agree,
Suppose we part!"
With woman's pride,
Mary replied
With all my heart!"

John Dobbins then to Mary's father goes,
And gives the list of his imagined woes.
"Dear son-in-law!" the father said, "I see
All is quite true that you've been telling me;
Yet there in marriage is such strange fatality,
That when as much of life
You will have seen
As it has been
My lot to see—I think you'll own your wife
As good or better than the generality.

An interest in your case I really take,
And therefore gladly this agreement make:
An hundred eggs within this basket lie,
With which your luck, to-morrow, you shall try;
Also my five best horses, with my cart;
And from the farm at dawn you shall depart.
All round the country go,
And be particular, I beg;
Where husbands rule—a horse bestow,
But where the wives—an egg.
And if the horses go before the eggs,
I'll ease you of your wife—I will—I fegs!"

Away the married man departed,
Brisk and light-hearted:
Not doubting that, of course,
The first five houses each would take a horse.
At the first house he knock'd,
He felt a little shock'd,
To hear a female voice, with angry roar,
Scream out—"Hullo!
Who's there below?
Why, husband, are you deaf? go to the door,
See who it is, I beg."
Our poor friend John
Trudged quickly on,
But first laid at the door an egg.

I will not, all his journey through,
The discontented traveller pursue;
Suffice it here to say
That when his first day's task was nearly done,
He'd seen an hundred husbands, minus one,
And eggs just ninety-nine had given away.
"Ha! there's a house where he I seek must dwell,"
At length cried John; "I'll go and ring the bell."

The servant came—John ask'd him, "Pray,
Friend, is your master in the way?"
"No," said the man, with smiling phiz,
"My master is not, but my mistress is;
Walk in that parlour, sir, my lady's in it;
Master will be himself there—in a minute."
The lady said her husband then was dressing,
And, if his business was not very pressing,
She would prefer that he should wait until
His toilet was completed;
Adding, "Pray, sir, be seated."
"Madam, I will."
Said John, with great politeness; "but I own
That you alone
Can tell me all I wish to know;
Will you do so?
Pardon my rudeness,
And just have the goodness
(A wager to decide) to tell me—do—
Who governs in this house—your spouse, or you?"
"Sir," said the lady, with a doubting nod,
"Your question's very odd:
But as, I think, none ought to be
Ashamed to do their duty (do you see?)
On that account I scruple not to say
It always is my pleasure to obey.
But here's my husband (always sad without me);
Take not my word, but ask him, if you doubt me."
"Sir," said the husband, "'tis most true;
I promise you,
A more obedient, kind, and gentle woman
Does not exist."
"Give us your fist,"
Said John, "and, as the case is something more than common,
Allow me to present you with a beast
Worth fifty guineas at the very least.
There's Smiler, sir, a beauty, you must own,
There's Prince, that handsome black,
Ball the grey mare, and Saladin the roan,
Besides old Dunn;
Come, sir, choose one;
But take advice from me,
Let Prince be he;
Why, sir, you'll look the hero on his back."
"I'll take the black, and thank you too."
"Nay, husband, that will never do;
You know, you've often heard me say
How much I long to have a grey;
And this one will exactly do for me."
"No, no," said he,
"Friend, take the four others back,
And only leave the black."
"Nay, husband, I declare
I must have the grey mare."
Adding (with gentle force)
"The grey mare is, I'm sure, the better horse."
"Well, if it must be so—good sir,
The grey mare we prefer:
So we accept your gift." John made a leg;
"Allow me to present you with an egg;
'Tis my last egg remaining
The cause of my regaining,
I trust, the fond affection of my wife,
Whom I will love the better all my life.
Home to content has her kind father brought me;
I thank him for the lesson he has taught me."

R. S. S.

*London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

LORD ERSKINE'S LOVE OF ANIMALS.

"I dined to-day [a day in January 1808] at Lord Erskine's. It was what might be called a great opposition dinner. * * Among the light and trifling topics of conversation after dinner, it may be worth while to mention one, as it strongly characterises Lord Erskine. He has always expressed and felt a great sympathy for animals. He has talked for years of a bill he was to bring into parliament, to prevent cruelty towards them. He has always had several favourite animals to which he has been much attached, and of which all his acquaintance have a number of anecdotes to relate—a favourite dog, which he used to bring when he was at the bar, to all his consultations; another favourite dog, which, at the time when he was Lord Chancellor, he himself rescued in the street from some boys who were about to kill it, under pretence of its being mad; a favourite goose, which followed him wherever he walked about his grounds; a favourite macaw, and other dumb favourites without number. He told us now that he had got two favourite leeches. He had been blooded by them last autumn, when he had been taken dangerously ill at Portsmouth; they had saved his life, and he had brought them with him to town; had ever since kept them in a glass; had himself every day given them fresh water; and had formed a friendship with them. He said he was sure they both knew him, and were grateful to him. He had given them different names, Home and Cline (the names of two celebrated surgeons), their dispositions being quite different. After a good deal of conversation about them, he went himself, brought them out of his library, and placed them in their glass upon the table. It is impossible, however, without the vivacity, the tones, the details, and the gestures of Lord Erskine, to give an adequate idea of this singular scene."—*Sir Sam. Romilly's Memoirs.*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

His speech on dissolving parliament, April 20, 1653, is a burst of extraordinary eloquence:—"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonoured by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. You are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice that you do not possess? You have no more religion than my horse: gold is your god. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid profligates! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves, by your immoral principles and wicked practices? You, who were deputed here by the people to get grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house: and which, by God's help and the strength he has given, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! get ye out; make haste. Ye venal slaves, begone! So! take away that shining bauble (the mace) there, and look up the doors."

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE RAILWAYS.

WHEN a person, in travelling southwards, reaches the neighbourhood of Newcastle, he finds himself suddenly transported into the region of railways, in which not only a new kind of locomotion, but a new order of things generally, may be said to prevail. A railway region is a very different thing from a district of country still lying in its primitive simplicity of common roads and common means of transport. The change from the one condition of things to the other is very striking, and is attended with both ludicrous and melancholy effects. As I performed a journey of several hundred miles by railways in different directions, I beg to offer a few words on this rather interesting matter.

At present, England is in the course of being cut, bored, bridged, and banked, in nearly all directions by prospective railways, so that in a few years we shall be able to make excursions to the most remote quarters of the country with the greatest ease and expedition. Already I have spoken of the railway across the island from Carlisle, and this is the first which we stumble upon in going south. Adjacent to Newcastle there are several lines in operation, among which are one to Tynemouth, one to Sunderland, and a third which connects the Sunderland line with Durham. All these are, comparatively speaking, short railways. A line of grander character, called the North of England, is at present constructing from York northwards, and is designed to reach Newcastle; in a short time it will be opened as far as Darlington or Durham, and then, by means of the above-mentioned short railways, there will be an unbroken line of rails betwixt York and the Tyne. In travelling by coach southwards, we at different places see the line in active progress. Reaching York, a new railway awaits us, called the North Midland, which extends from that city to Derby, and is already opened at both ends, leaving about twenty miles in the centre in a state of forwardness. Proceeding by this line, and having arrived at Derby, we are next carried forward by the Birmingham and Derby Junction to a point on the London and Birmingham line, at a place called Hampton, and are thence sent directly onwards to London. We have, therefore, already, by these different lines, which, as may be supposed, are the property of different companies, an almost complete railroad from York to London, and soon another hundred miles will be added as far north as Newcastle, which, from certain ill-judged contentions of competing companies, must remain the limit in this direction for a number of years. Little doubt can be entertained that ultimately there will be a line from Newcastle to Edinburgh, either by the coast or through the interior; but before this, a railway from England will most likely have reached the west of Scotland.

In this rapid view of matters in the eastern and middle part of the country, I have only mentioned the great line, or, as it may be styled, one of the main arteries of the railway system; it remains to be told that the principal thoroughfare receives branches, or pushes forth extensions, at different places in its course, not the least important being a cross branch from Manchester to Sheffield, not yet finished; a short branch in extension of this from Sheffield, now in operation, and bringing hundreds of passengers to the Derby Junction daily, the point of influx being at Rotherham; and a branch from Nottingham, which strikes the line at Derby. The North Midland, likewise, is extended to Leeds; and when this portion is opened, as well as the above side branches, a prodigious increase will take place in the traffic by this great line of route.* The towns either actually upon the line or within a very short distance from it, are Leeds, Wakefield, Barnsley, Rotherham, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Belper, and Derby; and at the distance of a few miles are also the towns of Pontefract, Doncaster, Bawtry, Worksop, Mansfield, Bakewell, Matlock, Wirksworth, and Ashbourne. The North Midland Railway performs the important office of connecting the populous and wealthy districts employed in the woollen, the linen, and the cutlery manufactures of Yorkshire, and the hosiery, lace, and porcelain manufactures of Derby; and also, by means of the other railways joining it, will connect with the hardware manufactures of Birmingham, the hosiery and lace manufactures of Nottingham and Leicester, and the wool-growing districts of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire—all which places will have the most rapid and easy communication with London and the south and west of England. The entire length of the North Midland Railway from Leeds to Derby is seventy-two and a half miles.

So much for the eastern and midland division of the north of England. As is well known, the line from London to Birmingham, and the Grand Junction extended from it to Manchester, have been some time in effective operation, and these, with the railway from Manchester to Liverpool, may be called old-established concerns. Latterly, the Grand Junction, which strikes the Manchester and Liverpool at Warrington, has been extended by the addition of the North Union to Preston, passing Wigan in its course; and in a few months a new line will in addition be opened as far as Lancaster. Till the present time, the chief communication from the north with London takes place through this commodious channel. Reaching Preston by coach, the traveller is fairly embarked on the railway trains, and in ten hours reaches the metropolis, whence he may be transferred by other railways to different parts of the country.

It has been projected to carry a line of railroad from London to Cambridge, and so on in a straight course by Lincoln to York, where it will join the North of England, and thus form a distinct and great artery of communication northwards. But there is little chance of this being speedily performed, and, for a number of years to come, the entire transit from the metropolis in a northerly direction will be first by the London and Birmingham, and then by its two great tributaries—one from Derby, York, and Newcastle, and the other from Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster. This last mentioned will finally bring up the great bulk of the Scotch traffic from Dumfries, Paisley, Glasgow, and other western parts of the kingdom; and when this consummation is effected, the transit along the London and Birmingham, terminating at Euston Square on the northern side of the metropolis, will probably be augmented fourfold.

To give an idea of the effect of these inpourings of tributary branches, I may state what came under my observation in travelling southwards. The train with which I started from Sheffield, at about nine in the morning, consisted of six carriages, a number which was increased to eight at Rotherham, where the union with the Derby Junction takes place; at the town of Derby, the large station enclosure yielded a contribution of other five carriages, making up the number to thirteen. These were now rapidly whirled along through a fine piece of country, receiving an accession of passengers at every stopping place, till we reached Hampton on the London line. Here the train paused for about twenty minutes, till the train from Birmingham arrived, consisting of seventeen vehicles, exclusive of several trucks, bearing gentlemen's carriages and horses. A union of trains now took place, and produced a row of *thirty carriages* with trucks, resembling the side of a street in motion, and carrying along, as I calculated, from six to seven hundred passengers. This enormous mass, which was dragged along at the rate of at least twenty-three miles an hour by two locomotives, received accessions at some other stations on its way, and, finally, on reaching London, the debouche of passengers on the quay of the railway resembled the emptying of a crowded church. Nine trains go *down*, and nine *up* daily; and though seldom so large as this, the number of carriages being usually ten or twelve, yet the quantity of traffic, and interchange of passengers, between different parts of the country along the great line and its tributaries, are immense, and can be but faintly understood by those at a distance from the scene of action. The money drawn for passengers by the large train in which I reached London, could not be less than six hundred pounds. The weekly revenue of the London and Birmingham, alone, is upwards of L.16,000, and of the Grand Junction, L.9000. Five-and-twenty thousand pounds, weekly, on one extended thoroughfare! The fact is startling.

South and west from London various railways have been projected, and some are opened for short distances in their proposed course. Only one important line has been opened throughout its entire length, being that which extends from the vicinity of Vauxhall, near London, to Southampton, a distance of seventy-seven miles. This is a well-designed and well-constructed railway. It pursues a curved line over the flat downs and moors of Surrey, and by several deep cuttings in the chalky eminences, reaches the rich agricultural plains of Hampshire, and finally terminates in the beautiful vale of the Itchin, close by Southampton and its navigable waters. As an independent line, with no towns of any consequence in its course, Winchester alone excepted, and depending only on its own traffic, it may be pronounced the boldest undertaking of the kind which has yet been completed. I am glad to learn that there is every prospect of the success of this line of railroad. I travelled several short stages upon it at different times, and made one entire journey to and from its southern extremity. There is an arrangement upon it worthy of imitation. Instead of only two kinds of trains, there are three, which differ considerably in character. One is called the Fast Train, which stops at but a few places, and consists only of first-class carriages, with a carriage for servants; it performs the journey in three hours—fare 20s. The next kind are Stopping Trains, which take up and let down passengers at twelve stations on the route, and consist of both first and second class carriages—fares 18s. and 12s. And the third kind is a train for goods, with uncovered carriages, the fare with which is only 7s.; the accommodation being nevertheless equal in all respects to that of the outside of a stage-coach. Both in my *down* and *up* journey by the first-mentioned of these trains, there was a string of ten or twelve carriages, each holding eighteen persons; and at some of the stations, such was the press of passengers, that several were in each case left behind for lack of accommodation—a circumstance, by the way, which I never saw occur on any other railway, there being apparently, in all cases, an abundance of carriages at command. Fully as much revenue is, I believe, expected to be ultimately realised by the transit of goods as passengers by this line of convey-

* We write this, June 20, and observe by a newspaper announcement that the North Midland is to be opened throughout from Leeds to Derby on the 1st of July.

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ance. At Southampton, docks, and other accommodations for shipping, are in a state of active progress, and it is anticipated, that not only much of the trade of Portsmouth will centre here, but that many vessels from the Atlantic will prefer disloading at Southampton in preference to sailing up the Channel to the Thames, and that their cargoes will be sent overland by railway to London. I am not able to offer any definite opinion on this comprehensive scheme of operations, but it appears very evident, that unless Portsmouth protect itself by establishing an independent line of railroad to the metropolis, its aspiring neighbour, Southampton, will at no distant day sweep up a large share of its inland and external traffic. Already, as may be seen from public announcements, Southampton has become the chief centering point for intercourse with the Channel islands and with Havre, and when a railway from the last-mentioned place to Paris is completed, this must become a preferable route to France and the countries on the Mediterranean.

Of the short lines of railway connected with London, the principal is one of from four to five miles in length to Greenwich, and which appears about as visionary a speculation as can well be conceived, when put in competition with steam-boats, omnibuses, and other means of locomotion. It is laid entirely on brick arches, on a level with the tops of the adjacent houses, and must have cost much more money than sound prudence would have warranted. Yet this railway, after all, has its conveniences. The public have no reason to complain of it. From a motive of curiosity, I made a trip upon it last Whitmonday, which is a holiday of the working classes in London, and the occasion of a fair, or rather idle assemblage of people, in the town and park of Greenwich. It was computed that on this holiday occasion fifty thousand persons were carried by the different steam-boats to Greenwich from London; but this did not apparently diminish the vast crowds which pressed to the place of festivity by the railway. As a spectacle of a novel nature in connexion with the most wonderful improvement in the arts which has distinguished the present age, the scene of transit was of exceeding interest. For twelve or fourteen hours, a train was dispatched every fifteen minutes, returning as frequently; but for an hour or two at the period of greatest bustle, the dispatch was every five minutes. I happened to go in one of the five-minute trains. It consisted of fourteen carriages, each holding from thirty to forty persons, and was shot along its course, including a stoppage at the middle, in a quarter of an hour. The number of passengers by each train, of which this was a specimen, might be estimated at six hundred, yielding an aggregate fare of about five-and-twenty pounds. From morning to night, the entire number carried along and brought back could scarcely be fewer than fifty thousand, or equal to that carried by the boats. During the same day, there was a procession in carriages through the principal streets of London, of a much more agreeable kind—that of the members of the various temperance associations throughout the metropolis and its suburbs—and though this extended to several miles in length, and was composed of a vast multitude of well-dressed men and women, it did not seem to lessen the efflux towards the festivities at Greenwich.

The Greenwich railway affords a share of its terminus at London Bridge to a railroad which is designed to be carried to Brighton, but which in the mean time is opened only as far as Croydon. On the opposite or Middlesex side of the Thames, a short railway has been constructed between Blackwall and the city at a prodigious expense, through much valuable property. Another line, called the Eastern Counties, intended to proceed to Yarmouth, has been opened as far as Romford, where it is likely to stop for some time.

None of these lines of railroad is of such prospective importance as that which leaves the outskirts of the metropolis at Paddington, and is designed to reach across the country to Bristol; at present it is opened for only about thirty miles. The Great Western, as this line is termed, is one of the greatest and most expensive undertakings as yet set on foot. It pursues a course by Reading and Windsor to Bath, and so on to Bristol, forming a line of 117½ miles in length, and, with one or two tributaries, opening up the whole west of England from Glo'ster southwards to Exeter. I have heard it mentioned that the Great Western line alone will cost five millions of pounds; and on seeing the works, and learning the history of the concern, this sum appears by no means unreasonable. Whether from a crotchet, or the sound judgment of the engineer, the width between the rails has been made seven feet, while on all other railways in this country the width is between four and five feet; the carriages, therefore, which run upon the Great Western must be necessarily confined to itself. The main object contemplated in this extreme width was the laying on of a more powerful class of locomotives, and this has been so far accomplished; but it is extremely doubtful if the unwieldy size of the vehicles and other circumstances, do not form a drawback which will more than compensate the anticipated advantages. The rails by this line are not laid, as is usually the case, on transverse blocks of wood or masses of stone, but, like those of the Newcastle and Shields line, are placed on squared longitudinal beams of timber, secured at intervals by cross rivets of the same material. The motion is, nevertheless, from what cause I know not, only a little more rapid though not more easy than on the ordinary lines. The only difference in the carriages is, that four instead of three passengers sit in the breadth.

The speed at which the quickest-going trains on the various railways usually proceed, varies from twenty to thirty miles, but is sometimes as much as forty miles, per hour. Even in the most favourable instance, the rate of locomotion is greatly below what is possible. It is generally understood, that unless for stoppages, which cause a great slackening of speed, both in approaching and leaving stations, the rate of motion could be very easily sustained at fifty miles per hour. I have no doubt whatever that fast trains, which do not profess to stop on their journey excepting once in every thirty or forty miles for water, will ultimately, and if the public require it, proceed at a rate of sixty miles per hour. When this is accomplished, trains will regularly perform the journey from London to Edinburgh, all necessary stoppages included, in probably eight hours. According to the present comparatively slow rate of progression, the distance from London to Birmingham, which a year or two ago required twelve or fourteen hours by coach, is now performed in four hours and a half, and with perfect ease to the passengers.

The London and Birmingham line, which was the first completed after that of Manchester and Liverpool, has always appeared to me to be among the best managed of the various railways, as well as the most complete in all its arrangements. There are accommodations on this line which I have seen on no other. On all the lines there are waiting-rooms both for ladies and gentlemen at the different stations; but exclusively of these on this line, there is a large and commodious house of entertainment at the Birmingham terminus, where meals stand ready prepared for the passengers. At a place half way from the metropolis, and where the train stops ten minutes, there is likewise a large establishment in the form of an open booth or shop, where tea, coffee, or viands of a more substantial kind, with different liquors, are sold on the instant to those who require refreshment. It would be well if every long railway in the country had similar establishments at convenient distances.

Passengers who make the journey for the first time by the mail train, will be amused by observing a travelling post-office in the string of carriages. This "Grand Northern Railway Post-Office," as the inscription on its side denotes, is a carriage consisting of two small apartments, one of which is appropriated to the guard whose duty is to exchange the bags, and the other is fitted up with a table for sorting letters, and holes round the walls for their reception. The manner in which the duties of the clerk and guard are performed in this flying post-office, is strikingly significant of the new order of things introduced by the railway system. Outside the vehicle a species of net is extended by a hoop, and into this the letter-bags are dropped as the train sweeps onward in its course, the bags which are to be left being at the same time tossed from the window by the guard. The fresh bag of letters being received, it is speedily opened, its contents re-arranged, and a new bag for next town being made up, it is projected as before at the place of its destination. By this means a letter may be written, sent through the post-office, and delivered at the distance of twenty miles in the space of a single hour.

There are certain excellencies in the arrangements of all the railways which deserve to be mentioned. Each line, being the property of a private association, is secluded from one end to the other from the intrusion of the public, and therefore no jostling or confusion takes place either upon entering or leaving the carriages. The rails of one line, likewise, join those of another, by which means carriages generally proceed onwards without changing passengers or luggage. A carriage in which we took our seats at London carried us straight on to Preston—that is, along the lines of three companies. The extraordinary magnitude of the railway undertakings has enabled the directors to organise rules which could never be enforced in the irregular scramble of stage-coaching. It is customary to dress the subordinate functionaries on all the lines in a uniform resembling that of the London police—each man having his number inscribed in figures on some part of his dress; so that, if any one be guilty of incivility or inattention, he can be easily reported to his superiors. There is one delightful peculiarity in the arrangements, which is entitled to the highest commendation: it is the rule that no officer shall on any account take a fee from passengers, on pain of instant dismissal. Those who imagine that fees to guards, coachmen, or waiters, are requisite to ensure civility, will be surprised to find that railway attendants are infinitely more polite and attentive than their brethren of the coach conveyances. This, in itself, gives travelling by railway a great superiority over all other modes of public conveyance.

Talking of coachmen, reminds me of the wonderful change which has taken place in the fortunes of these personages near the great lines of railway in England. I heard of a town through which eighty stage-coaches used to pass daily to and from London: now there are only two. What a falling off for coaches! The men had ample reason to foresee the coming day of distress, but they made no provision against it. In the town just mentioned, a company of fifty guards and coachmen have adopted the expedient of public begging. They go about in a band, with trumpets and other instruments, like a knot of showmen or frozen-out gardeners, picking up a few odd pence and shillings. We may pity these men, but we should at the same time remember that their system was a demoralising one to a great degree, as, indeed, this resorting to mendicancy helps to prove. Their gains were in general much above the value of their services, and were realised in a degrading way. Hence, while many, no doubt, were decent and worthy men, many others were unsteady, and some acted in a manner absolutely ridiculous. I remember one personage who was afflicted with such a plethora of wealth, that all the buttons on his clothes were half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. But there was another, equally rich, who did things more genteely. On arriving at his destination, he threw down the reins with the air of a prince, touched his hat all round to the passengers, and having pocketed his contributions, took his place in a gig with a liveried servant, who was waiting for his arrival.

Many stories, equally deplorable, are told of the ruination of inns on the formerly leading lines of road. Some "houses" are entirely shut up, and others continue a feeble existence. One inn at W———, perhaps the largest and oldest-established in England, is at present about to be abandoned by its proprietor. Previous to the establishment of the adjoining railway, it maintained in daily use thirty pairs of post-horses, and now it scarcely gives employment to two. But these are a hundred such cases, as every traveller by the old lines of road can readily testify. If, however, there be some individual losses, there are evidently great public advantages from the railway establishments. Every where along the lines, and particularly at the stopping stations, improvements are less or more perceptible, and in some instances entirely new towns are rising into existence on the verge of the newly created thoroughfares. Trade, promoted by rapid personal transit and a cheap means of literary correspondence, is likewise acknowledged to be on the increase in every newly opened-up district. As yet, indeed, the great railway organisation in England, wonderful as is its extent and capacity, is only in its infancy, and a few years will necessarily be required for its perfection. When this period arrives, social improvement, in despite of every opposing principle, will be developed beyond the most sanguine expectations of its advocates.

A STORY OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF TERROR.*

WHILE residing at Nantes, I had repeatedly heard of a person, usually called the Wild Man of the Rocks, who had taken up his abode in a secluded cave, and had there passed many years, only issuing forth now and then by night to receive the means of sustaining life from the charity of the neighbouring villagers. It was well known that he had been a physician in Bretagne, at the era of the first Revolution, and that he had escaped in some extraordinary manner from the proscriptions of the terrible Carrier, one of the worst of the many wretches whom the agitations of that time raised to note and power, and who made the city of Nantes the scene of calamities far exceeding those of even Paris itself. But no one knew the particulars of the history of Lormet, as the old hermit was named. I was seized with a curiosity to see him, and, after some difficulty, not only accomplished my wish, but prevailed upon him to relate to me the events which had affected him so deeply as to cause his voluntary separation from the society of his fellow-creatures.

"I was thirty years old," said Lormet, whom I found to be no maniac, as some supposed, but a calm and thoughtful old man, "and was engaged in the exercise of my profession in that part of Bretagne called *La Vendée*, when the civil troubles began to desolate our unhappy province. A principal part of my employment consisted in my attendance upon the distinguished families of Josselin and Rochemaure, the existing members of which honoured me with their warmest friendship. These houses, connected by frequent former alliances, were about to be still more closely united by the projected marriage of Isidor de Josselin and Hortense de Rochemaure, the heirs of their respective families. The end of the year 1792 had been fixed upon for this union. Isidor, the eldest of three sons, was at this time only twenty-two years of age; but he had already given such indications of talent, and had exhibited so many virtues, as to be looked upon by the whole province as one destined to high distinction among his countrymen. Hortense was an orphan. She had reached the age of seventeen years, and lived with the Marquis de Rochemaure, her grandfather, by whom she was almost idolised; and if beauty and amiability of character could excuse a feeling so strong, Hortense was one well worthy of it. The betrothed pair had been fondly attached to one another from childhood, and every thing was full of smiling promise for their future happiness.

Such was the state of the two families when the standard of civil war was raised in the provinces, and a proclamation addressed to the gentry of Bretagne, calling upon them to take part with the *republic*. In the absence of her husband, who had gone abroad at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Madame Josselin repaired

* This tale is abridged from a French work, entitled "The Hermit in the Provinces," the production of M. E. Jouy, a well-known traveller in his native land.

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with her three sons to the chateau de Rochemaure, to take counsel with the old marquis as to the steps proper for herself and her family to adopt in the existing conjuncture. I was present (continued Lormet) at that consultation. The marquis advised Madame de Josselin herself to join her husband without delay. 'As to your sons,' said the marquis, 'they should remember the Athenian law, which condemned to death every citizen who did not take *one* side or another in times of civil trouble. They held it base in any one to wait till he saw what would be his interest, before declaring what his course was to be. Your sons are now old enough to judge of their duty, and they should follow it. For me, I am too old to bear arms in any cause, or to seek an asylum in a foreign land, and it is my resolve to wait here the issue of events in quietness, so long as I am permitted to enjoy it. But the issue, I fear, will be dark and calamitous to all France.'

Madame de Josselin adopted the counsel of the marquis, and left the country with her youngest son. Her two elder children, notwithstanding the prejudices of birth, had long been alive to the wrongs inflicted on the people of France by their superiors, and they gave in their adherence, accordingly, to the popular cause. Isidor was immediately named commandant of a volunteer battalion of the Loire, and at the head of it was sent to Mayence to join General Kleber. But the hope which the young man had entertained of being appointed to combat with his country's foreign enemies, was suddenly brought to an end. The garrison of Mayence, of which he formed a part, was ordered to La Vendée, the very province of his birth, and the abode of his Hortense. Against it was he to go as an enemy, and there to engage in mortal contest with his countrymen and friends. So deeply did this idea distress him, that, on reaching La Vendée with General Kleber, whose favour he had completely gained, Isidor made an appeal to his commander to be permitted temporarily to quit the army. But this appeal was met by a hint of the reflections which might be thrown out against him by others, especially as a battle was hourly expected; and Isidor at once saw that, at the moment at least, he could not honourably be relieved from his painful situation. He remained, was present at the engagement of Torfou, and had the honour of being advanced to the rank of chief-of-brigade by Kleber, for his conduct on the field. But Kleber was immediately called to the army of the north, and the subsequent disposition of things compelled Isidor to remain behind with his battalion. His entreaties procured a promise, however, that the general would send for him to the north within a month afterwards.

The inquiries of Isidor procured him intelligence respecting Hortense and her grandfather, that at once pleased and vexed him. He learnt that the neutrality preserved by the marquis had not saved him from suspicion, and that he had been compelled to quit his chateau, but had escaped with his grandaughter to some place not known. Trusting that they were in safety, the young soldier longed for the summons of Kleber, to take him from a scene where the fulfilment of his duty was so painful. But at this time Carrier, the execrable Carrier, came to Nantes. With the eagerness of a bloodhound, this man caused the republican soldiers to scour the country incessantly in search of prey. Isidor was forced to act under his orders for a few days, and was sent with his battalion to take the Castle of Clisson, where several Vendean chiefs, it was known, were accustomed to meet. When in action, Isidor forgot all but his immediate duty, and on this occasion he speedily made his way, at the head of a few of his men, into the castle. In a lower hall, he found five or six wounded Vendean officers. 'Surrender, gentlemen,' cried Isidor, 'and I pledge my word for the safety of your lives!' His men echoed the pledge. 'You promise more than you can perform,' replied an old Vendean officer, calmly. 'Once taken prisoners, we are in the hands of Carrier, not yours; and we must certainly perish on the scaffold. Permit us to go,' continued he after a pause, 'and we shall yield our arms, and engage never more to bear them against the republic.' This was all that Isidor desired from those whom he opposed in this civil struggle, and he consulted his comrades with the view of gaining their consent. Guided by him, they gave it at once, and the officers were told that they were at liberty to depart. Before going, however, the old officer again spoke. 'I have another prayer to make,' said he. 'Do not burn the castle. It was the cradle of a brave man, and such an edifice should be sacred.' Having said these words, he turned to Isidor, and whispered a brief sentence in his ear, after which he departed with his friends.

That whisper affected Isidor most painfully. He became deadly pale, and staggered back, as if struck by a cannon-shot. The sound of fire-arms recalled him to activity, if not to composure, and he rushed out to discover the cause. Alas! the poor Vendeans had been observed by others of the investing band, and, before a word of explanation could pass, had been shot on the spot. Immediately afterwards, the whole of the soldiers entered the castle, and a search commenced, in which the young commander, contrary to his usual custom, appeared to take the most active share. Under the plea of anxiety to fulfil his duty, he allowed no one to search but with himself. The task at length was finished, and then the troop, according to their usual custom, proceeded to set the place on fire. Isidor addressed them in opposition to this design. He called to their recollection its founder, Oliver de Clisson, the terror of the Flemings, and scourge of the English; and concluded by saying, that, in any case, they ought not to destroy the castle except by express orders, especially as he had proposed to occupy it as a favourable station for continuing the war. This little harangue had the desired effect. The castle was evacuated, and Isidor made all possible haste to report the issue of the expedition to the officer above him in command, who, at the young soldier's own suggestion, sent him back with a single picquet of cavalry, to occupy Clisson and its neighbourhood. Isidor established his men in a building at the end of the park, and then took an opportunity of entering alone the deserted castle.

The scene which then took place is not to be described. There Isidor, as he had been warned by the Vendean chief, found his beloved Hortense and her grandfather, concealed in the secret chamber where the family papers were kept. It may be imagined with what terror the proposal to burn the castle inspired him. The secreted pair, he found, had been prepared to fly in the garb of peasants towards Paris, just before the castle was taken. Now, the scheme was renewed. Isidor, over whose mind the remembrance of the terrible Carrier threw an inexpressible degree of alarm, counselled flight on the following day. This being arranged, he tore himself from them, to avoid raising suspicion. An awful shock awaited him on rejoining his men. A paper was handed to him, containing these words:—'By order of the representatives of the people, Carrier and Francastel, the chief-of-battalion, Josselin, will instantly arrest and conduct towards Nantes, the rebel Rochemaure, whom he will find concealed in the Castle of Clisson,' &c. The unhappy young officer, as soon as night fell, returned to the castle, and without being able to articulate a word, placed the order in the hands of M. de Rochemaure. 'I expected it,' said the old man, calmly. Hortense saw by the looks of her lover that something alarming had occurred. 'Tell me, Isidor, what has happened! Tell me, I conjure you!' The youth turned away his head, but the marquis answered for him. 'It would be of no avail to conceal it. The poor boy has received orders, my child, to arrest me.' Hortense gave a cry of poignant distress, and threw her arms around her grandsire. 'We must all fly instantly,' cried Isidor, starting as if from stupor; 'the park adjoins a forest, which I have well examined. We can find temporary safety there, at least, and may afterwards reach the hamlet beyond.' 'That is what I was about to propose,' said the old marquis. 'You have no other way, Isidor, of saving your wife—yes, your *wife*; for, from this moment, Hortense is yours, and you must answer for her protection before heaven and before men!' Such a thought was capable of giving pleasure to the unfortunate pair, even in that hour of distress; and they kneeled down to receive the old man's blessing. Having given this with tears, the marquis continued to enjoin the necessity of flight. 'My father,' exclaimed Hortense, 'you do not speak of yourself.' The marquis now pointed out the necessity of their separation. He said that his age and infirmities would but impede their flight, and render it vain; and that he himself would even be safer alone. To all this Hortense had but one reply, 'No, no, I will never quit you! never!'

An hour was spent by the marquis in endeavouring to combat this resolve of his grandchild. The period of safety was fast passing by, for Isidor had been informed that Carrier's detestable body-guard were to come at morning to meet him and receive his prisoners. At length, finding Hortense still resolute, the marquis arose, and, saying solemnly, 'Isidor, remember your duty to your wife,' went into a little side apartment. In an instant, the sound of a pistol indicated that the old man had sacrificed himself to terminate the scruples of his grandchild, and enable her to be saved!

It was with great difficulty, and only after a long delay, that Isidor could separate Hortense from the body of her unfortunate parent. But he finally prevailed upon her to quit the castle. The pair entered the forest, and after walking till dawn, reached the banks of the Loire at the village of Broussards. They had the hope, if they could procure a boat to convey them across the river, that they would then be in comparative safety; and they were on the point of entering one, when some soldiers, belonging to one of the roving bands of the republican army, were drawn to the spot. The extraordinary beauty of Hortense attracted the admiration of these ruffians, and they attempted to stop the embarkation. Isidor ordered them to desist, announcing himself as the commandant of Clisson; but his words only bred suspicion, and he was compelled to draw his sword and repel them by force. More of the wretches came to the spot, however, and the unhappy lovers were both seized and hurried off to Nantes, which was close by, for examination. The anxiety of any person to escape was in these times fit cause for apprehension and execution.

On that day (continued Lormet) I myself had been thrown into prison. I was seated on a bench amid a crowd of other unfortunates, not one of whom had even a hope of life, when my attention was attracted by a conversation close behind me. 'We shall at least die together, Isidor,' said a low female voice. 'No, no, you shall not die, Hortense!' was the reply; 'so much youth, and beauty, and innocence, must find grace even with these monsters.' 'If you love me, Isidor, do not even wish such a thing! I have seen my father expire, and death awaits my husband—yes, my husband, Isidor, and no power shall prevent me sharing his fate.' The two speakers wept for a time in each other's embrace. 'But what a death, Hortense!—oh, you know not all its horrors!' 'We may escape, Isidor,' said she, in a whisper almost of exultation; 'we are not without the *means*.' I turned round as she spoke, and saw that her features bore the marks of the deepest despair.

It was now that I spoke to the ill-fated lovers, and that the deed was consummated which has made me spend my days in solitary prayer far from the dwellings of men. Isidor and Hortense knew me instantly, and, in the contemplation of my misfortunes, forgot their own for a moment. But this forgetfulness could not last long. I told them I had overheard all, and Isidor, with indescribable eagerness, besought me, if I could, to rescue Hortense from the horrible indignities of a death such as Carrier gave his victims. I understood him too well. About my person I had a small quantity of poison—the necessity was dreadful. Why linger on the issue? Believing that I was conferring a benefit, and indeed feeling that I was making a great personal sacrifice, I gave it to the unhappy pair. It saved them from all sense of the barbarities that followed in a few hours, when one hundred and twenty-five unfortunates, men, women, and children, were taken on board a boat, tied together by pairs, and drowned in the Loire, in presence of Carrier and his band. The accompanying brutalities of the scene are not to be told. These were the too famous *Noyades* (drownings) of La Vendée!

I saw (concluded Lormet) the bodies of Isidor and Hortense committed to the waters of the Loire. I myself underwent the same doom, but by a train of accidental circumstances, which have no particular interest, found myself rescued from death. For all that has happened to myself, I might still be among men, but I prefer to remain in solitude, and feed my thoughts with the remembrance of the unhappy pair with whose fate I was connected—a pair such, in person and mind, as heaven has seldom lent to earth."

MEMOIRS OF A RUSSIAN LADY OF HONOUR.*

The Princess Daschkaw was the intimate friend of one of the most remarkable personages of modern history, Catherine II., Empress of Russia. The vices which stained the character of Catherine as a woman, cannot prevent the world from taking a strong interest in her as the able and successful ruler of a great empire; and hence we peruse these volumes with no slight degree of curiosity.

The Princess Daschkaw was of the Worontzow family, one highly distinguished in the Russian annals, and several members of which were in office under the Empress Elizabeth, at the period of our heroine's birth, which took place in 1744. She was therefore much about the court even from her infancy. When little more than fifteen, she was married to her countryman, Prince Daschkaw, to whom she was ever fondly attached. A story is told by her, which gives a striking proof of her conjugal affection in the early years of her wedded life. After a temporary absence from Moscow, where his family then lived, the prince returned to it in a state of ill health; and being unwilling to alarm the princess, at that time in a situation requiring such caution, drove first to his aunt's house. A giddy servant girl informed the poor young wife of his illness and secret return, and her fears magnified the danger so greatly, that, in spite of her condition, she left her chamber, and rushed through the streets to the house where the prince was. "I know not (she says) how I scrambled up a high flight of steps which led to my husband's apartment. All I can tell is, that, on entering, I saw him pale and extended on his bed. I caught but a momentary glimpse, and fell lifeless on the floor, and in this state was conveyed home in a litter." Prince Daschkaw believed at first that he had seen a vision, but he followed her home instantly. His complaint being infectious, he was not allowed to see his wife, and the pair had to content themselves with writing to each other hourly. Happily, both of them recovered. After "forty long years of sorrow" for her husband's loss, the princess remembered these things, she says, with profound pleasure; and we confess to have been also pleased, as well as prepossessed in her favour, by finding, on the threshold of her memoirs, this strong, though certainly very foolish, proof of her affectionate disposition and conjugal tenderness.

Catherine, afterwards Empress of Russia, was at this time grand-duchess, being wife to Peter, nephew and heir-apparent of the reigning sovereign Elizabeth. The circumstance which first drew the notice of Catherine to the Princess Daschkaw is worthy of notice. "At the period of which I am speaking, there were not two women in the empire, excepting the grand-duchess and myself, who occupied themselves at all in serious reading; here was a point of mutual attraction." The grand-duchess had abundance of time to devote to the amusement, for she was hated and deserted by her husband, a person described by the princess, and with justice, as an annoying blockhead. The two principal features in his character

* Memoirs of the Princess Daschkaw, &c. Henry Colburn, London. 2 vols. 1840.

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were, a strong love of all things military, and an intense admiration of the Prussians, whose sovereign he actually termed "the King my Master." He was perpetually surrounded by a band of officers, "who had been for the most part *corporals* or sergeants in the Prussian service, the truant sons of German shoemakers, and such as had risen from the very dregs of the people." With these personages, "over punch, tea, and tobacco," and engaged in ridiculous games, the grand-duke passed his whole time. The Princess Daschkaw was compelled to be sometimes present at these entertainments, and was so little able to conceal her contempt for the entertainer, as to give him replies now and then that caused his very familiars to stare, and exclaim, "What a spirit that woman has!" When the Empress Elizabeth was on her death-bed, the prospect of danger to the grand-duchess Catherine, from the accession of her husband to power, greatly alarmed the Princess Daschkaw. The revolution that overturned the government of a great empire, was concocted by this active and energetic woman, who, on hearing that the empress was certainly dying, proceeded, in the middle of a winter night, to the palace of the grand-duchess. The latter was in bed. "'My dearest princess,' said she, 'before you tell me what brings you out at such an extraordinary hour, endeavour to warm yourself; you are, indeed, too negligent of your health, which is so precious to us all.' She then bade me get into the bed, and having well muffled up my feet, she at length allowed me to speak." In this somewhat odd position, these two women first openly spoke of overthrowing the succession to the throne of Russia.

Peter, however, at first obtained the sceptre peaceably. Immediately afterwards, he began to annoy and disgust every body. His passion for military parade proved ludicrously troublesome to various respectable old gentlemen who had all their days been peaceful civilians. "I could not help smiling when I perceived the old prince Troubetskoy, who was at least seventy years of age, suddenly metamorphosed into a military character, and now, for the first time in his life, arrayed in full uniform, braced tight as a drum, booted and spurred, and prepared for desperate combat. This fearful vision was one of the dauntless warriors of the court of Peter." These and many worse propensities of the czar offended and alarmed the country, and paved the way for the revolution. This event was finally effected by a dashing stroke of the Princess Daschkaw. Having sounded the Ismaeloffsky guards, and found their disposition favourable, she boldly ordered them out to receive the empress-consort, on her entering the capital from Peterhoff. The guards obeyed; they received Catherine with shouts, and, being joined by the people, at once proclaimed her the head of the empire. Peter was thrown into confinement, and was soon after most barbarously murdered. The princess assuredly had nothing to do with this matter, and she also declares the empress entirely innocent of all share in it. Such may be the case, but it is undeniable that the Orloffs, on whom the princess lays the guilt, were both before and afterwards the unworthy favourites of the empress. In whatever manner it may be palliated, the murder of Peter reflects indelible disgrace on Catherine.

We have perhaps spent too much time upon this matter, but our excuse is, that the compassing of this revolution, by which Russia was saved from a probably long career of gross tyranny, was the great event of the Princess Daschkaw's life. She lost her husband early, and in 1769 made a journey through Europe, which she repeated a few years afterwards, chiefly for the benefit of her children's health and education. She visited France, and became intimate with many distinguished persons, among others Diderot and Voltaire. On being first introduced to the latter, she found him in very bad health. "He was supported into the room by his valet-de-chambre, and placed on his *knees* in a great chair, over the back of which he leant, and continued opposite to me in this uneasy posture during the whole of supper-time. This sort of constraint, perhaps, disappointed a good deal the expectations I had formed from this visit." On first hearing the princess speak, he behaved most characteristically. "He disconcerted me excessively by raising up his arm in a theatrical manner, and with a tone of astonishment exclaiming, 'What is this I hear! even her very voice is the voice of an angel!' As I came only to admire *him*, to be flattered so extravagantly was certainly the last thing in my thoughts —and so I believe I told him." Voltaire, she also tells us, was much afraid of the ingenious trickery of a neighbour, M. Hubert, "who had a little favourite dog with which he used to divert himself at the other's expense by making him snap at a piece of cheese, which, after two or three twists in his mouth, turned out so exact a likeness of Voltaire, that one would have said it was a miniature copy of the famous bust of Pigal."

Another incident of her travels, of a still more diverting description, may here be cited:—"At Dantzig, where we were to remain a couple of nights, we lodged at the Russian hotel, the most considerable in the place. On being shown into the large eating-room, I was struck with two pictures, the subjects of which were battles lost by the Russian troops, who were represented in groups of dead and dying, or on their knees, supplicating mercy of the victorious Prussians. I was so scandalised at the figure my countrymen here made, in the sight of travellers of all nations who frequented this hotel, that I seriously set about upbraiding M. Rebender, our chargé d'affaires, for allowing such an abominable monument of our disgrace to exist. He gravely replied that it was quite out of his province to repress grievances of such a nature; 'but, madam,' said he, 'you are not the only one whom these battles have offended: Alexis Orloff, when he passed through Dantzig some time ago, was at this same hotel, and was no less indignant at the pictures than yourself.' 'Why did he not, then, buy them,' said I, 'at any price, and throw them into the fire? Were I a twentieth part as rich, I would do so in a moment; but, as that is not the case, I must have recourse to a plan which will, perhaps, answer as well.' As soon as our resident left us, I commissioned two gentlemen, MM. Woltchkoff and Schtellin—both belonging to our embassy at Berlin, whither they afterwards accompanied us—to buy me some oil colours, blue, green, red, and white; and as soon as supper was over, and we had well barricaded the doors, these gentlemen, who knew how to handle a pencil, assisted me in regaining these lost battles, by changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniforms of our Russian heroes. It cost us the whole night to achieve this twofold victory; and it must have occasioned no little surprise and curiosity among the good people of the house, to find that three of our party were thus locked up together, and their dull room, hitherto the refuse of the yawning traveller, lighted up all night, and suddenly become the theatre of some mysterious mirth. For my part, the idea so enchanted me, that I was like a truant child, both fearful and triumphant at the frolic. The next day, I had my trunks unpacked in this same field of battle, as the only excuse I could offer for keeping every one out of it but those of our party and the two companions of my prowess."

The princess visited Scotland in 1778, and placed her son for a time at the University of Edinburgh, under the charge of Principal Robertson. "The very names (says she) of Robertson, Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson, are sufficient to denote the privilege and pleasure I enjoyed in their society." She herself was universally admired, alike for her wit and extensive intelligence, as for her qualities of heart, her uprightness, and her benevolence. On returning to Russia, she received many marks of favour from Catherine, and at last that all-powerful personage, having the belief, not unsupported by personal experience, that women could manage all sorts of affairs as well as men, actually named the princess "Director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences!" To do the princess justice, she obstinately resisted this nomination. "Appoint me (said she) directress of your majesty's washerwomen, and you shall see with what zeal I am capable of serving you." But the empress was peremptory, and the princess was obliged to succumb. Once satisfied of the necessity for assuming the office, she turned to the duties of it with her usual promptitude and good sense. Accompanied by the illustrious Euler, she took her place at the head of the Academy, and addressed them in a harangue full of point and force. The Academy was then in a state at once of decay and corruption. "I am resolved to allow not the smallest peculation (said she) in the offices." The academy was in debt, and that deeply, and its publications had been stopped. The princess again published the Transactions of the body, and, in order to pay the debt, "had recourse to the expedient of offering those books for sale which were issued from the academic press, at thirty per cent. lower than the established prices. From this source I had soon the means of paying these debts, of raising the stipends of all the professors, and also of establishing three new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry, and natural history, which were delivered gratuitously." In short, the princess put the academy to rights in *one* year, without any external aid whatever. An extraordinary sight it must have been to see the ablest men in the country standing idly by, totally unable to help themselves, while this talented woman was actively and successfully labouring to relieve them.

The Princess Daschkaw survived her mistress, and was exiled under Paul, a doom from which she was freed by Alexander. She spent the greater part of her advanced life at Troitskoe, her estate near Moscow; and here she was living in 1803, when visited by Miss M. Wilmot (now Mrs W. Bradford) a young English lady whose relatives she knew, and who has acted as editor of these Memoirs, intrusted to her for the purpose by the princess. The following excellent sketch of the latter in her advanced days, is from the pen of Miss Wilmot's sister:—"I wish you were to see the princess go out to take a walk, or rather to look over her subjects. An old brown greatcoat, and a silk handkerchief about her neck worn to rags, is her dress; and well it may be worn to rags, for she has worn it eighteen years, and will continue to wear it as long as she lives, because it belonged to her friend Mrs Hamilton. There is an originality in her appearance, in her manner of speaking, in her doing every description of thing, which distinguishes her from every creature I ever knew or heard of. She helps the masons to build walls, she assists with her own hands in making the roads, she feeds the cows, she composes music, she writes for the press; she talks out loud in the church, and corrects the priest if he is not devout; she talks out loud at her little theatre, and puts in the performers when they are out in their parts; she is a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a farrier, a carpenter, a magistrate, a lawyer—in short, she daily practises every species of incongruity; corresponds with her brother, who holds the first post in the empire; with authors, with philosophers, with Jews, with poets, with her son, with all her relatives; and yet appears as if she had her time a burden on her hands. She gives me continually the idea of her being a fairy; and I protest it is not jokingly that I say so, for the impression never quits me for a moment."

The princess died in 1810. To the memoir of her life, there is appended a considerable amount of correspondence, and also an interesting narrative of the editor's own stay in Russia. Were it but for this narrative alone, the work would be well worthy of the public notice. We conclude with an extract illustrative of Russian despotism:—"It is well known that, during the reign of Peter I., it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles who offended him, by an imperial order that they should become *fools*; from which moment, the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, instantly became the laughing-stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying every thing he chose, at the peril, however, of being kicked or horsewhipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation; every thing he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms sneered at, and commented on, as marvellous proofs of understanding in a fool. The Empress Anne surpassed this abominable cruelty, but sometimes mingled in her practices so much of oddity, that it was impossible not to be entertained. Once she decreed that a certain Prince G—— should become *a hen*, to punish him for some trifling misdemeanour; and for this purpose, she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs inside, to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit upon this nest, and render himself to the last degree ridiculous, by imitating the cackling of a hen. This same empress was very fond of the Countess Tchernicheff, and frequently ordered her into her presence, to divert her by her amusing conversation. This poor lady became, however, exceedingly unwell, and her legs swelled so violently, as to make it quite a martyrdom for her to stand. The empress, never conceiving the possibility of a subject being tired in the presence of her sovereign, and not wishing to deprive herself of the entertainment she experienced in her society, for a long time saw her suffering before her eyes, without offering the slightest relief. One day, however, perceiving her ready to faint, and vainly trying to support herself, first on one foot and then on the other, yet still forcing her spirits into gaiety, the empress took compassion on her poor favourite, and said, 'Thou mayest lean upon that table, and Anna Ivanovna (her majesty's chief attendant) shall stand before thee, and screen thee from me, so that I may not see thy attitude.' With this anecdote of a female despot, we close these entertaining memoirs.

POETRY OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

The scholarship, integrity, and general talent of George Buchanan, are universally acknowledged; but few persons are aware that his character had its soft as well as its stern features, and that he was a dramatic and lyrical poet whose strains must have still been familiar to his countrymen, if they had chanced to be expressed in a language readily and generally intelligible. He had studied the Greek and Roman poets, not as a pedagogue, but as a man of poetic feeling and power, and it was rather his misfortune than his choice that, neglecting his own homely vernacular, he composed his verses in Latin. We propose to introduce, in this place, a few specimens of his poetic talents, in an English dress, that our readers may form some acquaintance with those portions of his character which we have remarked to be at present generally unknown. Here, of course, we must fail in a great measure to convey a due impression of the exquisite felicity of his language; but it may be possible to give some notion of the style of his ideas.

He has many sprightly and graceful lyrics addressed "to Neæra," some of them in a strain only too voluptuous for modern taste. Whether this was a creature of his imagination or the object of a real passion, his biographers do not inform us; but assuredly the latter case seems the more probable one, when we consider the earnestness with which he addresses her. In one, of which we give a translation by the late Mr Robert Hogg of Peeblesshire, there is, it is true, some trace of the conceit of the Cowley school, but it is elegant and playful conceit:—

My wreck of mind, and all my woes,
And all my ills, that day arose,
When on the fair Neæra's eyes,
Like stars that shine,
At first, in hapless fond surprise,
I gazed with mine.

When my glance met her searching glance
A shivering o'er my body burst,
As light leaves in the green woods dance,
When western breezes stir them first;
My heart forth from my breast to go,
And mix with hers, already wanting,
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,
With eager fondness leaping, panting.

Just as a boy, whose nourice woos him,
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,
Heeds not caresses from another,
But turns his eyes still to his mother,

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When she may once regard him watches,
And forth his little fond arms stretches;
Just as a bird within the nest
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,
Its weak wings on its tender breast
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing
To live at peace from all ensnaring,
That thou might'st never mischief catch,
Placed'st you, unhappy eyes, to watch
With vigilance that knew no rest,
Beside the gateways of the breast;
But you, induced by dalliance deep,
Or guile, or overcome with sleep,
Or else have, of your own accord,
Consented to betray your lord;
Both heart and soul then fled and left
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep; use is there none,
To think by weeping to atone;
Since heart and spirit from me fled,
You move not by the tears you shed;
But go to her, entreat, obtain:
If you do not entreat and gain,
Then will I ever make you gaze
Upon her, till in dark amaze
You sightless in your sockets roll,
Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,
As I have been deprived of heart and soul.

It is not unworthy of remark, that Milton alludes to this heroine of Buchanan in the well-known passage—

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

The Ode on the First of May is one of the most poetical of the productions of Buchanan. It has been beautifully translated by Archdeacon Wrangham, as follows:—

Hail! sacred thou to sacred joy,
To mirth and wine, sweet First of May!
To sports, which no grave cares alloy,
The sprightly dance, the festive play!

Hail! thou, of ever-circling time
That gracest still the ceaseless flow!
Bright blossom of the season's prime,
Aye hastening on to winter's snow!

When first young Spring his angel face
On earth unveil'd, and years of gold
Gilt with pure ray man's guileless race,
By law's stern terrors uncontroll'd:

Such was the soft and genial breeze,
Mild Zephyr breathed on all around;
With grateful glee, to airs like these
Yielded its wealth th' unlabour'd ground.

So fresh, so fragrant is the gale,
Which o'er the Islands of the Blest
Sweeps; where nor aches the limbs assail,
Nor age's peevish pains infest.

Where thy hush'd groves, Elysium, sleep,
Such winds with whisper'd murmurs blow;
So, where dull Lethe's waters creep,
They heave, scarce heave, the cypress-bough.

And such, when heaven with penal flame
Shall purge the globe, that golden day
Restoring, o'er man's brighten'd frame
Haply such gale again shall play.

Hail, thou, the fleet year's pride and prime!
Hail, day which Fame should bid to bloom!
Hail, image of primeval time!
Hail, sample of a world to come!

Buchanan also wrote a longer and more elaborate poem on May-day, which has never, as far as we know, been published in an English form. Of this poem the late Professor Christison of the University of Edinburgh was an enthusiastic admirer: he used to recite portions of it to his class, at the same time pointing out its many beauties. From a manuscript translation by Mr Hogg, we present a few of the descriptive passages:—

Now sports invite, and with them move along
The freakish dance, and soothing love and song,
And joy, which not its usual check restrains,
In riotous indulgence boundless reigns. * *
The stormy clouds float now in fleecy wreaths,
Among the leaves a breeze more gentle breathes;
Robes of a lovelier green the earth array
More plenteous foliage the woods display,
And o'er gay fields are cattle sporting gay;
The horse, from toil set free, upon the plain
Gambols, and tosses oft his flowing mane. * *
Now in the shade, the shepherd, stretch'd along,
Dispels solicitude with artless song,
Or lists its murmurs as the streams flows by,
Or sleep invites 'mong fragrant grass to lie.
The angler, sitting by the placid brook,
Watches his slender tremulous line; his hook,
That tells its errand, lingers to repair,
Or loosens ravell'd lines with cautious care.

To the tree planted near, the vine-twig cleaves,
And clothes its naked trunk with borrow'd leaves;
The apple blossoms paint the grove; the vine
Prepares its clusters; rich in prospect shine
The sunny fields, and Tityrus prepares
For you white lilies, Thestylis, and bears
Fruits of a mingled gold and purple hue,
In basket wove of shrubs on which they grew;
The swallow and the nightingale he brings,
And pigeons with their young beneath their wings. * *

One of the dramas of Buchanan is formed upon the death of the Baptist, which our poet represents as chiefly brought about by two priests of the temple. In these personages there can be no doubt that Buchanan described bigots of his own age and of the faith which he had himself deserted; that he thus made a shrewd guess at the characters of the persecutors of an earlier day, no reader of the present age can doubt, for characters absolutely identical are every where seen around us. The tragedy of "Jephthah," as might be expected from the subject, is of tenderer interest, and presents many eloquent passages. The following extract contains perhaps one of the most beautiful—a lamentation over the fallen state of Israel, by a band of Hebrew maidens, who serve in this play the purpose of the chorus in the Greek drama:—

Oh! river Jordan, whose clear wave
Our vales of beauty waters,
Hear those who now an answer crave,
A choir of Judah's daughters:
And thou, whose leaf-enshrouded peak
With snows is never hoary,
From out thy palmy forests speak,
Oh Sion, mount of glory!
Shall ever our tear-laden eyes
Behold that blissful morrow,
Which frees our land from foreign ties,
And breaks her bonds of sorrow?
The noble race of Israel pines,
By base oppressors wounded,
And *they* who spurn'd proud Pharaoh's lines
Of chariots, spear-surrounded—
Who passed the Red Sea's stormy crowd
Of billows, deep-divided,
And 'mid the desert sands unplough'd
Without dismay abided—
Who bore without alarm the sight
Of monstrous giant races—
They of the timid Ammonite
Now drag the chariot-traces!
No greater shame than this, the base
To serve with tame devotion!
But Thou, great Sire, whose voice allays
The dark and troubled ocean,
Or can from slumbering calm upraise
Its waves to wild commotion—
Who shak'st the firm and stable land
Down to its deep foundations,
And of the mobile, starry band
Controllest the mutations—
Oh, let the ills thy people bear
Avert thine angry glances,
And free us, by thy helping care,
From all our sad mischances.

We propose to add but one other specimen: it is a description, by a messenger, of the conduct of the Hebrew maid, when, in accordance with her father's vow, she prepares to die at the altar. The translation of the above and of the following piece is from a manuscript by Mr Thomas Smibert:—

When the doom'd maid before the altar stood,
Her cheek, unused to meet the common eye,
Was deeply mantled o'er with modest blood,
Like Indian ivory stain'd with purple dye,
Or roses mingled with the lily's snow;
But on her face, along with this chaste glow,
An air of dauntless resolution shone,
And while all wept, she tearless stood alone;
With downward gaze, prepared to meet her fate,
While all the people mourn'd her sad estate.
Some there recall'd the father's recent deed,
Through which the land from bondage had been freed,
Then thought how dark would be his home, and lone,
With that bright flower, its pride, for ever gone!
Some mourn'd the dark vicissitudes of fate,
Which makes awhile the heart of man elate,
Then tempers all his hopes with sharp annoy,
And clouds with years of grief his day of joy.
Others bewail'd the victim's piteous case—
Thought of her youthful loveliness and grace,
Her starlike eyes and flowing hair of gold,
And heart above a woman's nature bold.
It seem'd, indeed, as Heaven had deign'd to shed,
In that last hour, new charms around her head;
As the sun's splendour deepens, when he laves
His burnish'd tresses in the western waves;
Or as the rose, when days of flowers are o'er,
Seems to the sense still sweeter than before.
So, standing thus upon the verge of death,
Prepared and willing to resign her breath,
Untouch'd by fear, she drew the awe-struck gaze,
And solemn silence fell on all, and deep amaze. * *
Lifting her eyes to heaven, the high-soul'd maid
With holy lips, and steady accents, pray'd:
"Eternal Sire, and Architect of all,
Incline an ear unto thy servant's call;
Look down in pity on this erring race,
And let my spirit meet a Father's grace.
Oh! if thine ire still unappeased remain,
Whate'er the doom reserved to cleanse the stain
Of leaving thee for gods of stone and clay,
May this my blood the hand of justice stay!
Oh! that not once alone the stream could flow!—
If Judah's land may buy redemption so,
Let all thy anger, Lord, descend on me,
Although a thousand deaths the price should be!"
Then cried she to the priest, who shook with fear,
"Approach! there is no cause for terror here!
Throw ope the gates that shut the soul in clay,
And let my spirit leave this earthly day,
That so my parent's vow from all may pass away!"

DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.

The following very luminous "Description and History of England," was lately written as a school essay by a young lady in London, of eleven years of age:—

"The chief town of England is London. It is a merry, busy place. There are a great many people in it. It is very sooty. There are no fields in London, but it is full of houses; and there are several parks and squares for the people to walk in. The country is quite different from London. It is full of fields, which are divided by hedges. There are four seasons in England: spring, summer, autumn, and winter. In spring, the leaves of the trees become green, and there are buds to the flowers. In summer, the flowers are in blossom, the birds sing, and the fruit, which was green in spring, gets quite ripe. England has had thirty-two kings, besides three queens. The kings' names are William the First, who built the Tower of London, and made Doomsday-Book. He also made a law which divided the land between earldoms, knights, and baronets. William the Second was killed by an arrow whilst he was hunting in the New Forest. He built Westminster Abbey for his dining-room, which was two hundred feet long. He reigned thirteen years. He was the brother of three other boys, the youngest of whom died young. His father ascended the throne in 1066. Henry the First reigned twenty-one years. Oliver Cromwell had a son. The queen who is now reigning is named Victoria. Nothing has yet happened in her reign but the rebellion of Canada. Viscount Lord Melbourne is her favourite minister.—F. J."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

[We find the following admirable paper in the New York Mirror, April 18, 1840, in which it is stated to be a selection from a popular work by Mrs Farrar. It abounds in good sense, and we recommend it to the careful perusal of our young female readers.]

WHAT a pity it is that the thousandth chance of a gentleman's becoming your lover should deprive you of the pleasure of a free, unembarrassed, intellectual intercourse with all the single men of your acquaintance! Yet such is too commonly the case with young ladies who have read a great many novels and romances, and whose heads are always running on love and lovers.

Some one has said, that "matrimony is with women the great business of life, whereas with men it is only an incident"—an important one, to be sure, but only one among many to which their attention is directed, and often kept entirely out of view during several years of their early life. Now, this difference gives the other sex a great advantage over you; and the best way to equalise your lot, and become as wise as they are, is to think as little about it as they do.

The less your mind dwells upon lovers and matrimony, the more agreeable and profitable will be your intercourse with gentlemen. If you regard men as intellectual beings, who have access to certain sources of knowledge of which you are deprived, and seek to derive all the benefit you can from their peculiar attainments and experience—if you talk to them as one rational being should with another, and never remind them that you are candidates for matrimony—you will enjoy far more than you can by regarding them under that one aspect of possible future admirers and lovers. When that is the ruling and absorbing thought, you have not the proper use of your faculties; your manners are constrained and awkward, you are easily embarrassed, and made to say what is ill-judged, silly, and out of place; and you defeat your own views by appearing to a great disadvantage.

However secret you may be in these speculations, if you are continually thinking of them, and attaching undue importance to the acquaintance of gentlemen, it will most certainly show itself in your manners and conversation, and will betray a weakness that is held in especial contempt by the stronger sex.

Since the customs of society have awarded to man the privilege of making the first advance towards matrimony, it is the safest and happiest way for woman to leave the matter entirely in his hands. She should be so educated as to consider that the great end of existence—preparation for eternity—may be equally attained in married or single life, and that no union but the most perfect one is at all desirable. Matrimony should be considered as an incident in life, which, if it come at all, must come without any contrivance of yours, and therefore you may safely put aside all thoughts of it till some one forces the subject upon your notice by professions of a particular interest in you.

Lively, ingenuous, conversable, and charming little girls, are often spoiled into dull, bashful, silent young ladies, and all because their heads are full of nonsense about beaux and lovers. They have a thousand thoughts and feelings which they would be ashamed to confess, though not ashamed to entertain; and their pre-occupation with a subject which they had better let entirely alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance which they were designed to be.

Girls get into all sorts of scrapes by this undue preoccupation of mind; they misconstrue the commonest attentions into marks of particular regard, and thus nourish a fancy for a person who has never once thought of them but as an agreeable acquaintance. They lose the enjoyment of a party, if certain beaux are not there whom they expected to meet; they become jealous of their best friends, if the beaux are there, and do not talk to them as much as they wish; every trifle is magnified into something of importance—a fruitful source of misery—and things of real importance are neglected for chimeras. And all this gratuitous pains-taking defeats its own ends! The labour is all in vain; such girls are not the most popular; and those who seem never to have thought about matrimony at all, are sought and preferred before them.

We have been shown, in the most striking manner, by Miss Edgeworth, how "manœuvring" to get husbands defeats its own aims in the old country; and its want of success here is even more complete. Where there is a fair chance of every woman's being married who wishes it, the more things are left to their natural course the better. Where girls are brought up to be good daughters and sisters, to consider the developement of their own intellectual and moral natures as the great business of life, and to view matrimony as a good, only when it comes unsought, and marked by such a fitness of things, inward and outward, as shows it to be one of the appointments of God, they will fully enjoy their years of single life, free from all anxiety about being established, and will generally be the first sought in marriage by the wise and good of the other sex; whereas those who are brought up to think the great business of life is to get married, and who spend their lives in plans and manœuvres to bring it about,

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are the very ones who remain single, or, what is worse, make unhappy matches. * * * *

How strange a thing it is, in the constitution of English and American society, that the subject, of all others the most important and the most delicate, should be that on which every body is most given to joke and banter their friends. Much mischief has been done by this coarse interference of the world in what ought to be the most private and sacred of our earthly concerns; and every refined, delicate, and high-minded girl, should set her face against it, and, by scrupulously refraining from such jokes herself, give no one a right to indulge in them at her expense.

Well-educated girls have a wide range of topics, which afford plenty of agreeable and useful discussion between them and their gentlemen friends; and it is much better to talk with them, and with your female friends, of things and of people—of books, pictures, and the beauties and wonders of nature—than of Miss A——'s spoiled complexion, or Mr B——'s broken engagement, or the quarrel between C—— and D——. If you are familiar with the works of great minds, and spend much time in reading them, or if you love nature and scientific researches, you need not be told to avoid gossip, you will have no relish for it. If not possessed of much mental cultivation, you may yet find topics enough without talking of people; and it is so difficult to do that, without sinning against truth or charity, that it is best to avoid it whenever you can.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

The mania respecting witchcraft—for such it might be called—which sprang up into vigour throughout southern Europe in consequence of the edicts of Innocent and Leo, spread in time to Scotland, and acquired strong possession of the public mind during the reign of Queen Mary. At that period, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft; but this only served, as the papal bulls had done, to confirm the people in their maniacal credulity, and to countenance and propagate the general delusion. In terms of these ill-judged statutes, great numbers of persons, male as well as female, were charged with having intercourse with the devil, convicted, and burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh and elsewhere. This continued during the earlier part of the reign of James VI., whose mind, unfortunately for the more aged of the female part of his subjects, was deeply impressed with the flagrant nature of the crime of witchcraft. In 1590, James, it is well known, made a voyage to Denmark to sea, marry, and conduct home in person, his appointed bride, the Princess Anne. Soon after his arrival, a tremendous witch conspiracy against the happy conclusion of his homeward voyage was discovered, in which the principal agents appeared to be persons considerably above the vulgar. One was Mrs Agnes Sampson, commonly called the *Wise Wife of Keith* (Keith being a village in East Lothian), who is described as "grave, matron-like, and settled in her answers." On this occasion, the king was induced by his peculiar tastes to engage personally in the business of judicial investigation. He had all the accused persons brought before himself for examination, and even superintended the tortures applied to them to induce confession. The statements made by these poor wretches form a singular tissue of the ludicrous and horrible in intimate union.

"The said Agnis Sampson was after brought again before the king's majestie and his councill, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of those witches, she confessed, that upon the night of All-Hallow-even she was accompanied, as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle, or sieve, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles, or sieves, to the Kirk of North-Berwick, in Lothian, and that after they had landed, took hands on the land, and danced this reil, or short daunce, singing all with one voice,

> 'Commer, goe ye before, commer, goe ye;
> Gif ye will not goe before, commer, let me.'

At which she confessed that Geillis Duncan did goe before them, playing this reil or dannce upon a small trump, called a Jew's harp, until they entered into the Kirk of North-Berwick. These made the king in a wonderful admiration, and he sent for the said Geillis Duncan, who upon the like trump did play the said daunce before the king's majestie, who, in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at their examinations."

In the sequel of Agnes Sampson's confession we find some special reasons for the king's passionate liking for these exhibitions, in addition to the mere love of the marvellous. The witches pandered to his vanity on all occasions, probably in the vain hope of mitigating their own doom. Agnes Sampson declared that one great object with Satan and his agents was to destroy the king; that they had held the great North Berwick convention for no other end; and that they had endeavoured to effect their aim on many occasions, and particularly by raising a storm at sea when James came across from Denmark. "The witches demanded of the divell why he did beare such hatred to the king? who answered, by reason the king is the greatest enemie hee hath in the world." Such an eulogy, from such a quarter, could not but pamper the conceit of "the Scottish Solomon."

The following further points in the deposition of Agnes Sampson are worthy of notice. "*Item*, She went with the witch of Carrieburn, and other witches, to the kirk of Newton, and taking up dead folks and jointing them [cutting off fingers, &c.], made enchanted powders for witchcraft. *Item*, She went with other witches in a boat, the devil going before them like a rock of hay. *Item*, The devil, in the shape of a dog, gave her responses concerning her laird's recovery, and endeavoured to put awa ane of the ladies' daughters. *Item*, She raised a universal great storm in the sea when the queen was coming to Scotland, and *wrote a letter* to that effect to a witch in Leith. *Item*, She used this prayer in the healing of sickness:—

> All kinds of ill that ever may be, &c.

The repetition of these and such like verses by the confessing witches, has been matter of frequent surprise. But it must be remembered that a code of witchcraft, extensively known and accredited, existed at that day, regular forms and rules for its exercise having been laid down in the course of time. It must be recollected, also, that these poor creatures, though guiltless of all supernatural intercourse, had really pretended to the gift of healing by charms and incantations in many cases, and had to invent or learn formulas for the purpose. Besides, we find these doggrel scraps chiefly in the revelations of Agnes Sampson. She, it is stated, could write, and of course could read also; and hence she is to be regarded as a person who had had superior opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the witchcraft code, as well as superior capabilities for filling up deficiencies on the spur of the moment. In her confession she implicated one Doctor Fian, otherwise called John Cunningham, master of the school at Saltpans, in Lothian, a man whose story may be noticed at some length, as one of the most curious and instructive in the whole annals of Scottish witchcraft.

Mrs Sampson deposed that Dr Fian was always a prominent person at the witch-meetings, and Geillis Duncan, the marvellous trump-player, confirmed this assertion. Whether made through heedlessness or malice, these averments decided Fian's fate. He was seized, and after being "used with the *accustomed paine* provided for those offences inflicted upon the rest, first, by *drawing of his head with a rope*, whereat he would confesse nothing;" and, secondly, being urged "by fair meanes to confesse his follies," which had as little effect; "lastly, hee was put to the most severe and cruell paine in the world, called the bootes, when, after he had received three strokes, being inquired if he would confesse his actes and wicked life, his tongue would not serve him to speake; in respect whereof, the rest of the witches willed to search his tongue, under which was founde two pinnes thrust up into the heade, whereupon the witches did say, now is the charme stinted, and shewed that those charmed pins were the cause he could not confesse any thing; then was he immediately released of the bootes, brought before the king, and his confession was taken." Appalled by the cruel tortures he had undergone, Fian seems now only to have thought how he could best get up a story that should bring him to a speedy death. He admitted himself to be the devil's "register," or clerk, who took the oaths from all witches at their initiation, and avowed his having bewitched various persons. In proof of the latter statement he instanced the case of a gentleman near Saltpans, whom he had so practised upon, he said, that the victim fell into fits at intervals. This person, who seems to have been either a lunatic or afflicted with St Vitus's dance, was sent for, and "being in his majestie's chamber, suddenly hee gave a great scritch, and fell into madnesse, sometimes bending himself, and sometimes casting so directly up, that his heade did touch the seeling of the chamber, to the great admiration of his majestie." On these and other accounts Dr Fian was sent to prison, but he contrived soon after to escape from it. "By meanes of a hot and harde pursuite," he was retaken, and brought before the king, to be examined anew. But the unfortunate man had had time to think, and, like Cranmer under somewhat similar circumstances, resolved to retract the admissions which the weakness of the body had drawn from him, and to suffer any thing rather than renew them. He boldly told this to the king; and James, whom these records make us regard with equal contempt and indignation, ordered the unfortunate man to be subjected to the following most horrible tortures. "His nailes upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a turkas, which in England are called a payre of pincers, and under everie nayle these was thrust in two needles over, even up to the heades; at all which tormentes, notwithstanding, the doctor never shrunk a whit, neither would he then confesse it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted on him. Then was hee, with all convenient speed, by commandement, convaied again to the torment of the bootes, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them, that his legges were crusht and beaten together as small as might bee, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever." Notwithstanding all this, such was the strength of mind of the victim, or, as King James termed it, "so deeply had the devil entered into his heart," that he still denied all, and resolutely declared that "all he had done and said before was only done and said for fear of the paynes which he had endured." As, according to this fashion of justice, to confess or not to confess was quite the same thing, the poor schoolmaster of Saltpans was soon afterwards strangled, and then burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh (January 1591).

Much about the same time that Agnes Sampson made her confessions, some cases occurred, showing that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catharine Ross, Lady Fowlis, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavoured, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowlis possessor of the property of Fowlis, and to marry her to the laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowlis had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balnagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowlis began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf-arrow heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others who accidentally tasted them lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowlis were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependents acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave, on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of nine riggs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch, "which she chose should live, Hector or George?" She answered, "Hector." George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way—tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalzean was "burnt in assis, *quick*, to the death." This was a doom not assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (already quoted) in the Foreign Quarterly Review remarks, "In the trials of Bessie Roy, of James Reid, of Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson, and of Grisel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking and theft by means of enchantments, and so on. South-running water, salt, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf-arrow heads), and doggrel verses, generally a translation of the creed or Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure." Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits, in any shape, being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things averred. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his, that the witches were "all extreme lyars." Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises, and before the close of James's reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and incremations that took place almost *every day*, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (betwixt 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of "Daemonologie" laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened

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more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the Record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast, and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and from this time forward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, 43, 44, 45, and 49, and with every successive act, the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. "The old impossible and abominable fancies," says the review formerly quoted, "of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the Record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which appears to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime." But it must be remembered that the phrase "on the Record" alludes only to justiciary trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The justiciary lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the Privy-Council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke, prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Justiciary Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II.'s reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations signalising the whole course of Scottish witchcraft took place in that county. The details, though occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

The popular frenzy seems to have exhausted itself by its own virulence in 1661–62, for an interval of six years subsequently elapsed without a single justiciary trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1678, several women were condemned, "on their own confession," says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century, such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that, as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, that evidence presented itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr Shaw of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learnt some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skilfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on in that department of late years. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication, in her youth, of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last justiciary trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and—banished. The last regular execution for the crime is said to have taken place at Dornoch in 1722, when an old woman was condemned by David Ross, sheriff of Caithness. But we fear the provincial records of the north, if inquired into, would show later deaths on this score. However, here may be held to end the tragical part of the annals of Scottish witchcraft. The number of its victims, for reasons previously stated, it would be difficult accurately to compute, but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND persons! And by what a fate they perished! Cruelly tortured while living, and dismissed from life by a living death amid the flames! And for what? For an impossible crime! And who were the victims, and who the executioners? The victims, in by far the majority of cases, were the aged, the weak, the deformed, the lame, and the blind; those to whom nature had been ungentle in her outward gifts, or whom years and infirmities had doomed to poverty and wretchedness; exactly that class of miserable beings, in short, for whom more enlightened times provide houses of refuge, and endow charitable institutions, aiming, in the spirit of true benevolence, to supply to them that attention and support which nature or circumstances have denied them the power of procuring for themselves. Often, too, was the victim a person distinguished by particular gifts and endowments; gifts bestowed by the Creator in kindness, but rendered fatal to the possessor by man. These were the victims of witchcraft. The executioners were the wisest and greatest of their time. Men distinguished above their fellows for knowledge and intelligence, ministers of religion and of the laws, kings, princes, and nobles—these and such as these judged of the crime, pronounced the doom, and sent the poor victims of delusion to the torture, the stake, and the scaffold.

VEGETABLE PHENOMENA.

THE following notice of a lecture on this interesting subject, delivered a short time ago by Mr Murray to the members of the Birmingham Athenæum, appears in a late Birmingham paper:—

After a brief recapitulation of his previous lecture, Mr Murray noticed some important advantages which had resulted to man from a close examination of the structure and physiology of the products of vegetation. Amongst other interesting facts, he stated that the peculiar form and shape of the trunk of the oak imparted to Smeaton the idea of his wonderful structure, the Eddystone Lighthouse. He also adverted to the structure of floating breakwaters, which were exact copies from nature, being constructed on the principle exhibited in the forms of the white water-lily. In noticing incidentally the great height and diameter which particular trees sometimes attained, Mr Murray adverted to the great sycamore, or mammoth tree, from Salt River, bordering on Kentucky and Indiana. The inner portion of this giant tree, which is supposed to be some thousand years old, had long since decayed, and there were large apertures in it which were used as doorways. Before cutting, it measured seventy-two feet in circumference near the base, and five or six years previously, when in a more perfect state, it measured considerably more. Amongst other extraordinary circumstances connected with the history of this tree, probably the largest ever grown on the American continent, it is stated that it frequently served as a shelter for parties of travellers with their teams, and that seventeen horses have been stabled in it at one time. Amongst examples of the opposite extreme exhibited in the productions of the vegetable kingdom, he noticed the cabbage palm of tropical climates, which sometimes reached an altitude of 200 feet, with a stem not exceeding four inches in circumference; while some pines had been found to attain a height of 400 feet. The lecturer next proceeded to describe that beautiful portion of the plant, the blossom, and the mechanism exhibited in the opening and shutting of flowers, in connection with the temperature and hygrometry of the atmosphere. Many flowers closed at the decline of day, and remained shut during night; while others changed their hues so rapidly, that the artist who attempted to make a copy from nature was obliged to wait the return of successive days, in order to depict a particular colour. The *hibiscus mutabilis* unfolded its blossoms green in the morning; they afterwards changed to white; about noon they became red; and in the evening they changed to a rose tint or a crimson. All these changes had been found to be connected with the varying temperature of the atmosphere. The distribution of colour would, therefore, be found to possess its geography on the surface of the globe. White and blue flowers prevailed as we advanced to the polar regions; "cloth of gold" arrayed temperate climes; and a vermilion livery clothed "the land of the sun" between the tropics. Each colour, too, had its particular season. White and blue prevailed in spring, scarlet in summer, and the autumn had its "sere and yellow leaf." The lecturer here incidentally adverted to the theory of some botanists who contended that flowers were merely metamorphosed leaves, observing, that the doctrine of "morphology," as it was called, was totally irreconcilable with sound logic or common sense. The independence of flowers and leaves could not be controverted. The aloe was a milk-white sheet of blossom before the leaves appeared, and the almond tree blossomed before the foliage expanded. The hazel, too, displayed the pendant ensigns of its catkins while the leaves yet remained rolled up in the cerements of the buds. The truth was, that the offices and functions of leaves were altogether different. In glancing at the interesting phenomenon, the chronometry of vegetation, or the opening and shutting of plants at particular hours, Mr Murray mentioned the case of the *ornithologalum umbellatum*, which expanded its flowers in Paris at eleven o'clock. The same interesting and curious phenomenon was also witnessed in the economy of the seed-vessels and the seeds, the circumstances connected with the ventilation, maturation, and preservation of which embraced a world of wonders in itself. Some fruits, seed-vessels, or cases, were of immense growth and weight, as an instance of which the lecturer mentioned that he had seen a mammoth gourd, which weighed 180 lbs. Some seeds were found to be enveloped in silk, others in cotton and down—protection from moisture, and insulation in reference to variable temperatures, appearing to be the design connected with these remarkable provisions. The seeds of particular plants were also provided with wonderful apparatus for conveying them to the locality congenial to their germination and growth; and for this purpose some were furnished with wings, which carried them through the air to a great distance. As an example of this description of seeds, it would be sufficient to mention those of the mahogany and *bignonia grandiflora*. Some seeds also possessed elastic balls, or balloons, to aid their transport through the air, and ensure their proper contact with the earth; the bladder nut was provided with two cells, one of which was inflated with air, while the other contained the seed, and by its weight descended on that side towards the earth. There were other plants which actually planted their own seeds, the tips of the branches to which the seed pods were attached gradually bending towards the earth, and forcing the seeds into the ground. The falling seeds of the "cannon-ball tree," which flourished in tropical climates, as they rebounded from the earth, sounded through the forest like the running fire of musketry; and the balls, which were perfectly spherical, presented the appearance as if military had bivouacked around the spot. In the seed-vessels of the *hermandia sonora*, there was a circular orifice below, and the seeds were disposed at intervals within, so that as the breeze whistled through spaces between the seeds, the tree became vocal, and was known to the negroes of the West India islands by the familiar name of "Jack in the Box." A friend of his had informed him that there was a valley in Barbadoes called, from the number of these trees which it contained, "The valley of Jack in the Box," and that he had often sat at its entrance listening with delight to these natural Æolian harps, strung among the branches, as the zephyrs flattered in the woods or swept between the hills.

VIEW OF A CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

THE extent to which classical education, as it is called, has long been carried in this country, to the almost entire exclusion of instruction of every other kind, has been more than once commented on in this periodical, and the injurious consequences of the practice pointed out. While admitting the standard writings of Greece and Rome to be fair adjuncts to an elegant education, or, in other words, to constitute an agreeable branch of the belles lettres, the custom of imbuing the mind of youth with that species of knowledge alone, and neglecting all those departments of it calculated to be of use in after-life, was reprobated as alike absurd and deleterious. If, in common with many able contemporaries, we held this opinion formerly, we must say, that something has recently fallen under our eye, which confirms it, and indeed doubles its strength. Lighting on a past number of the Quarterly Journal of Education, we there found a sketch of the daily and sessional business of one of the most ancient and distinguished schools of England. It was originally founded by a man of large property, whose purpose was to make it a free school, for the benefit of the youth of the parish in which it is situated; but the very liberality of the founder had the effect, in the course of time, of rendering the school a fashionable one, and unfitting it as a place of instruction for any but the children of the richer orders. Masters of the very highest eminence for scholarship were secured by the amplitude of the funds, and the consequence was the progressive influx of the children of the nobility and people of rank, whose attendance at the seminary was in a great measure incompatible with that of the poorer orders. The school, in short, is now almost exclusively one for the youth of the nobility and gentry of England.

And what *is* here taught to the youth of the English nobility and gentry—those to whom the country is to look for its legislators, rulers, peers, and prelates—those in whose hands is hereditarily vested the bulk of the soil of England, and who consequently have under their control the fortunes and comforts of a vast portion of their fellow-countrymen—what is taught, at the school in question, to this most important class? Do we find them imbued with a knowledge of the past history of their own country, and enlightened as to the modes of government which have injured or benefited it? Do we find them anxiously instructed in all that relates to its commerce, on which its welfare so largely depends? Do we find their attention called to those wonders of science, practical and speculative, which have raised it to the first place among the nations, and the farther development of which must exert so great an effect on its future interests? Do we find them, in short, trained in such a way as becomes those who are to be the first men in a great country, to be its legislators and guides in an age of knowledge and improvement, and to serve as the skilful guardians of its many interests?

For centuries, the course of education at this school has been, and at this day is, something very different indeed from the training to which these interrogatories point. By quoting the daily business of the *forms* or classes, we shall enable our readers to judge for themselves. Here is the weekly or six days' business of the sixth form, the highest or most advanced in the school. "MONDAY.—Repetition of Friday's *Horace*, Satires or Epistles, 50 lines; *Latin lyrics* or *Greek verse* of Thursday looked over—hour for this half-past 7 A.M. *Horace's odes*, 60 or 70 lines—hour 11 to 12. *Homer's Iliad*, 50 lines; rest of hour, *Euclid*—hour 3 to 4. *Roman history*, one page—hour 5 to 6. TUESDAY is a whole holiday as respects the school; but exercises and private reading with the assistant masters (all upon the same subjects) go on during the day. WEDNESDAY.—Repetition of Friday's *Greek play*, 30 lines; *verses* of Friday looked over—hour half-past 7. *Virgil's Æneid*, 50 lines—hour 11 to 12. *Euclid*, Vulgar Fractions, Decimals, or Logic

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—hour 3 to 4. *Musa Græca* (Greek verse), 40 or 50 lines, according to author chosen; examination in a portion of *Greek* history which the boys have prepared —hour 5 to 6. THURSDAY.—Repetition of Monday's *Horace*, odes, 60 or 70 lines. Theme of Monday looked over—hour half past 7. *Thucydides*—hour 11 to 12. *Modern history*—hour half-past 12 to 1. FRIDAY.—Repetition of Wednesday's *Virgil*, 50 lines. *English essay* looked over—hour half-past 7. *Demosthenes*, alternating with *Philosophia Græca*—hour 11 to 12. *Greek play*, 50 lines—hour 3 to 4. *Horace*, Epistles or Satires. Examination in *Greek history*, as on Wednesday—hour 5 to 6. SATURDAY.—Part of a Gospel or Acts of Apostles. *Beausobre* on New Testament. General Scripture History—hour half-past 7. *Thucydides*, alternating with *Roman history*—hour 11 to 12."

This is the routine business of the school. Exercises are also set each day, and they are thus described in the work before us. "MONDAY.—*Latin Theme* or *Greek Prose* exercise. TUESDAY, ——. WEDNESDAY.—Translation from *Greek* or *Latin* prose into English, alternating with an *English Essay*. THURSDAY.—*Latin Lyrics*, alternating with *Greek verse*. FRIDAY.—*Latin verses*, hexameter, or hexameter and pentameter. SATURDAY, ——."

Thus, in the instructions given to the highest class in one of the most famous schools of Britain, we find but one *half hour* (Thursday) given to modern history! "One halfpenny worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack!" With the exception of a sprinkling of mathematics, all the rest is Latin and Greek, Greek and Latin, over and over again, without pause or change; for this one week, it must be remembered, is a fair specimen of the whole session. The religious reading included in the list has little other object than to teach the Latin and Greek scriptures. If an enlightened being from another sphere, with a mind totally unaffected by our historical partialities, were to step in amongst us, and examine the education given to the highest youth in the first country of the world, at an age the most improved in its annals, what would be his first feeling on observing the perpetual occupation of the pupils with Greek and Latin? Most certainly he would exclaim, "Ah! these languages must be very important in after-life, since so much time is expended in acquiring them. The power to talk them must be the great mean to honour and success in the world. There must be some great nations, with whom you have commercial intercourse, that speak these tongues?" "No," would be the reply; "the languages are disused at the present day; they are spoken by no people on the earth." "Indeed! then these tongues must contain immense stores of useful knowledge, accessible only by learning them." "No; all the knowledge they contain is of little or no value at this day, and, at all events, may be readily got at by translations. Besides, it is the poetry of these languages that is almost exclusively attended to at schools." "Poetry! all this time spent upon poetry! It at least must be of a very high order—must be full of fine morality, and inspire into the young mind such pure religious sentiments as will permanently improve the character, and so benefit society at large." "No; the poetry alluded to is filled with idolatrous absurdities, and stories of a most licentious character," &c.

This sort of questioning might go on to a great length, and we believe that the questioner would be foiled in every attempt to hit on any thing like a rational motive for the system of instruction pursued in our most approved seminaries for youth. We shall not, however, pursue the matter farther, but, in order to satisfy the reader that the specimen given of the routine business of the school in question is a fair one, we shall exhibit another form's weekly proceedings. "MONDAY.—Repetition of Greek and Latin Verse. Horace's Odes. Homer's Iliad. Roman History. TUESDAY, ——. WEDNESDAY.—Repetition.—Verses looked over. Virgil's Æneid. Greek Verse. Cornelius Nepos. THURSDAY.—Repetition. Theme looked over. Xenophon's Anabasis. FRIDAY.—Repetition and Translation looked over. Geography. Geography or Retranslation of Anabasis into Greek. Horace, Epistles or Satires. SATURDAY.—Repetition and Lyrics looked over. Greek Testament." The exercises for the same period are stated to be, "Latin Theme for Monday; English Translation from Latin for Wednesday; Latin Lyrics for Thursday; and Latin Verses, hexameters or elegiacs, for Friday."

Here again we find a little Geography on Friday to be really the only rational portion of instruction given to the pupils. Surely, this time-honoured folly must soon come to a close. Mankind have been so long blinded by habit, that they seem to have forgotten entirely for what end children are really sent to school, otherwise they never could suffer the instruction given to them to consist almost exclusively of things having no conceivable relation to the business of after-life, and conducing in not the slightest degree to their worldly success or happiness. In reality, however, light is now breaking in upon the subject, and we may ere long hope to see education assume universally a more rational character. The classical writings will take their due place as a branch, merely, of *elegant* education, and knowledge, truly practical and useful, be established in the position which they have so long been allowed to occupy.

As the account from which we have made the preceding extracts refers to the year 1831, the educational system of the school alluded to may have participated in the changes which have been spreading of late years among the seminaries of the country. We believe, that, to a certain extent, this has really been the case; but there are yet numberless other schools in Britain which pursue the old plan in all its pristine defectiveness.

PARKS—FIELDS.

IT is common to call a certain space of enclosed ground a *park*, but, properly speaking, this is wrong. An enclosure of ordinary dimensions, and possessing no royal privileges, is only a *field*. The words park and field are therefore as different in signification as village and city. The best explanation we can give of the true or legal meaning of the word *park*, is embraced in the following extract from Mr Wade's "Cabinet Lawyer." (Johnson, London, 1840.)

"Beside the absolute property, which the owner of the land possesses in right of the soil, a person may also have a qualified property in wild animals by grant of privilege; that is, he may have the privilege of taking or killing them in exclusion of other persons, in virtue of a franchise to have a forest, chase, warren, or park.

A *forest* is a royal domain for the preservation of the queen's beasts and fowls of forest, and is subject to its own laws, courts, and officers. Before the *Charta de Foresta*, the sovereign could make a forest of any extent over the lands of his subjects. It is the highest franchise relating to game; a free chase is the next in degree; a park the next; and the last a free warren. The number of forests is sixty-nine, of which the four principal are, New Forest on the Lea, Sherwood Forest on the Trent, Dean Forest on the Severn, and Windsor Forest on the Thames.

A *chase* is of a middle nature, between a forest and a park; it differs from the former in that it may be held by a subject, and is governed by the common, not the forest law; and from the latter, in that it is not enclosed. A man may have a chase over another's ground, with privilege to keep royal game therein, protected even from the owner of the land. It is said there are thirteen chases in England.

A *park* is an enclosed chase, extending only over a man's own land, privileged for wild beasts. There are only seven hundred and eighty parks; for it is not every field or common which a gentleman pleases to surround with a wall or paling, and to stock with a herd of deer, that is thereby made a *legal* park. To constitute it, three things are requisite. 1. A royal grant thereof. 2. Enclosure by pale, wall, or hedge. 3. Beasts of a park, such as the buck, doe, &c. And when all the deer are destroyed, it can no more be accounted a park: for a park consists of *vert*, *venison*, and *enclosure*; and if it is determined in any of them, it is a total disparking.

Free warren is a place privileged, by prescription or grant from the queen, for the keeping of beasts and fowls of the warren, which are hares and coneys, partridges, pheasants, and some add quails, woodcocks, and waterfowl. Twenty years undisturbed exercise of a claim of a warren or park, will afford presumptive evidence of right in the party so enjoying it. The owner of a warren may lawfully kill any dog which is used to hurt the warren.

The rights of any forest, chase, or warren, are not affected by the game act. All the franchises of the description mentioned above, having their origin in the crown, may be destroyed by a reversion to the crown, or by surrender, or forfeiture, in consequence of a breach of the trust upon which they were granted."

SPEAKING AND WRITING.

It frequently happens that what is a fault in a speaker, is a merit in a writer. If a speaker hesitates, and stops, and changes his constructions, and in the middle of a sentence breaks off to begin it again, because he sees a more forcible or happy mode of expression; or if he finds that the whole sentence is unnecessary, and that the meaning and force may be given better by a single word introduced in the former period, and therefore returns and repeats what he has just said, in order to interweave the additional word, he is condemned at once as a bad and repulsive speaker. In a writer, on the other hand, these qualities are equally valuable and rare. The celebrated German historian of Rome, Niebuhr, seldom attempted to speak extempore in public without breaking down in every other clause, and hesitating and repeating, as has been described. He rarely finished a sentence as he began it; he had no sooner uttered a clause, than he saw some better way of wording it, and this perplexed both himself and his hearers. The students would frequently laugh at him, and mock him for this peculiarity. Still he was eloquent: he excelled in the eloquence of particular words, of happy expressions, which were full of meaning. His style had all the pregnancy of Tacitus without his affectation. Although he restored antiquated words and forms of speech, he used them in their ordinary sense. His very *words* are *sententious*. It is said that he seldom sent a sentence to the press, which he had not altered three or four times.

BEING TAKEN UNAWARES.

A beggar who had tried many ways for increasing his finances, at last hit on the plan of pretending to be dumb. A gentleman who was passing by knew the beggar by sight, and going up to him, asked him promptly, "Pray, how long have you been dumb?" The beggar was taken unawares, and had no time to decide on not speaking, and answered quickly, "From my earliest youth." So, sudden or startling events seem to give the mind, as it were, a good shaking, and the truth comes out in spite of ourselves. We often say on the sudden a thing which, though perfectly true, nay, because of its truth perhaps, we should keep back, if we were at ease and not taken by surprise.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

The signs of progression and of stationary habits are nowhere more strikingly conspicuous than at Quebec and Montreal; and nowhere, perhaps, are domestic contrasts of almost every kind exhibited in more varied shapes. Side by side are seen the modern commercial store and the ancient secluded convent. Here appears the harbour, enlivened by an array of British shipping; there, the lingering remnants of primitive inactive life. Jostling each other on the narrow causeway, or grouped in the wider square or market-place, are the red-coated soldier of England, and the cowled priest of France; the antiquated *habitant* of the country in his homespun suit of grey, and the spruce denizen of the town attired in the latest European fashion; the swarthy aborigine of the soil enveloped in his blanket, with his squaw carrying her *papoose* at her back (the little creature not *always* exhibiting in lineament a purity of race), and the British artisan or labourer in his peculiar garb; while, to crown the whole, the alternate sound of two conflicting languages breaking on your ear at every step you take, leaves you momentarily undecided as to whether you be not in some provincial town of France or England; the first impression, moreover, being strengthened by the general appearance of the streets and houses, and the last by the British designation of many of the thoroughfares, and the preponderance of British names along their line of frontage.—*Preston's Three Years in Canada.*

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Great as may be the inconveniences attending early marriages, they are not to be compared to those attending long engagements. The position of both parties is, in a manner, the reverse of that which they will respectively occupy in after-life. The lady commands, the gentleman obeys; and when this state of things has lasted for any length of time, it is no easy matter to restore them again to their natural state; for although no woman of sense, who respects her husband and herself, will ever wish to domineer, and no man of spirit would submit to it, yet the precise limits to which authority may fairly be extended on the one hand, and obedience expected on the other, are so ill-defined, that it requires very often great tact and management to adjust the balance; and this difficulty is naturally increased, when the parties have been for a long time playing directly contrary parts. Lovers, too, are naturally living in a state of complete deception and hypocrisy, in most cases probably quite unintentionally; but where there exists a strong desire to please, there must also necessarily exist a strong anxiety to keep one's faults in the background, and exhibit only the most pleasing part of one's character. Half the unhappiness that exists in married life is, I believe, to be attributed to the discoveries that are constantly making of the great difference of dispositions before and after marriage. Then come accusations of deception—very unfairly, for, as I before said, the fraud was an involuntary one, and inherent in human nature; accusations are followed by recriminations, and all the misery and bitterness of married strife, merely because the lovers expected to marry angels, and find out that they are united to human beings like themselves.—"*Arundel*," *by Sir Francis Vincent.*

ROBBERY BY A BIRD.

A respectable sheep-farmer near Fort Augustus, has sent to us a communication, of which the following is the substance. After a walk over his farm, at the beginning of this year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, he had fallen asleep on a high hill. On awakening, he found that his broad blue bonnet, and a yellow silk handkerchief which he had placed beside him, were both amissing. At first he suspected that they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on the farm and neighbourhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks thereafter, our correspondent and a party ascended a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a *glede*. Great was his amazement when the first article taken out of the nest was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac for 1839 in the other (the almanac having the words, barely legible, "J. Fraser" written upon it); then came a flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, "D. C. J."; a pair of old white mittens; a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Inverness post-mark; an old red and white cravat; and a miscellaneous assortment of remnants of cotton, paper, rope, &c. This bird must have been carrying on its larcenies on a large and miscellaneous scale. The affair rivals the maid and magpie of dramatic celebrity, and may be taken by some Sir Malachi Malagrowther as a link in the chain of evidence to prove the increase of crime in the Highlands, "consequent on the passing of the Reform Act." We may guard against depredators on foot; but how are we to protect ourselves against those on wing? We commit this delinquent and his species to the vigilant surveillance of the proposed new police constabulary force.—*Inverness Courier.*

A SOUND ADVICE.

It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue, and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world, should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strives to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreat in security.—*Life of Cowley.*

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

JUNE, in London, is the most fashionably busy season of the year. Every body is in town. The Houses are sitting. All the places of public amusement are open. Epsom races—that admirable national engine for improving the breed of horses and deteriorating the race of men—come on in all their glory. And now generally occur those meetings of an important nature which attract strangers from all quarters of the united kingdom. This, then, is one of the most agreeable months in the year for visiting the metropolis, and it was on one of its finest evenings that, having arrived from the north at the railway station in Euston Square, we were whirled in a cab through the dusty streets to the domicile hospitably opened for our reception.

The following sketches of what fell under my observation during a short stay in town, may perhaps serve to amuse a leisure hour of that class of readers who, by circumstances, are shut out from personally visiting the scenes of my inquiry.

One evening, shortly after my arrival in London, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wheatstone at the house of a mutual friend, along with fifteen or twenty other gentlemen, all in some manner distinguished by their scientific or literary abilities. I cannot say that I remember having ever spent a few hours more agreeably. The company, besides being eminent in their respective lines of pursuit, were all, less or more, the friends of an advancing intelligence, or at least did not belong to the formidable order of retarders. I was particularly delighted with the opportunity of knowing Professor Wheatstone personally, and of conversing with him on a subject of experimental philosophy in which he is known to be engaged, and which, indeed, he may be said to have already made his own; I allude to that very surprising result of human ingenuity operating on a mysterious principle in nature —the *electric telegraph*. With much kindness, the professor invited me to attend a private exhibition of the apparatus and its operations on the ensuing Saturday, at King's College. As may be supposed, I readily accepted the offer; and if the reader pleases, he shall accompany me along the Strand to the lecture-room on the day in question.

The professor was present, with an assistant, while the apparatus required in the experiments lay before and around him on tables, or hung on the wall at his side. The electric telegraph, it is essential to explain, is a means of transmitting any piece of intelligence, through the medium of wires, to any assignable distance, by night or by day, and in a moment of time. The wires do not move, or are in any way drawn, neither do they emit any sound. They lie perfectly still and quiescent, and the transmission is effected simply by electric or galvanic influence, passing along invisibly from one extremity to the other. The transmission of an electric shock through a wire, or any other metallic body, is well understood, and there must be few who are not acquainted with the instantaneous manner in which it acts; the only thing peculiar, therefore, in the present matter, is causing the shock to affect a moveable object at the extremity of the wire, and so produce a certain telegraphic sign. The production of signs by galvanic shocks, may on this account be defined as the principle on which this new species of communication is made to act.

The discovery of this kind of telegraphic action is by no means new. From a passage in Arthur Young's Travels in France, published in 1787, it appears to have been at that period known, and to some extent practised by a M. Lomond. But like many other remarkably ingenious devices—gas-lighting and steam-boating, for example—it was long in being heard of popularly after science had established its capabilities. Even now, it is one of those practical improvements which, to a certain extent, remain under public suspicion. Twelve years ago, Dr Ritchie made some attempts to complete the plan of an electric telegraph; Sir Humphry Davy and others also engaged in a similar undertaking. In 1837, the model of an apparatus for communicating by galvanic action, was exhibited by Mr Alexander before the Society of Arts in Edinburgh; and this, as far as I know, was the first time the thing was brought in a tangible form before the public. Mr Alexander's telegraph was in the form of a chest, containing thirty copper wires, answering to the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, three points, and an asterisk to denote the termination of a word. At one end, in connexion with the wires, were keys like those of a piano-forte, and underneath these were a pair of plates, zinc and copper, forming a galvanic trough: at the other extremity of the wires were thirty steel magnets, and, any one of these being affected by the electric agency produced by touching the key, it was turned to the right or left, and unveiled a particular letter. On removing the finger from the key, the magnet sprung back, and the letter was screened from observation. Thus any letter could be instantaneously exposed, or words spelled letter by letter, according to the will of the operator. As galvanism requires a complete circuit for its operation—that is, a wire must not only go from but return to the trough where it receives its influence—it might be supposed that a duplication of the thirty wires would have been necessary, but by a happy arrangement of Mr Alexander, with one return wire to serve for all, this encumbering of the apparatus was avoided.

Since this time, considerable improvements have been effected on the mechanism of electric telegraphs, chiefly by Professor Wheatstone, one material object having been the reduction of the number of wires, which has been effected with a surprising degree of skill. The professor has spent several laborious years, and, as is understood, some thousands of pounds, in perfecting the apparatus. In the early stage of the discovery, he effected a patent for a particular mode of operating, but that, though possessing very remarkable powers, he has some time ago superseded by one much more simple, and which I can see no reason for not immediately coming into general use.

On the occasion of my visit, to which I must now return, the professor showed two varieties of the apparatus, one being the latest invention, and the most deeply interesting from its simplicity. It may be briefly described as consisting of two small galvanic troughs or batteries; four lengths of copper wire; an object resembling a brass clock, with a small opening or dial on the surface sufficient to show a single letter at a time; close by this case of mechanism stood an upright pivot of brass about three inches high, having a circular top inscribed with the letters of the alphabet all round, and from each letter a spike pointing outwards like the spokes from a capstan. The whole stood on a table, except the wires, which, being four miles in length, and warped in numerous convolutions through the vaults of the college, were observable only at their extremities in connexion with the apparatus.

I need not confuse the reader by attempting an explanation of the principle of the process, which has been already adverted to; it will suffice to state, that the electricity or galvanic property generated in the batteries, was made to proceed along the wires, and in its passage to affect the mechanism in the case. In the construction of this mechanism, the great merit of the invention consists. It is a beautiful combination of brass wheels, and other details, the object of which is to produce a desired letter or figure at the exterior opening or dial. To bring any particular letter into view, the capstan is turned by the finger till the metal point projecting from a similar letter upon it, is made to touch a corresponding point near the side of the case. Thus, there is a sympathy, as I may call it, between the letters in the case and the letters on the capstan. A touch of the point opposite L, will bring L into view on the dial, and so on with any other letter. Nothing can be more perfect, or apparently simple. To appearance, the letters can be exposed at the rate of two in every moment of time. A lady, turning the capstan with her finger, brought into view the word London, in the time it could be uttered letter by letter, although the idea had to travel through four miles of wire.

In the transmission of the electric influence through the wires of this or any other apparatus, distance is of no consequence as respects time, for electricity is supposed, with some degree of probability, to travel with the velocity of light, or 192,000 miles in the space of a second. In point of fact, therefore, no longer time would be occupied in transmitting intelligence to the uttermost ends of the earth, than would be required for sending it across a room or a table. Distance is a matter for consideration only as regards expenditure of galvanic force. The electric agency has a tendency to weaken in its progress, according to circumstances, and this must necessarily be provided for by increasing the number of batteries to the desired amount and power. It has been supposed that the difficulty of perfectly isolating and preserving the wires from injury in their course, would be an insuperable bar to their establishment on an effective footing; but fears need be no longer entertained on this score. Each of the four wires in Professor Wheatstone's apparatus is wrapped round with a well-rosined thread, and the whole are then tied together with a cord possessing a similar coating, so as to present the appearance of a tightly-bound rope. This it is proposed to place in a small iron tube like that used for bringing gas into houses, and the tubes, united to any length, are laid below the ground, or in a wooden case on the surface, to preserve them from injury. Yet another difficulty here presents itself. What if the rope, or any particular wire, should be fractured somewhere in its course? How would the precise point of injury be discoverable? This the professor has likewise provided for, as far as it possibly can be. He proposes that there shall be a signal-case at an interval of every few miles along the whole line, and therefore should any injury be sustained by the wires, it will be speedily discovered in what portion it has taken place, and a new and complete section of rope inserted in connexion with the other pieces. To avoid a very remote chance of delay in the transmission of intelligence from this cause, it would be easy to lay two sets of wires, one of which could be employed while the other was in course of being repaired.

It was impossible to observe the beautifully rapid and exact process of communication effected by the apparatus before me, without entertaining the conviction that I saw the rudimentary working of an engine, which ere long must force itself on the attention of the world, and come into universal use. Whether in the form to which it has been brought by Mr Wheatstone, or in some other modification of the principle, it is indisputable that it possesses the power of an effectual, and at all times ready, mes-

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senger of intelligence. Its capabilities have indeed been fully tested in a practical manner on the line of the Great Western Railway, to a distance, I believe, of fifteen miles; the apparatus employed being somewhat different from that which I have already described. Last September, when the wires of this electric telegraph were carried as far as West Drayton, the following account was given of it in one of the London papers:—

"The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat-box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those of a keyed bugle), which, acting by means of galvanic power upon various hands placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet (as each key may be struck or pressed), but the numerals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (+) upon the dial, which indicates that where this key is struck, a mistake has been committed in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an erasure is intended. To a question—such, for instance, as the following: 'How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?'—the answer could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as West Drayton station, which is about 13½ miles from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as the completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery, and the mode of working it, are so exceedingly simple, that a child who could read would, after an hour or two's instruction, be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information."

It being thus ascertained, by practical working, that the electric telegraph can perform all that its designers have proposed, it only remains that it should be spread in different directions over the country, or at the least laid in communication from London along the great lines of thoroughfare. The railways already formed and in course of construction, offer peculiarly eligible channels for the lines of wires. It is not to be expected, however, that any telegraph of this description is to be constructed at the public expense. It will require to be the private undertaking of a joint-stock company, and its services given at a price which would more than repay the outlay. The expense of tube, wires, and apparatus for a distance of four hundred miles, as from London to Edinburgh—provided a railway line were employed—would probably amount to L.25,000; and, once put in operation, the outlay is at an end, for the fresh supply of material for the batteries is almost too inconsiderable to be worthy of notice.

The method of working the apparatus will be readily understood. At each extremity of the line of rope—for it would work both ways—there would be an office for receiving and communicating intelligence, at a price conformable to the extent of the message. Being dispatched from one end, the communication would be instantaneously received at the other by an officiating clerk, and forthwith made known by a note to the party concerned. Thus, intelligence of the rise and fall of stocks, foreign news, orders for goods, or any other species of communication of an urgent nature, might, with the utmost facility, and at a trifling cost, be transmitted to any imaginable distance. To all merchants, capitalists, and, in particular, newspaper publishers, such a means of procuring intelligence would prove invaluable, and of course the benefit would be reflected on the public at large. The principle being placed beyond the reach of cavil, any attempt to put it in practice would depend exclusively on the question of expense and the necessity for its services. If it be reckoned of importance to possess speedy and correct intelligence on any given subject, here is the engine by which it can be attained. Do the people of Manchester, Liverpool, and other great seats of manufacture and commerce in the west and north of England, wish to possess the news of London as speedily as the people of London themselves, here is a means of indulging their wish ready to their hands. They have only to organise a very small establishment of officials, and expend a few thousands of pounds, and the matter is effectually accomplished.

Here I leave this extraordinary invention to the speculations of the reader. What may be its influence in aiding the progress of social improvement, uniting different nations in one common brotherhood, and extending the boundaries of knowledge, involves an inquiry too vast and intricate for solution in these pages.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS.*

The work to which is prefixed the title of the "City of the Caliphs," one captivating to the imagination from its association with youthful readings and recollections, is from the pen of the author of Travels in Arabia, published not long ago. The traveller, however, whose observations are chiefly recorded in the new volumes before us, was not Mr Wellsted, but his friend Lieutenant Ormsby of the Indian navy, who spent three years in various parts of the east. The former of these gentlemen had only the task of arranging and editing the materials given to him, verbally and otherwise, by his friend. The result is a work of much interest, from which we propose to select a few extracts, descriptive of the present condition of the old capital of Haroun Alraschid.

The city of Bagdat is situated on a low plain watered by the Tigris, at the distance of about four hundred miles from its influx into the Persian Gulf. The river divides the city into two portions, the larger being on the north-eastern bank. Founded in the eighth century, Bagdat became the capital of the Saracenic empire, and continued so for about five hundred years. It is now the metropolis of a pachalic or province of the Ottoman Porte, and the richest one, with the exception of Egypt, under its sway, being the most considerable place of trade in this portion of Asia, and the frontier of the Turkish empire against Persia. The pachalic includes the whole country from Busrah, or the Persian Gulf, on the south, to Mordeen on the north, and from Kurdistan and Persia on the east to Syria and Palestine on the west; but the Arabs, who constitute a large part of the population within these bounds, are nothing more than nominal subjects of the pacha of Bagdat. The city is walled and fortified, and is provided with lofty arched gates, some of them of great antiquity. Its appearance from a distance is thus described in the work before us:—"The sun rose, and Bagdat, although so many miles distant, was suspended as it were in mid-air before us; the rosy tints of morn illumined its gilded domes, its minarets, and other gorgeous signs of eastern dominion and magnificence. It was indeed a scene delightful to the eye." Mosques, caravanserais, colleges, baths, and the palace of the governors, form the chief public buildings in the city. The mosques, like the other houses, are of brick, and, in the year 1830, were numbered at a hundred; but none of them are very magnificent. A square building, surmounted by a dome, with a tank of water in a court in front, for ablutions after prayer, constitutes the usual style of the mosques. All of them are surmounted, however, by graceful spires or minarets, on the tops of which are placed small galleries, whence the muezzin sends forth the Moslem call to prayer. "Attached to each of the mosques, and supported by voluntary contributions, there is a school, in which boys are instructed, free of expense, in reading, writing, and in a knowledge of divinity and the Koran—the only education a Moslem cares to impart to his offspring." This last sentence recalls to one's mind the principle upon which the immediate successors of Mahomet destroyed the splendid ancient library of Alexandria. "If it contained any thing in opposition to the Koran," said they, "it deserved to be burned; if its contents were all in concurrence with the Koran, they were a superfluity, and not worth preserving." By this fanatical decision, we need scarcely remark, the world sustained an incalculable and irremediable loss.

Neither the governor's palace, nor the caravanserais, are worthy of notice as specimens of architecture. "The bazaars," says our author, "form to me the most interesting feature in an eastern city. Narrow streets are either arched over with brick, or a roof of grass, dried leaves, and battered canvass is supported by transverse beams extending from roof to roof." The heats of day keep the people within doors, but "at night the blaze of a hundred lights, either of lamps or torches, exchanged all into life and gaiety. The shops on either side are small rooms, about eight feet square, the front of which is open, and the owner seats himself, usually with a fan in his hand, on the floor, which is raised about three feet above the level of the street. Unless the arrangement is of great importance, or very lengthened, it is concluded without the purchaser leaving the street; but should it prove otherwise, he seats himself alongside the merchant, pipes and coffee are called for, and the weighty matter discussed in all its bearings. Perhaps the tradesmen at Bagdat are surpassed in address by none in the east, excepting possibly their neighbours the Persians; no one at a glance can better detect the 'weak points' of a customer." The different trades have separate bazaars. The most opulent in Bagdat is that of the clothier, where are to be found the costliest dresses of Surat muslin, shawls from Cashmere, sabres from Damascus, and carpets from Persia, all of magnificent appearance. Otto of roses, also, forms one of the most common articles of trade, being sold in the perfume bazaar, and often at five guineas an ounce.

As a whole, the city of Bagdat has an unpleasant appearance to the visiter residing in it, the streets being narrow, dirty, dark, and damp. But the uninviting aspect of the houses must not lead travellers to imagine that the inhabitants are poor or distressed. "It is with a despotic government a part of their system to avoid outward show. Within, the houses are not unfrequently furnished with much costliness. The walls are inlaid with mirrors, and fancifully decorated with mother-of-pearl." Carved wood-work, rich cushions of crimson velvet, beautiful carpets, and furs, are common additions to these internal ornaments. The inhabitants of Bagdat are all ostensibly industrious, either as tradesmen, merchants, or government officials. Such a thing as an idle "gentleman" is unknown. Yet the people are indolent enough in disposition. The most trifling amusements please them; coffee, pipes, drafts, chess, and the sight of professional dancing, are their favourite recreations in private. Though abstemious in company, in their solitary moments they indulge in wine, and they are also fond of opium, and of the seed of a species of hemp which has an inebriating effect. Robes of purple or scarlet silk, turbans of fine white muslin, and loose drawers, with socks of bright yellow leather, form the dress of the higher orders; while the poor wear merely a sort of shirt, confined by a girdle. This light dress is no disadvantage at times, for the desert winds frequently raise the thermometer to 124 degrees, and the people think it absolute bliss to get into underground chambers, where the thermometer is *only* at 90 degrees!

This description applies in a great measure to the Bagdat of 1840, as well as to the city in 1830, the year of Lieutenant Ormsby's first visit. But in other respects the city is greatly, lamentably changed. In 1830, Bagdat contained about 120,000 inhabitants.* Of these, two-thirds were composed of a mixed and fixed race of Persians, Turks, and Arabs. About 7000 of the remainder were Jews, and the rest Christians, chiefly of the Armenian persuasion. Toleration so far existed, and yet exists here, that both Jews and Christians frequently rise to seats in the divan, and to the highest offices of the state. The divan is a deliberative council, composed of selected inhabitants, who meet every Friday to consult on affairs of moment. The Pacha, however, who has been for centuries a member of the important body of the Mamelukes, has the real power in his hands. The trade of Bagdat consists chiefly in importations of sugar, muslin, coarse and fine cloths, and other articles from India, &c., which are brought up the Tigris in track-boats, and are extensively sold to the more inland people. The principal articles in return from Busrah (once called Balsora) are galls, copper, raw silks, and salt from the desert.

Having now given our readers, with the help of the work before us, a part-view of the modern state of things in the city of the Caliphs, we turn to a point which will probably prove more interesting to the reader, and which will explain the observation made respecting the lamentable change which has befallen Bagdat, and made it in some respects very different from what it was ten years ago. When Lieutenant Ormsby was at Bagdat, in April 1831, the plague visited the city. Before it arrived, the people were in a state of strange apathy. They heard of the terrible disease stalking from village to village in the vicinity, in the direction of their abode, yet they seemed eager to stifle the horrid conviction of danger. "But this could not last long; a feeling of alarm suddenly arose, and appeared as unaccountable and extraordinary as their former apathetic indifference. They now stared as awakening from a fearful dream. They must fly:—but whither! To the desert! The Bedouin was lurking at every avenue, to rob and spoil those who, with their valuables, attempted to quit the city. By the river! Every boat was crowded, and the disease followed them in their flight." The British residents and Armenian Christians shut themselves up in their houses, barred the doors and windows, and hoisted up by ropes any necessaries which had from time to time to be added to their stores. The majority of the Moslem population, with the apathy of fatalism, resigned themselves indolently to their fate. Very soon the ravages made by the plague in the city were dreadful in extent. "All distinctions of society, friends, or relations, had ceased; the finger of God seemed pointed to this devoted place. A thousand died a-day; the seats of justice were unoccupied; the wailing for the dead, which at first had incessantly filled the air, was now hushed to a silence and a calm more frightful; the dead lay unburied in every avenue. Then arose a number of ruffians, who, with a courage growing out of their fearful position, formed themselves into bands, under leaders more demoniac than them-

* Travels to the City of the Caliphs, &c. By J. R. Wellsted, Esq. London: Henry Colburn. 1840. Two vols.

* In one place, the work before us states the population of 1830 at 130,000, and in another at 150,000. We believe the first computation to approach nearest to the truth.

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selves, and swept the streets. On one occasion I passed a group, who had collected in a low apartment, and were whetting and lashing themselves into a state which should fit them for further outrages; a wretched hag, her form almost bent double, was supplying them with a fiery spirit, and lumps of half-grilled meat; a few of their number, overpowered by the former, were lying senseless on the floor; others, cursing and howling like half-famished wolves, were, with utter disregard to the safety of their companions, brandishing about their daggers and sabres, or firing their matchlocks against the roof of the apartment. But amidst the clamour, the din, and the confusion of this pandemonium, the greater number sat silent at the board, their eyes gleaming with a maniac's wildness and ferocity, quaffing the spirits in almost incredible quantities, yet waiting their effect in producing a fit state of excitement for them again to sally forth." An Aga related the following instance of these men's conduct. The Aga was ill, and tended by his beautiful and beloved wife, when the ruffians burst into his chamber. "I read their purpose," said he, "in their looks; but I was stricken, and could not lift a finger to save her for whose life I would gladly have forfeited my own. A savage ruffian approached her; entreaties for life were unavailing; yet for an instant her extreme beauty arrested his arm—but it was only for an instant; his dagger again gleamed on high, and she sank a bleeding victim beside me. Cold, and apparently inanimate as I was, I felt her warm blood flowing past me, as with her life it ebbed rapidly away. My eyes must have been fixed with the vacant look of death: I even felt unmoved—as he bent down beside me, and with spider-like fingers stripped the jewels from my hand—the touch of that villain who had deprived me of all that which in life I valued. The figures of his companions, as they came to rifle the apartment, appeared to dilate before me, and their eyes to glare upon me, as they pointed, with fiend-like gestures and horrid laughter, to the bleeding innocent beside me. At length, a happy insensibility stole over me." The Aga was afterwards nursed and restored by the exertions of a faithful slave.

The effects of despair upon wrecked or endangered mariners have been frequently noticed. The case was much the same at this time in Bagdat. "Some took to drinking; others to praying; many, to make the most of their time, launched into every excess." Yet amid this general extinction of moral feeling, the best features of man's character were here and there displayed in force. An Italian, hearing that a friend was seized with the plague, and lying at the gate of the city, went for him, carried him home on his back, and tended him till he was well. Other similar traits of conduct occurred—noble ones, if we consider all the circumstances.

The city was in this dreadful condition, when a new calamity befell it, and one, too, of the most awful nature. "On the night of the 29th of April, the river, which had rapidly filled its bed (through rains), in one dreadful rush burst its banks, and overwhelmed the greater part of the city. *Fifteen thousand* people were summarily hurried to eternity! There were many who had survived those best beloved, and awaited their fate in silence, making scarcely an effort to escape. It was not till after the first burst of water had subsided, that the greater number of the houses fell, the foundations not being loosened till several hours afterwards. I was sleeping at the top of the house when the flood burst in upon us, and was awakened by the roar of the waters rushing past the hall. I remained perfectly quiet, convinced that no human exertions could avail me. No outcry accompanied the convulsions; I heard no shriek nor wail; but as I seated myself on the upper part of the wall, I could perceive several bodies, their white dresses gleaming amidst the turbid waters, silently sweeping by. Towards the morning, the flood became less rapid and deep; and at sunrise, finding that it was not a greater stream than I could wade through, I let myself down by a rope into the street. Hardly had my feet touched the ground, when, with a mighty crash, down came the house!"

This narrow escape made an impression on the mind of the writer greater than even the plague had done. He resolved to quit Bagdat, and soon after accomplished his purpose. In the following year he revisited it, and found the plague not yet extinct. In addition to this calamity, the pools of water left by the flood grew stagnant, and gave rise to a destructive fever. But this was not all. The army of the sultan, with whom the regnant pacha was at variance, invested the city as soon as the plague ceased, took it, and gave it up to plunder. In the course of two years, by these events, the population decreased to 20,000, five times that number having either perished or left the city, two-thirds of which were now in ruins. Our author found it an awful spectacle. "I strolled forth amidst the now desolate city to seek such of my friends as pestilence and the flood had spared. Alas! how small the number to receive my greeting!—whole streets were depopulated by the one calamity, and overthrown by the other." Since the date referred to, Bagdat has partly recovered its population and commerce; but a century will not entirely remove all traces of the mishaps which it suffered.

Though occupying a prominent place in the title-page of the volumes before us, the city of the caliphs forms the subject of but a small part of their contents. The shores of the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean, Arabia, and the isle of Socotra, were traversed and examined partly by Mr Wellsted, and partly by Lieutenant Ormsby, and we have much interesting matter regarding them here. The reader will find his attention and trouble amply rewarded, should he take up these volumes for perusal.

STORY OF URBAIN GRANDIER.*

THE recent papers upon witchcraft and superstitions in general, which have appeared in these pages, have presented some strong and melancholy cases of human delusion and consequent human suffering; but no single one of these cases can compare in interest with that now about to be laid before the reader, and which relates to a similar subject. Urbain Grandier was born at Rovère, near the town of Sablé, in the first years of the seventeenth century. He was the son of a respectable notary-royal, and, being intended for a clerical life, was sent to prosecute his studies at Bourdeaux. While there, he distinguished himself highly, and the fraternity of the Jesuits, under whom he studied, were so well pleased with his progress and capacity that they appointed him, while still very young, to the living of St Pierre, at Loudun in Poitou, which was in their gift. He was appointed, soon afterwards, a prebend in the Church of St Croix, in the town of Loudun. This double appointment, conferred on a youth and a stranger, excited much envy; and this circumstance, conjoined with others, led to deplorable consequences.

Urbain Grandier was a man of remarkable beauty, both as regarded countenance and figure. An air of distinction sat upon his whole person and appearance. In conversation, he united great facility of speech with elegance of language, and preached with much force and impressiveness, his orations being characterised, it is said, by no ordinary degree of eloquence and genius. His success and estimation among the people of Loudun added to the hatred which many of his clerical brethren had conceived towards him, and, unfortunately, Grandier was not of a conciliatory disposition, nor exempt from such errors of conduct as gave his enemies an advantage over him. He was haughty in manners, and gave his tongue free scope in exposing from the pulpit even the religious abuses around him. He was attached to female society, and, although so many of the charges brought against him were proved to be false that we may reasonably doubt the whole, he was incautious, at least, in his department in this respect, and gave too ready a handle to calumny. He had certainly one intimate female friend, a young and beautiful woman named Madeleine de Brou, to whom he seems to have paid addresses, as a manuscript treatise against the celibacy of the clergy was found in his repositories, written apparently to satisfy doubts of hers. There is no good ground, however, for assuming that their connexion was actually an improper one.

Such was the man—young, high-spirited, captivating in appearance and address, talented, and accomplished—against whom charges of the most extraordinary nature were brought in the year 1633. Previous to that time, several minor charges had been preferred against Grandier by his enemies, out of which, as well by his innocence as by his decision and boldness, he had come triumphant. The party chiefly offended by this result was a priest named Mignon, canon of St Croix, and director or chaplain of an Ursuline convent at Loudun. Under the auspices of this man, the new scheme against Grandier was originated and developed. Slowly and gradually a rumour spread through Loudun that something extraordinary was going on in the convent of the Ursulines. Stories of phantoms and visions were the first things heard, and by and bye it was whispered that some of the nuns had exhibited symptoms of magical influence or demoniacal possession. At length, confirmation was given to these reports, by the open announcement that Mignon, the chaplain, was about to exorcise the demons that possessed several of the nuns. Mignon called in to his aid the curate of a neighbouring parish, and the people of Loudun beheld this ecclesiastic enter the town in procession, at the head of his whole parishioners, to assist in performing the great feat at the convent. There, also, assembled the chief magistrate of Loudun and other functionaries. Mignon received them, and informed them that the superior of the convent herself, Jeanne de Belfiel, a woman of great beauty and high rank, and a lay-sister, named Claire Magnoux, were the parties possessed, and who were to be exorcised. He also told them that the name of the superior's demon was Ashtaroth, and sister Claire's, Zabulon. When the visiters were introduced to the possessed pair, the latter seemed to be in convulsions, and made the most extraordinary grimaces. Mignon commenced to interrogate the evil spirit of the superior. He did so in *Latin*, in order to convince the spectators that it was a demon who spoke by the lips of the nun, she herself being ignorant of Latin. "*Quis misit?*" (Who sent you here?) said Mignon. "*Urbanus Grandier*" (Urbain Grandier) was the reply. "*Dic qualitatem*" (Tell his quality), said Mignon. "*Sacerdos*" (a priest) was the answer. Two or three other questions were asked of a similar kind, and fixing the guilt of magical arts upon Grandier. One of the spectators wished to ask another Latin question, but the demon would answer to nobody but Mignon, and, to avoid the dilemma of any farther interrogation, the superior, after replying to the chaplain's list of questions, chose to give up her convulsions, and assume a quiet demeanour. It was remarkable that the imp possessing the lay-sister was not a Latin scholar, and, on being asked any questions, referred the interrogator to his friend who possessed the superior.

These exorcisms were repeated at various times before other spectators. It was then discovered that the demon of the superior, who took the lead always, was, after all, a very bad Latin scholar, and confounded moods and tenses in a very remarkable way. He put *Jesus Christus* for *Jesum Christum*, and *Jesu Christe* for *Jesus Christus*, with various other mistakes of the same kind. Moreover, the demon's general command over the languages seemed very limited. When any sceptical persons present desired a Latin version of any word or phrase apart from the interrogatories of Mignon, the demon was dumb, and it was also found that he knew no Greek. One day, while the exorcisms were going on, a cat ran across the apartment. "A magician! an evil spirit!" was immediately the cry, and the animal was seized. Mignon exorcised it with great gravity, and tried it with Latin; but, strange to say, the cat said not a word in reply.

These things went on for some time, until Grandier, becoming alarmed at the consequent reports sent abroad relative to himself, applied to the archbishop of Bourdeaux for an inquiry into the affair. The prelate appointed two persons to conduct the inquiry, giving them instructions to test the learning of the demons, as well as their other powers. But the demons did not wait for such an examination. They fled whenever they heard that such a thing was to take place, and Mignon, with all his assistants in conducting the previous farces, became suddenly quiet, and said no more about the matter.

Urbain Grandier would now probably have escaped all farther danger, had not M. Laubardemont, a creature of Cardinal Richelieu, arrived in Loudun to demolish the castle, in accordance with a law passed on the subject. It happened that a satire had been written on the cardinal some time previously, and Grandier's enemies, while they renewed the spectacle of the possessions in private before Laubardemont, took care also to impress him with the idea that Grandier was the author of the satire on the cardinal-minister. The consequence was, that, on Laubardemont going to Paris with this report, the irritated and revengeful Richelieu instantly sent him back with a commission to inquire into the guilt of Grandier, as regarded the charge of enchantment. Under the fostering care of the commissioner, the possessions at the Ursuline convent revived with increased vigour. In all, five nuns, and at least ten laical females, were found to be afflicted with the spirit of grimaces and convulsions. The superior still played the principal speaking part, and, from her admissions, it was made out that not less than seven distinct demons had taken up a lodgement in her single person. The men who managed this whole affair, having now the desire to maintain their own credit added to their hatred of Grandier, resorted to the most villanous tricks to confirm the idea of the possessions. For example, they made the devils of the superior promise to work miracles. On one occasion, the superior was to stand in the air at a height of two feet from the ground. She did take up something like this attitude, by some contrivance or another; but a curious spectator, turning aside her long robe, found her standing very firmly on the ground on *one foot*. On another occasion, the demon promised to lift the hat of M. Laubardemont in church, and hold it suspended for a time in the air. A second curious spectator examined too closely into this matter, for he found a thread and a hook hanging above Laubardemont's head, ready to perform the trick in a very natural way. In truth, Mignon, and his chief assistant Father Lactance, went so far as to make frequent arrangements with the demons, entered into compacts with them, and carried on a correspondence of the most intimate kind.

Meanwhile, the excitement caused at Loudun was tremendous. The people daily assembled in crowds at the churches and elsewhere to witness the convulsions and grimaces, which formed the easiest and most common of the demoniacal displays.

* We take the details of this story from the Causes Celebres, but think it proper at the same time to follow other historians on some points, a strong prejudice being shown in that work against the unfortunate hero of the transactions recorded.

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To the general mass, all this was matter partly of amusement and partly of terror. To Grandier, who was thrown into confinement by Laubardemont, the affair was one of life and death. His persecutors actually brought him out before the public, with strange inconsistency, to exorcise personally the demoniacs, in the name of God. His conduct on this occasion extorted admiration from all. His comparative youth, his remarkable beauty, his calm dignity, and the air of conscious innocence which never left him, made him indeed like an angel (to use the words of the Causes Celebres) in the midst of real demons. One ecclesiastic alone dared openly to take his part at these scenes. This was the Abbé Quillet, who, hearing one of the demons threaten to hang up any person who ventured to doubt the possessions, defied the pretended spirit to his teeth, and dared him to do his worst. The *demon* did nothing to the bold abbé in consequence, but M. Laubardemont gave him a hint which rendered it prudent in him to try the air of Italy for his health immediately afterwards.

The strongest evidence of the fraudulent nature of all these pretended possessions was given by the recantation of Sister Claire, and two others of the performers in this strange farce. The poor girls confessed that they had accused an innocent man, being instructed to do so by Mignon, Father Lactance, and others. They represented themselves as compelled by remorse to declare the truth. This recantation did no good to Grandier, being styled a device of the enemy. Even when Jean de Belfiel, the main agent in the whole deception, followed the example of the other three, it was ascribed to the same cause. The miserable superior, who, it is thought, had been led by Mignon to believe that her convent would acquire lasting renown by this affair, was so vividly struck with remorse, that, after confessing her imposture to M. Laubardemont, she endeavoured to hang herself on a tree, but was prevented. These confessions did not benefit the victim, we repeat: M. Laubardemont, who had Grandier's fate in his hands, was determined upon his death. Accordingly, the accused person was tried by a commission *nominated* by Laubardemont, and was condemned, on the 18th of August 1634, to undergo the torture in the first place, for the discovery of his accomplices, and then to be *burned alive!*

M. Laubardemont engaged, or rather compelled, an eminent surgeon named Fourneau, to be present at the torture. But on the order being given to pull out the eyebrows and wrench off the nails of the victim, merely as a preliminary process, Fourneau protested that he "would not be the agent in exercising such cruelty at the bidding of any living man;" and further said to Grandier, that it was with regret that he laid hands upon him at all. Grandier, who had expressed himself resigned to all, said to the surgeon, "You alone have pity on me." "No," replied Fourneau, "it is you who do not know the thoughts of others." The torture, which consisted in forcing wedge after wedge between the legs and a wooden case, was applied with almost unparalleled cruelty. The marrow ultimately spouted from the crushed bones. Yet the victim preserved an unvarying firmness, though he several times fainted away. He confessed nothing. He said he had been an erring man, but ever a believer in his Saviour and in his God, and guiltless of all laid to his charge.

When conveyed to the stake, Grandier had been promised two things. The first was, that he should be allowed to speak a word to the people; the second, that, in mercy to him, they would strangle him with the cord which he carried about his neck on the way to execution, as soon as the fire was kindled. On the passage to the fatal pile, the priests walked in procession, exorcising by the way the air, the wood, and every thing around. When they asked him if he would confess, he said he had confessed all already; and when they asked if they would pray for him, he answered mildly and sweetly, "Yes, yes, pray for me, I entreat you." But it was no part of the plan of the priests to allow him to move the multitude by his dying eloquence. When he reached the stake, and was about to speak, they threw holy water upon his face in such quantities as suppressed his words, and, with the same view, one of them embraced and kissed him. Grandier saw their purpose, and merely said, with a gentle smile, "The kiss of Judas!" The words were heard, and one of the priests, under pretence of making him kiss it, struck him several times on the mouth with a heavy iron crucifix. Breaking promise respecting the strangling, Father Lactance, the most inveterate of his enemies, lighted the pile with his own hands, saying, "Wilt thou renounce the devil, wretch? Thou hast not an instant to live!" "Is this charity, Father Lactance?" said Grandier, calmly. "There is a God who will judge between me and thee. *Before him I summon thee to appear in one month!*" After this remarkable speech, he only uttered the words, "God have mercy, have mercy upon me!" More merciful than the priests, the multitude thundered out an unanimous demand that the victim should be strangled, and the affrighted executioner would have done so, but the flames had by this risen into force, and he was unable to effect his purpose. Thus the unhappy Grandier was burned alive.

We have been unable to give more than an outline of this famous case, which has a deep interest as one of the last instances in which the imputation of magic brought a human being to the stake. The gross injustice exemplified therein had a beneficial effect ultimately, in causing a disbelief in all similar charges; and thus it is, that, in the arrangement of human affairs, even the sufferings and errors of mortality are turned to good by the wise Disposer of all things.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

THERE are some things in this world which severely sensible people are apt to think very silly, but which are nevertheless useful things enough, seeing that they enable many people to pass, in a very agreeable way, and quite harmlessly to others, time which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands. Bouts Rimés take their place amongst those things. They are of French origin and invention, as befits their light and playful character. A Parisian poet of the seventeenth century, named Dulot, one day made the strange complaint in company, that he had had three hundred sonnets stolen from him. The amount of this lot of poetical property astonished every body. "Oh," said he, "they were only blank sonnets, or rhymes (*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occasion to write." He had, it appeared, employed himself in drawing up columns of rhyming words in the form of sonnets, with the design of filling in the lines and the ideas when he could get leisure, or when the Muse might so far favour him. The idea was too whimsical not to produce an impression, and we are told that, in consequence of Dulot's statement, all the wits in Paris immediately set about making up sonnets, on the principle of fixing the rhymes first. A quarto volume of *bouts rimés* was published in 1648, the first work of the kind we are aware of, but not the last. The art, or sport, as it may be called, afterwards found its way to other countries, and to our own amongst the rest. Horace Walpole was not guiltless of the frivolity, for, on having prescribed to him the rhymes,

brook,
why,
crook,
I,

he instantly produced the following verse, to which he gave the title of

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I sits with my toes in a brook,
And, if any one asks me for why,
I hits 'em a rap with my crook,
And "'tis sentiment kills me," says I.

It is of course obvious that a party of friendly people, spending a winter evening together, may, amongst other amusements, resort to that of scribbling *bouts rimés*. All may not be alike quick or ingenious in filling up the prescribed rhymes; but the wits of all will be exercised, and, while some of the resulting verses will surprise and amuse by their felicity, others will perhaps occasion a still heartier burst of laughter by their very lameness and emptiness. Those nearest a match will be eager to excel each other in bringing the verse quickly out, as well as in bringing out a good verse; and those who despair of making up verses of their own, may take an interest in the proceedings of the readier wits, and find a disinterested pleasure in *backing* one clever fellow, or one smart young lady, against another. Much jocularity must evidently attend such an intellectual competition as this, and perhaps some little sharpening of mind may also be the consequence. At the least, the party will find that they have spent two or three hours innocently and happily, and do not like each other the worse for the drollery they have been indulging in together.

It is well, in such a case, if clever verses are produced; but this is not absolutely essential. In such private exercises of the poetical talent, people do not look for the expression, correctness, and effect, which they expect in compositions submitted to them in print. They will find themselves ready to say, "pretty fair," "very well," "ha, ha, ha, excessively good indeed," to things which, if put coolly and typographically before them, they would be inclined to toss aside as not worthy of a moment's regard. To convince our readers of this, we shall adduce a short series of verses which were lately produced in the course of one evening by a merry little party, who had fallen upon the game by chance, as a means of whiling away the time between tea and bread and cheese, and most of whom had never before heard of *bouts rimés*. The merit of the verses will, we expect, be considered as moderate; but that is exactly what is required to convince them of the merit of the game as a means of giving amusement, for we can assure our readers that the production of these verses kept the party laughing for the most part of an evening.

The rhymes given out on this occasion were all of them alternate rhymes for a verse of four lines. The first set was composed of the words, *grant, ask, shan't, task*; and of the verses consequently produced, the following were the best:—

If from good nature you begin to grant
Whatever favours folks may choose to ask,
'Twill grow more difficult to say "I shan't,"
And courtesy you'll find a heavy task!

Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant—
What is it, dost thou ask?
'Tis a kiss that I want, so don't say "I shan't,"
When assent is an easier task.

The next rhymes given were *wave, lie, brave, die;* and of the verses written thereupon, we give three specimens:—

Dark are the secrets of the gulfing wave,
Where wrapp'd in death, so many heroes lie;
Yet glorious death's the guerdon of the brave,
And they who bravely live can bravely die!

Whenever I sail on the wave,
O'ercome with sea-sickness I lie;
I can *sing* of "the Sea," and look brave—
When I *feel* it, I feel like to die!

High o'er the ship came on the whelming wave—
One crash! and on her beam I saw her lie!
Shriek'd loud the craven, silent stood the brave,
But Hope from all had fled—'twas only left to die!

Prove, why, love, calamity, gave birth to the following stanzas:—

Of Baxter I cannot ap- prove,
And the reason is obvious why,
For the church he'd nor favour nor love,
So him I'd with Calamy-tie!

In life we mingled joys and sorrows prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason why;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of love,
And morning bliss quells night's calamity.

Others produced were as follow:—

What is life?
What is death?
Continued strife—
The want of breath!

Last night we view'd a lovely star,
And all admired its joyous light;
Yet to my thoughts were clearer far
The lustrous eyes of Laura bright.

Next came the following apologetic strain from the fair Laura herself:—

I am not quick as thought,
Indeed I'm dull as night;
In fact I'm fit for nought,
But just to follow light!

One or two more, and we have done with the compositions of our evening party.

Few things appear more sad
Than to see an old man weep;
And few make the mind more glad
Than a crying child asleep!

The purity and joy of heavenly love
For earth's dull regions is too bright a thing,
Yet may the hope of future joys above
To denizens of earth some pleasure bring!

About thirty years ago, or rather less, it so happened that a set of poetical wits resided in or about the town of Anstruther in Fife, all of whom became very much knit up in the bends of good fellowship together, contrary to all precedent in their proverbially irritable and mutually repulsive fraternity. Finding much pleasure in versifying, and showing their verses to each other, they at length agreed to embody themselves into a society, and become subject to the regulations of solemn and periodic meeting. "The brethren were accordingly," to quote their own words in one of their publications, "constituted into an *union of rhymesters:* their code of laws was framed and sanctioned: diplomas, conveying a licence to rhyme and scribble in all shapes and manners, were worded in language fully as important and sounding as those of Universities for Doctors in Divinity. Long strings of rhymes were no sooner issued by the Presiding Bard, to be supplied with thought, than those dry bones and clattering skeletons of Poetry stood to our astonishment before us in all the fatness and bloom of completion. In short, the associated rhymesters swore eternal friendship and good humour over the altar of that heathenish god whose fire is their brain's inheritance, and uttering a joint ejaculation for his powerful assistance, they bowed the knee before their inspiring idol." The Muso-maniac Society, as it was fitly enough called, met and rhymed, and rhymed and met, if not to the production of much good poetry, at least to their own immense gratification, and it has been whispered that even learned persons from Edinburgh would occasionally appear in the Fifan burgh, having performed a journey by sea and land of thirty miles, for no other purpose than to participate in the gaieties of this merry corps. At length, unable any longer to keep so much drollery to themselves, they ventured to present to the world a thin volume, entitled "Bouts Rimés, or the Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus,"* being dedicated "to the Lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good Fellowship throughout the British Empire." This volume has long ceased to be seen on the counters, or even the shelves, of all ordinary booksellers; but, by the favour of a friendly Muso-maniac, we lately became possessed of a copy, which will enable us to make the merry doings of the corps a little better known than heretofore.

We find, in this volume, no fewer than fifteen distinct and independent exercises on the rhymes, *sublime, time, day, bay, dawn, lawn, moon, noon, entire, fire, lake, shake, wing, bring, few, adieu;* and all of these, we have reason from their respective signatures to believe, were the production of different rhymers. It is extremely curious to observe the diverse character of the various sets of verses, some being solemn, some sentimental, and some comic, notwithstanding their all being bound to end with the same words. It is also curious to note how the various versifiers contrive to get over, by various expedients, the one awkward word in the set of rhymes, namely, the word *entire*—as also to see the same word made to tell impressively

* Edinburgh, printed for A. Mackay, High Street; W. Cockburn, Anstruther, &c. 1815.

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in one production, and drolly in another. Out of the fifteen, we shall select four, as different from each other as possible :—

THE POET.

With eye of fire, and haughty brow sublime,
The poet fears thee not, destructive Time!
He toils unmindful of the passing day,
To gain at last the never-fading bay;
He courts the beauties of the golden dawn,
He dwells delighted on the dewy lawn,
But, chief at night, when the resplendent moon
Climbs the blue heaven to gain her silent noon,
Entranced he stands—wild fancy reigns entire,
And his high numbers burn with more than mortal fire!
Heedful he views the calm unruffled lake;
Careless he feels the earth with thunders shake:
He soars aloft on fancy's eagle wing,
From her high halls her airy forms to bring;
Or, snugly seated with a chosen few,
Bids the vain world and all its pomp adieu!

THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully sublime,
When the last trump shall stop the march of time!
What shall avail, on that tremendous day,
The hero's laurel or the poet's bay!
Methinks I see the rosy-finger'd dawn
Shed her last ray o'er every hill and lawn.
Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent moon;
The sun may rise, but never reach his noon.
From earth, from heaven, with ripen'd force entire,
Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring fire.
From heaven's high arch to the infernal lake,
Shall all creation to her centre shake.
Its fearful flight the trembling soul shall wing,
And to its God each vice and virtue bring.
Oh! may there then on earth be found but few
Not well prepared to bid the world adieu!

MORNING,

Written on Arthur's Seat.

On Arthur's lofty top sublime,
Seamed by the iron hand of time,
I sit, and view the coming day
Smiling from Portobello bay.
On Abercorn the ruddy dawn
Tinges each tower, and tree, and lawn;
On high the waning pale-faced moon
Is lost ere she attains her noon.
But see, with radiant orb entire,
Beaming, appears the god of fire!
O'er Duddingstone's enchanting lake,
While scarce a leaf the breeze doth shake,
The wild duck skirrs on rattling wing,
Condolence to its mate to bring.
Few are thy charms, Edina! oh, how few!
With scenes like these content, I'd bid thee long adieu!

JOHNNIE DOWIE'S.*

Though far from low, yet not sublime,
Here we pass our joyous time;
Excluded from the light of day,
Here sit the children of the bay.
What care we for the orient dawn?
What care we for the dewy lawn?
What care we for the pale-faced moon?
What care we for the sun at noon?
Here sparkling foams Bell's best *entire;*
There blazing burns John Dowie's fire:
What care we for the breezy lake?
What care we though the mountain shake
Fancy, be gone on eagle wing,
Come, Meg, another bottle bring.
Come, bring us bottles not a few;
A dozen yet we'll drink ere we bid John adieu

Upon another set of rhymes we have seven sets of exercises; but of these we shall select only one, being that which appears to us the most easily and happily concocted in the whole book :—

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Aid me, oh muse, to land in rhyme,
The golden and primeval time,
Old Saturn's happy day,
When Virtue over every clime,
Danced with young Pleasure in her prime,
And chased, with joyful shoutings, Crime
And Sorrow far away.

Then free and happy, sinless man
Exulting o'er earth's valleys ran;
Whilst in the starry frame,
His meditative eye began
The finger of his God to scan,
As, musing on the Almighty's plan,
He fed devotion's flame.

It seem'd as if his sacred train
Of thoughts, pure issue of the brain,
To Virtue's lyre did chime;
It seem'd as if, in lieu of rain,
The skies dropp'd honey on each plain,
Whilst grateful Earth sent up again
Hymns holy and sublime.

The Anstruther Muso-maniacs had their prepared and their extemporaneous effusions. The above are of the former character. The extemporaneous class consisted of shorter and more careless pieces, generally a single verse in alternate rhymes. A few of these are not bad, considering the manner of their production—such as :—

What is this life? a smoke, a bubble;
In this gay world, a foolish jig;
A joyless field of barren stubble,
And what is man?—a whirligig!

My heated brain begins to bubble,
With joy I dance the airy jig,
My hair lies flat (once stiff as stubble),
While round I fly—a whirligig!

The Brahmin of the East, who doth
Wash in the Ganges river,
Thinks he doth soul and body both
From future pains deliver.

Oh, wretched is the man that doth
Fall in a rocky river;
For why? he's drown'd and murder'd both—
No aid can him deliver.

Mark Tully was a clever chiel;
His fame is spread through all the nations;
He would have stunn'd the very deil,
And knock'd him down with his orations.

Will Pitt, he was a clever chiel,
He understood the laws of nations;
His eloquence would posed the deil;
Tully ne'er uttered sic orations.

In mathematic lore, dear George,
We own thou like a king dost reign;
But, haply, on Apollo's forge
Thou hammerest poetry with pain.

One would suppose a silly pen
A shabby weapon in a scuffle;
And yet the pen of critic men
A very hero's soul would ruffle.

And so here end the humours of the Muso-maniac Society of Anstruther.

* An old-fashioned tavern, situated in a dark alley in Edinburgh, and in which only one room had a window, all the rest being illuminated during the day by candles. It was once a favourite haunt of the poet Burns. For some years, a roadway has gone over the site of this ancient temple of conviviality.

CASES FROM HUTTON'S COURT OF REQUESTS.

WILLIAM HUTTON, author of the History of Birmingham, and whose autobiography affords one of the most pleasing instances of an individual rising by industry and proper moral conduct to a high sphere in life, in the latter part of his honourable career filled the office of judge in the Court of Requests in Birmingham, and left behind him a memoir of the more remarkable cases which came before him for decision in that capacity. This rather singular production having, in the course of half a century, fallen completely out of notice, has been selected for our series of cheap reprints,* from a conviction of its utility as a means of disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic.

As a specimen of the amusing nature of the contents, we here offer the following cases :—

THE RAFFLERS.

The desire for gaming is predominant in every rank among us. There is an unaccountable pleasure in changing a certainty for a chance. If a man has a few old household goods that lie heavy upon his hands, the refuse of a broken mercer's shop, or a horse fit for the dogs, he publishes a raffle. The propensity to gaming, joined to his own little interest with his friends, will probably help off his tickets. The idea of having a horse for a shilling, whose very hide is worth eighteenpence, is a powerful motive to venture. The strong desire to win gives rise to unfair practices, and these to everlasting disputes. The disputants in higher life appeal to the sword; in lower to the Court of Requests; and, for want of that, to the fist.

Rossiter sued Wheeler for L.1, 18s. 11d. Wheeler replied, that Rossiter held a watch of his, value three pounds. It appeared that Rossiter owned a watch, which he put up to be raffled for, and had solicited Wheeler to take a ticket. They had agreed and fixed upon the number. That ticket happened to win the watch. Rossiter declared, that as Wheeler had neither paid for the ticket nor received it, he should have nothing to do with the prize, but as the ticket was in his possession, he would be the winner himself.

Court (to Rossiter).—As a bargain cannot be made without two persons, it cannot be broken without two. Wheeler has hitherto broken no part of his bargain, consequently you can break no part of yours. Had you agreed for ready money, he would have failed on his part, and the watch would have been yours. You fairly sold him the ticket, though the time of payment was not mentioned. The agreement was firm, though he had neither paid for the ticket nor possessed it; and had it been drawn a blank, he would have been responsible to you for the purchase-money, which you might have recovered in this court. We cannot make an order for your L.1, 18s. 11d., except you deliver the watch.

R.—Wheeler's credit is too bad to allow me to change a certainty for an uncertainty. Your orders cannot oblige a man to pay money who has none. The credit of a gambler is base currency.

C.—Has any artist valued the watch?

R.—Yes, and rated it at nine shillings.

W.—I will not take thirty for it.

C. (to Rossiter.)—Was it fair in you to puff forth your watch at three pounds, which, by your own confession, was valued at nine shillings? We shall make an order in your favour for one pound and eleven pence; you shall deduct eighteen shillings for the watch, and promise to keep it one year from this day, during which you shall return it to Wheeler if he ever tenders you the eighteen shillings. Both were satisfied.

THE RECKONING.

Marshall, a journeyman, was brought before the court, by the keeper of a public-house, for a debt of fifteen shillings; he acknowledged three shillings and ninepence, which he was willing to pay. It appeared that four people, of whom he was one, had spent an evening, and the above sum, at a public-house, had not paid their reckoning, and the landlord sued Marshall for the whole.

Marshall urged, "as he had not drunk the whole, he had no right to pay for the whole; he was but a fourth of the number, had drunk but a fourth of the drink, and ought to pay but a fourth of the money. No man had a right to pay for more than he received. The landlord ought to look to each man for his share, and not seek the whole from one; and that there could be no justice in obliging one man to pay for another."

Court (to Marshall).—When a company drink at a public-house, they can be considered by the landlord but as one person; they have joined themselves together, and he has no right to put them asunder. He cannot say to one, as he enters, "You may drink," and to another, "You shall not;" nor ask any one whether he has money to pay his reckoning. One may treat another, for what he knows, or he may treat the whole. It is a partnership for that night; and what right has the landlord to inquire who finds the capital? They are equally accountable to him for the whole debt. It is not enough that one pays his part, he must take care that the whole is paid; that is *his* concern, not the landlord's. When the partnership dissolves, whether it be at *mid-day* or *midnight*, every partner is responsible for the debts contracted in the partnership. He who sits silent in company has the same right to pay for the tankard as he who called for it; he who watches at the gate is just as culpable as he who robs the house. If one of them break a glass, it is nothing to the landlord who broke it; he can charge it to the company, as well as its contents, and they must settle the matter with the individual. If this were not the case, a landlord would soon have his cellar emptied, and nothing left to fill it. One man *with* money might bring a dozen without, who being strangers, the landlord is deprived of his property and his remedy; and as no evil can be brought upon a man without its attendant cure—for they follow each other like the substance and the shadow—we must charge the debt upon you. He can take any of the company, and he whom he takes may demand their shares from the rest. It is to your honour that he singles you out; he thinks you the Pam of the pack.

THE SHOEMAKER AND OLD SOLDIER.

Shad, a shoemaker, sued P, an old soldier, September 1, 1785, for L.1, 4s. P acknowledged that the debt might have been contracted, but pleaded the statute of limitations, which annihilates a debt after a lapse of six years, provided that debt is not kept alive by a continued account between the parties, or by an acknowledgment or a promise from the debtor. Shad declared he had had a running account, had recently sold him goods, and received payment. The court continued the cause, and desired him to produce his books the next court-day.

It appeared the debt sued for was contracted in 1778, after which P went into the army, and was absent five years. At his return, he frequently bought shoes of Shad, had not much credit, and had since paid.

The question to be considered by the commissioners was, whether the new connexion preserved the old debt? It was argued in favour of the delinquent, that the old demand stood by itself, stands the same still, and is cured by time; that whatever P bought, he paid for. That as P, out of gratitude, had become a customer again, it would be ungenerous to trap him for conferring those favours upon Shad which he might have conferred upon another.

It was urged in reply, that P laid himself open to a suit, by appearing in the verge of the court within six years; that his becoming a customer might excite Shad's patience, who might otherwise have made a more early attack; that the commissioners did not conceive they had any right to destroy a debt; that a new debt will piece to an old one, as well at the end of five years as five days; and as the two debts did not seem divided, either by time, law, or reason, they must be considered as one.

The bench having got over this stumbling-block, fell upon a greater. It was pleaded, in favour of P, that in the five years above mentioned he had been condemned in a court of justice for housebreaking; that his father, by his prudent behaviour, as sergeant in the militia, had obtained the good graces of Lord B., his colonel, by whose interest he had procured a pardon for the son, who had since settled, become a master, lived in credit, and stood a fair chance of acquiring a fortune. That the moment sentence of death is passed upon a man, he is dead in law; the judge can order instant execution. He can make no will, he can bequeath no effects, he can inherit no property, nor transact any business with the living. No action can lie against him; all his own debts are cut off, no creditor can claim upon him, consequently this demand ceases; and this is the practice of all our courts.

But it was remarked, if the law killed, the crown could make alive; that a pardon reinstated a man where the law found him. If the crown gives life, it gives all its appendages; every thing belonging to the man revives with him, consequently his debts. If he can claim, as P had done, why not pay? The crown is defective, if it cannot do what the law has undone. And to suppose life restored without action, is to suppose an impossibility.

These reasons operated with the bench; but still there was an obstacle they could not surmount—the practice of all the courts, which they were assured by professional men existed. The commissioners were set fast. They found themselves completely hemmed

* People's Editions, published by W. and R. Chambers. Price 1s.

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in between law and equity, and, like Sterne's starling, "they could not get out." If they attempted one side, they would fly in the face of the law; if the other, they would break the mounds of equity: all the quirks of Westminster-Hall could not relieve them. That the debt was due to Shad did not admit a doubt, but how to give it him did.

As the whole legislative power is in the hands of the king, lords, and commons, and as every act of theirs is supposed the act of every man in the kingdom, it becomes requisite to pay a deference to the laws, though they may not exactly hit our sentiments. He pays his country an ill compliment who sets up his private judgment against theirs: besides, the precedent is dangerous; for if a man can trample upon one law, why not on another? which would immediately put a period to government. If a man will not submit to the laws, because those laws are defective, there is an end of submission, for no perfect system can exist, the weakness of our nature will not allow it. Again, if the commissioners acted against law, they acted against an authority equal to that under which they sat; for the same powers which favoured the culprit, constituted them a bench. Two evils offered, one of which they were obliged to commit; they therefore chose what they conceived to be the least, that of dismissing the cause. If they had acted against law, they could not have made reparation; but by giving it a simple dismission, they left Shad at liberty to pursue his antagonist in another court, or even in this, if any further light could be thrown on the subject.

The suitors were both hurt; one, because he could not recover his property; and the other, because the noisome snuff, which had been extinguished by a pardon, was publicly lighted up in court.

THE JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN.

A Christian summoned one of the children of Israel, and desired the court, with a significant smile, to take notice that his antagonist was a Jew. The court, in return, desired him to take notice that the declaration did not operate against the Jew, but against himself; that the bench were confined to the actions brought before them, and left the religion to the man.

The Christian was a jeweller. One of the parties had agreed that he should buy a watch of the Jew, value three guineas, and pay him in stone knee-buckles. When the Christian supposed that the Jew had sold the buckles, he sued him for L.1, 19s. 11d. as an overcharge for the watch, which he said had been valued at one guinea. No evidence appeared. The watch was produced, it seemed modern, but the bench were not judges of its value. On the other side, an evidence for the Jew declared he had seen the buckles; that the workmanship was exceedingly bad; that they fell to pieces without wearing; and that he could sell better at fifty per cent. under the price.

Court.—Perhaps the case before us is that of a Jew and a Christian, who, not having the fear of any religion before their eyes, strive which shall overreach the other. Truck is the most disreputable part of commerce; each side premises to charge the money price, but neither performs it. No man will barter away his goods if he can dispose of them for money; but defective articles rarely find a better market. He cheats, expecting to be cheated. Had the Jew or the Christian received the other's property, and refused to deliver his own, we should have enforced payment. But as each saw, received, and approved the purchase, each fulfilled his bargain, consequently nothing can lie against one more than the other; we shall dismiss the cause, and leave the parties to cultivate their talents for cosening.

THE COAT AND MANY OWNERS.

Pemberton was a stranger, of a moderate capacity, about fifty; had married a girl of twenty, who appeared handsome, modest, and agreeable, but not much wiser than her husband. She had never seen the world, and he was never able to see it. This loving couple, with one child, in 1786, came to seek their fortunes in Birmingham, and took up their abode in Moor Street, in a den of thieves. The husband was easily enticed to get drunk, and treat the whole crew, which expense, with three shillings borrowed by Hill, broke him. Hill then persuaded him out of his coat, which he gave to A, and he pawned it to B. C fetched it out of pawn, and sold it to D for two shillings and twopence. D having mended it, sold it to E for four shillings; and perhaps this hackneyed coat, in a fortnight more, would have travelled through the whole alphabet. Pemberton sued Hill for thirteen shillings and sixpence—half a guinea for the coat, and three shillings borrowed.

Money is the grand standard to which all property is brought to find its value; this is the only certainty we know; and except property of every kind has been tried by this standard, it cannot be pronounced a debt, nor recovered in this court. If Pemberton has a right to charge his coat at half a guinea, why not at half a score? If the bounds of value are not exactly prescribed, those bounds, like space, become infinite. Had Pemberton been defrauded of his coat while new, it would have borne a certain price, but becoming second-hand, that certainty ceases; the bench cannot treat it as a debt.

All the parties appeared; some of them, I knew, had practised the arts of deception for thirty years. They spoke loudly in favour of themselves, as people usually do whose actions will not speak for them. They alleged against Pemberton that he was a foreigner and a papist.

Court.—As he who wilfully sets the house in a flame is the first to cry out fire, so he who *injures* is the first to censure the injured. Pemberton being a stranger, should have taught you another conduct. A stranger is entitled to our civility and protection, but you consider him an object of plunder. You also accuse him of being a Roman Catholic: this proves nothing against *his* religion, but much against your own, for it proves that a Protestant is both able and willing to rob a Papist.

We direct that E shall relinquish his four-shilling bargain to D, and that D shall return the coat to Pemberton, paying him three shillings—two shillings and twopence for the purchase, and tenpence for mending, which being paid on Hill's account, brings the coat to the standard of value, and adds three shillings to his debt; we shall therefore make an order against him for six, and recommend a lesson he will never learn—to show kindness to strangers, and justice to all.

A SUBALTERN'S REMINISCENCES OF A TRANSPORT.

To the best of my recollection, Beresford, in his "Miseries of Human Life," never makes the slightest allusion to a transport. This is passing strange: it would have yielded him a fruitful topic. If to be amongst three or four hundred people, soldiers and sailors, and wives and children of the former, whom the fates have ordained to be stowed away in a little ship for a long voyage, be not one of the miseries of human life, I know not what is. The best illustration I can give of a transport is a hen-coop well crammed with fowl; and, generally, the conduct and behaviour of her crew, or rather her passengers, are much the same as those of the fowl in a hen-coop—by no means the most gentle, peaceable, or forbearing. So as they can in any way accommodate themselves, no matter how much they discommode their neighbours. Certainly the well-filled transport at sea is the place in which to see human nature divested of those many little disguises, which in general make it pass off so plausibly.

Here comes a draft of the —th from Chatham—a vile place, in my opinion almost as bad as a transport. A hot march it is to Gravesend: what an appropriate name this place has!—the last ground, perhaps, your foot touches until you tread on a foreign soil, which is likely to be your final resting-place! There rides, on the bosom of Father Thames, the vile vessel, No. —, that in a few short hours is to transport those fine young fellows from their native shore. The boats are at the pier—they embark—they ascend the ship's side—the anchors are weighed—the sails unfurled—and the loud and hearty cheer proclaims she is urging her winged flight! A cheer under such circumstances, strikes more mournfully on the ear of a reflecting man than the tolling of a funeral bell. How many of these voices will be stilled ere the passage is over! How many a manly corse, with sullen plunge, will cleave the parting waters! Many that will survive the voyage, will sleep beneath the shadow of the feathery palm! How few, alas! how few, will return to the scenes of their youth, and raise the loud cheer, as the shores of their native land break dimly on their view, over the breast of the waters!

But few such thoughts, I ween, trouble the thoughtless throng. They are depôt men, all heart and spirits, going to join their service companies. What do they know of care, or disease, or the sigh of the exile, on a foreign shore, for the land of the dreams of his boyhood!

The transport is destined, in the first place, for Cork, to take in detachments for other corps, and to lay in the sea stock. We will not dwell long on the squally weather that is frequently met with in the channel—we will pass over tacking, and reefing, and lying to—and, without any more preamble, bring the ship to anchor off Spike Island, near the Cove of Cork.

All bustle again, embarking divers detachments. Facings of black and blue, buff and white, mingled together—stowing of knapsacks, haversacks, hold-alls, well supplied with pipeclay, soap, and tobacco—slinging of hammocks—Scotch, English, and Irish, knocking up against each other—officers making choice of cabins, or berths, as the case may be—second lieutenants disputing with ensigns about priority of rank. This reminds me of a ludicrous affair of two ensigns going out in the same ship, when the senior said to the junior, "If you do your duty, you will find me a very easy commanding officer." But here permit me, for the information of the uninitiated in the arcana of military life, to state that the seniority of date in commission is a matter of no trivial importance aboard a transport, as the junior seldom fails of getting the worst berth.

Now comes a very useful part of the community—a set of bristly, noisy Irish pigs, kicking up a dreadful row, and looking as if they by no means relished the idea of expatriation. How that big hog roars! Heu, heu! the world we live in—the ungrateful world! Poor brute, perhaps you have helped to pay the *rint*, or the tithe, and the reward of all thy merits is to be cut up to appease the appetite of strangers. How he struggles, and kicks, and roars! There is certainly nothing lamb-like about him. Another haul—he swings bravely over the gangway—lower away now—that will do—he is safe in the long boat! quite enough to terrify the few timid sheep, that are huddled together in the farther end of it, with his hideous screaming and grunting; but still there is an honest indignation in the whole of his conduct. If the brute could speak, he might exclaim with Scipio (and with the greatest possible assurance that his prediction would be fulfilled), "Ingrata patriæ, non possidibis mea ossa."* What comes next? Gobbling turkeys; some of them regular patriarchs, and no mistake. No joke to pick one of these drumsticks! And geese and cackling ducks, firkins of Irish butter, and potatoes raised by the "finest pisantry" on earth.

The pilot is aboard, looking "mighty 'cute" as paddy would say. Stand round the capstan, lads; hurra! the anchor's up. Away she goes with her studding-sails set, like a lonely bird, over the ocean. The breeze is freshening. In with the studding-sails—reef the topsails—and now for some of the delights of sailing. Hear ye those horrible sounds of pain and wo, which break from one side of the deck? Hallo! it is by no means a solitary case. Half a dozen now are with their heads over the gunnel, looking wistfully at the gurgling waters, at the same time making sounds by no means expressive of inward satisfaction. More are rising out of the hold, the hinder pressing upon the leaders. They are staggering about the decks. And the chill foam scatters its spray over them, baptising their clammy foreheads; and the drizzly rain has commenced, and the moaning wind is rising a key higher, and the waves sound surlier, and the word is passed, loud and decided, "All hands below but the watch." So the languid wretches descend again into the dark and noisome gulf, groping, sick and tottering, to their hammocks.

The night drearily passes over. With the morning the weather is clearing; but the sun shines ghastly and faintly. Nevertheless, up with the hammocks for airing—orderlies of companies attend for the rations—hark! the drum beats all hands to the grog tub—rum diluted with water, to be drunk at the tub, in presence of the orderly officer. Who is for the day? Ensign Muggins. Poor fellow! here he comes, looking very rueful. The smell of the rum is not likely to revive him; he has got hold of one of the ratlings; depend upon it, he will "screw" his courage to the sticking place.

"Well, Muggins, old boy, how are you getting on?" sung out Hopkins, the captain of the day, as his head peered up from the companion-ladder, on a level with the deck—his face, the colour of saffron, assuring the beholders that his stomach was no stranger to curry and rice—in short, that he was an old stager, well backed by a tropical sun, and knowing in all the ways of voyagers.

"Very seedy, Hopkins, very seedy, indeed," replied Muggins; "who could ever have imagined that all this misery was attached to the army? It was running after castle guard-mounting in Dublin, and field days, that turned my brain—only I was a fool, I should not be here—my stomach feels as if it were turned inside out."

"Ha! ha! ha! my lad, too late—too late to be grumbling—why did you list? Why did you list, Master Muggins?" chuckled Captain Hopkins; at the same time, striking a light, he commenced smoking a cigar, as much as to say, "I bid defiance to sea sickness."

"I would give fifty pounds I was well enough to smoke," sighed out Muggins.

"All in good time," said Hopkins; "you cannot expect to be a sailor in a few hours; but, Muggins, my boy, sick as you are, let me give you a little good advice. There are married officers aboard, and some of them have got daughters; take care of yourself, my boy, for, ten to one, when your sea-sickness goes off, you will get love sick. I have not crossed the line for nothing. An old bird is not caught with chaff. Observe, they will get up dancing when the nights are fair, and round games when they are wet, and get excessively intimate with each other; and before the voyage is over, the half of them will be by the ears, or my name is not Hopkins. But just take a cigar, and blow a cloud; be civil to them, and nothing more. On no account put your heels in a passion with that old paymaster's daughter; you may depend upon it, sir, they have no tin—not a piece. They may know how to draw, but not on the bank. I see they have brought a piano aboard; but I am happy there is no room to put it up. But dancing they will have, if they have nothing but the fifes. But here comes the orderly sergeant. Well, Sergeant Pikestaff, what's the matter?"

"I have brought up Lance-corporal Rooney, sir, for fighting with private Tim Doolan of the —th, thinking it highly unbecoming conduct, and subversive of military discipline in an acting corporal."

* "Ungrateful country of mine, thou shalt not possess my bones!"

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"Your honour," says Tim Doolan, "Lance-corporal Rooney fetched me a dig under my right lug, from the effects of which I am nearly deprived of my hearing; and, further, he knocked my cap clane off my head overboard—sorra the sight of it I ever saw after—and tould me I was an Orangeman, though it's quite the reverse I am; and thin he offered to box me on the forecastle, your honour."

"Well, Corporal Rooney, what have you now to say?" asked Captain Hopkins.

"Why, sir, he aggravated me, and threw reflictions and disparagements upon our rigimint. Says he, 'You, and the rest of your corps, are a set of spalpeens. When ye marched into Mullingar, it was ye that claned out our mess tins, as if ye had ate nothing for an entire week of Sundays, and never gave us in return as much as a dram, or blast of a pipe, or a mouthful of tobaccy. And as for yourself (maning me, sir), you think yourself a very fine fellow, since you got that *stripe* upon your arm. You are getting as proud as one of Paddy Wall's pigs, and in two hours I wouldn't matter much pulling your dirty nose.' I couldn't stand him at all, at all, sir; I tould him he'd better keep his jaw to himself, that I was as good a mother's child as he was any day, and that it was a dirty mane thing of him to be casting up about the bit and sup that his rigimint gave ours whin we came off the march. It was only jist what the likes of any rigimint would do to another in similar circumstances. Upon this, your honour, he spat in my face, and thin I gave him a dig, to show him how to observe politeness and manners for the futer; told him though I had a *stripe*, that would not be the rason of privinting me giving him satisfaction; and that, if he plased, I would take a round out of him on the forecastle; and there's the story for your honour. His cap did go overboard; but I am willing to pay for it, if you will only look over the business this time, and I will promise you I will give Tim Doolan a wide berth for the futer." "On the promise you have made, I will pass the thing over this time; sergeant, the prisoner is forgiven. Now, Muggins," resumed Hopkins, "you see how these fellows are beginning already. Wait a little, and the bickerings will break forth in the cuddy; but here comes the paymaster's wife and her darlings. Why, they look as if they were all in the measles; but I must say something to them. How do you do, Mrs Moneypenny? and you, Miss Eliza? and you, Miss Jane?"

"Oh, laws! Captain Hopkins, oh, laws!" exclaimed Mrs Moneypenny; "what is to become of me and my poor dear lambs—we are nearly devoured by vermin. You might sweep the bugs together, and take them up in handfuls. Oh! my dear Captain Hopkins, what is to become of us?"—and Mrs Moneypenny and daughters burst individually and collectively into tears. "Why, it is distressing, no doubt," replied old Hopkins, at the same time trying to repress a sardonic grin; "but I assure you, Mrs Moneypenny, it is only a trifle in comparison to what you will suffer on your landing, from the mosquitoes." After delivering this delightful piece of information, he glided to his cabin, chuckling at the idea of having sold old Mother Moneypenny a real bargain.

"There is one comfort," soliloquised young Muggins, aside; "there are others uncomfortable aboard this ship besides myself; at all events, if the Misses Moneypenny do not improve in their looks before the passage is over, there is no fear of my falling in love with them. But the bell rings, and there goes the black steward. Better, again, there goes the dinner. I will try what a little soup will do for me." And in stalks Ensign Muggins into the cuddy.

The cuddy was a long narrow cabin, not across the ship, as the general arrangement is, but running lengthways, or, nautically to express it, from fore to aft; about nineteen feet long and ten broad, with small cabins for officers on each side. In this miserable hole about twenty-five persons were crammed daily, to eat pea-soup, salt pork, junk, and, as long as the fresh provisions lasted, a portion of the same. A life of this kind, day after day, is very monotonous. Sometimes a distant sail may appear on the horizon. An attempt is made to speak her in vain; she is on the other tack. A shark perhaps has been caught, and a crowd gathers on the deck to gaze at the dying monster. One day a calm—then a storm; a lull—and then a sudden squall; but, to make the passage quick, after a certain time Madeira is made, and the Cape de Verds are passed; by this time the passengers are fulfilling Hopkins' predictions fast—going it tooth and nail. Eight weeks are passed. By observation, we are in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The poor skipper is nearly driven mad by the continual dictation and interference of the passengers; one set begging him to put into the Cape; others, thinking it will only finally keep them at sea longer, are averse to his doing so: he quarrelling with his mates, and his mates with him; even the black steward, seeing how affairs are going on, has mustered courage, and given him impertinence. This is too much for the enraged skipper; he seizes the astonished nigger by the pell, and bundles him out of the cuddy.

Lieutenant Jenkins of the —th, has received a challenge from paymaster Moneypenny, some particularly good-natured person having informed the paymaster that Lieutenant Jenkins made some highly improper remarks on Miss Moneypenny the preceding evening, while she was walking on the quarterdeck with Cornet Twaddle of the —th. Mrs Moneypenny, furious, and adjuring her better half to have no mercy upon that odious young puppy Jenkins.

Mrs Flannigan has been in hysterics since morning, on account of some person or persons unknown having thrown her pet lapdog Fidele overboard. Brevet Major Flannigan, the senior and commanding officer aboard, outrageous at the act, swearing if he only knew who it was, he would bring the offender forthwith to a court-martial, and have him tried for disgraceful conduct. Old Hopkins is generally suspected for the vile deed. The lapdog invariably showed a marked antipathy to him, cocking its tail, showing its teeth, and snarling at him, whenever he made his appearance on the poop. And the skipper is in an awful humour again, having detected some of the officers' ladies sweeping the almonds and raisins by wholesale into their laps, for their squalling young brats. Great interest making to get the black steward reinstated in his office, from which he had been lately ejected. Rough weather again—in with the dead lights! The Cape is passed—weeks roll on—fresh provisions nearly finished. The old cock that crew every morning had his neck twisted this afternoon; there he swings, suspended by the legs, from the ratling. The hen-coops look most melancholy. They are tenantless—not even a quacking chick left, and the Isle of Ceylon is not yet reached. The old hog—the only survivor of the live-stock—is to be sacrificed to-morrow; the beer is out, and the water ebbing very low; two sentries on the water casks. This looks blue. Passengers by this time something like caged tigers. "Land ahead"—joyful sound! "There's Adam's Peak," shouted out old Hopkins, as the mist cleared off, and the crags of the noble mountain glittered in the morning sun, and the tops of cocoa-nut trees, that gird the shore, looked green and fresh to eyes that had rested for months on the tossing billows. And now the canoes are approaching, with their outriggers, like ploughshares—and the flag-staff is signalising—and the naked and graceful-figured Cingalese stand on the deck to sell their plantains and cocoa-nuts—and the moor-men sailors, with their shaven heads, are rowing lustily, the oars keeping time with some wild chant. The staff officer has come on board with directions:—"The men to disembark in the evening."

They have disembarked; what a dark ridge of cloud canopies the distant jungle! Hark to the distant growl of the pent-up thunder! What a lightning flash! Peal upon peal re-echoes through the startled hills. The shaken clouds discharge their fountains of waters—the roads are converted into rivers. "Right shoulders forward." Huzza! they are now marching into the fort, drenched by the pitiless shower; but any port after a transport. The voyage is over; and the detachments, in their several quarters, sleep without rocking in the Fort of Colombo.

THE UNFORTUNATE SAILOR.

In the Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, lately published, we find the following account of a case in which, as solicitor-general, he was engaged in 1807. It is impossible to read it without feeling impressed with a degree of horror at the indifference with which human life was legally, and often wrongfully, extinguished thirty or forty years ago:—

"A case has been lately laid before the attorney-general and me, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, to consider of the expediency of prosecuting for a libel the printer of a weekly newspaper called the *Independent Whig*; which has brought some facts to our knowledge that demand the most serious attention. A sailor, of the name of Thomas Wood, was tried by a court-martial at Plymouth on the 6th of October last, on a charge of having been concerned in the mutiny and murders which were committed on board the Hermione. It was in September 1797 that the mutiny took place; and the prisoner being only, as was supposed, of the age of twenty-five when he was tried, could not have been more than sixteen when the crime was committed. The fact was proved but by a single witness: that witness, however, who was the master of the Hermione, swore positively that the prisoner, who, he said, at that time bore the name of James Hayes, was the very man whom he remembered on board the Hermione; and that he saw him taking a very active part in the mutiny. Notwithstanding the positive oath of the witness thus identifying the prisoner, yet, as the witness said that he had never seen the prisoner since, and as the appearance of a man generally changes very considerably in the nine years which elapse between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, little reliance could be had on such testimony. It was, however, the only evidence in support of the prosecution. But what was wanting in the evidence for the crown was supplied by the prisoner's defence. It was delivered in writing, and was in truth a supplication for mercy rather than a defence. The following passage contains the whole substance of it:—'At the time when the mutiny took place, I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Drove by the torrent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter amongst the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell, if I sided with or showed the smallest inclination for mercy;' and then follow entreaties for compassion on his youth, and a declaration that he had not enjoyed an hour's repose of mind since the event took place. The court found him guilty; he was sentenced to be hanged; and on the 17th of October the sentence was executed. In the mean time, his brother and sister, who were in London, heard of his situation, and made application at the Admiralty. They insisted that their brother was innocent; that he was not even on board the Hermione, but was serving as a boy in the Marlborough, at Portsmouth, at the time the mutiny took place; they procured a certificate of this fact from the Navy Office, and transmitted it to Plymouth, where it arrived previous to the execution. The guilt of the prisoner, however, appeared so manifest from his own defence, that no regard was paid to the certificate, and the execution took place. This proceeding was animadverted on in the *Independent Whig*, in several successive papers, with very great severity. The members of the court-martial called upon the Lords of the Admiralty to punish the author of these libels; and, in consequence of this, they were laid before us. The attorney-general suggested, at the consultation, the propriety of making some inquiry into the fact before the prosecution was instituted. We neither of us entertained any doubt of the man's guilt; but yet the attorney-general thought that it would be advisable to be able to remove all possible suspicion upon that point. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot by the solicitor of the Admiralty; the result of which was, that the man was perfectly innocent, and was at Portsmouth on board the Marlborough when the crime was committed in the Hermione. He had applied to another man to write a defence for him; and he had read it, thinking it calculated to excite compassion, and more likely to serve him than a mere denial of the fact."

We hear nothing of the prosecution of the villanous captain for the crime of perjury, in this truly affecting case of legal murder.

RAILWAY CHARGES.

In our late article on the English railways, we omitted to notice that nearly all the companies have committed the mistake of making the fares of transmission too high. The charges are unquestionably lower than those of the mail or stage coaches; perhaps, in general, they are but one-half: but this is not the point. Comparisons, in any shape, with the old stage-coaching practice, are now entirely out of the question. The serious matter for the consideration of the railway companies is, whether they could not realise a much higher revenue by charging in all cases lower fares? Our belief is, that they would; and we appeal to the example set by Belgium, as well as by a few companies in this country. Let us quote, on this subject, the following evidence from the "Inventors' Advocate, and Journal of Industry:"—

"Travelling has hitherto paid by the first-class Belgian carriages at the rate of 5 per cent.; by the second class, 9 per cent.; by the third class 32 per cent.; and by the fourth, or lowest class, 54 per cent.! There is no mistaking the principle which these facts go to establish, the more especially that the whole course of experience in France and America corroborates the same thing. Nor is the result as regards carriage of goods less striking and satisfactory. In Belgium, the income from this source has mounted up progressively during the past three years from (to use round numbers) 17,000 francs, to 104,000 and 130,000, and is expected shortly to cover all expenses, leaving the travelling fares untouched, as a source of clear profit.

In this country the railway companies have been averse to recognise and act upon the great and publicly beneficial principle resulting from these experiences. Beginnings, however, have in a few instances been made, and these having fully borne out what was predicted of them, there is every reason to believe that the force of public opinion, and the gradual attainment of more enlightened views of self-interest, will effect the rest. Of the beginnings that have been made, we shall give the following examples from the records of the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury railway, and of that between Leeds and Selby. On the former of these, the following rates were charged up to 12th July, 1838:—

Passengers in covered carriages,	1st class,	2s. 6d.	each.
Do.	do.	2d do.	2s. 0d. ...
Do.	open do.		1s. 0d. ...

During the six weeks ending the 12th July, as above, the number of passengers conveyed at these rates was 26,579, and the fares received from them L.1911, 6s. 9d. The fares were then reduced to

1st class, - - - - - -	2s. 0d. each.
2d class, - - - - - -	1s. 6d. ...
Open carriages, as before, -	1s. 0d. ...

And in the six weeks ensuing, the number of passengers rose to 35,128, and the amount of money received from them to L.2129, 7s. 9d. On subsequently raising the fares to their old level, the number of passengers and sums they paid, fell back to their former proportion, showing clearly the true cause of the increase and decrease.

On the Leeds and Selby railway, the fares charged in 1835 were—3s. on first-class trains, and 2s. on the second do.—number of passengers 100,895. In 1836, the fares were raised to 4s. first, and 3s. second class—number of passengers only 88,957. Next year, the fares were still farther raised to 5s. first, and 3s. second class—number of passengers still falling, and now so low as 70,625! In 1838, this course of selfish error began to be retraced; first class being lowered to 4s., and the second to 3s., and the effect followed its cause as naturally as water seeks its level—the number of passengers rising to 90,637. Other more recent examples of the like kind could be added; but even one demonstration so full and unanswerable as the two just given, is as good as a thousand. Let our railway companies, then, listen to the voice of these examples, and be satisfied, that on this point their interests and those of the public are identical."

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Column for Little Girls.

THE TWO SISTERS.

[Abridged from a volume for the young, called "The Hartopp Jubilee, or Profit from Play," by Mrs S. C. Hall. London: Darton and Clark. 1840.]

"THERE are many clever women (said aunt Dacre to Ellen) who are not good, and many good women who are not clever. I will tell you a story; it is some years since I first knew the parties; I have, therefore, had an opportunity of ascertaining the termination as well as the commencement of their career.

My dear mother had been ill for some time, and change of air being recommended for her, we went to Ramsgate, at that period a place of very fashionable resort.

We took a letter of introduction from our own physician to a medical gentleman there; and that gentleman had two daughters, Sarah and Olivia Lambert.

Sarah at that time was about eighteen; her sister a year younger. I was the junior of both.

Olivia Lambert was one of the most brilliant and showy girls I ever met; their mother died when they were in early childhood; it is more than probable, if she had lived, the good doctor's family would have been much better regulated. Olivia's beauty, for she was really handsome, was of a striking nature; the moment she entered our drawing-room, we all thought 'how beautiful she is!' and when Doctor Lambert went to our mother's chamber, we gathered round the young lady, anxious to ascertain if her mind had been as much cared for as her person, for she was expensively dressed, and appeared to have bestowed considerable labour on self-decoration."

"But clever women are never well-dressed, are they, aunt?" asked Ellen.

"It is part of a woman's duty to be neatly and becomingly dressed according to her station in life," replied Lady Dacre; "and a clever woman who neglects this, proves that her mind has been imperfectly cultivated.

Olivia Lambert's mind had been also adorned to a certain extent. The seed of many things had been sown therein: but the seed was not of the best quality, it had got sadly mingled with that of weeds. And the weeds had almost choked the fair and beautiful flowers, which otherwise might have flourished luxuriantly, and brought forth good fruit.

We saw in a few minutes that she possessed a ready wit; she never seemed at a loss for an observation or a reply: but ready wit is apt to intrude itself unnecessarily, and is sadly fond of display.

Your mamma, who had less courage than myself, shrunk from her when she made this discovery, for she feared her powers of ridicule, and knew that she never could enter into a war of words with a clever young lady. Miss Lambert quickly informed us of the sums of money her papa had lavished on her education; and said that she was resolved to do something great before she died, for that she could not bear to live unknown, or die unremembered. Such a declaration made to those she had never seen before, betrayed great presumption, and want of knowledge of the customs of society; but she looked so handsome, and withal, had something so frank and friendly about her, that we continued to listen, and she continued to talk about herself.

She told us she wrote poetry, and offered to sing us one of her own songs; her voice was very pleasing, and the words of the song evinced a good deal of talent."

"She was really clever, then?" said Ellen.

"She was, as I have said, to a certain extent; there could be no second opinion about the matter. She was, poor thing, very clever; but unfortunately every body told her so, and she was so perfectly aware of the fact, that, satisfied with the possession of what she so constantly heard extolled, she did not use any exertions to acquire those virtues and amiabilities which are the only real foundation of female excellence. It was certainly rare to meet so young and so beautiful a creature gifted with so much ability in so many ways: but it was painful to see the petty arts she used to attract admiration, and the craving she felt at all times for praise.

We promised to call on her the next day, for we had not many acquaintances, and Doctor Lambert's extreme attention to our dear mother made us anxious to show any kindness in our power to his children.

'Oh! I shall be so glad to see you,' she exclaimed; 'I will show you my themes—and my lecture—my own invented patterns—and my ring, that was given me by papa for my arrangement of one of Rossini's airs. I will also introduce you to my sister Sarah; I am sure you will love her; every one loves Sarah; but I may tell you that you must not expect any thing extraordinary from her—nothing but extraordinary goodness. Papa calls *her* his right hand; and *me* his right head. Dear, kind Sarah—she sings very well indeed, and speaks one or two languages; but, being the eldest, she has not had time to cultivate her talents. *One* must be housekeeper; and she is so fond of being useful. I am sadly useless; Sarah even superintends my dress; tells me what I am to wear; and takes care of me. She is not a clever girl; and consequently can attend to every domestic thing.'

"Sarah was quite as handsome as her sister; but the expression of her countenance was different; it was modest and subdued; she had also a care-taking look, as if she did and thought a great deal; perceiving that Olivia had shown us some of her drawings, she expressed her sorrow that she had not leisure to cultivate an art she dearly loved; but added, that her sister possessed so much more talent, that she was glad her own attention to their domestic duties enabled her to pursue those occupations in which she was so eminently qualified to excel. Presently her father entered, and then the same flattery was repeated as before. It was evident that, though Doctor Lambert loved his eldest daughter, he regarded her as a sort of domestic drudge, with no more intellect than was necessary to keep the house-books, and economise; while Olivia was regarded as something wonderful; something so wonderful, that the study of his life seemed to be how to add to her accomplishments, and increase the admiration which her beauty excited, by accounts of her wit and talent. Olivia said so; Olivia did so; Olivia thought so; in short, I never saw a man, sensible upon all other subjects, so completely astray in the management of his children. If the young ladies had divided the house duties between them, each would have had sufficient time for amusement and study; but *one* had so much to do, that she really led a life of slavery; the other so little, that, despite all she learned and all she read, and all she displayed, time hung heavily on her hands. Now, my dear Ellen, though Olivia was at first a generous, open-hearted girl, finding persons, particularly in her own family, always ready to bow down to her, made her, in time, both arrogant and capricious. What she learnt, her fine abilities enabled her to learn with so much ease and rapidity, that she neglected every thing to the last moment; and when her masters ventured to complain, she managed, with a sad and dangerous dexterity, to turn the tables on *them*. So that her habits became careless; and as a young and beautiful tree of rapid growth is bent by every passing wind unless properly supported, so Olivia's plans and intentions were constantly overthrown, because she had no prop, no stay; she fancied she had sufficient strength of herself to help herself; and, poor girl, she was so much admired, that no one sought to undeceive her.

As for Sarah, it was difficult to know what points in her well-proportioned nature deserved the warmest praise; her gentleness, her modesty, her freedom from affectation, or her self-denying and uniform attention to her sister, whom she evidently considered as a gifted and superior being; this last was the only weakness I ever perceived in a character which otherwise I should have considered faultless.

Her devotion to her was quite extraordinary, for her own mind, though less brilliant, was more solid; and her acquirements, though less showy, more substantial. We all *admired* Olivia, but we *loved* Sarah. Doctor Lambert found it necessary to receive a great deal of company, and it was wonderful to observe the excellence and good order of his daughter's arrangements, although her pale cheek often assured me she was over-fatigued; for, where there is not a large establishment, it is necessary for the lady of the house to take a very active part in household arrangements. The indifference with which Olivia witnessed her exertions often astonished me, for she would talk of tenderness and sisterly affection by the hour, though still her poor sister toiled on.

Our beloved mother became convalescent, and we quitted Ramsgate. I was never hasty in forming friendships; but I was honoured by the regard of Sarah Lambert, and we felt an attachment for each other which nothing but death could destroy. I was a gainer by this fortunate circumstance, for she had sufficient power over me to make me both read and think; and I am greatly indebted to her for having used that power to my advantage.

We heard constantly of Olivia's beauty, Olivia's wit, Olivia's talent; and the production of a small volume of poems, printed only for private circulation, swelled her triumph to the utmost. This was the brilliant side of the question. Others spoke of Olivia's conceit, Olivia's temper, Olivia's habit of undervaluing others; and said that her father had acted foolishly in giving even a restrained publicity to the unripe fruits of a brilliant but thoughtless mind; that what was pretty and interesting to a home circle, was neither one nor other to a more public one; and that there was much fear of Olivia increasing in conceit more rapidly than in learning. Beauty has its admirers, but it also has its enviers; and the young lady's conduct was such as to invite criticism, rather than disarm censure. Her father's house became the rendezvous of all such persons as either possessed, or desired to be considered as possessing, talent; and of all the lounging gentlemen who liked to see something strange, and admire beauty. Sarah maintained the even tenor of her way, seeking, for her father's dear sake, to eke out an income by no means as large as it was represented to be, and only anxious that the doctor should be prosperous, and her sister admired. I was greatly pained at receiving a letter from her one morning, saying that her father had been very ill for some time, and that she wished I was near her, adding, she knew how vain the desire was, for the town was full, and I could not be spared in the merry month of May: it was, I well remember, just this time twenty-five years; but gaiety never yet destroyed my sympathy, and though I was engaged at the time to be married to Lord Dacre, I obtained my father and mother's permission to fly to my friend.

I found the good old doctor even worse than Sarah's letter had led me to expect, and understood from himself, that if he died, his children would be left almost without provision. 'For dear Olivia,' he said, 'I have no fear; her talents, if she should be obliged to exert them, will win her both fame and fortune; but my poor Sarah! my good, pious, useful Sarah!' and he extended his hand to the really useful girl, who pressed it to her lips, while she turned away to hide her tears, and replied, 'Do not fear for me, dear father, be your days few or many, God will provide for me, by enabling me to work for myself.'

'She is an angel,' he said when she left the room. 'It would have been too much to expect that God should have given me *two* children endowed with Olivia's talent, but for all that Sarah is indeed an angel!'"

"And while Sarah was attending her father, aunt," inquired Ellen, "where was Olivia?"

"My dear, Olivia had never been taught to command her feelings; consequently, even if she had been inclined, *her* sphere of usefulness must be very contracted. I believe she loved her father; she wrote a great many beautiful poems on his death (for he did die); but, during his illness, particularly after his case became hopeless, she used to go into hysterics whenever she witnessed his sufferings, and consequently was unable to alleviate them. To the very last Doctor Lambert consoled himself with the belief that Olivia would meet troops of friends, and establish for herself fame, and gain for herself riches. He knew that for her sake he had lived beyond his means; that he had entered into expensive society that she might shine; and he trusted that her talents had been properly cultivated.

I never loved Sarah so much as I did when I was acquainted with her virtuous exertions to obtain independence; I was proud of her friendship—I studied to deserve it; I hope I did deserve it. I was often angry with Olivia, for she would not draw, because she could not obtain the price she thought her pictures deserved. She would not go out to teach, and she did not understand music as a profession sufficiently to receive pupils at home. She was frequently invited out; but because she could not dress as gaily as she had ever done, she refused to go at all into society. But the cup of her sorrow was not yet filled; she was not yet sufficiently humbled; Sarah had stood between her and her griefs, whether real or imaginary; but it pleased God that this excellent girl should be afflicted with a heavy and sudden illness; this awoke Olivia to a sense of her duties; she saw, as if a film had been removed from her eyes, that her sister had been taxed beyond her strength, and that, too, by her indolence and her vanity; the knowledge was painful, but it was true."

"Well, dear aunt," inquired Ellen anxiously, "but it did her good; it changed her, did it not? and she rewarded this dear sister, and became a useful member of society?"

"My dear Ellen," replied Lady Dacre, "it requires the exercise of a strong and vigorous mind to change suddenly and completely from pride and indolence to humility and industry. I hear of such changes; but I have seldom seen them. Olivia certainly did change; but as regarded her dear sister, it came too late."

"Oh, aunt! Sarah did not die?"

"She did, my dear. She died with her head resting on my shoulder; her hand clasped in that of her sister. While she lived, even I did not know all her worth; she had laboured night and day; she had undermined a constitution, never strong, by unmitigated labour; and she sank into her grave at the age of six and twenty, just as her prospects were brightening; for if she had lived, she would have been married to a near relative of mine, who appreciated her virtues, and longed to see them rewarded. But she had her reward, Ellen; she enjoyed the consciousness of having done her duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her. She had learned to trust in the mercy and loving kindness of the Almighty; and her death-bed was one of peace and joy."

"And her sister?"

"Alas! my dear, Olivia tried—I believe sincerely—to be useful. Those who had given Sarah an opportunity of exerting her talents, and to whom she had become endeared, encouraged her good intentions; but bad habits, acquired early, are hard to overcome. She could not bring down her spirit to the level of her circumstances, and was perpetually reverting to what she had been, instead of making the best of what she was. She missed the luxuries which custom had rendered necessaries; and her friends, or rather those who transferred to her a portion of the friendship they had bestowed upon her sister, grew gradually tired of giving to a discontented person.

We went abroad for some time; and on our return, I inquired for the once beautiful Olivia, whom we thought we had not left without the means of respectable subsistence. Alas! we found her ill, and without friends—her loveliness had been *rubbed out* by fretfulness—its charm was gone—her accomplishments, always showy and imperfect, had ceased to yield enjoyment; for she only prized them as a means to obtain the admiration she no longer excited: poor and neglected, this once brilliant creature inhabited a wretched garret—and" ——

"But you did not leave her there, aunt? Neither you nor mamma, nor grand-mamma, nor any of those of Hartopp Hall, would leave her there," interrupted Ellen, struggling with her tears. "If she had been properly brought up, she would have been very different, and would have known how to use, and when to use, her talents. And besides, she was Sarah's sister; and grand-mamma might easily have put her into one of those dear nice cottages that grand-papa won't allow to be called alms-houses, because they are inhabited by those who never asked an alms. Oh! aunt; I see by your face that this was done. And, I am sure I know who she is—the tall, pale, lady-like woman, who told grand-mamma one day that the roses did not grow fast enough to shade her window, and who has a little village maid to wait on her. Well! I am glad she is not dead. I wonder does she often remember her gay days. I remember one day last summer, she kissed Rose, and said she was very pretty; but not to be vain of it, for it would fade—and not to be conceited. It is a great change, though, for her—is it not?"

"It is, my dear: but it is our duty to be thankful for the blessings we enjoy, and not to regret those we have lost. When I look at her poor hand, deformed by that cruel rheumatism, and remember how beautiful it looked upon the harp, I am tempted to repine with her; but when I also remember how necessary it was that her conceit and pride should be subdued, I think of the mercy of God, who, while he taught her humility, did not desert her utterly.

Such, my love, is the history of 'THE TWO SISTERS,' and I hope it has given you a lesson as to the folly of setting so much value on cleverness, unassisted by more feminine qualities."

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ROOM AND RATIONS.

TILL about forty years ago, there was a comfortable doctrine in the world, that children were a good thing, and that it was desirable to encourage population. Louis XIV. actually went so far as to give pensions to men who had more than ten children; and there were few European states in which he who had three or four did not get a discount from his taxes. But since then, a most melancholy notion has taken possession of the brains of politicians, namely, that population requires rather to be checked than encouraged, seeing that, if allowed full head-way, it is apt greatly to outstrip the increase of the means of subsistence. It is not very likely that many marriages and births have been prevented in our islands by this doctrine. Somehow, people fall in love and marry without much regard to theory, and children come into existence in loud defiance of all that can be said to the contrary. Every day that rises on our islands sees a thousand more human beings squalling upon them than what were squalling the day before; and it is rather remarkable that our total numbers have increased more since this damping doctrine came out, than they did for perhaps a century and a half before. Nevertheless, the doctrine is certainly an oppressive kind of thing, particularly to old bachelor gentlemen who would not marry at any rate, and it would be quite as well that people with large families were relieved in the eye of the public from all charge of contributing to some future famine.

The doctrine appears to be a very sound doctrine when taken by itself. It seems undeniable that, if ten pairs were planted on a small island, which could only produce sufficient aliment for them and forty other persons, that is, four children to each pair, or fifty in all, there would only be occasion for as many marriages as might keep up the population at fifty, and that, if all the forty children were to marry, and have for each pair four children, that is, eighty in addition to the first number, a famine would ensue. But such circumstances as these do not exist in the world. As things are constituted, the new population could either remove to some neighbouring island and plant new settlements, or they could exert manufacturing industry in their original home, and, with the goods they produced, purchase food from some neighbours who chanced to have a wider range of cultivable ground. There might even be a third alternative, for, under the pressing anxiety to provide for the new mouths, they might exercise so much ingenuity and activity in increasing the productiveness of their own soil, that it would support the increased population. These expedients are not adopted to the extent they might be: there is a disposition to prefer the natal soil to every other; political regulations in some cases prevent food from being bought in from a distance; and men are often found very sluggish in adopting means for increasing the produce of their own soil. But where such is the case, the necessary consequence is that marriages are fewer, and the progress of the population is restrained—unless, indeed, where, from some unlucky combination of circumstances, so low a point in the scale of poverty has been reached, that people become reckless of consequences. Certainly, it may generally be affirmed that, where all social regulations are on a right footing, and no marring accident takes place, population may be safely allowed to go on at its natural rate of increase, *if* men will only hold themselves prepared to go to new ground, or to make the old more productive, or to labour for the means of purchasing food from remote fields of production.

Allowing these to be sound principles, it may be worth while to make a little inquiry into the means which nature has yet in reserve for supporting an increased population, both with respect to room and to capabilities of increased production. Most people are of course aware of there being vast unoccupied countries in the world, and that scarcely any districts now under cultivation might not produce much more than they do; but probably few have distinct ideas on either subject.

No result of geographical science is, in our opinion, more remarkable than the different amounts of population in comparison with space, which are found in various countries. The British islands, with 91,000 square miles and an estimated population of 23,400,000, support 257 on every square mile. Some of the other enlightened countries of Europe exhibit a rate somewhat similar. In France, it is 208; in Holland, 262; in Germany, 193. Belgium, with its numerous busy towns within a narrow space, rises considerably higher; the rate is there 453. Switzerland, containing much mountainous ground, but a very industrious people, gives 177. Italy, with a fruitful soil, and many populous cities, supports 249 per square mile. On the other hand, Spain, with its numerous sierras and its little industry, gives only 101; Portugal, 121; Sweden and Norway, with vast alpine wildernesses, have only 17. Russia, full of desolate plains, and with an enslaved populace, gives 35. Turkey, where there is equally little or less freedom, but more fertility, exhibits 63. Prussia and Austria, again, are at such a medium as might be expected from their soil and climate and their political institutions, being in the one case 155, and in the other 165.

Europe contains in all 2,812,532 square miles, and 230,672,000 people,* which gives an average of 82 to the square mile. Now, when we consider that some parts, in no way specially favoured by nature, and where agriculture chiefly is depended on, contain so many as 208 to the square mile (France is in this case), we cannot well doubt that there would be room for many more people in Europe, supposing it were all brought up to the very moderate point in agriculture and manufacturing and commercial activity, which France has already attained. If we go on to suppose a general improvement in agriculture, such as has taken place in Great Britain, a still farther increase to an almost incalculable amount might be admitted of. For four millions of quarters of wheat grown at the beginning of the reign of George III., England now raises twelve millions, or thrice the former quantity. By a single improvement, the introduction of bone manure, some lands have of late years been producing five times their former crops of turnips. Tile draining is making one piece of land worth what two once were, all over the island. Of course, there is nothing to prevent other countries from following similar plans in tillage and husbandry, and thus becoming capable of supporting an immensely larger number of people, or of exporting food to other countries in exchange for useful articles.† But even Britain is by no means come to an ultimatum in agricultural improvement. In England there are eight millions of acres of waste land; in Ireland there are five millions; all of which might be improved and made productive, if the right methods were taken. Here there is evidently room for a vast increase. The late Sir John Sinclair was of opinion that Great Britain and Ireland could of themselves produce food for a hundred millions of people, or four times the present number, if the soil were turned to such advantage as even the present state of science admits of. We have not the least doubt, when we contrast the bulk of the country with such pattern spots as Haddingtonshire, and consider the land which is entirely waste, that Sir John's calculation is not beyond the mark, laying aside all consideration of what further capabilities may be discovered hereafter by science, and realised by enterprise, skill, and capital. This would give us a *population of one thousand to the square mile.* Now, the one-half of Europe, being equally or more favoured by nature than Britain, must be capable of supporting a population of that amount also, or, in all, rather more than 1,400,000,000. Take the remainder at only one-third of the same rate, and we have as many more as makes up the full amount to 1,868,755,000, or upwards of *seven times more than the present amount.* No doubt, many favourable circumstances must be supposed before we can expect such a result. War must cease; the minds of the nations must be enlightened, and, as a consequence of the latter circumstance, political regulations must be based, not upon narrow and false views of the interests of nations or of sections, but on principles of universal justice, and with a regard to the good of the whole. These are results which cannot be expected soon, but which must in time be realised, for, notwithstanding occasional oscillations, there is a tendency, and a constantly increasing tendency, towards them.

Asia is four times the size of Europe; but one-third part of it, Asiatic Russia, is an arctic wilderness which does not support one human being per square mile, and the Chinese empire, another third, includes the equally desolate and very large tracts of Mongol, or Chinese Tartary, so that probably a half of this great division of the world may be considered as scarcely tenanted at all. In the remaining half, several countries are nearly as well peopled as some of our European states in the second-best condition. Thus Japan, where agriculture is encouraged by the state in a very extraordinary manner, is so well cultivated, and, upon the whole, regulated with so much regard to the good of the great body of the people, that the population is 25,000,000, or 139 to the square mile. China Proper, where there is also a very active land-culture, is well peopled. The most moderate computation gives nearly 170,000,000. The population of the territories of the East India Company is also good in proportion to space, being 231 to the square mile.

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* We take our computations of superficies and population chiefly from the "Abrégé de Geographie, par Adrien Balbi. A Paris: 1838."

† On this point we have some serviceable illustration in a passage of Mr Paget's recent work on Hungary*—a work, by the way, which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers. The passage in question describes the estate of a Hungarian baron as extending to about *fourteen thousand acres*, but as being extremely unproductive, on account of the low state of rural economy in all its branches in that country. This estate, indeed, appears generally to be in the same condition as most estates were in Scotland about a hundred years ago. Our baron's oak-woods were, he confessed, useless in point of revenue, though he obtained firing and some gall-nuts from them. He had hitherto had scarcely any stock upon his grounds, because in winter the animals die for lack of provisions—exactly the case of our farmers before the introduction of turnip-husbandry. He had recently, however, got a Scotch steward or bailiff to introduce some improvements. This person, though beset with great difficulties from the untractableness and laziness of the peasantry, had brought a farm of *three hundred acres* into a high state of cultivation. He had barns and stacks to show, and fat oxen, and huge potatoes. The baron confessed that, though the outlay had been great, the produce was enormous: he had now *as much corn and hay from this little farm as from the whole estate formerly.*

It seems probable, from what Mr Paget states, that for every hundred persons whom Hungary and Transylvania now support in a very poor way and in a state of gross ignorance and rudeness, they might support a thousand at least, in comparative comfort and with the benefits of knowledge and refinement, if the productive resources of the country were fully developed.

* Hungary and Transylvania, with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical. By John Paget, Esq.

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But all the rest of Asia, under the influence of wretched governments and bad moral systems, is but thinly inhabited. The "territories under British influence" are best—135 to the mile. In Siam and Birmah it is only 24; in Persia, 26; in Asiatic Turkey, 23. Taking the whole space at 12,385,430 square miles, and the entire population at 525,204,000, the population of Asia is only 42 to the square mile. Now, we assume the northern half of Asia to support at present not more than 10,000,000 of people, or not two to the square mile. Inhospitable as the country is, this must be much beneath its capabilities, and we cannot consider ourselves extravagant in supposing that it may yet be found supporting ten where it now supports scarcely two. This would give 60,000,000 as a pauper population for Northern Asia. Of the remaining half of Asia, we would set aside a third for the deserts of Arabia, Turkey, and Persia, leaving about four millions of square miles, to which no less capabilities can be assigned than those which have already been assigned to England: probably, considering the superior fertility of southern climes, we might be justified in striking a higher pitch. Even at this, which is obviously moderate, we find that Southern Asia, after all deductions for waste ground, is capable of supporting no less than *four thousand millions* of people, or more than four times the amount of the present entire population of the globe!

Africa is a difficult subject, so much of the interior being unknown, and the present population being so ill ascertained. Yet there can be no doubt, either of the great populousness of Africa, or of its ability to support many more than it does. A country which for ages has given about half a million of victims annually to the slave-trade, without any where shewing the slightest symptoms of depopulation, must contain no mean number of human beings. The Barbary states on the coast of the Mediterranean once contained a happy and thriving population of fifty millions; but now, under the selfish, merciless, and unenlightened rule of Turkish adventurers, the number is sunk to ten millions. This is in itself a striking proof of the high capabilities of at least some districts of Africa. Probably, then, we make no extravagant supposition when we assign to Africa two hundred millions, instead of the one hundred now usually placed to its account by geographers.

The spare room in America is enormous. This mighty continent, *six times the size of Europe*, or containing a superficies of 17,223,545 square miles, is believed to be inhabited as yet by only about forty-two millions of people, or at an average 2½ persons to the square mile. Yet, excepting the Russian and British territories in the north, and the southern parts of Patagonia, it is generally of such a nature, in soil and climate, as to appear capable of supporting a dense population. Even the parts under the equator, which in some other divisions of the world are hot and unhealthy, happen in America to be for the most part as temperate as the medium latitudes, in consequence of their being composed of table land at a considerable height above the level of the sea. We in this country have no adequate idea of the immense extent of fertile and most inviting soil which America exhibits in a state almost tenantless. Brazil, which is nearly as large as all Europe, is composed of rich land throughout, yet contains only about five millions of inhabitants, little more than the population of Portugal or of Belgium, the smallest of independent European states. The population of the splendid countries lately constituting Spanish America, and now formed into independent republics, has heretofore been kept low by a grinding and blindly selfish tyranny; but the prime evil is now removed, and though the political condition of these states is not yet so settled as might be wished, there can be no doubt that they are fairly in the way of improvement, and must advance in the career of industry and prosperity, and consequently become the seats of vast nations. All things considered, we believe we are speaking quite in moderation, when we express our belief that there is room in America *for ten thousand millions* of people—that is, ten times the present supposed amount of the human family.

The islands between the continents of Asia and America are computed at 1,828,100 square miles, with a population of fourteen and a half millions, or nearly eight to the square mile. Considering the ill-watered condition of Australia, we take this district of the world at a considerably lower rate than the better parts of the rest, namely, 250 to the square mile; the result of which is, that there is room in these islands for about four hundred and sixty millions. Here there is a better chance of a quick progress to population than even in South America, for the greater part of these countries will in a few years be colonised by British people, who will immediately begin to cultivate, and exercise all other useful arts from the first with the greatest activity.

The sum of all these calculations is, that the earth is capable of supporting *between sixteen and seventeen billions* of people, or about *eighteen times more than at present reside upon it*, even supposing that the whole were cultivated only as well as the *present state* of agricultural science admits of, and allowing scarcely anything for vast tracts, at present sterile, but which men may hereafter find the means of turning to account. It will of course occur to every mind that, considering the inferior natures of many races, a long time would be required to bring cultivation to such a pitch: no doubt; but so would it also require to people up the world to so vast an amount. In all the time that has yet elapsed since the creation of man, the population of the earth has only risen to about nine hundred and fifty millions. Probably it is not now a third more populous than in the days when Rome was its mistress. In fact, it is only within the last hundred years that population has been any where observed to increase considerably, and that only in a few countries where the peaceful arts had begun to be cultivated with earnestness, and in circumstances favourable to their progress. There is, then, little danger that the progress of population will exceed that of the means of supporting the increased numbers. The case seems to stand simply thus:—Here is a vast space for new tenants; here are wondrous and apparently indefinite powers in nature which may be turned to account by human ingenuity and industry, for the support of greater numbers on the same space; here is a moral law held forth, at the same time, that, if nations will live in amity, and deal justly towards each other, the reciprocation of their services will enable far more to live in the whole of the countries put together, than could subsist in those countries, supposing them all to be shut up from each other. Take advantage of these PROPOSALS OF PROVIDENCE, and you may increase; but, if you do not choose to do so, Providence offers no alternative but a restriction upon numbers, a rule of which the breach is unavoidably attended with misery. In past ages, while these laws were not understood, and a low intelligence and low morality alike prevailed, the tendency to increase must have been much under this check; but it is precisely one of the benefits which may be hoped for from increased and diffused knowledge, that hereafter the opposite course will be taken, and that moral, industrious, and enlightened nations will rapidly spread along the vast tracts, where, for countless thousands of years, Nature may have been said to be waiting for Man.

O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.*

"CHARLES O'MALLEY," the new production of the humour-loving author of "Harry Lorrequer," is, we think, even better than its predecessor, being equally amusing in the grotesque delineations of Irish character and manners, with less boisterousness of mirth and frivolity. We are glad to have it in our power to enliven our pages with the following specimen of the work:—

The hero, young Mr O'Malley, previous to receiving his appointment as a dragoon officer, is invited to a ball at Sir George Dashwood's in Dublin—an amusing college companion, Webber, requests to accompany him, to which receiving a nay-say, he declares to a companion, Power, that he will not only attend without an invitation, but also salute Miss Dashwood without being hicked down stairs for his impertinence—Power wagers a couple of ponies he don't. Having narrated this piece of negotiation, O'Malley proceeds to describe his preparations for the ball.

"I have often dressed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election, I had never seen Miss Dashwood; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favour, was a matter of great doubt in my mind, and great import to my happiness. That I myself loved her, was a matter of which all the badinage of my friends regarding her made me painfully conscious; but that, in our relative positions, such an attachment was all but hopeless, I could not disguise from myself. What then is to be done? thought I. If my own feelings be all that I have to depend upon to extort a reciprocal affection, then shall I take my last look of her, and with it the first and brightest dream of happiness my life has hitherto presented.

It need not be wondered at if the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the ball-room, as I entered, struck me with astonishment, accustomed as I had been hitherto to nothing more magnificent than an evening party of squires and their squiresses, or to the annual garrison ball at the barracks. The glare of wax-lights, the well-furnished saloons, the glitter of uniforms, and the blaze of jewelled and satin dresses, with the clang of military music, was a species of enchanted atmosphere which, breathing for the first time, rarely fails to intoxicate.

As yet I had neither seen Sir George nor his daughter, and, while I looked on every side for Lucy Dashwood, it was with a beating and anxious heart I longed to see how she would bear comparison with the blaze of beauty around.

Just at this moment a very gorgeously-dressed hussar stepped from a door-way beside me, as if to make a passage for some one, and the next moment she appeared, leaning upon the arm of another lady. One look was all that I had time for, when she recognised me.

'Ah, Mr O'Malley—how happy—has Sir George—has my father seen you?'

'I have only arrived this moment; I trust he is quite well.'

'Oh, yes, thank you' ——

'I beg your pardon with all humility, Miss Dashwood,' said the hussar, in a tone of the most knightly courtesy, 'but they are waiting for us.'

'But, Captain Fortescue, you must excuse me one moment more. Mr Lechmere, will you do me the kindness to find out Sir George? Mr O'Malley—Mr Lechmere.'

The gentleman to whose guidance I was intrusted, was one of the aid-de-camps, and was not long in finding Sir George. No sooner had the good old general heard my name, than he held out both his hands, and shook mine most heartily.

'At last, O'Malley, at last I am able to thank you for the greatest service ever man rendered me. He saved Lucy, my lord; rescued her under circumstances where any thing short of his courage and determination must have cost her her life.'

'Ah! very pretty, indeed,' said a stiff old gentleman addressed, as he bowed a most superbly-powdered coxcomb before me; 'most happy to make your acquaintance.'

'Who is he?' added he, in nearly as loud a tone to Sir George.

'Mr O'Malley, of O'Malley Castle.'

'True, I forgot; why is he not in uniform?'

'Because, unfortunately, my lord, we don't own him; he's not in the army.'

'Ha! ha! thought he was.'

'You dance, O'Malley, I suppose. I'm sure you'd rather be over there than hearing all my protestations of gratitude, sincere and heartfelt as they really are. Lechmere, introduce my friend Mr O'Malley: get him a partner.'

I had not followed my new acquaintance many steps, when Power came up to me. 'I say, Charlie,' cried he, 'I have been tormented to death by half the ladies in the room, to present you to them, and have been in quest of you this half hour. Your brilliant exploit in savage land has made you a regular *preux chevalier*; and if you don't trade on that adventure to your most lasting profit, you deserve to be—a lawyer. Come along here; Lady Muckleman, the adjutant-general's lady, has four Scotch daughters you are to dance with; then I am to introduce you in all form to the dean of some thing's niece; she is a good-looking girl, and has two livings in a safe county. Then there's the town-major's wife, and, in fact, I have several engagements from this to supper time.'

'A thousand thanks for all your kindness in prospective, but I think, perhaps, it were right I should ask Miss Dashwood to dance, if only as matter of form—you understand.'

'And if Miss Dashwood should say, "With pleasure, sir," only as matter of form—you understand,' said a silvery voice behind me. I turned, and saw Lucy Dashwood, who, having overheard my very free and easy suggestion, replied to me in this manner.

I here blundered out my excuses. What I said, and what I did not say, I cannot now remember; but certainly it was her turn now to blush, and her arm trembled within mine as I led her to the top of the room. In the little opportunity which our quadrille presented for conversation, I could not help remarking that, after the surprise of her first meeting with me, Miss Dashwood's manner became gradually more and more reserved, and that there was an evident struggle between her wish to appear grateful for what had occurred, with a sense of the necessity of not incurring a greater degree of intimacy. Such was my impression, at least, and such the conclusion I drew from a certain quiet tone in her manner, that went farther to wound my feelings, and mar my happiness, than any other line of conduct towards me could possibly have effected.

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

'Dear papa, has any thing occurred? pray, what is it?' inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied, 'Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but certainly a most disagreeable *contre temps* could scarcely occur.'

'Do tell me—what can it be?'

'Read this,' said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and, after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out a-laughing, while she said, 'Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days' ——

'Nonsense, child; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time.'

'When does she speak of paying her visit?'

'I knew you had not read the note,' said Sir George, hastily; 'she's coming here to-night, is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here, I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note; and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humour you see me.'

I took the billet from the hand of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows:—

'DEAR BROTHER,—When this reaches your hand, I'll not be far off—I'm on my way up to town, to be under Dr Dease for the ould complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and, with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste,

JUDITH MACAN.

* Publishing in parts by Curry, Dublin.

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'Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and, if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too.'

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to the end of this very free and easy epistle; when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, and for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles; and for whom, in any nearer intimacy, he was in nowise prepared.

'I say, Lucy,' said he, 'there's only one thing to be done; if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by any one.'

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary directions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, 'Miss Macan.' Never shall I forget the poor general's look of horror as the words reached him; for, as yet, he was too far to catch even a glimpse of its fair owner. As for me, I was already so much interested in seeing what she was like, that I made my way through the crowd towards the door. It is no common occurrence that can distract the various occupations of a crowded ball-room, where, amid the crash of music and the din of conversation, goes on the soft low voice of insinuating flattery, or the light flirtation of a first acquaintance; every clique, every coterie, every little group of three or four, has its own separate and private interests, forming a little world of its own, and caring and heeding nothing that goes on around; and even when some striking character or illustrious personage makes his *entrée*, the attention he attracts is so momentary, that the buzz of conversation is scarcely, if at all, interrupted, and the business of pleasure continues to flow on. Not so now, however. No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan, than all seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless general, seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed towards the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood door in hand, was a tall elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered, and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most peering pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while at each repetition of her name by the servant, she curtsied deeply, returning the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith, save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room.

'Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling,' said the lady, in an accent that told more of Miss Macan than a three-volume biography could have done; 'there she is, I'm sure; kiss me, my honey.'

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable, while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor general's tact to get over the sensation of this most ill-timed addition to his party; but by degrees the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way towards Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

'I hope you will do me the favour to dance next set with me, Miss Macan?'

'Really, captain, it's very polite of you; but you must excuse me, I was never any thing great in quadrilles; but if a reel or a jig' ——

'Oh, dear aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you.'

'Or even Sir Roger de Coverley,' resumed Miss Macan.

'I assure you, quite equally impossible.'

'Then I'm certain you waltz,' said Power.

'What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better; I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your lace jacket' ——

'Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you; I'm certain he' ——

'Well, why did he dare to—(*sob, sob*)—did he see any thing light about me, that he—(*sob, sob, sob*)—oh dear! oh dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the west?—(*sob, sob, sob*)—general, George, dear; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh dear, oh dear!—is there any whisky negus?'

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the by-standers.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George[illegible] to a whist-table. From this moment[illegible] for above two hours. Meanwhile I [illegible] of following up my intimacy with Miss [illegible] I rather suspected that, on more than [illegible] seemed to avoid our meeting, I took [illegible] part, to spare her the annoyance.

For one instant only had I an opportunity of observing her, and then there was such an [illegible] ment in her manner, that I readily [illegible] felt circumstanced, and that the sense [illegible] whose farther advances she might have feared, rendered her constrained and awkward. Too true, sad [illegible] avoids me; my being here is only a source of [illegible] and pain to her; therefore I'll take my leave, and resolve whatever it may cost me, never to return. With this intention, resolving to wish Sir George [illegible] sought him out for some minutes. At length I saw him in a corner, conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

'True, upon my honour, Sir George,' said he; 'I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that she cheated?'

'Yes, but I do though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, "Very extraordinary it is—four by honours again." So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?'

'Some western name; I forget it,' said the poor general, ready to die with shame.

'Clever old woman, very,' said the old lord, taking a pinch of snuff; 'but revokes too often.'

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had farther thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd towards the staircase. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of good-will.

'I say, Charley,' whispered Power, as I came along, 'it is capital fun—never met any thing equal to her; but the poor general will never live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding.'

'Any news of Webber?' I inquired.

'Oh yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of some one presenting himself, and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper; we must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake—eh?'

Not seeing the force of this reasoning, I soon separated myself from them, and secured a corner at a side-table. Every supper on such an occasion as this, is the same scene of soiled white muslin, faded flowers, flushed faces, torn gloves, blushes, blanc-mange, cold chicken, jelly, sponge cakes, spooney young gentlemen doing the attentive, and watchful mammas calculating what precise degree of propinquity in the crush is safe or seasonable for their daughters, to the moustached and unmarrying lovers beside them. There are always the same set of gratified elders, like the benchers in King's Inns, marched up to the head of the table, to eat, drink, and be happy—removed from the more profane looks and soft speeches of the younger part of the creation. Then there are the '*oi polloi*' of outcasts, younger sons of younger brothers, tutors, governesses, portionless cousins, and curates, all formed in a phalanx round the side-tables, whose primitive habits and simple tastes are evinced by their all eating off the same plate and drinking from nearly the same wine-glass—too happy if some better-off acquaintance at the long table invites them to 'wine,' though the ceremony on their part is limited to the pantomime of drinking. To this miserable *tiers état* I belonged, and bore my fate with unconcern; for, alas! my spirits were depressed, and my heart heavy. Lucy's treatment of me was every moment before me, contrasted with her gay and courteous demeanour to all, save myself; and I longed for the moment to get away.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful: her brilliant eyes were lit with pleasure, and her smile was enchantment itself. What would I not have given for one moment's explanation, as I took my leave for ever!—one brief avowal of my love, my unalterable devoted love; for which I sought not nor expected return, but merely asked that I might not be forgotten.

Such were my thoughts, when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon-pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

'Don't now! I'd have you to remember it ain't a Widow Malone you have beside you.'

'Never heard of the lady,' said Power.

'Sure it's a song—poor creature—it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our country.'

'I wish you'd sing it.'

'Well, mind you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is.'

'Miss Macan's song!' said Power, tapping the table with his knife. 'Miss Macan's song!' was re-echoed on all sides; and before the luckless general could interfere, she had begun. How to explain the air I know not, for I never heard its name; but at the end of each verse, a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lives in the town of Athlone
Alone!
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lonely the Widow Malone.

* * * *

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[illegible] his fair g[illegible] most co[illegible] city of [illegible] escape cold, [illegible] a promise [illegible]

Notwithstanding [illegible] tention of the lady. [illegible] carriage, and only [illegible] collected around the [illegible] lating some capital [illegible] he dreamed she was.

'Doubt it who will,' said he, 'I [illegible] call on her to-morrow—written [illegible] See here.' At these words he pulled [illegible] handed it to Lechmere. [illegible] other thrown upon the writing-[illegible] isn't it, Power?'

'To be sure it is, man,' said Power, 'devilish seedy; but that's the quarter.'

'Why, man,' said the other, 'there's not a coat of that here.'

'Read it out,' said Power; 'proclaim aloud my [illegible]'

Thus urged, Lechmere read:—

'Dear P.—Please pay to my credit, and [illegible] the two ponies lost this evening. I have [illegible] the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady [illegible] the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred. [illegible]

Yours, FRANK W[illegible]

The Widow Malone, ohone, is at your service.'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

'Who is he? that is the question,' said Sir George, who, with all the ridicule of the affair hanging over him, felt no common relief at the discovery of the imposition.

'A friend of O'Malley's,' said Power, delighted, in his defeat, to involve another with himself.

'Indeed!' said the general, regarding me with a look of very mingled cast.

'Quite true sir,' said I, replying to the accusation that his manner implied; 'but equally so, that I neither knew of his plot, nor recognised him when here.'

'I am perfectly sure of it, my boy,' said the general; 'and, after all, it was an excellent joke, carried a little far it's true—eh, Lucy?'"

NARRATIVE OF THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE "AVON" FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.

BY A PASSENGER.

On Sunday evening, 6th January 1839, I started for Liverpool in H.M. mail packet "Avon" (Captain Townley) from Kingstown pier. There were sixteen passengers besides myself on board (twelve gentlemen and four ladies), also a little daughter of Madame Dulcken [a musician who had been performing publicly in Dublin]. When we had cleared the Dublin Lights, the evening set in rough, with an uneasy swell; but the sky was still serene, some heavy masses of black clouds, edged with copper, lying to the southward.

Being used to rough nights at sea, I did not anticipate any thing unusual, but retired tranquilly to bed at ten o'clock. My berth was so situated in the state cabin as to enable me to see every person in it, and what was going forward there. Several of the gentlemen remained at the cabin table long after I retired, some talking politics, some drinking brandy and water, and others playing backgammon. I had been asleep about two hours, when my head was dashed suddenly against the side of my berth, which awoke me in alarm. Upon looking out, I was surprised to see all my fellow-passengers standing in the cabin, partly undressed, and in great consternation. Some had left their berths in terror, and those who were lying upon sofas had been pitched off about the cabin floor. The hurricane had begun in reality, and with such sudden violence as nearly to deprive us of expression.

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The vessel was now rolling and pitching at a very furious rate, but we only gazed at each other in silence, with pale faces, in which fear was strongly depicted. Three hours more wore on, during which the hurricane had been momentarily increasing, so that at about four o'clock on the following (Monday) morning, the storm was raging at its highest pitch of fury.

I did not get up with the rest, but lay still in my berth, looking out upon my frightened fellow-passengers, and listening fearfully to the wild roaring of the elements. At times, the mad whistling of the winds through the masts and rigging was like the unearthly shrieking of demons in the air; these dreadful sounds appalled me more than the constant pitching of the vessel and creaking of her timbers. About five o'clock this morning, we were aroused from our stupor of fear by a loud crash; it was one of the masts which had given way, and fallen upon the poop. A deathlike silence ensued, and the vessel began to labour in the trough of the sea, as if tired out by straining and unnatural exertion. Before the "dreadful morrow" broke, the men who were lashed to the helm cried out, "Captain overboard!" This news was indeed a severe blow to us, as we were depending entirely on the captain's skill to save us. Hope was for a while completely extinguished. This, however, proved to be a false report: the captain was *not* swept overboard; he was only carried off the quarter-deck by a dreadful sea, and pitched forward amongst the anchor chains, where he lay for a while insensible, until one of the seamen stumbled over him. They wanted to carry him to his cabin, but the brave little commander would not allow it; and, although much injured, he insisted upon a rope being fastened across the quarter-deck, in the middle of which was a noose, that (whilst it held him securely) allowed him to move about the deck.

I had so much confidence in our captain's experience, as to feel assured he would be able to make his way gallantly if the darkness of night were once past. Filled with this hope, I got out of my berth, and waited anxiously for daylight; with great difficulty I made my way to the top of the cabin stairs, where I stood a while looking out upon the most awfully grand sight my eyes ever beheld. The fury of the winds had slightly abated, but the agitation of the sea had increased to a fearful height. At the moment I looked out, the vessel had just descended the sloping side of a mountain wave, and was labouring darkly in the trough of the sea; two enormous walls of green transparent water reared themselves far, far above the vessel!

——— "the mountain wave
Recumbent, with its weight of bursting waters!"

I rushed down to the cabin again, under the impression that these immense masses of water would inevitably fall in upon us, and strike her to the bottom! But I was wrong, for the next minute she emerged from that fearful gulf, and was ascending another mountain of water, only to be again plunged into a similar abyss.

The hope I encouraged during the night began to vanish; the long and anxiously wished-for daylight was there indeed, but the sea-drift prevented the crew from seeing five yards beyond the vessel. Night or day were now all the same to us, for she became completely unmanageable. The men at the wheel declared their labours to be useless, as she continued drifting rapidly (in despite of all their efforts) towards those shelving sands on the Welsh coast where the "Rothesay Castle" was lost.

This melancholy day, up to five o'clock in the afternoon, was spent in vainly endeavouring to turn her head out to open sea, from the certain destruction towards which she was rapidly drifting. As the cabin door had been made fast early in the day by the captain's orders, and no passenger allowed on deck, we were informed through the broken poop that the captain had determined upon making a final experiment in order to effect what he had been all day trying at in vain. This "dernier resort" was to put on all her canvass, place four men at the helm, and force her head round out to open sea. Such a proceeding in such a gale, we were told, might be fatal, and were desired to be prepared for the worst consequences.

The uproar upon deck was now heard above the storm; the hoarse voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet was answered by shrill whistles and loud "ay, ay's," when suddenly we spun round with a report like a volley of musketry. It was the noise of the mainsail, which was blown into pieces! The success of this skilful manœuvre gave us a little hope; we were now at open sea again, but without coal, and, consequently, without steam, and our captain confessed himself to be ignorant of his exact situation. The second night now came on, more terrible than night ever appeared to me before.

About seven o'clock, a dreadful sea struck our bows, which made us recoil a great distance, and settle heavily in the trough of the sea. The general feeling was that she had struck, and was filling fast. Mr Lucas exclaimed loudly, "We are gone at last! Lord, receive our souls." A wild rush of the terror-stricken ladies into our cabin from their own, disturbed our devotions; the prospect of death banished all nice distinctions, for they clung frantically to whoever they could grasp, and cried aloud to those undressed and miserable "lords of the creation" to save them.

As I was the only passenger that remained in berth at this period, I looked out upon the unhappy group as *real* actors in a *real* tragedy. Poor Madame Dulcken, in attempting to reach her husband, was precipitated head foremost against the rail of my berth; she fell backwards on the cabin floor, and lay there senseless and unassisted. Her husband (Monsieur Dulcken), sat near the spot where she fell, with his little daughter crouching in his lap; but so powerless was this poor German that he did not move; he sat shivering in his scanty dress, and looking unutterable anguish.

Things were in this state when the cabin door was hammered open, and in rolled three drenched and black-looking engine-men. The foremost laid down his lantern, and after wringing the sea water out of his woollen cap, he raised a circular piece out of the cabin floor, and handed up some reserve lumps of resin and coal to his companion. Some of the passengers addressed these men, and begged to know if there was any hope, but their answers were brutal and reckless.

One of the gentlemen (Captain O'Grady) had a favourite mare on deck; I heard him often during this day regret his inability to go out and give her some assistance; but now that the cabin door was opened, he seized a large case-bottle of brandy, and made his way to her crib. When he reached her, she was little better than alive; the bulwarks, which formed part of her shelter, had been all carried away, consequently, every sea washed over the prostrate and stiffened form of poor Bess. This fine-hearted young fellow knelt down beside his favourite, and rubbed her with the brandy, and poured some down her throat, until he restored animation: during this operation, the sea was washing over both horse and master. In some time after, he returned to the cabin quite drenched, but seemingly much happier. I am glad to say that the mare lived.

When these savage engine-men left the cabin, we were again fastened down, and left to bitter reflection. We really felt the sickness of heart which is caused by "hope deferred;" despair was in every countenance. The strong and proud men I saw so happy at the cabin table only the night before, were now weeping and praying audibly, and pressing their foreheads in an agony of grief.

I lay still in my berth, and felt that *my hour was surely come*. During thirty hours I had not even tasted water. I felt exhausted, and longed to wet my lips; but I saw it was useless to ask for any thing, as the steward lay upon his face on the floor, in a state of stupefaction.

I tried to collect my thoughts, and prayed in simple yet fervent terms to God, to avert the death which momentarily threatened me, and to prolong my life for the sake of my wife and child.

After this I felt more calm and resigned to my fate, and scenes and incidents in my life, from my boyhood to the present, rose vividly to my mind. I wondered whether my body would be washed ashore or not; and if so, whether kind hands would bury me. Extreme exhaustion was succeeded by a slight delirium. I fancied that F—— was there dressed in mourning, holding our baby with a tiny black bough in her cap, and both so near me in the berth, that I often stretched forth my hand to touch them. After lying some time in this state, I sank into insensibility. It is said, when things come to the worst point, they change; for, on the next (Tuesday) morning, we were aroused by the voice of the captain, who had burst in the cabin-door, and shouted out, "Thank God! I have you anchored in Beaumauris at last!" This was like an electric spark to us. We started, but could not speak. "Three cheers for our brave little captain," cried O'Grady. The attempt to do so was made, but such a faint sound issued from our parched lips, that it could be only called the *ghost* of a cheer.

When I had recovered sufficiently to remark the objects around me, I was struck with the appearance of our captain. His face (after the last forty hours' exposure to the hurricane) was a mixture of colours, in which red and blue were predominant, and his eyes bloodshot. He was encased in oiled linen, with a "sou-wester" tied firmly under his chin. Yet he appeared to me more lovely than Adonis; I grasped his hand, and thanked him from my heart. About ten o'clock on Tuesday morning (8th January), I came upon deck, having at last left the berth I thought I should have died in.

Madame Dulcken was already there before me, inspecting the amount of injury done by the sea to her splendid piano. Captain O'Grady was also on deck, looking after the recovery of his mare. This gentleman had also two beautiful small dogs on board; they were coupled with a small chain, and placed in the "cabouse" for warmth; notwithstanding this precaution, the sea had reached them, and the smaller one perished. I was much struck with the mute sorrow of the surviving dog, as he sat shivering and looking down upon his dead companion.

Before leaving the vessel, I sat down and wrote an address to Captain Townley, which, having been unanimously approved of, I had the pleasure of reading and presenting to him. We then made a collection for the crew, and came ashore in small boats at Bangor, after having endured, and (through the mercy of Divine Providence) escaped, the most awful hurricane ever remembered.

[The vessel afterwards proceeded to Liverpool, where it arrived safely, but after a passage of extreme difficulty and danger.]

A SUMMER IN BRITTANY.*

A NEW work in two volumes, entitled a "Summer in Brittany," and the production of T. A. Trollope, Esq., B. A., presents us with much pleasant and amusing reading. Brittany, or Bretagne, is a portion of France that has been little visited, comparatively speaking, by travellers, and this remark applies particularly to the interior of the province. The Breton district forms the northern boundary of the Bay of Biscay, and comprises the five modern departments of Ille et Vilaine, Loire Inferieure, Côtes du Nord, Morbihan, and Finistere.

Brittany was formerly known by the name of Armorique or Armorica, and, at a later period, constituted an independent principality under its present designation. The Bretons, and more especially those called the Low-Bretons, occupying Finistere and Morbihan, are a race of pure Celts, and have preserved numberless peculiarities, indicative of their origin, and distinguishing them from their neighbours of Normandy. They retain their old language, one perfectly different from any of the provincial French dialects, and are, in dress and habits, strikingly and obstinately primitive, resembling very much, in these respects, the Welsh, with whom, both in name and descent, they have an unquestionable affinity. Instead of the tall persons, oval features, and blue eyes of the Norman race, the Bretons are marked by black eyes, short stature, and rounded faces, with strongly formed jawbones. They wear calf-skin or sheep-skin coats, with the hair or wool outside, and large loose breeches, tied at the knee, and leaving the stocking visible below. In their habits they are generally very filthy, and their houses are so much characterised by the same features, that one may readily break a leg in the mudholes of the floors, as we are told by a French writer, quoted in the volumes before us. In their agricultural practices, and in short in every imaginable point, the Breton peasants adhere to the imperfect civilisation left to them by their ancestors.

"I spoke in a former chapter (says our author), of the Low-Breton tailor as being a personage of much importance in the social life of the peasants. He it is who conducts the delicate negotiations which precede a marriage. When a young peasant has fixed his affections upon a girl, he seeks the tailor, and confides his passion to him. This plenipotentiary then proceeds to the lady's dwelling, and hangs about till he can find an opportunity of talking with her alone. Having found this, he commences the conversation with some rustic commonplace topics, but soon adroitly turns it to the object of his embassy. His business is then to represent his employer as the most eligible 'parti' in the commune, and ply her with all the arguments and eloquence which his long experience has taught him are most powerful in such cases.

If this negotiation is successful, the matter is then laid before the parents of either party; and if no opposition is made by them to the projected match, a day is appointed for a meeting.

On the day fixed, the tailor, with a white rod in his hand, and grotesquely clad with one red stocking, and one purple one, brings the young man with his father, or some other relative, to the house of his mistress. There, while the old folks talk over the matter, the young people retire to the farther part of the house, and enjoy a long and uninterrupted conversation. This tête-à-tête is considered inviolable. No one will venture to interrupt the lovers. And, when at length they themselves bring their billing and cooing to an end, they return to the table hand in hand. Some white bread, wine, and brandy, are then produced, and the affianced pair eat with the same knife, and drink from the same glass.

Before they part, another day of meeting, also at the bride's house, is appointed. This is termed 'velladen,' or the view. Upon the occasion all parties appear in their holiday dresses; and great attention is paid to arrange every thing in the house, and about the farm, to the best advantage. Every sort of device is resorted to, to give an air of opulence to the family; and many of the various articles carefully disposed so as to be seen by the visiters, are borrowed for the occasion. When the bridegroom's party arrives, a great deal of bargaining takes place, and the conditions of the marriage contract are then fixed. When this is done, the fathers strike their hands in token that it is a bargain, and a day is appointed for the marriage.

A week before the day, each separately goes round and invites all his friends to the wedding feast. The invitation is generally in verse, and is delivered by the

* London: Henry Colburn. 1840.

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inviter at the door of the houses of those who are invited.

When at length the day of the marriage has arrived, the strangest ceremony of all takes place. The tailor's services are now again put in requisition. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, with his relations and *his* tailor, present themselves before the door of the bride's house, on the threshold of which, her friends and *her* tailor are assembled to receive them. Then ensues a long dialogue in verse between the two tailors. The gentleman's spokesman represents his party as travellers who ask for hospitality. The poet retained on the lady's side replies that the roads are full of vagabonds, that he has nothing to say to them, and that they had better pursue their way. A good deal of bantering then succeeds. At last the man's tailor declares the real object for which he has come, and sets forth the good qualities of his employer—how he can plough as much in a day as three hired labourers, how he can alone replace a cart which has been overturned. He recounts his triumphs at wrestling matches, and adds, that in his hand the 'penbas' is more powerful than a sword in that of a soldier.

The other champion retorts by enumerating the perfections of the lady. She is light and supple as the blossom-covered branches of the broom, and when the dance begins, she, timid virgin as she is, holds in one hand the hand of her mother, and in the other that of a female friend. But this paragon, he concludes, is not here; she has long since left her father's house.

'You deceive me,' replies the other. 'The yew-tree is made for the churchyard, the rose for the garden, and young girls to grace the home of a husband. Do not throw us into despair! Lead hither by the hand her whom we desire, and we will place her at the wedding-feast near her bridegroom, under the eyes of her friends.'

'It seems we must yield to you, friend, you are so pressing,' says the lady's poet. He then goes into the house, and, returning with an old woman, says, 'Is this, then, the rose you are seeking?'

'From the venerable appearance of this woman,' replies the other, 'I judge that she has well fulfilled her task in this world, and that she has conferred happiness on him who has loved her. But she has ended that which the other must now begin. She is not the woman I seek.'

The other returns again to the house, and leads forth a young married woman, saying, 'Here is a young girl, beautiful as the morning star. Her cheeks are like roses; and her eyes are of crystal. One glance from them can render a heart sick for ever! This must be the fair one you want.'

'Certainly this soft cheek, and youthful freshness, look like those of a maiden. But this finger, bearing the marks of rubbing—has it not often been rubbed with pap for an infant to suck?'

'Nothing escapes your notice! Tell me, then, at once, is this she whom you want?'—bringing out a little girl of ten years old.

'That is exactly what she whom I seek was eight years ago. Some day this pretty child will make the happiness of a husband. But she must remain yet a long while on the *espalier*. The one I want waits but the gardener's basket to carry her to the table of the nuptial feast.'

The bride's spokesman then yields. He leads her from the house, saying, 'It is enough. You deserve her whom you ask for.'

The two families then enter the house together, and the tailor says, 'Behold the girl you have chosen! Your hands, children! Man! you have now a wife to defend and to make happy. Let us not ever see her weeping at the door of thy house, like a stranger; for God avenges the weak who weep.'

Then a prayer is said. All present are invited to the wedding; and the man's poet says, 'Come, maiden! bend your knees, and bow your head beneath the hands of your father, which bless you. You are weeping! Look at your father and your poor mother! They are weeping too; but how much more bitter are their tears than yours. They are about to be separated from a daughter whom they have cradled, and danced in their arms! Whose heart would not melt at the sight of such grief! Yet these tears must cease! Tender father, see there your child. Look upon her. Her arms are stretched out towards you! Poor mother, put your hands upon her! A prayer and a blessing for the child who is about to leave you! Enough, now! You have obeyed the commandments of God. Rise, maiden! embrace your parents, and arise in strength, for henceforward you belong to a man.'

After the service of the church, to which they then repair, they return immediately to the feast. This is in some cases provided at the house of the bridegroom, but more ordinarily at some 'auberge' in the neighbourhood. If the former is the case, every guest brings some present to the new-married couple. If the latter, every one pays his own share of the feast."

Being thenceforth banished from all festivals and *pardons* (something like the Irish patrons), the Breton bride considers her change of life as a matter for sorrow, not for joy, and so it assuredly is in many respects. She accordingly sings on the occasion a song of lamentation, and the following is the customary form:—

"In other days—in the days of my youth—how warm a heart I had! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

I had a heart so ardent! Neither for gold, nor for silver, would I have given my poor heart! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

Alas! I have given it for nothing! Alas! I have placed it where joys and pleasures are no more. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

Go, maidens! run to fairs and to pardons; but for me, I must do so no longer! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

For me, see you not that I must remain here! Henceforward I am but a servant, girls; for I am married. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!"

Our readers need scarcely be told, we believe, after these citations, that there is much pleasing matter in a "Summer in Brittany."

UNINVITED CONTRIBUTIONS.

In a late article entitled "Correspondents," we held forth a promise that we would take an early opportunity of presenting some specimens of the contributions which have from time to time been submitted to us for insertion in the Journal. This promise we are now about to redeem. One remark alone do we deem it necessary to make by way of preface, namely, that the importance of great failings in literature, as illustrations of the workings of the human mind, is perhaps greater than might be at first supposed. The effusions of a powerful or a brilliant, and at the same time well-disciplined intellect, have their well recognised value, for they go directly to the effect of either pleasing or improving. We are less apt to see that the effusions of the weak and undisciplined mind have also their value, as showing how such a mind works when it tries that for which neither natural nor acquired gifts have prepared it. With regard to the mere comic effect of these effusions, we say not a word, that being a point which we believe may be safely taken for granted.

We begin with prose—and, first, let us give a specimen of the class *essay*. It is entitled, "A short Essay on Good Temper;" and certainly if it has any merit whatever, it is that of brevity:—

"A good temper is a delightful thing, and is a faithful index to a generous heart; it hushes in its bosom every unkind prejudice, every malicious intent, and bears no rancour or feelings of animosity. To the weak failings of human nature, the misfortunes of the wretched, and the demolition of persecuted innocence, it turns a pitying eye. The stormy and turbulent passions of the soul are subdued by a placid and serene temper; and it has such advantages of cool reflection and self-determination, that it overcomes things seemingly unconquerable to the hasty and petulant. This happy unanimity of temper and feeling can work miracles on the human frame; sometimes it will soften the sterile heart to pity, and at other times it awakens the callous soul to a sense of its own corruption, and imbibes in the unfeeling and stoical a more just sense of unanimity and true friendship."

The following second specimen might be supposed to proceed from the same writer; but it does not, being in a different hand, and addressed from a different part of the kingdom. The subject is "Self-confidence." We look upon both papers as curiosities, but the second particularly, for not only is there in that instance an equal triteness, but the ideas are in a state of imperfection which no able mind could simulate:—

"There are two things, of which one or the other is generally more prominent in a young beginner. The first, a deficiency of conceit, or an indifference concerning confidence in one's self; the second, and much the worst of the two, an overwhelming conceit, or a degrading pride, which tends to unfit a person for any capacity where any resemblance of learning or meekness may be the object. The former may be defined in the following manner:—A young beginner may be naturally subject to this peculiar turn, which too frequently exposes him to ridicule, from an inward knowledge or sense of his comparative minuteness, carried to the effect of rendering him timid in his behaviour and expression, which may be worthy of the highest merit. The latter, more difficult to elucidate, on account of the many improprieties which attend it, hardly admits of being explained definitely; the following are a few of the many evils which invariably accompany it:—ambitious of empty eulogiums, without the energetic powers necessary to gain them real; a sham show of knowledge, easily detected by conversation; dress and gaudiness appear to be more attended to than that which tends to improve the mind; the person, by such ignorance, being totally blind to his mistakes, naturally shuns conversation; the last stage is then had resort to—he is solitary, and keeps perfect silence, forgetting the words of a valuable writer, 'Though silence is sometimes the mien of wisdom, it is yet too often the mask of ignorance.'"

In the department of fiction it is not so easy to present suitable specimens, for the articles of that nature are of such length that one or two would fill all the space we have to spare. A "beginning" or two must serve. And, first, let us submit the opening of a moral tale from Yorkshire:—

"It was on a beautiful evening in the summer of 1779, when, calmly and softly, nature was sinking to repose, and hallowing with her mellow light the rich harmony of the scene around them, that a young couple wended their way by the margin of a flowing and magnificent river, that, like a mirror, spread its glossy surface to the sky, reflecting therein a thousand variegated and sparkling hues. By the side of this placid stream, silently moving, but, like a mighty avalanche, to its fall, gay gardens, redolent in beauty, and full of sweetest odours, formed the rich framework in which the picture was encased. Of the two persons thus met, the one was a youth, of a carriage not positively noble, but yet dignified sufficiently to indicate an education and bearing above the ordinary walks of life—of a moderate stature, and of a pleasing countenance. The other, a fair-haired girl of eighteen, an age universally admitted to be the most productive of attractive qualifications, and not less so in the subject of whom we are at present speaking.

'And so, Walter,' she said, 'you are determined to be married, are you? Well, if you will, you must ——,'" &c.

A sentimental tale, dated from London, is less dulcet, but perhaps more amusing. It commences with a fine Sterne-like abruptness:—

"—— When I first knew her, she was scarce fifteen. You sometimes meet with female beauty that charms and captivates the eye, but how rare to find the mortal creature that does not know if nature has graced her above her fellows. But such was not our heroine (though heroine she was not); there was none of that masculine firmness which some would have their models of female excellence to possess; she was a child of nature—one that knew not the arts of some, or, I should say, most of our women. She said what she meant, and did what she said (what a rare quality among mankind!) Concerning her personal appearance, suffice it to say, it was all that God could give, or man desire; when she was of the age at which my story begins, she was watched over by one that was bound to her by the dearest natural tie the earth affords—a mother it was to whom she told all her little tales of pleasure or of care. How different with most of her age! Indeed, few friends she had save one who knew that

> There is many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bare,

That—

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on desert air.

Often have I taken a stroll involuntarily towards their cottage, where I was sure to find *two at least* to welcome me, *and sometimes four, if the cat and dog were in the way;* but those happy hours will never come again, and it is no use lamenting what we cannot remedy—the mother of this cherished fair one did not live long after I knew them, and she that had been used to be fondled and caressed by the one to whom she clung, was left like the ivy that clings to the oak, and droops as soon as its only support is removed."

We receive great numbers of contributions in the epistolary form, generally presenting additional comments on subjects which have been discussed in the Journal. Some of these are in a style of earnestness quite edifying. One gentleman writes in such a strain of indignation respecting the expense of funerals, that, to be quite consistent, he must put his body into a codicil to his will, bequeathing it to the doctors. Another is not less emphatic on the subject of tight lacing. The latter gentleman, moreover, adds to the effect of his invectives by a mode of spelling apparently peculiar to himself, as a speaker sometimes gives character and force to his orations by a peculiar stutter or burr in his speech. We shall select one or two passages, preserving the original spelling, but adding points, and giving capital letters to the first words of sentences:—

"——The writer is avowedly against Tight lacing, and has his owen Reasons for being so disposed; first, that there is an absulate want of Self preservation in it, which in all ages has Constuted the first law of nature.

Secondly, that they are not in any way hesitating to alter or to amend the workmanship of Gods owen hands. It would not only be unfair of the writter to settil such a falt upon the femel Seek in general, but Truley Treacherous on the Male part, they are worthy of Bearing the wone half of the Blame. It has been long a vain and a folish part of young men, to flatter and hiley to appriciate the neatness and smallness of there Lovers, even in their owen ears, Converting there minds into Pride, rendering themselves more objects of petty than of real usefulness in any society of life, ether as Servents or as Mothers. If men in General would be so kind to themselves and others, as to alter there Tone of Flatterry to the Revers, it would have as powerfull an effect to bring the lacing Reform to the desired point, as any wone thing that I am to think off.

If the writter was as able, as what I am willing, to Publish a Lacing Reform, there is only wone point that I would Treat upon. I would Intreat Gentlemen of every description, and of every calling of life, to listen to the well Garrentend Statements frequentley given by Emenent Fesisions, Frequently given Regarding Tight lacing. Men and brethren, and fellow-Sitisens, the evil refered to has now gone its linth. What shall we do in order to prevent it? every Man amongst us, lett us teach Wone and all of us, that if we ar so blindfolded as to enter into any Contract of Matteromony, that we ought to be sure and take a house

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near to a Seck nurss or Fesecion. Every attempt that man can make will be useless and vain to radicate the Prevaling evel, untill wonce the Femeals begin to learn that men of sence and humanity disaprove of the System of lacing to that extent. That they will not Involve themselves into a Fameley of Sekness and unfirmity, where a complaint is sett before the Industerous Husband almost every morning of a Shortness of Brath, a Pane of the side, a headack, or some other mallady Which she, the Spouse, have procured to hirself with her owen hands, throw the Meadiem of Tight Lacing during the former days of hir Courtship, which she is obliged to retain throw life as a Famely Peace, untill she is obliged to say that she is become sister to the Earth and to the Worm. Suffer me to exort you never grow weary in well dowing. If you Persevear, you will obtain. Never lett won man Dispare. While there is life, there is hope. Thow you did fale in the attempt, you could loss nothing, but show to an inlightened woreld your love and affection for mankind in General.

Sir, pirmit me to make a singel remark or Two upon Tight lacing. It is unbecoming in the church, as it has a tendency of keping up a Contenual Bussel of attendence with dor-kepers, lousing laces, some services of drinkes of watter, to the disscomotion of the whole house, or rather Church. It is now come to such a hight, that a fall is quite Expedent. Now active ie* can be deceived in it, where ever it is, as it has a Publick Tendency to show in there Countenances, that there is some that is disscomoding either there persons or mindes.

If learning and language would permitt me to make a Comparison regarding Tight lacing, I would then say that it is a pestelance wethin and wethout, which do Require much assistance to wash and Sweep, till every resemblence of it quite dissapear. It is now Drawing on to a peread of Three years Since the writter first began to agetate the quastin amongst my owen Cless of Society, and still wethout proper effect; I do Rejoice that much abler is begun to Sprade it to many Distant Isels. It will Doutless Reach every Sity, town, vilige, and hamelet in the kingdom of Great Britan. I think I hear the whole Inlightened Seck of femeals saying, 'we would be Glad to see a Reform of this kind, as we are growing weary of the old Punishing System of Tight Lacing, which we have Incured upon ourselves to Supporte Pride and to Procure Ruen to ourselves and our Succeding Generations; but we have never yet been able to procure a proper Plan to accomplish our desires. We most appear on the Streats and at Balls like others, and at the Theater Royel, or other wies we would become quite Comspecious. Will some now even Come to the Resaulution, and say we will now make up our minds, and resolve to Invent Some sort of a Dress in order to give Some Satisfactian to our associates, least we get out of there estimation altogether, and than we will have a worse Risk to runn. You know to a Sertenty, the Cace is quite deferent that what it was onley a feew years ago, when the Tighter that we wer Bound in our fetters of Steal, Bone, and cotton lace, that we wer the more admired,'" &c.

We have only room on the present occasion for one further specimen; but it is one well fitted for a conclusion, the narrative being, as the newspapers say, "curious, if true:"—

"Having lately read in the 368 number of your journal, an artical entitle absurdities, one of the maney enumerated was, 'Praiseing the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not belong to another person.' My occupation being that of a hair-dresser, I have frequent oppertunity of observing the reality of many absurdities too tedious to enumerate. * * About two years ago, a respectable Jewler in this city, got an order for a gold broach with a clasp, intended to contain a peace of hair, which at the same time was produced, with instructions to plait them neetly up, stateing that they ware cut out of the head of Sir W. Scott. They got them as a great favour from a very respectable person Intimately aquented, and Both known to Sir Walter when in life; therefor they ware ansious to preserve this Small remnent of his hair, the only Memorial of the Great Unknown She had in his posession. The Jewler in the mean time opened up the parsol to exeman the hair, when, to his astonishment, he beheld three soletarey hairs, one eighth of an Inch Long, perfectly useless for the purpose for which they ware intended. He thought he would apply to me, to see wither I could match the culour with a peace Long enough to plaite. I had nothing to sute at the time. White hair is allways a very scarce Culour, and rarely long enough to plait. I told him it would be some time before I could procure it for him. He waited with painfull anciety for 6 or 8 days, calling 2 or three times every day During that time. Fortunately a Gentleman, who has a Large newfoundland dog, came to be dressed every day at my shop. The dog is of a Black and white culour, with a Large Bushey tail, the white hair of which I thought would match that of Sir Walter Scott. I mentioned the circumstance to the gentleman, at the same time requesting permission to cut a Loke of hair from off his dog, which was imediatly granted: the cissers in a moment severed the fur from his tail, close to the Skine, and Level with his rump. In the meen time the person had calld at the Jewler to see if the Broach was complected, wheeh was answered in the Negitive. The person then left, promising to call another day. The Jewler came to aprise me of his visit, when I informed him of my success in procureing the hair, which gave great Satisfaction to the Customer, but more so to the Jewler, which will be afterwards proved. Not a month after, he received from two more Individules an order of the same kind as the above, and recomanded by his first employer; all which he undertook to perform, also provoiding the hair for them, knowing by this time whare it was to be found growing. The outrageous attacts of the Jewler Upon the old dog were soon noticed by the boys of the Nabourhood, by the grotsaque and Naked appearance given him by his Shorn tail, which afforded them ample Sport for many a day; but his haggerd appearance at last excited the simphies of the more humane, being Imployed in watching a Shop. He was removed by his master to a quiter retreet, there to spend the remainder of his days, in that ease and quiet comfort his Long and Valuable Services mirited, and is always the reward a faithfull Servent is entittled to receive, Sir Walter Scott (for that was the dog's name), paid the debt of nature about two years ago; the Jewler has also gone to his fathers."

* Apparently, no active eye.

NATURAL TERRACES ON THE EILDON HILLS.

A LATE paper, entitled "Changes of Level in the Earth's Surface," gave a brief view of certain natural terraces in various parts of the globe, particularly in South America and in Glenroy in Inverness-shire, which are now esteemed by geologists as the remains of ancient sea-beaches, which had been formed when the land was on a lower level than at present, and subsequently were raised into their present elevation by upheavals of the crust of the earth, such as have taken place on various occasions within the memory of man in Chili.

A recent paper on the Glenroy terraces, by Mr Darwin (published in the Philosophical Transactions), has had the effect, within the last twelve months, of calling the attention of a private individual, resident in the town of Galashiels in Selkirkshire, to certain appearances of the same kind on the hills around that town; and the result has been a series of observations and measurements, making it quite clear, as we apprehend, that here also we have a most interesting memorial of those changes which have fitted our country for becoming a habitable land. The observer in this case is Mr William Kemp, manager of the gas-works in Galashiels, a person, we believe, of limited education, but considerable natural penetration, and the leader of a local geological society. The writer of the present paper has, in company with Mr Kemp, gone over the whole ground, and satisfied himself that the appearances really are, as far as he can judge, of the same character with those of Glenroy, though in general less conspicuously marked.

The town of Galashiels stands on the bank of the Gala, at a point where the vale is broad and open, and within a mile of its junction with the vale of the Tweed. The site of the town resembles an irregular amphitheatre enclosed by hills, the continuity of which is broken in upon at two main points, where the Gala enters above from the north-west, and where the Tweed flows in below from the south or south-west. About two miles below the junction of the Gala and the Tweed, the treble-peaked Eildon seems to close up the scene on the east. The hills bounding the Galashiels vale on the northerly or right bank of the Gala, are Buckholm Hill and Appletree-leaves Hill; on the southern or left side, Galashiels Hill and Meigle Hill. The hollows between these heights are wide and deep, with streamlets flowing at the bottom. On the north and south sides of the Tweed, between the influx of the Gala and the Eildons, there are also several bordering hills. On the south are the Abbotsford Hills, with the Cauldshiels Loch behind them; and on the north is Housebyre Hill and others. All these are hills visible from each other, and lying within a space of five or six miles in diameter.

On the encircling sides of these hills (as well as on others to be pointed out), there are traceable distinct terraces or beach-marks, to the number of *fifteen*, rising one above another like the steps of a stair.* On no one of the hills are the whole fifteen distinctly visible in succession at any given point, but on various parts many of them are clearly discernible, existing in a regular series. All of these beach-marks run in a perfectly horizontal line, are parallel to one another, and agree in level with corresponding members of the series on the adjoining hills. The Eildons, as the most prominent eminences of the district, merit our first consideration in descending to particulars. The middle peak of the three, which is the most elevated, has been found to stand at the height of 1330 feet above the level of the sea, and the peak to the east or north-east stands but fifteen feet lower. The third hill is much lower, and retired from the view. Looking at the two first-mentioned heights from a little distance, lines or tracks are seen on each, agreeing perfectly in level, and so well marked, that, when the attention is once called to them, one cannot but wonder that they should never before have arrested notice. Fifteen feet below the apex of the eastern hill, a line appears, which, when examined close at hand, proves to be a fine grassy shelf or plain, surrounding nearly the entire eminence; and on the middle hill, at the same level, we find a similar plain, stretching at some points to a breadth of 160 feet. Being thirty feet below the summit of the middle or highest hill, this terrace, which is No. 1 of Mr Kemp's series, stands at a height of 1300 feet above the sea. Meigle Hill, to the south-west of Galashiels, nearly equals the Eildens in altitude, and on it, around a central rocky crown, we find a shelf distinctly marked, and corresponding perfectly, when the level is taken by instruments, with those on the two Eildons. It is remarkable, that on the eastern side of this shelf on the Meigle hill, there is a large *boulder* of greywacke, well rounded, and with a number of cup-like cavities in it, giving it the appearance, altogether, of having been long exposed to the action of water. It is called, by the people of the district, Wallace's Putting-stone.

Terrace No 2 of Mr Kemp's series is equally well seen on the Eildons from a little distance. It lies fifty feet lower than No. 1, and is particularly marked on the west front of the eastern hill. On the western and northern sides of Meigle hill, it is also visible, the northern shoulder presenting a plane 300 feet in diameter at some points. No 2 is also visible near the summit of Williamlaw, a very remarkable hill on the course of the Gala, and which is high enough to fall within its scope. Terrace No. 3 stands fifty-eight feet lower than the preceding one, and is beautifully marked on the middle Eildon, as well as more slightly on the eastern one. It likewise appears in the shape of a plain of greater or less breadth on two sides of Meigle, and on the south and north of Williamlaw. No. 4, lower by fifty-two feet, is but slightly apparent on the Eildon hills, but perfectly distinct, at an accordant level, on Meigle and on Williamlaw. No. 5, again, lies sixty-four feet below its predecessor. "At this level (says Mr Kemp, in the notes which he has been good enough to communicate,) a very great mass of the hill, upon the south side of the eastern Eildon, has been swept down and planed, forming a beautiful shelf of about three and a half acres, with the rock rising bare and precipitous above; and upon the northern sides both of the same hill and the middle one, the same shelf is distinctly defined, and about 160 feet in breadth. It is also very well marked upon Meigle and Williamlaw." Between this terrace and No. 6, there is an intervening space of forty-five feet. Though barely visible on the Eildons, No 6 is well seen on Meigle and Williamlaw. The terraces now begin to be marked on other and lower hills of the district, but, to save confusion, we shall allude afterwards to the corroborative evidence derived from these, and confine our present account of the series chiefly to the hills already named. No. 7, fifty-five feet lower, is pretty well traced on the Eildons, and extends to a breadth of 120 feet on some portions of Meigle. On the southern exposure of Williamlaw, it commences a range of magnificent terraces, forming a shelf 120 feet broad in some parts. No. 8, fifty feet beneath the preceding, is discernible with case upon portions of the Eildons, Meigle, and Williamlaw. Mr Kemp found considerable difficulty in making out No. 9 (fifty feet lower), but tracked it ultimately to his satisfaction on Meigle, Buckholm hill, and Williamlaw.

Terrace No. 10, which stands fifty-five feet beneath No. 9, is every way a remarkable one. "It was that (says Mr Kemp) which first attracted my attention. The Eildon hills assume their conical form immediately above this shelf, which is about 300 feet broad around nearly the whole of their northern sides, and slopes gently downwards. It is the highest of a series on Galashiels hill, and forms around the north-eastern summit of that eminence a fine level plain 110 feet broad. On the south-east side of Buckholm hill, it has the appearance of a perfectly horizontal road for a long way round the height. On the west side of the same hill, on Williamlaw, and on others, it appears very distinctly, varying in breadth from a slight trace up to 300 feet. I have traced this terrace where no other was to be seen, and nowhere was it absent where the level admitted of its presence, and where others were to be found." Along the sides and indentures of the hills, on the Tweed, Gala, Ettrick, and the Cadon (both of which latter streams join the Tweed three or four miles to the south of Galashiels), Mr Kemp observed this terrace, and he continues to remark that the sea seems to have swept so long round the hills at this level, as to have washed down their sides to a great extent, carrying away the traces of the superior beach. On this supposition, at once ingenious and rational, he accounts for the scanty traces existing of terrace No. 9. No. 10 stands at a height of 821 feet above the sea.

Terraces No. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, the lowermost of which lies 285 feet below No. 10, and 536 above the level of the sea, are found on the cultivated parts of the country around Galashiels, and, in fact, form the broad arable hill-slopes of the district. Culture with the plough, and wooding, certainly interfere with the distinctness of their appearance in some respects, but Mr Kemp holds these inferior shelves, and even a still lower one, to be well made out, and equally unambiguous in their character with the upper ones.

Thus the observations of Mr Kemp give us (at least) fifteen well-marked lines of terraces in this district, the highest 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and the lowest 536, which gives an average interspace,

* Mr Kemp has discovered a sixteenth terrace, lower than any of the preceding ones, and almost equally well defined. The calculations in the paper, however, were completed before this could be added.

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in the case of each pair, of fifty-four and a half feet.* At so many different and successive land-levels must the sea have stood for long periods during the ages of the past, if these conclusions be correct; and it is to be observed that Mr Kemp, with indefatigable patience and industry, has accumulated a body of evidence on the subject, which almost clears it from all doubt. Besides his observations in the immediate vale of Galashiels, he has examined the vales of the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Gala, the Cadon, and other lesser streams which permeate the hills of the district, to distances of five, six, seven, and eight miles, and in all he has found these terraces present in greater or lesser numbers, according to the character and altitude of the hills examined, and *always at parallel and corresponding levels*. It is equally creditable to his powers of observation, and corroborative of his argument, that he has, as he says, found "no errors to correct" during his whole course of inquiry. He has used an accurate instrument in taking his levels, and has carried his examinations from hill to hill, across valleys, and in all possible directions. In whole, he has examined a circuit of country fully ten miles in diameter.

Anxious to have a satisfactory view of these wonderful natural phenomena, and at the same time to subject them to the test of impartial observation, the writer of the present paper, as previously mentioned, travelled over a considerable portion of the Galashiels district in company with Mr Kemp. The hill first visited was Williamlaw. The southern front of this height, which is the side most exposed, presents some appearances, which seemed at first completely contradictory of the theory of the horizontal marine beaches. A regular and nearly parallel series of broad and strongly marked ridges are there seen, but these are not horizontal. They are clearly and undeniably inclined, and at a considerable angle, occupying and crossing the whole front of the hill from summit to base. "Viewed at a distance (says Mr Kemp), the sloping aspect of these terraces appeared inexplicable; but on a closer inspection, the mystery vanished." The hill is composed, in that region, of successive beds of hard blue grey-wacke, alternated with layers of soft blue slate. The strike of the stratifications corresponds with the slope of the superficial ridges, and these ridges, as a close inspection shows, must have been produced by the action of the sea at its successive levels, the softer intervening materials being washed out, and the hard stratifications left comparatively bold and prominent. This is made perfectly apparent when the hill is examined in *profile*. Then do we find distinct protuberances, running horizontally across the sloping ridges at nine different elevations, which correspond in their respective levels with the terraces on the neighbouring hills, from No. 7 to No. 16. That these are the traces of sea-beaches is beautifully proved on rounding the hill, where, in the absence of the same superficial strata, the waters have produced their usual effects, in forming *horizontal* beaches at the *same levels* as the protuberances mentioned. With a good pocket spirit-level, Mr Kemp not only demonstrated that these terraces were horizontal, but by turning the instrument to the shelves on the opposite side of the vale, and in fact to all the hills around, showed the existence upon them, at various points, of terraces, at the identical levels of those on Williamlaw. This hill, therefore, instead of forming an anomaly among its neighbours, is in reality a curious and striking proof of the accuracy of Mr Kemp's conclusions; and the mode in which its sloping ridges are to be accounted for, may yield a useful lesson to all future inquirers into this subject. The examination of the strata will in all probability remove every similar difficulty.

On a visit, also, to the Abbotsford hills, and the Eildon district, the writer had the advantage of receiving ocular satisfaction with regard to the terraces upon these and the surrounding heights. It is unnecessary, however, that he should do more here than add his testimony to the accuracy of Mr Kemp's observations and deductions. One hill only may be mentioned, as affording peculiarly beautiful specimens of these terraces. It is a hill named Cathie, immediately below the village of Stow, and on the line of the Carlisle road along the Gala. Six or seven terraces, perfectly horizontal, and running parallel to one another, may there be observed by any passing traveller.

It is only by actual personal inspection, perhaps, or at all events by the aid of drawings, that the existence of these terraces can be fully demonstrated. But believing, as we do, that almost every district of Scotland, to go no farther, will be found to present similar traces on a close examination, conviction will ere long be forced upon every one. The cause, most certainly, of their having remained so long undiscovered, is the comparative irregularity of their extent and appearance. Every spot has not been so favourable for their regular formation as the Glenroy vale, and those around it. Many causes must have contributed to prevent the beach-marks of the sea from being uniform in their aspect in ordinary situations. In the first place, ere the hills were raised step by step from the ocean, their sides were probably irregular in form and inclination, to a considerable extent. Again, their composition was most certainly of a varied kind, harder or softer as it might be, and, of course, liable to different degrees of attrition. Thirdly, an archipelago of islands, such as Scotland must have been during the formation of these terraces, would be liable to strong and numerous currents, calculated greatly to affect the deposition of beaches. The same agents would also cause the frequent obliteration of beaches previously formed, by the undermining influence of the waters when in active motion. Rains and storms, also, must have had their effect in producing similar results. In short, if we consider the subject well, we shall find little difficulty in accounting for the irregular extent and appearance of these beaches of the ancient seas, as well as for their entire absence in many cases. Where they occur in a peculiarly regular series, as on Williamlaw Hill, they are nearly of a uniform breadth and extent. The hill there is regular in structure, and one beach has not been enlarged at the expense of another. On those hills and portions of hills, however, where some members of the series are wanting, or nearly so, we usually find those present to have the form of broad and ample shelves, two or more having been run into one by the action of the waves; as, for example, in the case of No. 4 and No. 5 on the Eildons, and also No. 9 and No. 10 every where. The average distance between each pair being only fifty-four and a half feet, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the undermining of one beach by another, and the consequent union of the two, must have been of frequent occurrence. Some terraces have been mentioned, that extend to a breadth of several hundred feet. After this explanation, their irregularity and amplitude will excite less wonder than it might otherwise have done, in the minds of those who remember the comparatively limited and regular breadth of the Highland terraces.

It was remarked that the discovery of these sea-beaches in a district never suspected to contain them, involved a new step in geology. It has long been suspected, and particularly since Mr Lyell made public his extraordinary labours both in the path of original research and of generalisation, that our present lands had been elevated from the waters of the ocean; but, if phenomena analogous to those of the Galashiels district prove to be discernible in other parts of Britain, we shall have gained a novel insight into the manner in which the process of elevation has been accomplished. We shall possess what may be called absolute proofs, that the land has been raised by successive stages, and with intervening periods of rest, from the bosom of the deep, presenting ultimately to man the firm platform necessary for him to move upon, and whereon to work out the great problem of his existence.

* These calculations of Mr Kemp, it is proper to say, were based on the altitude of the Eildons, as computed by previous observers.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

Lieutenant Moodie, in his amusing "Ten Years in South Africa," gives the following account of his elephant-hunting:—

Some months after forming my new settlement, I engaged a Hottentot to shoot elephants and buffaloes for me, on condition of receiving half of the profits. This man, who was called Jan Wildeman, was a most expert hunter, rarely failing to kill on the spot whatever he fired at. He was a complete wild man of the woods, and had as many wiles as a fox in escaping the dangers to which he was daily exposed. His activity was most extraordinary; and I was often surprised with his nimbleness in climbing the highest trees to get at the wild vines growing over their tops. While I was considering how I could get up, he would take hold of one of the "baboon's ropes," as they are called, which hang in festoons from the branches, and in a few seconds he would be perched like a crow on the top, enjoying my surprise, and flinging down whole bunches of the fruit.

Though naturally timid, he had acquired by long practice such entire confidence in the correctness of his aim, that he would go right up to an elephant in the woods, and bring him down with the first shot. Sometimes, however, his gun would miss fire, when he had to betake himself to his heels, and, by his agility and address, never failed to effect his escape. His adventures of this kind would fill a volume.

Wildeman came to inform me one evening that he had shot three elephants and a buffalo; and that there was a young elephant still remaining with the body of its dead mother, which he thought might be caught, and brought home alive. There happened to be two friends with me from the district of Albany, who had never seen an elephant, and whom, therefore, I persuaded to accompany me.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we set off, accompanied by Jan Wildeman, my Hottentot Speulman, and their wives, to assist in cutting up the buffalo, and carrying the flesh home.

Entering the forest, Jan first brought us to the carcass of the buffalo; but the fellow was so lazy that he had not taken out the entrails, and, the weather being warm, the flesh was unfit for use. He next led us to one of the elephants he had killed, and showed us the spot whence he had fired. The ball had entered the shoulder in a slanting direction, and passed through the heart. This was an exceedingly difficult shot, as he required to be very near to hit the right place, and for the ball to penetrate through such a mass of skin and flesh.

In shooting elephants, it is necessary to be provided with balls made of an equal mixture of tin and lead, as lead balls generally flatten on the skin or bones. Our ignorance of this circumstance at Fredericksburg, accounts for the trouble we experienced in killing the elephants there.

After following several of the paths made by these animals, and struggling through the tangled mazes of the forest, we ascended a steep sandy ridge, covered with low bushes, near the shore; and on reaching the top, we came in sight of the carcass of another of the elephants, and the young one standing by it. At a few paces' distance, we saw a large elephant browsing among the low bushes. He smelt us as soon as we appeared on the top of the hill; and throwing up his trunk, and spreading out his huge ears, uttered a most discordant cry. "Gownatsi!" ejaculated Jan Wildeman, "that's the rascal that gave me so much trouble yesterday; he's as cunning as the devil."

The dogs instantly assailed the animal, and after several ineffectual attempts to seize them with his trunk, he made off. The dogs now attacked the young elephant, and chased him up the steep sandy hill where we were standing. My visiters, who were unaccustomed to large game, were exceedingly agitated. They had brought a gun with them for form's sake, but had neglected to load it. One of them, who was a Scotsman, seized me by the coat, and cried out in great agony, "Eh! man, whaur'll we rin?—whaur'll we rin?" It was no use telling him that there was not any danger, for he still kept fast hold of me, saying, "What, me danger, man, and the beest comin' right up amang us! I say, man, what'll we do?—whaur'll we rin?" The women instinctively ran and squatted themselves down behind the bushes.

As soon as I could break loose from the grasp of my countryman, I ran to endeavour to seize the young elephant by the trunk, and Speulman took his stand on the opposite side for the same purpose. I was astonished at the nimbleness with which the animal ascended the steep hill. As he approached the spot where we stood, we found he was much older than we expected, being nearly as large as an ox; and, after making an ineffectual attempt to get hold of his trunk, we were obliged to give him a free passage between us. I now picked up my gun, and gave chase to him; but he ran so fast that I could not overtake him.

I was well pleased we had not succeeded in seizing him, as, in all probability, he would have done us some serious injury with his tusks, which were just appearing at the root of the trunk. When they are only a few days old, there is no difficulty in catching them, and they become docile almost immediately. Several attempts have been made to rear them with cows' milk, but without success.

It is remarkable that the young of the elephant, when a few days old, are not much higher than a young calf; but their bodies are rounder and more bulky. It is also a curious circumstance, that the carcasses of elephants which have died a natural death, are never found by the natives in the woods where they are most abundant.

A CANADIAN EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

[The following plain matter-of-fact letter of a Canadian emigrant, from the parish of Beith in Ayrshire, appeared lately in a respectable provincial newspaper, the Ayr Advertiser.]

We had an excellent, I may say pleasant, passage of thirty-three days to New York, whence we sailed up the Hudson to Albany. About thirty miles farther, I left my family at the house of Mr James Holms from Beith, and set out on a tour to the west, resolving to have a view of those fine prairie lands described by Stewart and others in such a flattering way. I travelled by the Erie Canal, passing through many thriving towns to Buffalo. This is also a busy place, and rising fast. From thence I took a steam-boat to Cleveland, in Ohio, and travelled through that state, sometimes on the canal to the Ohio river. On my route, I saw some excellent land and fine thriving towns; but the land where I travelled, in a general way was rather broken and rather poor, and apparently not very good for wheat, but good pasture, and in general the cattle were good. Saw some places there that pleased me well; but they were rather dear for me to purchase, rating from thirty to one hundred dollars per acre. On arriving at the Ohio river, took a steam-boat for Cincinnati, which is a fine city, and rising fast. From thence sailed down the river for Louisville, the prettiest little city I have seen in America; but the curse of slavery is there. * * From thence sailed for St Louis, in Missouri, on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The land is very rich, but the people look unhealthy; and I found that bilious fever and ague prevail in those flat places a good deal. St Louis is an excellent city for business, but inhabited by a rough people. I was much disgusted with the practice that generally prevails in these slaveholding states, of carrying what are called *bowie knives*; and it is not at all uncommon that fights take place, and people are killed. The common people wear those knives in a sheath at their side. They are like those used by fleshers, but rather sharper at the point. Those carried by gentlemen are similar to pocket-knives, and have a blade about six inches long, which, when opened, will not shut without pressing a spring on the back. From St Louis I sailed up the Mississippi, passing the mouth of the Missouri and Illinois rivers and the city of Alton, which stands on a rugged limestone height, or bluff, as they are called, on the Illinois side of the river, and near the mouth of it. Alton is increasing rapidly. Numbers of the houses are built of stone, which is not the case in many places I have seen in America, where they are generally built either of brick or wood. I kept sailing up the Mississippi upwards of a hundred miles farther, and then travelled across the state of Illinois a considerable distance. The quality of the soil, and the general appearance of the country, pleased me much, except in places where the land is flat and swampy, which is often the case near rivers; and, in general, so far as I travelled in Illinois, the land is rather level; but still these prairies were inviting to the eye of people accustomed to live in an open country. Wages for work

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men of all kinds are very high, and people may get a living with the half of the labour they will do in Scotland. In the neighbourhood of Jacksonville, fine land in cultivation could have been got, for from six to ten dollars an acre. The principal crops raised in these western states, so far as I travelled, were Indian corn, some oats, and a little wheat now and then. Potatoes also grow well; but the farmers depend most on cattle, hogs, and corn. Some of the farmers have several hundred hogs, part of which they fatten with corn in the fall, and dispose of for slaughtering. I had the offer of an excellent farm of 600 acres, for six dollars an acre, 400 acres of it prairie, and the rest woodland—250 acres of it fenced and improved, and situated in a good place for markets, being not more than twelve miles from the Illinois river, and about the same distance from a town of considerable extent; but the sickly appearance of the people frightened me. They appeared either to be indolent, or unable to labour; and, so far as I saw in these new countries, they had a very bilious appearance; and from what I have since learned from people that have resided in them for some time, my conjectures were right. Although I cannot say that Stewart has exaggerated the beauty of the country and goodness of the land, he has not told all the truth; he has not alluded in the way he ought to the sickliness of the country. Fever and ague prevailed to a considerable extent in Illinois last fall, so much so that the medicines used for the cure of the disease became scarce, and rose to an enormous price. Stewart gives too favourable an account of the American people. I admit there are many very intelligent, respectable people in the United States; but, generally, the working-people I fell in with were haughty, proud, and insolent; and if you asked any thing of them, the general answer was, "I don't know," in a manner not to be misunderstood. Considering the unhealthy appearance of the people in the new states, where land could not be got at a price to suit me, and not yet being so much of a republican as to wish to live in a country where the mob govern, I made up my mind to settle in Canada, as I there found the people and manners more agreeable to me than in most places of the States. On the morning after my arrival at Toronto, I was accosted by Mr John Somerville, from Beith. He kindly invited me to his house, where I was treated in a very friendly way both by Mr and Mrs Somerville. Mr Somerville appears to be getting on well, is a man of good abilities, and well qualified for the situation he fills in the bank. I remained in Canada about ten days. Before leaving it for the States, I saw some fine farms for sale, which would have suited me well, and were selling for two-thirds of their value. Numbers of the people that were disaffected to the government, and suspected of having a share in the rebellion, were anxious to sell their property, and go to the States; but, after all, nothing would satisfy me till I had a better view of the States. I went to Hamilton, from thence to Paris, a distance of about seventy miles, and staid two nights with Dr M'Cosh. I also staid a night with a Mr Dickie; he and his family have 400 acres of good land, and say they have done much better than they could have done in Scotland. On returning to Canada, I got a farm that pleases me very well; although, had I had the sense to have purchased a farm which was offered me when I first arrived in the country, I could have had a property worth £200 more for the same money I paid for the one I got. Still we have not much reason to complain. Farms have sold since we came here that would let to pay ten per cent. interest. The general rate is from two to three dollars of rent per acre for the land cleared on the farm; and if the tenant chooses to clear more of the woodland, he may do so without paying any more rent. Property has sold better this season than last; still many respectable people are leaving the province for the States, in despair of the grievances of the province being redressed without a separation from Britain. So far as I can judge, the people are generally loyal to the British government, and have a strong wish to continue under her protection; but—[Here the writer enters on the field of politics, explaining the cause of existing distresses in Canada. On this topic we have neither the power nor the inclination to intrude; and, in conclusion, only offer one piece of advice to intending emigrants, which is, *to abstain by all means from proceeding to any part of Canada till its affairs are settled fully to the satisfaction of its inhabitants.* The fevers and bowie knives in some parts of the states, to which the writer adverts, are not more distressing in their effects than incessant political broils and the prospect of civil warfare.]

HINTS TO DANCERS.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself into motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our soul thrills to each warning movement, and dissolves into ecstacy and love? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair, think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be rivals with a pavier's hammer; the artificer who trimmed thy locks had no idea that his labours were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground; spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, though strong and thick as St George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltations.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE TWO ROSES.

When summer has given a golden hue to the corn waving in our fields, flowers of all kinds abound in Paris—the variegated carnation, the proud-stalked tulip, the fragrant lilac, are to be bought at every corner, and lend their beauty and their fragrance alike to the duchess or the *grisette*, for then nature in her abundance is rich enough to supply the desires and caprices of both.

In the first few fine days of spring, when the frost still spreads a frozen mantle over the verdure of the field, the case is far different—flowers then are scarce, and many a bud is nipped before its hour—and roses and camelias belong to the rich alone, for they are worth their weight in gold.

We now proceed to explain how two roses could bring two ladies before a court, and why Madame Gallien, a dressmaker of note, should claim thirty francs damages from Mlle. Flora Minnett. But Madame Gallien shall speak for herself.

Madame Gallien.—About two months ago, the Prince of C. T. married Mlle. Leontine de C. The *corbeille* and *trousseau* were to be magnificent. I received the order for making the ball-dress of the bride—it was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. Lace and pearls, and guypure, were to unite and bring out something lovely—but even those rare materials were not reckoned sufficient; something still rarer was to be added, viz.—a white rose at the end of February.

The Magistrate.—I suppose it was Miss Flora who promised to procure you this rare production!

Madame Gallien.—It was, please your worship. She has long been in the habit of cultivating flowers, and supplies all the great *modistes* of the capital with the choicest and rarest articles. I went to her, explained the purport of my call, and she promised to give me one of the two roses that she was rearing, on my giving her twenty-five francs [one pound] on delivery. I relied on this promise, but she did not fulfil it; no white rose came, and the wedding-dress was refused as the rose was wanting.

The judge here inquired of the defendant why she had not sent the rose as she had agreed to do.

Mlle. Flora (timidly).—I can assure you it was not my fault. On the very eve of the day on which I had promised to send the rose to Madame Gallien, a shower of rain having fallen during my absence, a few hours after nothing but the stalk remained. What I have just said is truth itself.

The Magistrate.—I believe you speak the truth, but why did you not send the other rose?

Mlle. Flora.—Oh, that one was not promised. Had I promised it, Madame Gallien would have doubtless accepted it, for it was the finer of the two; but I would not offer it, for it was destined to my mother.

The Magistrate.—It was perhaps her *fête* day.

Mlle. Flora.—No, sir; it was the anniversary of the day of her death. Every year I take to her grave at Montmartre a white rose, for she greatly loved that flower. This year I did as I had hitherto done. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome, notwithstanding her having a flower less, and my mother will have her accustomed homage. In saying this, the affectionate girl burst into tears, and Madame Gallien hastened to console, while the audience seemed deeply affected.

Madame Gallien then addressed the magistrate thus—Have the kindness to quash this case, for I have acted wrong in having attempted to punish this sweet child for having done a good action. Dry up your tears, Mlle. Flora, and let the business drop; and may I one day have a daughter like you.

The magistrate, who seemed much affected by the scene, ordered the case to be quashed, and the two females left the office together.—*From a newspaper.*

DEAN SWIFT.

An instance of the bold and decisive measures which sprung from the proud ardour and defiance of Swift's character, is vividly sketched by the pen of Dr Sheridan: "During the publication of the Drapier's Letters, Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr Sheridan. As Robert was not the most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the docter, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the press, by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent a possibility of discovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued, offering a reward of L.300 for discovering the author of the Drapier's fourth letter, had staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but, abusing him outrageously, bid him strip off all his livery, and quit his house that moment. 'What—you villain,' said he, 'is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery.' Mrs Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears; inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer; for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should still be continued in his place. 'That is not what vexes me,' replied the honest creature; 'to be sure I should be very sorry to leave so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever.' When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to favour. He also took the first opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery; to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him immediately to strip off his livery, and put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed, that he should be discharged. 'Well—do as I ordered you,' said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr Blakely, verger of St Patrick's Cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings on him, and begged, as the greatest favour he could confer on him, that he might still be continued in the same station without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in the discharge of it as himself. As he was an excellent servant, and was accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the dean; and Mr Blakely accordingly continued to officiate in that capacity for some time as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude. But the master was too liberal to accept the generous proposal made by the servant; for, though he paid him no wages, he took care, by handsome presents, to make him a full equivalent."—*Dublin University Mag.*

SONNETS ON THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

STONEBYRES.

Words! ye are powerless—at this scene of power,
Feebly and idly from the tongue ye fall:
Heart! bear me witness how I felt that hour—
The dim lone hour, when, night with veiling pall
Deep'ning its wildness, Stonebyres met my sight.
The white foam, flashing through the gulf profound,
Made e'en stern midnight wear the smile of light,
And the huge tumbling mass shook all around.
I look'd below; each hand, a rocky steep
Guarded the calm'd and wider-bending stream:
Wild trees, their love revealing e'en in sleep,
Bent o'er the wave, whose murmurs bade them dream.
There Peace might joy to watch the peeping flower—
Above, reigns one solo thought, which speaks in thunder—power.

CORRA LINN.

Thou speak'st with tongue of tempest, Corra Linn!
Shaking the heart; thou tell'st in awful tone
How frail earth's tenant, proud, tho' slave to sin—
How grand is He, who hath uprear'd his throne
On the firm hills; who utters forth his word,
The voice of many waters; bids the tree
Bloom o'er the stream that feeds it, and the bird
Blend with thy roar its fainter melody.
Who bids the drops which on the mountains fall,
Commingling, deep'ning, valeward force their way,
Thundering through cliffs, till ocean swallows all,
Whence rich-dew'd clouds the debt to earth repay:
Who in that bow,* at anger smiling still,
Paints, in the sun's own light, the pledge of Heaven's good will.

THOMAS LISTER, *Barnsley.*

* The rainbow in the basin of the fall.

MANNERS AND TASTES OF NATIVE INDIAN SOCIETY.

Childish and barbarous as we must admit a large portion of the amusements of the native society of India to be, yet there can be no question of their capability of enjoying much more intellectual pleasures. There are, it is true, whole castes and classes of persons so extremely ignorant as to appear to be guided by instinct rather than by reason, and whose natural stupidity seems to render improvement perfectly hopeless; but the major portion are intelligent and of cultivated tastes, which in many parts of Europe, and certainly in England, are confined to persons of a superior grade. It is but very lately in this country that the lower classes have begun to relish the refinements of music, or that the street ballad-singers have given way to minstrels of higher pretensions. But in Hindostan the same air that delights the prince is the solace of the peasant, and the tale that is told in the palace is repeated under the thatch of a cottage. It will perhaps be a very long time before any Asiatics of any rank can be taught to appreciate the divine compositions of the great masters of the art, since they have no such thing as connected music—the greater the number of instruments employed, the greater being the discord; but the simple melodies, consisting of a few sweet wild notes, struck upon a guitar, and perchance accompanied by a voice richly gifted by nature, comes home to every feeling heart. These popular airs are common all over India, and are often heard in the most remote and unfrequented places, breaking the silence of the summer night on the banks of lonely rivers. —*Asiatic Journal.*

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PEEPS INTO THE WORKSHOPS OF LITERARY MEN.

LITERATURE, though it never can be practised with success except by men endowed with peculiar and suitable faculties, is also to be regarded as an art, which, no more than any other, can be exercised without a certain degree of acquired skill. It stands, however, in an uncommon position as an art, for it has no apprenticeships, no recognised academies of instruction, no grades of teachers and scholars, but is usually taken up by each isolated student at his own hand, and with only such aid as he can derive from what he chances to know of the habits of others, or as his native good sense may lend to him. Such being admitted as the case, it becomes a somewhat important as well as curious subject of inquiry, what have been the ways and modes assumed or followed by the first masters of the art.

Sir Walter Scott was a rapid writer. We have his own testimony that the second and third volumes of Waverley were written in three weeks, and Mr Lockhart states that twice the time sufficed to produce the whole of Guy Mannering. He composed a large part of his Life of Napoleon at the rate of sixteen printed pages per day, which would give a volume of that work in little more than the time taken to fabricate a volume of Guy Mannering—a wonderful effort, when we consider the necessity of referring to authorities. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that Scott was not a correct writer. In his manuscript, sentences were often left unfinished; awkward peculiarities of phrase, including Scotticisms, abounded; and it is evident that the Life of Napoleon would have been at this day a better authority, if it had been written more deliberately. Much of his poetry is as slovenly as his prose. The manuscripts of Scott were all latterly first draughts. He did not even read over what he had written, before sending it to the press. It was also remarkable of him, that he wrote his novels without plan or premeditation of any kind, one scene or combination of characters suggesting that which was to follow, until he was called upon by the printer to close in the work. The press following close at his heels, it was impossible for him to go back and accommodate any past part to that for the moment under his hands. It is wonderful that, in such circumstances, he has written in general so happily; but it must also be owned that the conclusions of his works are usually hurried and unsatisfactory. We believe that, in at least one instance, he found himself compelled to change the original destination of an important character, by concluding "the Fair Maid of Perth" with the marriage of the heroine to the blacksmith. Taking the first description of this person in connexion with the contemporary burnings for the Bohemian heresy, it is evident that he designed her for martyrdom.

The Telemachus of Fenelon was written in three months, and there were not ten erasures in the original manuscript. The author, says D'Israeli, had previously "formed his style, and his mind overflowed with all the spirit of the ancients." "The same facility," adds the same writer, "accompanied Gibbon after the experience of his first volume; and the same copious readiness attended Adam Smith, who dictated to his amanuensis while he walked about his study." Yet Gibbon had spent seven years in preparing for his work, and the Wealth of Nations, one way and another, was the labour of ten years.

It is remarkable, considering the mercurial character of the French, how slowly and carefully many of them have written. Malherbe, usually called the father of their poetry, composed with prodigious tardiness, and racked his brains to correct what he had written. He used to say that a poet, after writing a hundred good verses, ought to repose for ten years! The style of La Fontaine's tales conveys the impression of easy and rapid composition; but in reality these tales were written and polished with the most laborious care. Beranger is also a slow writer, "frequently laying aside the subject on which he is employed for several weeks, and patiently waiting until, by dint of long reflection on the subject, and careful polishing, by the selection of the happiest allusions, by the studious exclusion of every phrase or illustration that appears recherché or ornate, he has given to the whole that unity and appearance of ease and simplicity at which he constantly aims."* Madame Dacier translated some parts of Homer six or seven times, and would, after all, add on the margin of her copy, "*I have not done it yet.*" Pascal, writing his Provincial Letters, spent twenty days on some one of the number, and re-wrote the beginnings of several six or seven times before being satisfied.

It has been somewhere insisted on as a curious fact, that the writings of Rousseau, in which simplicity of language is so prominent a feature, were written with vast care—the author sitting, too, in full dress, and using the finest gilt-edged paper—while the papers of the Rambler, in which the style appears so cumbrous and laboured, were thrown off with great rapidity, and sent in hot haste to the press. This is apt to lead to some misconception of Johnson's literary habits. He certainly wrote rapidly, the Rasselas being the composition of *the evenings of a week*, while it is true that the Ramblers were mostly composed immediately before they were printed. But Johnson was also a great memorandist, and a laborious corrector. Even his rapidity was allowed by himself to be the result of early self-discipline. "He told him [Sir Joshua Reynolds] that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that, by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitnal to him."† At least thirty papers were written from prepared memoranda. His mind also contained a vast store of unwritten observation and thought, which he was ready to pour forth as it was required. While these circumstances are to be taken into consideration, it might also, we think, be shown that a rolling, measured style, like that of Johnson, requires less time than a simple style like that of Rousseau and Beranger. For the latter, it is necessary that the mind should be *chastened down*, which requires time. Johnson's corrections on his compositions were not known to the literary world, till elucidated by Mr Alexander Chalmers in his preface to the Rambler. It was shown by that gentleman, that, between the *sheet edition* of these essays and the first reprint of them as a book, thousands of corrections had been made by the author, indicating a thoughtful regard for propriety of expression, and productive of an inconceivable improvement in the work. Mr Chalmers produces some specimens of the original papers, marking in *italics* the words which had been altered. We shall copy one passage from the 180th paper, along with the corresponding passage in the corrected edition—thus presenting what, short as it is, must, we conceive, be a very instructive lesson on the subject of composition.

"It is somewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader of good understanding, having the *usual* ambition to breed his son a scholar, carried him to an university, resolving to *make* use *of* his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the nearest way to the heart of an academic, and *soon after* his arrival *opened his purse with so little reserve, and* entertained all who came about him with such profusion *of plenty*, that the professors were *presently* lured by the smell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the *importunity* of awkward complaisance. This eagerness *completely* answered the merchant's purpose: he glutted them with delicacies, *he cheered them with wine, he* softened them with caresses, *and by degrees* prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a *full* discovery of his *schemes of* competition, *his alarm of* jealousy, and *his rancour of* resentment. *Thus after having long endeavoured to learn* each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances, he *at last* resolved to find some other *method of* educating his son, and went away, *fully* convinced that a scholastic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals and contract the understanding. Nor *could* he afterwards *bear* with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same; and that Xenophon and Cicero were nothing more than professors of some former university, and *were* therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken."

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Pope, as might have been expected, was a slow and painstaking writer. In translating the Iliad, he considered fifty verses a-day as good work. The first draughts of that poem, which are preserved in the British Museum, show many erasures and interlineations, and, besides these, many passages which the author had altered before the poem was published. Parts of the first draught have been published by Johnson and D'Israeli, and may be referred to as very instructive examples of the labour of a literary artist of the first order to give finish to his work. We can only afford space for a very small specimen, namely, the passage in which Hector takes his child from the arms of Andromache. As published by the poet, it is as follows:—

* Article Poetry, Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edition.
† Boswell.

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Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child—
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer.

Next comes the passage, as it appears in the first draught, on the back of a letter franked by Addison: it will be observed that the lines and words in *italics* were rejected:—

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Extends his eager arms to embrace his boy,
lovely
Stretch'd his fond arms to *seize* the *beauteous* boy;
babe
The *boy* clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
each *kind*
With *silent* pleasure *the* fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child—
The glittering terrors unbound,
His radiant helmet from his brows *unbraced,*
on the ground he
And on the ground the glittering terror placed,
beamy
And placed the *radiant* helmet on the ground;
Then seized the boy, and raising him in air,
lifting
Then fondling in his arms his infant heir,
dancing
Thus to the gods *address'd* a father's prayer.

Addison was a most careful writer, and spared no after labour in making his compositions correct. Dr Warton relates that, when the entire impression of a number of the Spectator was nearly thrown off, he would stop the press to insert a new preposition or conjunction.* A specimen of the corrections he made upon his first editions has been given by Dr Drake. It relates to the 117th number of the Tatler, and includes some very minute improvements, as—"For *tastes*, read *relishes*; for *times*, read *ages*; for *the* whole, read *a* whole; for *satisfaction*, read *pleasure*; dele *the*; dele *own*; &c."† Savage and Armstrong were also zealous and most scrupulous correctors. Gray would spend a week upon a page, revising and re-revising, till he got it to his satisfaction. Dr Robertson wrote all his sentences on separate bits of paper, and not till he had corrected them into perfect harmony, did he transfer them to his manuscript. Even the peasant bard Burns took great pains in correcting. "Easy composition, but laborious correction," was his own description of his mode of writing.‡ It is not unworthy of notice that Milton was anxious for correct punctuation. Virgil spent eleven years in correcting the Æneid, and, after all, being interrupted in the task by death, was so dissatisfied with the state of his poem, that he wished to have it destroyed. On the other hand, Ovid could not bring his mind to the labour of correction. Shakspeare is said to have never altered a line. And, to descend to a meaner example, the satirist Churchill detested blotting and erasing, which he said was like cutting away one's own flesh.§ Steele was as careless as Addison was the reverse; but his writings are, for that reason amongst others, much inferior. This easy-natured Irishman makes a most characteristic admission in introducing the Tatler. "The nature of my miscellaneous work," says he, "is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for new such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a tatler any further than *in incorrectness of style*, and writing in an air of common speech."‖ For an author to acquaint his readers that he should probably be incorrect in his style, seems a pitch of impertinence of no common height.

It may be presumed that Young wrote carefully, as he recommends others to do so. In his Epistles, the following passage occurs:—

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek:
What man can be immortal in a week?

Cowper belonged to the same order. He says, in a letter to Mrs Unwin, "To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the *secret of almost all good writing*, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself." A striking proof of the good effected by the process in his instance, is afforded by the easy and fluent poem on Friendship published amongst the writings which appeared during his life, as compared with the rough draught of the same poem published amongst his minor poems after his death. Dr Parr gives his opinion on the same side. Writing to Sir James Mackintosh, he says—"A style which is truly good must always, more or less, be the result of effort and art. Write on, write on, and depend upon it, you will soon have the habit of executing narrative well—very well, and I mean to the satisfaction of your own profound penetration and judicious taste. At first there may be the *limæ labor et mora*;* but fluency and rapidity will soon come on, and this I know from my own personal experience." Johnson's advice to a young clergyman was to exactly the same purpose:—"In the labour of composition, do not burden your mind with too much at once; do not exact from yourself, at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first, and then embellish. The production of something where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts as they rise in the first words that occur; and when you have matter, you will easily give it form. Nor, perhaps, will this method be always necessary, for by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together."† Johnson gave Dr Parr's thought with admirable brevity and pith:—"What we hope ever to do with ease, we must first learn to do with diligence."‡

Three recent Scottish luminaries, Stewart, Leslie, and Playfair, were all of them remarkable as great correctors both in manuscript and proof. We have a very curious account of Mr Playfair's mode of composition, from the pen of Lord Jeffrey: "He wrote rather slowly, and his first sketches were often very slight and imperfect, like the rude chalking for a masterly picture. His chief effort and greatest pleasure was in their revisal and correction; and there were no limits to the improvement which resulted from this application. It was not the style merely that gained by the change; the whole reasoning, and sentiment, and illustration, were enlarged and new modelled in the course of it, and a naked outline became gradually informed with life, colour, and expression. It was not at all like the common finishing and polishing to which careful authors generally subject the first draughts of their compositions—nor even like the fastidious and tentative alterations with which some more anxious writers assay their choicer passages. It was, in fact, the great filling in of the picture—the working up of the figured *weft*, on the naked and meagre *woof* that had been stretched to receive it; and the singular thing in his case was, not only that he left this most material part of his work to be performed after the whole outline had been finished, but that he could proceed with it to an indefinite extent, and enrich and improve as long as he thought fit, without any risk either of destroying the proportions of that outline, or injuring the harmony and unity of the design. He was perfectly aware, too, of the possession of this extraordinary power, and it was partly, we presume, in consequence of it that he was not only at all times ready to go on with any work in which he was engaged, without waiting for favourable moments or hours of greater alacrity, but that he never felt any of those doubts and misgivings as to his being able to get creditably through with his undertaking, to which we believe most authors are occasionally liable. As he never wrote upon any subject of which he was not perfectly master, he was secure against all blunders in the substance of what he had to say; and felt quite assured, that if he was only allowed time enough, he should finally say it in the very best way of which he was capable. He had no anxiety, therefore, either in undertaking or proceeding with his tasks; and intermitted and resumed them at his convenience, with the comfortable certainty that all the time he bestowed on them was turned to good account, and that what was left imperfect at one sitting might be finished with equal ease and advantage at another. Being thus perfectly sure both of his end and his means, he experienced in the course of his compositions none of that little fever of the spirits with which that operation is so apt to be accompanied. He had no capricious visitings of fancy which it was necessary to fix on the spot or to lose for ever—no casual inspirations to invoke and to wait for—no transitory and evanescent lights to catch before they faded. All that was in his mind was subject to his control and amenable to his call, though it might not obey at the moment; and while his taste was so sure that he was in no danger of overworking any thing that he had designed, all his thoughts and sentiments had that unity and congruity, that they fell almost spontaneously into harmony and order; and the last added, incorporated, and assimilated with the first, as if they had sprung simultaneously from the same happy conception."§

Upon the whole, it appears that, for one writer of note who was careless in composition and negligent of correction, there have been at least ten who were the reverse. And even those writers whose works appear the simplest and most natural in style, have generally been remarkable for the pains they took in elaborating their compositions. We humbly think that this affords an instructive lesson, in the first place to literary aspirants, and in the second to all who would excel, whatever may be the department of exertion they have entered upon. When we find that even the most masterly intellects have in general found study, care, diligence, and laborious finish, necessary for success, how vain must appear the folly of all those attempts to *dash off clever things in happy moments*, of which young men are sometimes guilty!—how senseless must appear all efforts at excellence, which are not made in the spirit of laborious application! From our experience in life, we would say that one-half of the failures which occur in literature, in art, in business, in every kind of pursuit, are owing to self-conceit in the aspirant leading him to despise labour, and to suppose that his slightest effort is enough to secure success. Such persons conceive it to be unworthy of *them* to take any particular pains with any thing: it should be enough that *they* try: the effort being made by *them*, success should be certain; as if there were some charm about them which should set all ordinary rules at nought. Such was not the spirit in which Pope warbled his dulcet numbers; in which Johnson threw out his lofty moralisings; in which Cowper, Burns, Virgil, or Horace, wrote their imperishable works. These great men studied hard, and wrote, or at least corrected, with the utmost care. Whatever they did, they thought themselves bound to do as well as they could. Very far was it from them to suppose that whatever they chose to enunciate at random was sure to be good. No; they gave concentrated attention to all that they attempted, and their success was mainly owing to their observance of the maxim, that "whatever we would do well, we must first learn to do with diligence."

* Warton's Life of Pope.
† Drake's Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, &c. i. 96.
‡ Cromek's Reliques of Burns.
§ D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, iv. 118.
‖ Tatler, No. 5.

* The labour of the file and the delay—an expression used by Horace in his Art of Poetry, and indicating (though no such indication was needed) how well that exquisite literary artist knew what careful writing was.
† Boswell, vol. iii. ‡ Life of Milton.
§ Edinburgh Magazine, 1819, ii. 165.

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

THE scene of our little story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers, to pursue schemes of ambition at court, or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart; and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

"It is not yet too late!" they exclaimed, with tears; "renounce this intended journey. Oh, do not leave us!"

"My dearest mother," I replied, "at twenty years of age, and the inheriter of a noble name, I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone," said my poor mother, "what will become of me?"

"You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success!"

"And should I hear of his death in battle?"

"Well; of what use is life at my age," I replied, "but to gain honour and glory? Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France."

"And then?"— said my mother.

"Why, then, honour and respect will follow my steps wherever I go."

"And then?"— pursued she.

"Then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta; we shall find noble husbands for my sisters; and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors."

"And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?" said my mother. "Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? Who claims a nobler name in the province? In the midst of your faithful vassals, are you not sufficiently honoured and beloved? Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your aged mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste, in the pursuit of vain glory, or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard; and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?" As my mother spoke, she led me to a window, and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed to say, "Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!" Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms round my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of La Fontaine, pointed to an engraving, and with sobs placed the book in my hands. It was the fable of the *Two Pigeons*. I started up, and extricating myself from their embraces, again exclaimed, "I *must* win honour and glory!—let me go, let me go!"—and I rushed into the court-yard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not; but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She held a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her in my arms, and uttered the tenderest vows of love and constancy. But when I saw the colour revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened back to the carriage, without even turning my head. One look more at Henrietta, and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes after, the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road to Sedan.

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For some time, my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, these saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in the rumbling vehicle! Riches—honours—dignities—nothing did I refuse to myself as the just reward of my merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province, and Maréchal of France, by the time I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as *Monsieur le Chevalier*, forced me, unwillingly, to abdicate my newly created dignity.

The next day, and for several succeeding ones, I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C——, an old and tried friend of my father's, and the protector of the family. He had promised to take me to Paris, and introduce me at the court of Versailles. He hoped, also, to obtain for me a company in a regiment of dragoons, by the influence of his sister, the Marchioness of F——, a young and beautiful woman, whom public opinion pointed out as the probable successor of Madame de Pompadour.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of presenting myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore installed myself for the night at the *Arms of France*, the best inn the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike appearance, and the citizens a martial air, that seemed to say to a stranger, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at a table-d'hôte, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the answer; "it is well known to the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men, and bravest of warriors, Maréchal Fabert."

And hereupon, as was natural amongst so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the maréchal. They spoke of his many gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which had made him refuse the titles of nobility, and the ribbons of several orders, offered to him by Louis XIV. Above all, they expatiated upon his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest, he being the son of an obscure printer, to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of Maréchal of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation, that even during the life of Fabert, popular rumour had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne added the credulity of a peasant of Brittany, gravely assured us, that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the maréchal's soul, which, indeed, of right appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state, that from that period to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death, the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand. This recital enlivened our dessert, and we quaffed several bumpers of champagne to the familiar demon of the deceased maréchal, hoping he might take us also under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marfée.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C——. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not perhaps, at another time, have made much impression upon me, but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestic who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung round with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. "Is this brilliant career of glory to commence by the antechamber?" exclaimed I, beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams in the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it proceeded from a half-closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room, tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced, in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who, not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the window. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then with rapid steps began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

"Who are you?—what brings you here?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seising my arm with violence.

"I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and I come"——

"I know, I know," he said, hastily; and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur de C——?" said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, "I was once; but I am nothing—nothing now. Hush!—do not speak—do not ask me any questions!"

"Permit me, at least," I ventured to say, "to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness"——

"You are right," he replied, abruptly; "though you cannot change my doom, yet you may receive my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me."

He closed the door carefully, and returned to his seat at my side, where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I had never seen before. His face was deadly pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes, and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he said at length, in a hollow tone, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times still—at least I wish to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof, is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organisation itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without any powers of comprehending them?" He paused for a moment, as if to recollect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued—

"In this castle I first drew breath; and being a younger son, upon the elder born was of course to devolve all the wealth and honours of our house, while I had nothing to look forward to but the cloak and band of an abbé. With a heart burning with ambition, and a head filled with dreams of glory, the prospect of this obscure lot made me wretched, and I resolved, by some means or other, to raise myself above it. Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight!

I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters!' I exclaimed; 'let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness.'

The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged Negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed, he was so old, that no one remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Maréchal Fabert."

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause. "Go on," I said, "'tis nothing;" but, notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord.

"One day," continued Monsieur de C——, "I gave way before Yago (so the old negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give *ten years of my life*,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author!'

'Ten years,' said Yago, coldly; 'it is paying dear for such a trifle. However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise; you will find me true to my word.'

I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellects; and with a smile of pity I left the room, and in a few days after the chateau. I arrived in Paris, and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary society of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, of France, of even foreign nations, rung with my name; yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius."

"How!" I exclaimed, with astonishment; "you are not, then, the Duke of C——?"

"No," he replied, coldly.

"What favoured son of genius, then, stands before me?" said I:—"Marmontel! D'Alembert! Voltaire!"

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital.

"The literary fame I enjoyed, unbounded as it was, could not satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle-field! What is a philosopher—a poet?—nothing! Speak to me of a *hero!* What are the poet's bays compared to the laurel wreath of a conqueror? To purchase that, I would willingly give ten years more of my life.'

'I agree to the bargain,' said Yago. 'They are mine also. Do not forget.'"

At this part of the narrative, the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance.

"I told you," he said, "you would not believe. You think it a dream, as I, alas! did once. But the honours I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by skill—standards seised by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world: these were not dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!"

He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, "Who, then, is this renowned warrior?—Coigny?—Richelieu?—perhaps Maréchal Saxe himself."

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued, in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased, by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible—I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter; you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly,

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered the summons. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed; 'I am faint.' 'It is but the course of nature,' he answered, calmly. 'Master, the hour approaches—it is come.' 'What hour!' I cried, in surprise.

'Do you not divine it?' said Yago. 'Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave.'

'Yago,' I cried, 'you are jesting with me!'

'No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence.'

'That, then,' I cried, 'was the price I paid for your services!'

'Others have paid dearer,' he answered, boldly; 'for instance, Fabert, whom I served also.'

''Tis false, 'tis false!' I exclaimed, vehemently.

'You will find it true, my master,' said the black; 'you have but half an hour to live.'

'Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me!'

'Calculate yourself,' he answered; 'thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; every one their own, is but justice.'

He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair, 'Oh Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more!'

'They would be deducted from mine,' said he; 'and I know the *value of life* better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence?'

A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort, I gasped out, 'Take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear. Give me but four hours more of life, and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!'

'You have been a kind master,' said he, after a pause; 'I wish to do something in gratitude.' I felt my courage revive, and ventured to say, 'Four hours are almost nothing: Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition, and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world!'

'Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!' said the negro, with disdain; 'but for *your* sake I will not refuse your last request.'

'Oh! say not my last,' said I, emboldened by his compliance; 'give me the twelve hours complete—one more day—and let the fame of my battles and victories be for ever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else.'

'You abuse my good nature,' he said; 'but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell—with the last beam of day I come to fetch you'—And left me," continued the unknown, in the accents of despair; "and this is the last day I have to remain on earth." He rushed to the window, and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, nor ever again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for twenty-five years longer; and in a few hours I must lose them for ever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself. Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants, who, on their return to labour, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labours and poverty! But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labour and poverty." A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed, "Look—look at that glorious sun; and I must leave it for ever! Ah! let me not lose a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no morrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared amongst the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream? The door was opened by a servant, who announced the Duke of C——.

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A noble-looking personage, of about sixty years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologised for having detained me so long. "He had been compelled," he said, "to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother."

"He is not in danger, I trust?" said I.

"No," replied the duke, mournfully; "the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame, weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, however; but his reason is, I fear, gone for ever. The unhappy illusion under which he labours is, that he has but one day more to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend," continued the duke, "let us speak of your future prospects. Towards the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied; "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer."

"How is this?" exclaimed the duke, in unfeigned surprise: "give up the advantages that are almost within your grasp!"

"I resign them all, my lord."

"Young man," said the duke, "you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! In ten years"——

"Which would be ten years of my life lost," said I, with a smile.

"Lost!" cried the duke; "would it not be cheaply, buying glory, fortune, and honours? Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles?"

"No, my lord," I replied, in a respectful but firm tone; "I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension."

"This is madness—downright madness!" muttered the duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

"I feel it is sound reason," whispered I, as I thought of all I had heard and seen so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany—the trees of my noble park—the turrets of my ancient castle! There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards I was the husband of Henrietta.

MALTA, BY A TRAVELLER.

Since the establishment of the route by Egypt to India, the island of Malta has a prospect of again becoming a place of great importance, to merchants at least, and travellers. This revival of consequence is yet, to a considerable extent, in prospect; for the route in question is still attended with difficulties and disadvantages which prevent its general adoption. But it cuts off such an immense portion of the distance between Europe and the East, by rendering the circumnavigation of Africa unnecessary, that all obstacles must soon be removed, as far as man's ingenuity can remove them, and the adoption of the route become universal. Malta lies in such a position that it must rise in importance accordingly. The island is of great service, even now, to Europe, and Britain in particular. It lies half way between the plague and pestilences of the East, and the salubrity of the more fortunate West, and is used as a testing or purifying station, to secure the latter regions from the influx of the diseases peculiar to the former. No steamers from Smyrna, Athens, Constantinople, or any other port east of Malta, can pass the island without touching at it, and undergoing quarantine and purification in one of its harbours devoted to this purpose. Such an arrangement is obviously highly necessary, if not indispensable.

The steamers from England usually sail on the first of the month. They reach Gibraltar in ten days; the steamers from Gibraltar arrive at Malta in a little less than the same time; and the voyage between Malta and Alexandria occupies, also, between seven and ten days; so that a person from England may reach Alexandria in from twenty-seven to thirty days. Of course, the voyage backwards cannot be so quickly performed, as a quarantine of from ten to twenty days must be then undergone. There are, even at the present time, numerous steamers and other vessels to be usually found at Malta, both government and company property, English and French, Austrian, Tuscan, and Turkish; for even the pennant of the Ottomans is now to be seen flying from the mast of a "tchek-jeemie," as they call that noble product of man's ingenuity, the steam-boat.

Malta lies in the centre of the Mediterranean, holding much the same relation to Europe, Asia, and Africa, that the Isle of Man does to the three countries bordering St George's Channel. There was long a dispute whether it was in Europe or Africa, but the British parliament at last ended the matter by declaring it to be in Europe. Near to Malta is another small island called Gozo, which is generally included when speaking of Malta, as if it were a suburb of a large city. The extreme length of Malta is about sixteen miles, and the extreme breadth eleven; it has, however, a great many jutting points or capes, and is computed to contain one hundred and seventy square miles, upon which it is said there are one hundred and twenty-three thousand inhabitants, five thousand beasts of burden, six thousand horned cattle, eight thousand sheep, and twelve thousand goats; consequently it is one of the most densely populated places in the world. About one-half of the land is cultivated, and produces cotton and grain, with a plentiful supply of vegetables and fruit, and especially oranges, which are said to be the finest in the world. The annual value of the cotton raised is about one hundred thousand pounds, but the grain is not sufficient for even one-third of the inhabitants; consequently, there is a great trade carried on in grain from the Black Sea, which is admitted at a variable duty, averaging about a third of its wholesale cost in the island.

There is little or no other produce in Malta equal in any way to its capabilities, whether as regards the climate or population. It is true that there is a trade to a very limited extent in the manufacture and sale of cotton sail-cloth, napkins, table-cloths, shirts, cotton yarn spun by hand, gold and silver trinkets, iron-posted bedsteads, rush-bottomed chairs, and cigars; but labour is so cheap, and the amount of work done in any of these departments so small, that the people are not half employed.

The wages of workmen are small, but rent and living are remarkably cheap. Malta is undoubtedly the cheapest place in Europe; for there a working man can easily support himself and family on from 6d. to 8d. per day, and considers himself fortunate if he can make that sum regularly.

Besides villages, Malta has four towns, namely, Valetta, which is the capital, Floriana, Victoroso, and Civitta Vechia. Nothing strikes a stranger more on entering the capital, than the shelving nature of the streets, which ascend and descend in many parts by stairs. He will also be struck with the immense number of idle people hovering around him, and chattering in all the languages of Europe. The greater part of these are beggars, and the others candidates for the honour of being his guides, an office into which several will instal themselves, and then quarrel which of them has been employed. It is of no use that the first class are told that they will get nothing, and the second, that their services are not wanted; they will, with the most cool and pertinacious impudence, *trot along* (for in such cases they rarely walk) before, behind, and on every side of their victim; neither is it of any use to get angry at them, as, if they are scolded, they will throw up their hands and eyes with the air of ill-used people, and commence talking loud and long, proving to each other's satisfaction, and the torment of their victim, that they are deprived of their just rights. The only method of getting rid of them is to walk on, taking no notice of any one until the tail gets too large to be at all manageable, and then take refuge in a café, round the door of which they will probably hover for a few minutes, but soon depart to look after another stranger. If this course of silent non-recognition be followed, the cortège will daily diminish in number; and if the stranger has given none of them any money, then in about four days he will be left entirely without any escort, and in future be only troubled by the beggars. If, however, he has been so ill advised as to give away even a penny on his first coming to the island, his term of annoyance will be much increased, and his followers as plentiful as the serfs of a Celtic chief in the olden time.

The island is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by about 4000 men, nearly one-fourth of that number being native troops, under native officers. The capital is built upon a tongue of land which stretches out between the clean and quarantine harbours. The streets all run at right angles, whether on the plain or the hill. The city may be about half a mile long, and a sixth part broad: the shops are not numerous, and the greater portion of them are used as cafés, wine shops, and provision stores, in front of which, and in many cases stretching out to the centre of the street, the goods are piled in great quantities, as also fruit, vegetables, and all sorts of food, which are sold at very low prices. In summer, business is not transacted between 11 o'clock forenoon and 4 o'clock afternoon, on account of the great heat of the sun; during which cessation of labour, all the better part of the inhabitants are in their houses, and the mass of the common classes lying asleep on the shady side of the street, or under a doorway, wherever they can escape from the sun.

There are many public buildings in Malta deserving of notice, especially the Palace of the ancient Grand Masters, and the Chapel of the knightly order of St John. There is also a most splendid library, which belonged to the knights, in existence at the present day, beautifully arranged, and well catalogued by the native librarian, who appears to understand his business as well as if he had been brought up in Paternoster Row. There is likewise a large library of modern books called "the Garrison Library," in the same building. This library receives from England all new works of interest, the greater part of the leading periodicals, and several newspapers. The regulations are exceedingly liberal, as a stranger coming to Malta with a letter of introduction to any respectable person, would find no difficulty in having the free use of all contained in both libraries.

About half a mile from Valetta stands Floriana, which contains a few streets of rather a miserable order. In an opposite direction is situated Victoroso, where the Admiralty offices and stores are all placed, and where the different officers connected with this department have elegant houses bordering upon the sea. The town is very dirty, and consists for the most part of streets of steep stairs ascending to the battlements, where, if the sun is shining, thousands of lizards may be seen sporting themselves in its rays, emerging from the crevices, and concealing themselves again with the speed almost of lightning. Civitta Vechia is distant from Valetta about five miles. It is the ancient capital of the island, and the oldest city in it, but, on account of the better situation of Valetta for defence and commerce, has lost its rank and importance.

During the hot season of the year, the island has the appearance of a dried-up lime-kiln; but there is no doubt, from the show in the markets, that there is verdure upon it; yet we can safely aver that during a residence of some little time, we scarcely ever saw as much of it on the grounds as would cover a man's hand.

The boatmen of Malta are a most troublesome set of fellows, as, if the traveller walks along any part of the town which leads to the shore, he is certain to be assailed by a number of them, all insisting on the employment of one boat in preference to another; and even although they are told that a boat is not wanted at all, still they will follow until they conduct the stranger along the shore beyond the boat station. The number of these men exceeds three thousand, and they possess about eleven hundred boats. The usual fare from any one place in the island to another, or to any vessel in the harbour, is 2d., but these rascals insist sometimes upon strangers giving them a *dollar*; even a bargain is never held sacred, as, when the work is finished, they are sure to insist on double or three times the stipulated sum. The only way to manage them is to throw the money down on the street, and walk away; it is true they will follow their *fare* half way over the town; but the thing is so common, that nobody takes any notice of a stranger followed by one or two Maltese boatmen, calling out for money alleged to be due for service performed.

The language of the Maltese is of a very strange character, being a mixture of the Arabic and Italian, but containing most of the former. Nearly all the people, however, can speak a little bad Italian, but very few of the lower or middle classes understand any English, saving a few words of every-day occurrence. The habits and manners of the people are also a mixture of the rude Moorish and smooth Italian. Altogether, they may be said to be one of the most disagreeable and roguish races of people on earth. Of honesty or fair dealing they have no idea, and nothing is too small for them to seize upon and carry off. Even their smallest coin, which is the twelfth part of a penny, will not be disregarded if there is a means of obtaining it, without an adequate return being given. Throughout the Levant they have a notoriously bad name, and at Alexandria and Constantinople are proverbial for their robberies, and even murders, thereby causing the British consuls at these places ten times more trouble than all the other subjects of the British empire.

The females of Malta are celebrated for their large black eyes, but in other respects they have not the beauty of either the Spanish or Italian dames. The dress of the lowest class is slovenly and dirty; that of the middle class is neat, and generally white within doors in summer; but on the street the white gown is covered with a black silk skirt, while a black silk scarf, called *falletta*, is thrown over the head and shoulders, and disposed in such a manner as to show the countenance of the wearer in the most favourable semi-nudity, and is nothing more than a western garment worn in an eastern fashion. The upper class of females in Malta are rarely to be seen on the street; they, however, dress like the English and French, after the latest European fashions.

From the number of priests and friars who crowd the streets, one might easily tell, even if the conduct of the inhabitants did not proclaim it, that Malta is a place where the church is all-powerful. But, however much the diffusion of knowledge may have extended to other places, certainly the schoolmaster has not been here, for old and young are living in the most complete ignorance. Education is entirely in the hands of the priests, who have the exclusive management of the College, or School of Instruction, and it is practically of little use to the people. The women receive no education at all. Few of the men can read, and none of them can write, excepting those who may be said to gain their bread by the pen.

The press, as may well be supposed, is in a very poor state indeed, where the people are so sunk in ignorance; but it will hardly be credited that it is so low as it really is. Until within eighteen months, there was no printing-press permitted in the island but that of the government, from which issued a small newspaper, once a-week, under the name of the "Malta Gazette." It appeared in parallel columns, English and Italian, but contained no original political articles—being made up of extracts from the London, Paris, and other newspapers of an old date; and yet, though this was the only channel in Malta of receiving news of what was passing in the world, previous to the granting the liberty of the press, it never had a circulation of more than three hundred.

Since the press has become free, there have been started two Italian newspapers in Valetta, one of them entitled "Portofoglio Maltese," and the other

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"Il Spettatore Imparziale," but there is nothing in their columns worthy of special notice. A third newspaper, in English and Italian, has also been started, under the name of "Il Gazetto del Mediterrano." It is decidedly the most clever that has ever appeared in Malta, but, it is to be feared, will sink for want of support. The Maltese care for almost nothing beyond the day or hour in which they live; a newspaper is of no interest or use to them; and until they are better educated, or some great change takes place among them, the liberty of the press will not be either valued or supported.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

VENTILATION AND LIGHTING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Most persons, I suppose, have heard that within the last two or three years various schemes have been proposed for the proper ventilation and lighting of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and that those which have been most approved of are now in operation. Except, however, from a random newspaper paragraph, little has been made known respecting the successful plans, and it is probable that some little account of them from personal observation may not prove unacceptable.

During my stay in London, I had occasion to call upon Dr D. B. Reid, of Edinburgh, who has been appointed to organise and superintend the ventilation of the Houses, and was by him kindly conducted over the establishment, and introduced to Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, the able discoverer and applier of the new process of lighting.

Ventilation has hitherto been little understood or thought of. We scarcely find a church, school, or ball-room, or public or private structure of any kind, properly ventilated. The most splendid structures are occasionally seen in course of erection, without the smallest provision for the escape of the vitiated air, and the admission of that which is pure and wholesome. Ignorance has stumbled on one mode only of relieving the overloaded air of crowded apartments, and that is by opening the windows—a practice of the most dangerous kind as respects health, and which on that account, independently of its clumsiness, should not be resorted to except in cases of extreme necessity.

It is impossible to have any accurate idea of the principle of ventilation, unless we become familiar with the fact of air being a buoyant fluid, which has a tendency to keep up an equilibrium in all parts of its volume—that is, if you exhaust a vessel or room partially of its air, the air without will have a tendency to rush in to supply the deficiency. Another thing to be remembered is, that warm air is more expanded and lighter than cold air, therefore it rises while the cold sinks. Observe how these principles act in the case of opening windows on a cold day. The cold air rushes in to fill up the deficiency caused by the expansion, and sinks to the floor, while the hot air rises, or is retarded and cooled. The rush of cold air in such a case, may prove most fatal to an overheated person. If the day be as warm outside as in the house, the opening of the windows is of no use for the escape of the hot air; there will be no rush either way; hence, by the common method of ventilation, there is no means of withdrawing the vitiated atmosphere from a church or large assembly-room in warm weather. To ventilate properly, it is indispensable that the balance of the atmosphere should be disturbed by artificial means; and the means which the air naturally adopts to rectify its want of equilibrium, forms the ventilation. Perhaps it is not generally known that a room, whose door is kept shut, endeavours to ventilate itself by the chimney. During the day, when the sun is powerful, the air in the apartment expands and lightens, the redundancy going off by the chimney; when night comes, the air in the room condenses or goes into a smaller bulk, and, to supply the deficiency, there is a rush of air down the chimney; and thus there is a see-saw motion of air up and down the chimney daily. The sea and land breezes of tropical islands are accounted for on precisely the same principle.

Dr Reid has for many years been known as a skilled scientific ventilator. His chemistry lecture-room is one of the most curious things which can be seen. Various fires are seen in stands in different parts of the floor, but instead of poisoning the apartment with nauseous fumes, the smoke of each is seen to rush down a tube, as if anxious to be gone and out of sight with all imaginable speed. The secret of this urgent haste is, that the smoke is rushing towards some larger fire elsewhere, or hastening to supply the demand for air. The doctor has carried this principle into beautiful operation in the Houses of Parliament. I shall first describe his operations in reference to the House of Lords.

Beneath the house there is a series of low vaults, paved with stone, and connected by passages with similar vaults beneath the House of Commons. One of the vaults, on the western side of the building, is that in which Guy Fawkes was discovered when about to blow up the edifice with gunpowder, and it is here that Dr Reid now performs the first part of his process of introducing and purifying the air. On one side of the vault is a wide opening, covered with coarse gauze, through which the air penetrates, depositing in its course any particles of soot or dust with which it may be loaded. Having passed into the vaulted apartment, it is completely washed with water as it rushes across to the passage beyond. The washing apparatus consists of a number of pipes laid longitudinally and transversely on the floor; each pipe is perforated with a great number of holes, and from these spout jets d'eau in all directions, so as to really fill the apartment with an intense spray, and effectually wash the air as it proceeds through it. On the inner side of the vault, the air is as fresh and pleasant as at the brink of a waterfall. Being thus purified, the air, if necessary, is made to pass through a vaulted chamber, containing a congeries of pipes of hot water; and being there warmed, is sent on by a channel or passage to the House. The temperature of the air which is admitted can be at all times regulated with perfect nicety, by allowing it to go, more or less, through the warming-room; and for the purpose of discovering at any time what is the degree of heat their lordships above are enjoying, a thermometer is pulled down by a string from a concealed part of the house.

The air, thus regulated in temperature, is admitted into the house through canvass which covers the walls, and also behind the bar, seats, and tables. The canvass, which is stretched upon the walls, or rather at a little distance from them, is of a thin yellowish description, and is streaked or marked to resemble oak panels. As high up as the heads of the members, the canvass is papered in a neat style. When the air admitted in this manner all round the house, through the texture of the canvass walls, has been breathed and vitiated, it passes off through ventilators in the roof into a kind of garret, whence it proceeds along a passage, and descends a shaft to the ground. On going round by a stair to the bottom of this very strange air channel, we find ourselves in a vestibule opening upon an immense ash-pit, into which we perceive red hot cinders occasionally falling. We step forward, and enter the ash-pit. We now find ourselves standing at the bottom of a round chimney, measuring a hundred feet high, and eleven feet broad at the base, and in which, at the height of some twelve or fifteen feet overhead, we observe a large blazing fire suspended on a capacious grating. There is no opening into the chimney except from the vestibule, into which all the vitiated atmosphere of the House is poured—the fire being trimmed only by means of a small door on the outside, but which is usually kept shut—and therefore this forms the great organ of draught in this extensive ventilating apparatus.

We now come to the House of Commons. The air is admitted for it through gauze into a lower vault, in the same manner as for the Lords; passes, if required, through a heating room; and is thence conducted in a purified state to a space beneath the floor. For its admission, the floor and rising steps are penetrated with millions of small holes, and rising in these, it passes through a coarse carpeting into the House. Having there performed its office, the air passes off by openings round the edges of the panels in the ceiling, into a garret above, where it is led away by a passage to the descending channel to the ash-pit and fire which I have already described, and which answers for both Houses. I was conducted by the doctor up a trap-stair to the dark passage leading from the garret, at a time when the House was sitting, for the purpose of observing the effects of the draught created by the fire. Groping along the passage, we reach a door which rises and falls like a sash-window. This is an important part of the apparatus. At the time I visited the spot, it was open about a foot at top, and through this there poured a steady current of air in our faces from the openings into the garret. I was told by the doctor not on any account to move down the sash, for it would add a power to the draught whose least effect would be to blow away our hats into the dismal gulf behind us. Both, therefore, by this shifting sash-door, and by means of the doors beneath in the vaults, the quantity of air admitted or sent through the House can be exactly regulated, so as to create no unpleasant sensation to the members. In ordinary circumstances, there is an opening for a current of 60 cubic feet of air, which rushes at a velocity of 10 feet per second; 60 multiplied by 10 makes 600 feet per second, and this again multiplied by 60 seconds, gives 36,000—that is, thirty-six thousand cubic feet of fresh air supplied every minute for the consumption of the House. The air, likewise, can be admitted in either a cold or warm, moist or dry state, at a moment's notice. On one occasion, seventy gallons of water were sent in in the shape of moist air in the course of a few hours. The feelings of the members being very various, the regulation of these details, as may be supposed, is a matter of extreme delicacy. The great object desirable by the learned doctor, is to afford at all times a profuse supply of the best air for breathing, without any sensible feeling of draught to the members; and this he seems to have admirably accomplished by his ingenious arrangements for both Houses. It has been alleged, that the method of admitting the air through the carpet on the floor has the effect of raising a dust in the apartment; but such is not the case. Every precaution is taken to avoid this, not only by the universal porosity, but by the plans adopted for brushing the feet of the members as they pass along the passages and lobbies. It is further necessary to observe, that the plans, at the best, are only preparatory to others of a more perfect kind in connexion with the new Houses of Parliament now in course of erection, and for the superintendence of which, our friend the doctor is now necessarily resident on the spot.

Having offered an idea of the mode of ventilating, I now proceed to a subject not less remarkable for the great scientific skill which is displayed upon it—the method of supplying artificial light to the House of Commons. During the day, light is admitted through sloping glass ceilings on each side; and at night the light is derived chiefly from two large lustres pendant from that central panelled part of the roof, through which the used air has been described as escaping. Externally, there appears nothing worthy of notice in the lustres, except the peculiar intensity of the light, which in each case is emitted from a single burner, and it is to the nature of this that the attention of the reader has in a particular manner to be directed.

The light employed is the invention of Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, and is called the "Bude Light," from the name of his residence in Cornwall, where it first became known to him. In 1823, Mr Gurney published a work on the elements of chemical science, in which he described the powerful light produced from lime by the action of the mixed gases. This light, about seven years afterwards, was employed by Lieutenant Drummond on the Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland, in consequence of which it took the name of the "Drummond Light." A committee of the House of Commons on Light-houses, in 1834, recommended the lime light to be experimented on, with a view to remove the practical difficulties connected with the subject, and adapting it for light-house illumination. In consequence of Mr Gurney having first announced the discovery of the light, he was recommended by the committee to the Trinity House, to carry out the experiment. In the course of his engagement in this office, he discovered the present light, which he considered better for light-house purposes, and, as already mentioned, called the Bude Light. This light is produced by introducing oxygen gas in the interior of the flame of a lamp. An ordinary flame is hollow, the exterior part being only ignited by the atmosphere; the interior part is unburnt, containing the vapour of oil and carburetted hydrogen, and the burning of this unused interior vapour as quickly as it is distilled, by the admission of oxygen, forms the principle of the Bude Light. As soon as a small tube, conveying a stream of oxygen, is introduced into the heart of the flame, the light is immediately increased in its intensity. Since this valuable discovery was made, Mr Gurney has effected various alterations and improvements on the light. Formerly he used oil, but now he employs common street gas. This gas, however, is made to pass through a box containing naphtha, which naphthalises it, or improves its inflammable properties, and renders it equal to the best oil without the trouble of wicks. The London street gas, it is necessary to explain, is an impure stuff, containing a certain proportion of free hydrogen, which combines with the carbon of the naphtha, and forms a bi-carburetted gas as it passes. The Edinburgh gas being pure, or without free hydrogen, would not require any such assistance from naphtha. The apparatus for supplying the oxygen is placed in a vault adjacent to Dr Reid's ventilating process. It consists of two iron retorts built over a furnace, and in these is put a certain quantity of oxide of manganese (a metallic substance which resembles brayed coal in appearance), from which oxygen is evolved, and led away in pipes to a gasometer; from the gasometer small pipes proceed to the burners in the House, each conducting a stream of oxygen into the heart of the flame. The light so produced is most intense in brilliancy, but is softened by the intervention of ground glass, and illuminates, with a powerful effect, the whole interior of the apartment. A more perfect substitute, in every respect, for daylight, could not, I believe, be found. The flame being supplied freely with oxygen, a comparatively small quantity of atmospheric air is abstracted or consumed, and all offensive heated air from the combustion is carried away in a small tube into Dr Reid's ventilating gallery above. Before the introduction of this beautiful light, the House of Commons was illuminated with 240 wax candles dispersed about in different parts—a method of lighting which Sir David Brewster has described "as most absurd, and such as no person at all acquainted with the physiological action of light on the retina, and the principles of its distribution, could have adopted."* Dr Ure, on being examined by the committee of members respecting the power of the Bude Light, previous to the substitution of gas for oil, observed—"I made experiments upon it very carefully in my own house last night, and compared its relative illuminative powers with argand lamps and candles with great pains, both by the method of shadows and also by Mr Wheatstone's photometer. Mr Gurney's larger Bude lamp, furnished with a wick of five-eighths of an inch, but emitting a white flame of only three-eighths in diameter, was found to afford thirty times more light than a wax candle, and nearly three times more light than the standard flame of the mechanical lamp, which was equal to from ten to eleven candles. Secondly, Mr Gurney's smaller Bude burner, with a flame one-quarter of an inch, was found, by the same methods, to afford a light eighteen to twenty times greater than a wax candle."

The adoption of the Bude Light in the House of Commons, as now improved and simplified by the substitution of gas for oil, has completely set at rest all theoretic speculations on the subject. The light is not only by far the most brilliant, without distress to

* Report of Committee on Lighting the House.

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the eye, but is cheaper by two-thirds than the old wax-candle plan of illumination. If I recollect properly, Mr Gurney told me that the expense of using the Bude Light, in which naphtha is required, is about twelve times greater than that of common London gas, sizes of flame being equal, but that as the Bude flame gave twelve times more light, the expense was in reality the same, without the inconvenience of many burners, and a great consumption of air. The property of giving little heat, in comparison to what is produced by common gas, is in itself of great importance. Another useful property is, that the light may be varied in tone, from the most perfect white down to the red ray, by increasing or diminishing the quantity of oxygen.

It would be needless for me to say any thing further of this singularly ingenious means of artificial lighting, which cannot fail to prove extensively useful for light-houses on the coast, theatres, and other large places of assemblage, not to speak of its being rendered available for private dwellings. Gas companies, I should think, could find no difficulty in supplying pipes of oxygen to their customers, along with their usual service of carburetted hydrogen. There have been much worse speculations.

MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIRÉE.

[In the 269th number of the Journal, published on the 13th July last year, an account was transcribed from the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, of a temperate social entertainment which had been recently given by the publishers of this work to the working people employed by them. On that occasion it was explained that our sole object in giving extended publicity to the description, was to induce other employers in distant parts of the kingdom to give similar entertainments, not only as in themselves right and proper things, seeing that they tended to keep the various parts of society in harmony, but as means of promoting a good understanding directly between the entertainers and entertained. For similar reasons, we now reprint from the *Scotsman* of July 8th an account of the entertainment of this year, adding an abstract of a speech which we esteem as one of the most important of the evening, but which, from unimportant circumstances, was only alluded to in the report.]

The annual soirée given by the Messrs Chambers to the numerous persons in their employment, together with their wives and families, took place on Monday last in one of the large halls in their printing-office, High Street. Although the occasion was strictly private, it yet presented many features entitling it to public notice. The admirable sentiments delivered, the sound principle evolved, and the good and kindly feeling manifested as subsisting between the employer and the employed, must have been extremely gratifying to all present, and furnish an example worthy of being imitated in similar large establishments. As on former occasions, the large room was decorated with flowers and evergreens, and laid out with tables capable of accommodating 160 persons. The company assembled at six o'clock, and, shortly afterwards, Mr William Chambers took the chair, supported on the right by Lord Murray and the Rev. Mr Shannon; and on the left by Lord Cuninghame, Mr Simpson, the Rev. Mr Bennie, Dr Murray, &c. Mr Robert Chambers acted as croupier, surrounded by a select number of friends, including Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland; his brother Mr Arthur Hill, of the Bruce-Castle Academy; Mr Hugo Reid; and Mr Andrew Bell, editor of Playfair's Euclid. After tea and coffee had been served,

Mr W. Chambers rose, and was received with loud cheering. He commenced by stating the object of the entertainment to be the associating together in one harmonious party, and without distinction as to rank, the two classes of persons—employers and employed. Addressing the latter, he said it afforded him great pleasure to welcome them once more to a simple entertainment such as that now presented, and to thank them, in his brother's name and his own, for the attention, the sobriety, and integrity which they had individually manifested during the past twelve months. He held it to be of immense importance to the cause of general philanthropy, and to the comfort and peace of society, that there should be assemblages of this innocent and cheering nature, and hoped that the example now set would be followed in other establishments, where too frequently, from a bad understanding of each other's feelings, there prevailed the most distressing animosities, if not the most violent strife (cheers). It had been said that *benevolence was power*, and to the truth of this he could well testify; in fact, benevolence was wealth, peace, and happiness (cheers). It was most gratifying for him to state that, by their united exertions—that is, masters and men together, and there were now about a hundred of them—they were pouring forth such a stream of sound healthful instruction over the land, as must in time, he hoped, produce some fruits worthy of notice and remembrance. He was glad to say that all the works with which their name was associated were at present highly prosperous. The Journal, the first started of its class of cheap publications, on the 4th of February 1832, or about two months before the Penny Magazine, had never sunk a single copy in circulation, but had risen progressively to 72,000 copies weekly, and was now the widest circulated literary print in the British islands or the world. Of this work, and of the Educational Course, and People's Editions, that is, three distinct publications which they conducted, there were printed last year five millions of sheets, and of the Educational Course and People's Editions there appeared to be now a settled sale of 100,000 volumes each annually. It was agreeable to reflect, that in this large mass of original and selected literature, there was nothing of a vicious or demoralising tendency. Convinced that if mankind be debarred from the enjoyment of innocent and enlivening recreation, they will seek for that which is of an opposite quality, it had ever been a leading object with his brother and himself to provide such matter as would improve, while it entertained the minds of their readers; and it was exceedingly gratifying to think that their efforts in this respect had been extensively imitated and followed up by other labourers in the same field of literature. Mr Chambers next adverted, in as delicate a manner as possible, to the attempt making by Mr Sergeant Talfourd to hamper, if not altogether destroy, the issuing of expired copyright works at a cheap price; but cheap literature, he felt convinced, would continue to thrive and be countenanced both by rich and poor. Human improvement was not thus to be checked by a small legislative effort. (cheers.) The press was now the mightiest engine in the country, and would increase in dignity and power with the increasing civilisation of the age (cheers). "I turn, however," said Mr Chambers, "from these speculations to a subject more intimately connected with our present meeting. Deeply engaged in furnishing the materials of publication, and involved in a thousand considerations which require constant vigilance, my brother and I are anxious to lay aside business for one evening, and to meet you here in a genial fraternity of feeling; to express our satisfaction with your conduct, and the observance you give to the rules which we have thought proper to institute for the general comfort. We are all labourers in the same cause. One labours by an exercise of the reflective faculties, another labours by the exercise of the hands and arms. Thus we are all labourers or workers in one way or other. Besides labouring by the thoughts, we venture our capital, that is, we buy materials on which your industry and skill are to be exercised. For your sobriety, your honesty, and your skilled industry in the situations which you respectively fill, my brother and I give our applause and our thanks. It is our earnest desire to make your lot agreeable, as far as lies in our power. Pressed upon all sides by competition, or, in other words, by the necessity for manufacturing our goods as cheaply as those of others, or at such prices as will command a ready sale, we in each case give as high wages as the trade sanctions, and as we can afford, and with which we believe you are satisfied. At any rate, we are the advocates, in the fullest sense of the term, for freedom of trade—freedom to go, and freedom to come, and that for the benefit of all. Thus left at liberty, some of you by force of circumstances, or by your own abilities, may rise to occupy a higher sphere: but, remember, every condition of life has its own sources of inquietude. The labours of the operative terminate at fixed hours, and he has nothing to think of but his stated task. The master has, in addition to all his labours, a never-ceasing anxiety. For ourselves, I may say that our toils are ceaseless and exhausting. My brother and I are in the condition of the unhappy juggler, who, after every performance, must rack his brains to show off some new trick, otherwise he will lose his audiences. Yet we are not without a gleam of sunshine in our path. We are repaid by the smiling countenances and happy hearts of those around us. It *is* something to have good servants, and to live in harmony with them. Not the least object we have in view in calling you together to the present entertainment, is to show our friends that masters and men *can* live together in peace, and that they can also meet in social concord, without leading to disorganisation or to encroachments on each other's privileges. I am glad to think that we have been this evening honoured with the presence of individuals who, from their station and character, will be able to carry an account of our happy and innocent meeting into sections of society in which the working classes are too often looked upon with distrust. Perhaps, also, our example may be copied by other employers and employed. Perhaps it will be found possible, as in the present instance, to have social enjoyment without abasement of the senses in intoxicating liquors. If we can in any way accomplish even this, we shall set a most valuable example to our fellow-creatures."

Mr Forsyth, foreman of the compositors, replied in an able and appropriate speech. He said—"Mr Chairman and Mr Croupier—After the lapse of a year, it has once more become my pleasing duty to tender you our united acknowledgments, as well for this your annual festival as for your kindness and courtesy during the past year. In doing so, it might be thought unnecessary that I should do any thing more than merely refer to your general conduct towards us, the individuals in your employment; but, while we would proffer you our warmest thanks for the many kindnesses received, we consider that there is another and more important subject which this meeting is calculated to suggest. We are all labourers in one great cause, and, however humble the occupation of many of us, that cause raises and dignifies our employment. Our gratitude as your workmen, then, reminds us more forcibly of the fact that all our labours have a common end and purpose—namely, the enlightenment and elevation of the great body of the people. Gentlemen—We believe this to be a great and a good cause. We believe, that if ever the title of philanthropist was properly applied, it is when given to those who have been the active agents in opening up new intellectual sources of pleasure in the minds of their fellow-men—who have fostered the love of virtue and the practice of all good—and caused the seeds of knowledge to spring up in otherwise sterile soils. To you, gentlemen, belongs this high honour. The whole course of your career has borne testimony that other motives than those of mere men of business have actuated you in your labours. We believe that to elevate the condition of working-men, by unfolding to them the manifold beauties of knowledge and virtue—the true sources of content and happiness—has ever been one of the grand objects of your exertions. In proof of the fact, it is unnecessary to go beyond your own establishment, and more especially the present meeting; if it were, we could refer to your pecuniary sacrifices for the furtherance of praiseworthy objects, and the formation of libraries for working-men in different parts of the country. What Washington Irving beautifully said of Roscoe, may be far more appropriately applied to you—that 'he opened up pure fountains, where the labouring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge.'

The system of cheap literature which you have originated, promises soon to revolutionise the entire business of bookselling. Already have some of the most influential London publishers successfully imitated the 'People's Editions;' and it appears not unlikely that, in the course of time, few reprints will be published in any other form. By this means, those copyright works which were formerly found only on the shelves of the wealthy, are now fast descending from their lofty abodes to amuse and instruct the poorest of the community. One would suppose that the good induced by this state of things was so clear and self-evident, that no one would be bold enough to deny it. Nevertheless, we find those who see nothing to admire in it; the idea of the 'vulgar many' (the 'swinish multitude' is the orthodox phrase, but it is now somewhat old-fashioned) reading and understanding such works as Butler and Paley, is utterly beyond the sphere of their thoughts. That working-men should read or think at all, seems to these persons altogether unnecessary. One grand characteristic of the age—the universal thirsting after knowledge—is to them a theme only of censure or regret." [Mr Forsyth then discussed in sarcastic terms a diatribe against popular knowledge which lately appeared in one of the London magazines. We omit this part of the address, excepting one passage, which vindicates the Journal from an imputation of mere surmise, which we have seen in other quarters.] "Other statements of this writer are still more extravagant than those now noticed. His definition of 'useful knowledge' is 'the knowledge of locomotive engines and railroads, &c., and any thing pertaining to the cultivation of the heart or conduct,' he says, 'it would be regarded as an insult to introduce.' I think it but proper that the Messrs Chambers, and their fellow-labourers, should be defended from these ridiculous insinuations. I make bold to say, that there is hardly a man or woman—ay, boy or girl—in the country, but who knows their falsehood and injustice. To refine and instruct all classes, and inspire every man with reverence for all the great duties of life—at the same time that he is made to comprehend the improvements of the advanced and advancing civilisation of the times—have unquestionably been the general objects of all cheap literature, and in particular of the publications of the Messrs Chambers. I believe there is scarcely a workman in the kingdom but whose mind and heart have both experienced the benefits of such publications. * * Before concluding, allow us to hope that this meeting will be a pledge and earnest of a future good understanding between us. That nothing may occur to interrupt the harmony which has hitherto subsisted, is our sincerest wish as it is our truest interest. If our good wishes for your prosperity can avail aught, you have them heartily and sincerely."

Mr Forsyth, before sitting down, read an address with which he had been intrusted by the bookbinders of the establishment. This document, after alluding to several arrangements which had been made for the convenience of its authors—mentioning, in particular, the practice of paying weekly wages on Fridays, and allowing the men to cease working on Saturdays at 3 o'clock afternoon, by which all temptation to break the Sabbath was removed—concluded as follows:—"These evidences of your zeal to promote our interests morally and intellectually, have had the effect, we hope, of making us studious of your interests and active in your service; and so it will be found in every establishment where there is a happy and contented body of workmen—more is accomplished, and in a more efficient manner, than can be expected under different circumstances. In conclusion, let us assure you, that all your kindnesses will only prompt us to greater exertions, and with willing hearts and ready hands we shall go on from day to day in those earnest endeavours for your service, which, we trust, have been already evinced; and shall hereby receive the happy approval of our own consciences, and rejoice in the knowledge that we have done our duty."

Mr Chambers then took an opportunity of adverting to the services of several individuals in their employment, to whom they were in a particular manner indebted; and to that person who had the entire charge of this large house and all its valuable property, Mr Dickson, he now begged to present a writing-desk, in testimony of his esteem and gratitude.

Mr Dickson returned thanks.

Mr Simpson rose, and was enthusiastically received. He said there were discoveries in the moral as well as in the physical world. It was a moral discovery that benevolence is power. It was not the less a discovery in relation to human *practice*, that the fact is stated in Scripture, for there it has been too little heeded. The present meeting had further discovered that intoxication is not essential to mirth and conviviality; that they may be jovial, *royal*, nay, as *glorious* as Tam o' Shanter himself, on lemonade. John Barleycorn was giving place to John Coffeebean (laughter). It was another moral discovery that healths, sentiments, toasts, as they are called, might be given by us without our forthwith swallowing poison; and that it is a monstrous absurdity that, by the very symbolic act of wishing health to another, we should destroy our own (cheers and laughter). "On the strength of this discovery, I claim," said Mr S., "your cheers—ay

——— 'the thrice repeated cry
That oft has cheer'd the wine cup and the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, and bid each heart be light.'

But *here* is neither the wine cup nor the fight, though where the one is, the other often follows (a laugh); yet we may receive with an acclaim quite as lively this cordial wish—"Permanence and extension to a good understanding and kindly co-operation between employers and employed." This much-to-be-wished state of things is actually attained here. This meeting is its sign. It is no vulgar feast; it is really a feast of reason, of temperance, of courtesy, of refinement. The ladies are present (cheers). Wives and sisters cannot join a *drinking bout*—a debauch. Their presence humanises, *gentlemanises* the rougher sex. A still more beautiful feature is before

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us—children are here—even *babies* are brought by their confiding mothers (loud cheers), and conduct themselves with that propriety which befits this excellent establishment (laughter). One *honourable member*, from the sound of his voice somewhere about the ripe age of six months, has repeatedly cheered, and always in right places (laughter); *he* cordially approves of the principle and spirit of this meeting.

A meeting like this involves and evolves deep principles. It proves the practical value of the maxim that benevolence is power. The control which the Messrs Chambers exercise in their great establishment, is the unresisted, because irresistible, control of justice and kindness. Throughout the year all is peace and good-will in the works, and here annually masters and men meet to renew their truly Christian, as well as commercially wise, compact, and part with hearts yet warmer, and resolutions yet firmer, for another trial (loud applause). Another principle made manifest here is the practicability, demonstrated by the result, of elevating the character of the working man, or rather of his elevating his own; and in his practical exhibition of improved intellect and morals, of his taking rank where these qualities should and must place him—among gentlemen. All that is worthy, really gentlemanlike, in the classes above him, will meet and hail him more than half way. Why do the higher classes shrink from contact with the humbler, as these yet too generally are? The reason is obvious; they cannot meet in fellowship with drunkenness, filth, coarseness, and brutality. That they will hold out a cordial right hand to real respectability, let this meeting, and the distinguished men around me who grace it, tell. One other principle evolved by a meeting like this, I will mention. All this respectability—all this moral elevation—all this intellectual and moral rank—all this fitness for fellowship with the true aristocracy—for these qualities constitute the only real aristocracy in its essential character—is consistent with the duties and regulated toils of labour. It is with working men we are at this interesting moment in company—men who do a fair honest day's work; and who have daily proof of that farther moral discovery, that labour is neither an evil nor a degradation, except in its excess, for then it is both. Regulated labour is a divine dispensation—a blessing—for 'it is by the blessing of God that man goeth forth to his labour until the evening.' The same authority says, 'All things are full of labour.' The Creator has given us a faculty for labour, the exercise of which is delightful to us; and he has at the same time arranged material creation, so that labour is necessary to turn it to our advantage. This, too, calls forth our energies. 'Man,' says Channing, 'would have been a poor creature, had nature yielded him every thing spontaneously.' See the schoolboy escaping from his hitherto repulsive books, and begging admittance to the carpenter's shop—happy if allowed to handle his tools. How many *gentlemen* are voluntary workmen!—how many men of rank! The late Lord Traquair was an enthusiastic cutler, and was delighted if you brought him a pair of old razors to put in order (laughter). Lord Douglas was a bookbinder. Crowned heads not less were labourers. George III. was a turner; Leopold of Austria a clock-maker; and Louis XVI. a lock-maker. Our muscles, our health, require labour; for exercise is labour. We must all labour—with head if not with hands; and my two distinguished friends near me (Lords Murray and Cuninghame), who laboured at the bar, and now labour on the bench, must ride or walk, or work with their hands, to preserve their health. Labour, moreover, is no degradation. It is a gothic absurdity to look upon it in that light. A high degree of intellectual and moral worth—a high refinement of character—is compatible with manual labour. Such a labourer, spite his hard and horny hands, is fit company for the first gentlemen in the land. Let us not forget that St Paul laboured with his hands. Channing is right when he talks of the *dignity* of labour. The real degradation is sloth and idleness. It is to this that the friends of that education which forms and elevates character would bring the working man. We are called visionaries, theorists, by the education obstructors of the old school. Let them look at our *practice*. Would that certain prelates were here; and would honestly say whether they have ever produced, or can produce, a scene like this. Nay, more, I would invite them to follow these men to their homes—see their happy families, their books, their domestic amusements, their quiet religious duties, their general respectability, prudence, and usefulness—and compare such a base for the pyramid of social order and safety, with that which an ignorant and brutal mob has long presented to the despairing philanthropist (cheers). We who desire to see an universal system *of such* instruction, can say to our obstructors, 'These are our fruits, where are yours? Shall we find them in religious contentions, hatred, and intolerance?—in empty churches, and full jails, hospitals, and workhouses?—in pauperism and pestilence?—in that mass of ignorance and cruelty, vice and crime, which poisons the passing gale in our cities, and pollutes the moral atmosphere of our land? Will you bring these fruits of your husbandry—rather these rank weeds of your neglect—and, placing them on a rival altar, hope that God will have respect unto your offering!' (loud cheers). Turn we from such a contemplation again to the scene before us, and when we reflect on the vast extent of good that flows from the labours of these very workmen—on the triumph of steam-press and stereotype which they all lead a cheerful hand to achieve—on their twenty-four thousand sheets every day of the year—one thousand every hour—which go forth like a thousand wings, bearing healing abroad, and scattering it over the world—well may we repeat the sentiment with which I set out, and couple it with 'health and prosperity to the Messrs Chambers and their workmen.'" The sentiment was received with loud and long continued applause.

The chairman proposed the healths of Lord Murray and Lord Cuninghame. Received with great applause.

Lord Murray returned thanks.—He felt great pleasure on being present at a meeting composed chiefly of working men. On being asked once by a friend from the Continent what was most worthy of observation in this country, he had directed his attention to the industry, and intelligence, and firmness of purpose, displayed by our working population (cheers). Get into conversation with our operatives at the loom, or our labourers at the plough, and you will discover in them an extent of information, a power of reasoning, and force of character, which I am proud to think you will not find, to the same extent, in any other country in Europe. I quite agree with what has been so eloquently stated and so well reasoned by my learned friend near me (Mr Simpson), as to the necessity for every one to labour. In this respect the rich are often the most unfortunate (hear). Look at a man with five or six thousand a-year. He cannot sit down on his estate to vegetate like one of his own trees, or to be watered and manured like one of his farmers' turnips (laughter). No; he must find employment, and accordingly he meets a number of other gentlemen who have as little to do as himself, and gets upon a horse's back, often in cold frosty mornings, at four, five, or six o'clock, to run after some unfortunate fox who has no choice in the matter (laughter). He then gallops over hedges and ditches, and exposes himself to broken legs or other accidents, thus performing an amount of labour which would be considered a severe sentence to be pronounced on any one in a court of justice, and all because he has the misfortune to have nothing to do, and is obliged to seek out work for himself (cheers and laughter). His lordship then alluded to yachting as another practice resorted to by the rich from the same cause. The Italian nobleman, he continued, is in a still more unfortunate position. He has none of these manly sports to give employment to his leisure hours, and healthful exercise to his body, but wastes his time in looking at his paintings, or building and altering his palaces, and is surrounded by a set of people all as miserable as himself (cheers). His lordship concluded by proposing, as a sentiment, "Freedom of conscience," which he begged leave to couple with the name of the Rev. Mr Bennie. The sentiment was received amid loud cheers.

Mr Bennie rose to reply, and was received with loud applause. After some preliminary observations, and an eloquent vindication of liberty, civil and religious, which, he said, should be universally prevalent, with the exception of such restraint as wisdom places on bad men, the reverend gentleman proceeded to address himself to the sentiment which had been proposed. Freedom of conscience, particularly in religious matters, is the right of every individual. Persecution, which springs from the spirit of selfishness, has been too prevalent in the world; and he rejoiced that men were becoming more alive to the true dignity and majesty of their nature. Using a bold and striking image, Mr Bennie spoke of men "persecuted into fame and chased up to heaven! No man has a right to dictate what I shall believe, or how I shall interpret this or that passage of Scripture; and he who accepts his opinions from another is a miserable slave." We regret that we have not room to give even an outline of the reverend gentleman's eloquent speech, which was concluded amid loud and long-continued cheering.

Mr Simpson said there were two brothers present who were employed in a sphere of usefulness not less important than that of the two who presided on this occasion—he alluded to Mr Frederick and Mr Arthur Hill. The exertions of the former in reforming the discipline in our prisons were well known, while the latter was at the head of one of the most important educational seminaries in the country. Mr S. then referred to the splendid triumph of Mr Rowland Hill, their brother, in reforming the post-office, and concluded by proposing their health, which was hailed with all the honours.

Mr F. Hill replied in an interesting speech. He had at least the merit of disinterestedness in attending the present meeting, as the Messrs Chambers were employed in striking the ground from under his own feet (laughter). He then referred to the interest which he had often seen prisoners take in reading their Journal, and related instances in which they had expressed that interest, and hoped that it might be the means of preventing others from falling into crime (hear, hear). With respect to his brother, Mr Rowland Hill, he said that his plan for cheapening the postage had been long discussed in the family, and, although they were all convinced of its practicability, the author of the scheme had yet been utterly hopeless of its ever being carried into effect. The rapid progress which the question had made on its being first brought forward, ought to be an encouragement to all who may have similar projects in view for benefiting society, but who may despair of ever seeing them realised (loud cheers). Mr Hill said he perfectly agreed with the sentiments which had been so eloquently expressed that evening respecting the importance of labour, and related various anecdotes to show how much it was valued by the prisoners under the improved system of prison discipline which had been introduced. One boy confined in jail, having obtained permission to work as long as he pleased, had sat up all night. In Glasgow, a lady had asked permission to visit the prisoners in the Bridewell, and on being shown through a number of the cells, where criminals were at work, she repeated her request that she might be allowed to see some of the *prisoners*. On being told that she had already seen them, she expressed her surprise. She thought she had been shown some part of the establishment used as a factory, and could hardly credit the statement that the individuals she had seen so actively, and seemingly happily, at work were persons undergoing punishment. In the Glasgow Bridewell an experiment had been introduced which he hoped would be productive of much good. After performing a certain amount of work, the prisoners were allowed to work on their own account. The articles thus produced were fairly valued, and the prisoners credited with the amount. In order, too, to give them some idea of savings' banks, the money thus acquired was laid out at interest. Habits of industry were in this way formed, and a small stock collected which enabled them to clothe themselves respectably on leaving the prison, and gave them a chance of recovering their position in society (cheers). He feared he had detained them too long on a subject so deeply interesting to himself, and concluded by again thanking them, in the name of his brothers and himself, for the manner in which their humble labours had been noticed.

In the course of the evening a plentiful repast of strawberries and cream was served up to the company, and several excellent songs were sung by Mrs Bushe, who was present as a guest, and others. Mr Spindler's band was in attendance, and at intervals regaled the company with some admirable instrumental music. Excellent addresses were also delivered by Lord Cuninghame and Dr Murray, and the meeting broke up about half-past eleven o'clock, highly delighted with the manner in which the evening had been passed.

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN, AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason *my* breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh, it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and, some how or other, they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buck-wheat cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now, poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humour—no dawning intellects, whose developement he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boys being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come?—next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a-pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately, when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three, she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good straightforward

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screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet; wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder?—that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.—*From a newspaper; original place of publication unknown.*

FLOWERS.

Plants may be multiplied in many ways, by budding, grafting, inarching, by layers, pipings, and cuttings, by suckers, the division of roots and tubers, and by seed; and there are very few species from which by some of these methods an increase cannot be obtained. So easy, indeed, is the multiplication of plants, and so large a number of new plants can, with proper management, be raised from one original stock in the course of a year, that the nursery gardeners find it impossible (excepting in rare instances) to maintain a high price for a new flower beyond two or three years: the first year the price of a new flower may be L.5, the second it will be about 30s., the third year not more than 2s. 6d. The method applicable to the greatest number of plants, and which is successful with ordinary management, is that of cuttings: from the parent plant small slips or cuttings are taken where the wood is not very tender, and, if practicable, at a joint. The cuttings should be planted about two inches apart, in large pots or boxes, and the pots placed in a moderately warm hot-bed, shaded from the sun. In about a fortnight they will strike root, and begin to grow. They should then be gradually hardened, be put as far as practicable into separate pots, and removed into the flue-pit, where plenty of air must be given them in the day-time to prevent their damping off, and a fire be lit before frosty nights; the additional security of mats, thrown over the frames, must be used when the weather is unusually severe. The time of removing the plants from their winter quarter, must depend upon their nature, and the climate in which they are to grow. The last week in May, or the first in June, is the earliest time at which the tenderest will bear a thorough exposure; for one or two previous weeks they should be hardened by gradual exposure to the wind and cold nights, care being taken to protect them with mats if either should be in excess. The cultivation of dahlias is commenced in the second or third week in February, when the roots which have been taken up in the autumn should be put into a hot-bed, kept, as far as practicable, at a uniform heat of 62 degrees to 65 degrees; a little of the earth in the bed should be spread over them, and water liberally given them once a-day. The roots will then push out suckers, one from each eye; these should be separated from the bulb; a few fibres of the old root being torn off with them, and being treated after the manner of cuttings, will strike and be ready to plant out at the end of May. It is a fault with gardeners, generally, that their dahlias flower too late. The first flowers are seldom perfect, and it often happens that the plants have not long reached their prime before they are either pinched by cold nights, or perhaps altogether destroyed by frost. It is, therefore, desirable that the plants should never be checked in the early stages by want of heat or otherwise. Perennial herbaceous plants may be easily multiplied by dividing the roots either in the autumn or in spring. Annuals are principally raised from seed sown in April and May, either upon a hot-bed, from which they must be transplanted, or in the situation in which they are to grow. Sweet peas and mignonette, nemophylla insignis, poppies, &c. are very shy of being transplanted, unless from pots. Mallows, choriopsis, China and German asters, French and African marigolds, eutoca viscida, nolana prostrata, &c. will be better raised on a hot-bed. New annuals are continually produced: we do not, however, consider them generally as a desirable class of flowers. There are two methods of arranging flowers with a view to their display—1st, putting each species in a separate bed; 2d, mixing two or more species in one bed. Each has its merits, and in every garden both should be practised. When flower-beds situated close to each other are to be filled with one species only, it will be requisite to consider the height and colour of the flowers to be planted, that both symmetry and harmony may be preserved. Yellow flowers, especially among those that grow from six inches to two feet in height, are more numerous than flowers of any one other colour, and care must be taken not to plant them in undue proportion. When several species are to be planted in the same bed, the largest bed must be chosen, the tallest species be placed in the middle, and various colours mixed together; sufficient space should be left for each plant to grow freely, without interfering with or confusing its branches with those that are next to it. Flowers for the most part like a rich, light, new soil. The spot chosen for a flower-garden should be dry, open to the sun, and sheltered from wind and cold.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

TORONTO.

Toronto, though exhibiting little to bear out its pretensions either as a city or a capital, and still less to justify the metropolitan airs which the *élite* of its denizens assume, is a place bearing (unlike Kingston) the appearance of having been much improved within these last few years; but it as yet possesses only one good street, which runs east and west, and this is in some parts advantageously set off with an array of well-filled shops and stores. At the western extremity of such street, on opposite sides of the road, stands a sort of overgrown party-coloured cottage, dignified by the name of "Government House," and a neat assemblage of red brick buildings, comprising the schoolhouse and private dwellings appertaining to "Upper Canada College," of whose history I shall hereafter speak. Between the Government House and the bay, an unseemly mass of brickwork, encasing the legislative chambers and various of the public offices, rears its head; while, a mile beyond this again, is an ill-constructed stockade sort of fort, with an incommodious barrack within its circuit. Eastward, Toronto's chief edifices are a church, a bank, a town hall (having behind it a market place), and, lastly, a sessions house and jail, besides a second prison house in progress of construction, to signify the moral improvement of the people. This end of the town is much eschewed as vulgar by the high order of patricians; whose abodes, consisting in many cases of good-sized, substantial, though isolated houses, are for the most part situated in the three opposite directions. Of these, the Yongestreet Road, running north, is decidedly the most eligible locality; and a few miles out it exhibits some very pretty scenery. Nevertheless, the *city* of Toronto will not bear mentioning in the same breath with either of the American *towns* Rochester or Buffalo (both, I believe, of later origin), though I am aware that, in making this assertion, I incur the risk of being thought tasteless, not to say a rebel in disguise, by the majority of those amongst whom I have been so lately dwelling; since they would consider as derogating from their city's dignity the mere institution of any comparison. Speaking generally, however, of contrasts between Canadian and American objects indicative of relative progressive improvement, I lament to add my humble testimony to that of many other visiters to both countries, that the comparison is immeasurably in favour of the states; and the fact is rendered strikingly apparent to the unbiassed observer, not simply by his passing through the states on his way to Canada, but by his residing in the latter country for a lengthened period, then traversing the neighbouring states, and afterwards returning to the British territory.—*Preston's Visit to Canada.*

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

The following singular fact in natural history, appears in a work called "Recollections of a Three Years' Service in Colombia, by an officer of the Colombian Navy:"—"There were hundreds of my old acquaintances, the alligators, who were usually to be seen lying on the top of the water with their mouths wide open, ever and anon closing them with a horrible crash upon some luckless fish, which the force of the current had conveyed into them. In the course of the voyage, I had an opportunity of ascertaining a fact concerning these creatures, which I do not recollect to have observed in the natural history of them. The Indians told me that, previously to their going in search of prey, they always swallow a stone, that, by the additional weight of it, they may be enabled to dive with the greater celerity, and drag whatever they may seize under the water with them with ease. They have been frequently known, on this river, where they are exceedingly large and rapacious, to draw men and horses out of sight. Not giving implicit credit to this statement of the Indians, I determined to ascertain if it were true, and mentioned my intention to his excellency, who assured me the Indians were correct; and for the sake of amusement, consented to shoot some to convince me. The only parts where they are vulnerable to musket-shot are on the dirty white part of the skin along the chest and abdomen, and in a space of about three inches in breadth behind each ear. The former can seldom be aimed at, and we therefore tried at the latter. Bolivar, whose aim was certain, shot at and killed several with a rifle, in all of which, when opened, were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds. The Indians, whose occupation obliged them to be always on the river, or close to its banks, said that they have frequently observed the young ones, in the morning, swallowing small stones at the side, under the shelter of the wood, before they searched for their victims, and depositing them at night in a place of safety."

AN IRISH ELECTION IN FORMER DAYS.

In the goodly days I speak of, a country contest was a very different thing indeed from the tame and insipid farce that now passes under that name. In the times I refer to, the voters were some thousands in number, and the adverse parties took the field, far less dependent for success upon previous pledge or promise made them, than upon the actual stratagem of the day. Each went forth, like a general to battle, surrounded by a numerous and well-chosen staff; one party of friends, acting as commissariat, attended to the victualling of the voters, that they obtained a due, or rather undue, allowance of liquor, and came properly drunk to the poll; others again broke into skirmishing parties, and scattered over the country, cut off the enemy's supplies, breaking down their post-chaises, upsetting their jaunting cars, stealing their poll-books, and kidnapping their agents. Then there were secret service people bribing the enemy, and enticing them to desert; and, lastly, there was a species of sapper and miner force, who invented false documents, denied the identity of the opposite party's people, and, when hard pushed, provided persons who took bribes from the enemy, and gave evidence afterwards on a petition. Amid all these encounters of wit and ingenuity, the personal friends of the candidate formed a species of rifle brigade, picking out the enemy's officers, and doing sore damage to their tactics, by shooting a proposer, or wounding a seconder—a considerable portion of every leading agent's fee being intended as compensation for the duels he might, could, would, should, or ought to fight, during the election. Such, in brief, was a contest in the olden time; and when it is taken into consideration that it usually lasted a fortnight or three weeks, that a considerable military force was always engaged (for our Irish law permits this), and which, when nothing pressing was doing, was regularly assailed by both parties—that far more dependence was placed in a bludgeon than a pistol—and that the man who registered a vote without a cracked pate was regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon—some faint idea may be formed how much such a scene must have contributed to the peace of the country, and the happiness and welfare of all concerned in it.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

VERSES

Written by a Father on a beloved Daughter, Helen—familiarly called by him "Elly Pye"—who died 23d May 1839.

I saw her in her infant day,
Whilst on a mother's lap she lay;
Her smile was heaven—her opening eye
Reflected deep the azure sky;
A happy, happy father I,
For oh! how sweet my "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her girlhood sporting,
To glen and woodland oft resorting;
The flowers to cull, the notes to hear
Of scoty blackbird, whistling near,
To chase the wavering butterfly,
With nimble foot—my "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her teens array'd;
Not now a girl—not yet a maid;
A girlish form, a maiden mind—
The all but woman, all refined.
Such once the form that met mine eye,
And such the soul of "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her twentieth year,
Accomplish'd, lovely, and sincere;
A full-blown rose in bower of bliss—
A father's hope, his paradise;
My heart was light when she was by—
My dear, bewitching "Elly Pye."

Her years had number'd twenty-one;
Her bloom was fled—her spirits gone—
Her eye was sunken, *sadly clear*—
And dull was now her startled ear;
Her *hope* was with her God on high,
Her *heart* was mine—my "Elly Pye."

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,"
She whisper'd low, with deadening eye,
And *kissed*, and *died*—my "Elly Pye."

I saw her breathe her latest breath,
(And, oh! how beautiful in death!)
The passions still—the combat o'er—
And pain and sorrow *now* no more.
I could not weep, I could not sigh,
But groan'd aloud, "My Elly Pye."

I saw the coffin borne along,
Amidst the motley, griefless throng;
I thought my heart would burst in twain—
I scarce can feel the like again,
Till in the grave I come to lie,
With my own darling "Elly Pye."

One year has pass'd, and still my heart
Feels all its love and all its smart;
There's not a glen, a wood, or wild,
That has not seen me weep my child—
That has not heard my wailing cry,
"Oh, where is now my Elly Pye!"

One year, one circling little year,
Has pass'd, yet Helen still is dear—
Dear as when last she blest my love,
And talked of meeting yet above;
Yes, we shall meet again on high,
My early-sainted "Elly Pye."

St Andrews. T. G.

RECIPE FOR PREVENTING SEA SICKNESS.

Notwithstanding the sea had lulled, it blew a stiff breeze still, and the Crusader rolled and tossed upon the huge toppling waves of the Atlantic in such a way that I was again sick; but, having some little experience of what genuine sea sickness really is since crossing the Bay of Biscay, I managed to avoid much of the unpleasantness I then suffered, principally by the following means, which I would strongly recommend to all landsmen. If you feel sickish, or know by experience that you will be sick, go to bed, close your eyes, and remain lying on your back, if possible, without motion; abstain from food, but not altogether; I would rather say, eat sparingly, and of some solid, such as a little broiled meat, or biscuit, as I have known most alarming effects arise from "total abstinence," to say nothing of the violent straining and fruitless retching it occasions. Drink sparingly of cold water, or brandy and water in sips, but taste no hot liquid of any kind. In keeping the eyes shut, I would remark, that the effect of vision and its sympathy with the stomach are not enough attended to; for though at rest in the berth, the swinging backwards and forwards, and motion of the vessel and things around, are often sufficient to produce what we wish to avoid. There is, however, one point at which emesis becomes inevitable—it is when the mouth fills with saliva, and then the sooner it takes place the better.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

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THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

In a former age of the world, while as yet it was judged necessary that heaven should communicate its wisdom directly to man, an angel was intrusted with the duty of imparting lessons in patience.

A great lord lay upon silken cushions in a splendid apartment, surrounded by every luxury which his own and neighbouring countries could produce, and waited on by troops of menials who were ready to obey his most slightly expressed wish. But, amidst all his enjoyments, the great lord writhed in mental anguish. The king had that afternoon passed him without notice; and the want of one word from the royal lips had been sufficient to produce a complete insensibility to all the other blessings of life, of which he possessed such abundance. "Was there ever any mortal so miserable as I am!" he bitterly exclaimed; and next minute, when his butler presented him with a cup of the most delicious wine, he started up in a paroxysm of anger, and threw the liquor in the man's face, merely because he observed a speck of dust upon the salver on which the cup was borne.

He had no sooner been left alone, than the Angel of Patience stood before him, and, holding up a mirror, desired him to look in it. He coldly raised his eyes, and, looking in the mirror, beheld a vessel struggling with a tempest, while the merchant, its proprietor, was directing the sailors to throw bales of rich merchandise overboard, in order to save it from destruction. "Great lord," said the angel, "behold this scene. It is one really taking place at this moment. An honest and industrious merchant has committed all he possesses in the world to this vessel, with the hope of turning it to profit; but he has been overtaken by a storm, and now, for the sake of bare life, he is compelled to sacrifice all that property which was the result of so many years of toil, and upon which he calculated for the means of spending his latter days in peace, and portioning his sons and daughters. Is he not more miserable than thou?"

The great lord held his peace, and, after a brief pause, the angel desired him to look again. The whole of the merchandise had now been thrown from the vessel, and the merchant showed by his attitude and looks, that he was resigned to the great loss which it had been the will of Heaven that he should experience. "Seest thou," said the angel, "how patient the merchant is! He knows that he is pennyless, and must once more begin the world, if he would wish again to be wealthy, or even to acquire the means of subsistence. Yet he breathes not a word of complaint. He submits to fate, and his soul is at peace." "Oh, angel," said the great lord, "I see all that thou showest to me, and am corrected. May I never again repine about trifles, or fall into such unworthy fits of anger!" The angel then departed, for her purpose had been accomplished.

Bakrak sat in his magnificent bazaar in the city of Betlis, which was filled with all the rich spices, and cloths, and porcelain of the east. He was the richest man in the city, and fortune still continued to flow upon him in an unremitting stream. But at this moment a cloud sat on the brow of Bakrak. One of his slaves had that day disappeared with a package of the rich shawls of Lahore, and, as misfortunes rarely come single, his coffee had not been scorched exactly to the right degree of dryness, so that it wanted much of its usual flavour. He was in such an angry mood, that not one of his remaining servants durst approach him. His favourite son, young Bakrak, whom he rarely saw without loading with caresses, had gone up to him as he was accustomed to do, and laid his head affectionately on his shoulder; when, instead of patting the child as usual on the cheek, he had given him a box on the ear, which caused the blood to flow from his mouth. At that moment, the Angel of Patience suddenly entered the gorgeous bazaar.

Holding up her mirror before Bakrak, she desired him to look therein. He complied with a sulky carelessness, but was soon arrested by the sight which met his eyes. It was one of those beautiful vales which one can never see without supposing them to have been designed for the habitation of innocent and happy human beings. The full moon had risen over the centre of the vale, and was looking mildly down into it, as if it had been a divine thing created for the use of that valley alone, and which would remain to be admired and worshipped there for ever. But a band of lawless men had this evening entered the valley, and were now engaged in plundering the inhabitants. The picture delineated in the mirror more particularly displayed in the foreground a cottage in flames, while the family that lately occupied it sat bound with cords on the sward in front, surrounded by a small party of the depredators. Then the scene was slightly changed. The children, five in number, were commanded to mount behind as many troopers, in order to be carried away from their native country, the girls to be sold, at prices proportioned to their beauty, in some distant slave-market, and the boys to be brought up as recruits for the army of the sultan, and neither ever again to see their parents. Bakrak saw the struggles and tears of the father and mother, as their children were borne away, and, thinking of young Bakrak, he groaned aloud. "This," said the angel, "is a real scene, which is at this moment passing in a certain part of the world. What are all your troubles to the misery of this desolate pair? Behold, and be thou restored to equanimity." "I am restored," said Bakrak; and the angel left him.

An artisan had returned from his daily toil to the tranquil home, where, though no luxury ever appeared, there was at least a sufficiency of necessaries, and even of comforts. His wife smiled on him as he entered, and his children ran to embrace his knees, and offer the kiss which was as much homage as affection. But the heart of the artisan was heavy within him, and he looked round on his neat household, and the clean and healthful meal prepared for him, with dissatisfaction. He had been torturing himself all day with reflections on his incessant labours, and the apparently superior happiness of others, and he had at length arrived at the conclusion, that the class to which he belonged were treated by the wealthy only as slaves, born to minister to their pleasures. His wife and children shrunk from his cold eye and gloomy brow, and the evening passed in silence and sadness. At length, no longer able to bear the agony of his thoughts in the presence of his family, he walked out into his garden, which he paced for some time with hurried steps, as if seeking to escape from some demon which tormented him. At this moment, the Angel of Patience presented herself, and held up her mirror before his eyes.

He saw a man and woman, who, from their dress, seemed to belong to a country different from his own. They were poor wanderers, who sought a livelihood by selling little articles amongst the country people; and their attire bespoke a general condition little above that of common mendicants. It was Saturday evening, and they timidly approached a small farmhouse, in order to ask shelter for the night, and during the ensuing day.* The farmer beheld them with suspicion, but said they might, if they chose, take up their abode in an outhouse to which he pointed. The two foreigners thanked him humbly, and went to the shed which he had pointed out. They found it to have only part of a roof, and to contain no furniture of any kind, but they were forced to be content with it. The man, who wanted one of his arms, immediately proceeded to the neighbouring field, and with his one hand cut as much dry grass and rushes as served to make up a bed in the only corner of the shed where there was a roof. They then partook of some wretched fragments of bread and meat which they carried with them, and lay down to rest, but not till they had, according to the forms of their country's religion, rendered thanks and praise to the Giver of all good for such share of his bounty as they enjoyed. The mirror further showed the life of this humble pair during the next day. Early in the morning, the man made arrangements in their little habitation for performing a religious ceremony, which in his own country he had been taught to regard as all-important, though, in that where he now was, it was considered as an abomination. At the proper time, he performed this rite with his wife as his sole fellow-worshipper, both taking care that no one else should be annoyed by what they did. "Behold," said the angel, "how two of the poorest and most wretched of human beings deport themselves towards God and man, while thou, who enjoyest so many more blessings, tormentest thyself with vain imaginings. Thou canst read the lesson: I ask if thou art corrected!" "I am," answered the artisan; and the angel left him.

An old man, who made a slender livelihood by the labours of himself and an aged horse, was one day passing along the road, leading that animal, which was loaded on this occasion with a burden much too heavy for its strength. The dress of the old man was ragged, bespeaking the utmost poverty; but his cheek showed still some red, and he set his foot to the ground in such a manner that no one could suppose him to be in a very feeble condition. To testify his vigour still farther, he thrashed his horse in a most unmerciful manner with a whip which he carried in his right hand, tugging the bridle at the same time with his left, as if he would have pulled the head of the poor animal away from its body. Occasionally, he kicked its stiff sides, which gave forth a sound such as a basket gives when kicked, and he was continually showering upon the animal opprobrious nicknames and furious execrations. He was impatient to reach a particular place with his load, because he was to have no pay and no breakfast till his task was accomplished. It was partly his hunger which made him on this occasion use his horse so cruelly. Unexpectedly, the Angel of Patience came up and walked along by his side. "Pitiless man," said she, "how canst thou thus treat the very creature that is doing its best to serve you? Hold still thy wicked hand, and take even from that animal a lesson of patience. You have loaded it beyond its strength, and yet it endeavours to do what you demand of it. You kick and lash it, and it bears all with submission. The misery of that poor animal is at this moment extreme; I know it to be so; but it betrays not the slightest symptom of a disposition to retaliate upon the author of its distresses. You are hungry now, and that, you will say, is your excuse; but you feed your horse in so poor a way that it is never otherwise than hungry, and yet, when it tries to snatch a mouthful of grass from the wayside, and you lash it to make it go on, does it not quietly yield to your wish? Observe the whole demeanour of the animal, and think of it well. *It is patience in a living shape.* Let its downcast look, its labouring muscles,

* The vision of the mirror is, in this case, described from circumstances of actual occurrence.

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its breaking yet submitting heart, at length pass beyond your mere sight, which is familiar with them, and enter the soul within, and let the consequence of the lesson be mercy and patience. Farewell." The angel then vanished, and the old man, before advancing another step, took the load from his horse, and allowed it to feed for ten minutes upon the thistles by the wayside; after which it prosecuted its journey with renewed spirit, and he did not once lay his lash upon it during the remainder of the journey.

The Angel of Patience does not now come in a bodily form upon the earth; but the world abounds as much as ever with lessons resembling those which she used to read to mankind. The sentimental grievances of the great and rich may yet be assuaged, if the great and rich will only think upon the many severer evils which others are every moment bearing, and bearing, perhaps, with magnanimity and resignation. The evils which befall every station of life may be softened, if we only reflect on the worse afflictions of the next lower sphere. It is not that we can

> ——"hold a fire in our hand,
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,"

but that an *example of patience* may be drawn from the well-borne sufferings of others. Nor is there any class of society so sunk to the bottom of wretchedness, but such an example may still be found even for them, for, rightly considered, the miseries and sacrifices which animals are so largely called upon to endure on man's account, and which they generally endure with so perfect a patience, are calculated to soften and bring down to submission the most obdurate hearts.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SIXTH ARTICLE.—RENT.

The inquiry—in what consists that value for which rent is paid? may at first sight appear an idle one. What is primarily apparent is, that land and houses are objects of use and desire, and therefore people will pay for them as they do for other things possessed of these qualities. It very soon becomes apparent, however, that there is a wide distinction between the manner in which land becomes valuable and that in which other commodities are made so; and that the knowledge of this distinction is of very great practical importance in the conduct of human affairs. As an instance of this importance, we may simply note, to arrest the reader's attention, the example of taxation. Whether a tax acts as a direct pressure on the individual, cramping his employment of capital and labour by increasing the impost with the production, or puts the tax-gatherer in the position of a mere fellow-sharer of property, is a question of undoubtedly vast importance. That there is a great distinction between the manner in which the surface of the earth becomes valuable, and that in which other things are so, is so evident, that it scarce needs illustration. Every one must have observed, that, of other commodities, the supply bears something like a proportion to the demand. Shoes and coats are only brought into existence because they are wanted. There may, it is true, be a miscalculation, and a greater number may be produced than that required, but the intention not to exceed the demand is urged by so many motives of self-interest, that they generally bear a pretty near proportion to each other. Coats and shoes, therefore, never make their appearance but when they are wanted, and are worth money; and when this takes place, they are always forthcoming. There are millions of acres of land, however, of the most fruitful and productive nature, that nobody wants, and that are worth nothing; while, on the other hand, there are spots where the most arid soil is of enormous value, as a mere portion of the surface of the earth.

Under the subject of labour, it was stated that there were only two means by which an article could get its value in exchange; first, that it should have been produced by means of labour; second, that it should be an article limited in its supply—in other words, that it should be a monopoly, for every thing of which the supply is limited will find an owner. The greatest instance of monopoly (the term is intended to be used in an explanatory, not an invidious sense) was said to be land. Let us now explain, as distinctly as we can, the manner in which it thus becomes valuable. Dr James Anderson was the first to throw light on the process. He supposed the land of a country to be divided into different portions, of various fertility. While the population is so small that every member of it can supply himself with food from the land that is next him, and there is no competition for one portion of the soil in preference to another, there can be no such thing as rent. It is true that the government of the country, or persons who happen to be possessed of authority in some form or other over their neighbours, may exact from them a consideration for the use of the land, as they may for the privilege of remaining with their heads on their shoulders. Any thing, however, that can be exacted by force, and is not given in virtue of a commercial compact, cannot be termed rent. It is something given, not because the giver gets value, but because he is under compulsion, and the mildest term to be used towards it is that of a tax. When the population, however, of the country in question so far increases that lands which would have been previously rejected as worthless are cultivated, rent begins to exist in favour of those who happen to be possessed of the use of the better soils. These more unfruitful portions no one would cultivate, unless he could gain something by doing so. Whenever the produce of the more fruitful soils ceases to be sufficient to feed the population, or rather when the population finds the supply from that quarter so limited that it will pay something for a little more food, the time has come when the holder of the inferior land may cultivate it. But what does the holder of the more fruitful soil do in the mean time? He who cultivates the poorer land, must demand a correspondingly increased price for the produce, and the possessor of the fruitful tracts, coming into the market along with him, will demand and obtain the same return. The former, then, is a mere labourer, getting a remuneration for the toil of producing food; the latter is getting something beyond the price of his labour, and that something is rent, whether he choose to remain the cultivator of the land himself, and so to earn both the remuneration for tilling it and its value as a monopoly, or find it more agreeable to enjoy the latter in indolence, leaving the former to some tenant, who is not so fortunate as to have the means of living without labour. As population presses, and less promising lands are cultivated, the rent of the more fruitful lands—those first employed—will proportionably increase, and there will be various intermediate grades of rent; the amount being in each case precisely the difference between the price of cultivating the most arid soil that is used by the community, and that of cultivating the portion for which the rent in question is paid. It must always be kept in view that it is not the mere circumstance of cultivating poor lands, but the pressure that occasions their being had recourse to, that causes the rent to exist. Of the existence of that pressure, however, the resort to poorer lands is the proper indication, while it is likewise the measure of the extent to which it operates.

The deductions from the above doctrine, are of the very first practical consequence to the welfare of society. The most important consideration connected with them, perhaps, is the extent to which the existence of rent is shown to depend on commerce and manufactures. It is not the production and consumption of an abundant supply of the fruits of the earth that creates rent, but a pressure of the population on the amount produced, whatever it may be. There may be thousands of acres yielding a munificent harvest, yet it is not until the pressure upon that produce causes recourse to be had to a less fruitful acre of soil, that rent is as it were spread over those districts, the superior fruitfulness of which has brought them first into use. The outlay that may be necessary to make this additional acre produce the same quantity of grain as the more fruitful acres have done, may not be above £1, but the necessity of having recourse to the spending of that pound, may bring into existence thousands of pounds per annum of revenue to those who are so fortunate as to find themselves proprietors of the fruitful soils. Now, it is commerce and manufactures that are the temptation to men so to congregate together as to create this pressure on the produce of the soil. Were there no such inducements to dense population, it would be the interest of every one to locate himself in the spot where he found most room to grow the food necessary for his subsistence. Were there no commerce, indeed—no interchange of commodities—there would be no other means of securing a subsistence. If one man should grow more corn than he wanted, where would any other find money to buy it with? In these circumstances, if population increased, the more fortunate among the people would be raising their bushel of corn with little labour in the fruitful districts, while others would be extracting it with a greater amount of labour from a less salubrious soil. There would here be no common market in which the produce of the rich and that of the poor soil could meet, and be sold at the same price, the difference between the cost of raising the two going into some one's pocket in the shape of rent. In such a case there might be exactions of any conceivable kind by the lord from his slaves; he might, through force, or by the simple efficacy of their habits of obedience and dependence, exact their service, their grain, or their lives—but rent, or a commercial consideration for the use of his lands, he would not have.

The present position of Hungary corresponds pretty closely with this hypothetical case. The landowner (if he whose interest is more in the individuals that grow upon the land than the soil itself, should be so named) is very absolute; he has multitudes of exactions in the shape of produce and services. The persons (and, until lately, the lives) of his serfs are entirely at his disposal. If he possess a carriage, he will easily get it driven, for he can command the services of the peasantry and their cattle in any part of the kingdom. Thus powerful in his own neighbourhood, and even rich, for he has the fruits of the soil almost indefinitely at his command, he is a beggar elsewhere, for he has no money. Five acres of the comparatively poor soil of East Lothian probably brings as much money rent as could be got for a fruitful district in Hungary. A very long time, however, has not elapsed since Scotland was in the same position. The potent Cameron of Lochiel, who headed eight hundred of his own tenants on the field, and the population of whose territory must therefore have amounted to some thousands, drew no more than L.500 a-year in rent. Had it not been for our spirit of enterprise, for our shipping, canals, steam-engines, and spinning-jennies, the rich aristocracy of Britain would have been like that of Hungary, or at most no richer perhaps than the nobility of Russia, who, because they trade in produce (hemp and tallow) to this country, are a degree higher in the scale of wealth. It is thus that a circumstance, which to many has appeared mysterious, is easily accounted for—that while the riches of our merchants and manufacturers have so rapidly increased that what was formerly affluence is now insignificance or poverty, the landed aristocracy, too, have advanced in riches, in a ratio not disproportionate, and are able to retain a portion, if not the whole, of their ancient importance in society. In some cases, indeed, where the pressure of population in large towns has made a few square feet in a particular position more valuable than acres elsewhere, the fortunes made by proprietors have been princely, and, we believe, far beyond what individuals connected with trade have ever cleared. It is, then, our having obtained and kept the start of the rest of mankind in commerce and manufactures, that makes our aristocracy the richest in the world. If circumstances should arise to deprive us of these advantages, it will be on the owners of the soil that the evil will press with most permanent and unmitigated force. The capitalist can remove his commodity with comparative ease; the labourer even, though with more difficulty, can generally escape in the end; but the land must remain, to take its chance of what it can fetch in the deserted market.

It is another important deduction from the above theory, that rent, instead of being a factitious creation for the advantage of a particular class of men, is a thing inherent in the nature of land when placed in a certain position, and cannot be got rid of. Rent cannot be extinguished, and any attempt to annihilate it would only have the effect of making it change hands. While a quarter of grain can be raised a shilling cheaper in one acre than another, the former will bring rent to somebody. If the government should compel the person who cultivates the fruitful lands to sell his grain at a proportional rate less than what the tiller of more sterile spots requires for his remuneration, the result would be that one producer would be selling grain cheaper than another, and that the cheap commodity would be bought up and retailed, the retailer standing in the position of the landlord, and drawing his "rent;" for when brought to a common market, commodities always find a level in price. Nay, were it practicable (as undoubtedly it is not) to prohibit every one from buying more corn than what is necessary for his own consumption, those who are so fortunate as to obtain the cheap grain sold by the cultivators of the fertile lands, would reap the profit which the landlord would have obtained had the market been free, as, from paying less for their food, they would have a proportionably larger sum to spend on other commodities. Thus, if A, having the good luck to purchase his corn from a cultivator of fruitful land, get it at 40s. a-quarter, while B must resort to the produce of the more barren soil, which cannot be afforded under 60s., A gains 20s., which, though he may never see the soil by which he profits, is equivalent to his receiving that sum in the form of rent. All this can only exist, on the presumption that the density and wealth of the population cause a resort to inferior lands. If by an infringement of the rights of property, or any other instance of bad legislation, this resort is discontinued, then, indeed, rent may cease to exist.

The theory of rent throws, as we have already hinted, an important light on the pressure of taxation. Suppose a fixed tax on land to have existed from time immemorial, or so early that there is no one alive who can say that his income or his expectations have been made less by it than they were before, that tax presses on no one; it is as if the receiver of the tax were a joint proprietor. If the tax should continue to increase at the same ratio with the rent—for instance, if it should always form a tenth part of it—the same will be the case. The landlord pays nothing, for that part of the rent which is tax he never enjoyed; he could no more look to it as his own, than he could to the rent of his neighbour's estate. If his own rent increases, it is by circumstances over which he has no control—by the industry of his neighbours and the increase of population; and it cannot affect him, that there is in the receiver of the tax a fellow-proprietor who profits in the same ratio. Nay, if the whole increase of rent went in the form of a tax, the result would be the same. The proprietor would just be as if there were no increase of wealth or population

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about him, and as if the good fortune attending these circumstances had accrued to the state and not to him.* Let the tax, however, be, not upon the rent, but upon the produce; it then changes its nature from what might be called a joint proprietorship on the part of the state, to a pressure on enterprise and energy, which, like all other taxes so directed, must impede to a certain extent the progress of wealth and improvement. The effect of such a tax will be best viewed by considering it as paid by a tenant. So long as that tenant employs the lowest practicable amount of capital in his farm, so long as he attempts to rear only the most cheaply raised produce which will enable him to live and pay his rent, the tax is a deduction from the rent, and is precisely similar to such an impost as that above quoted. If, however, the farmer wish to raise a more expensive crop—a crop in which the capital laid out bears a larger proportion to the amount of the rent—he feels that the more he lays out, the more tax he pays, and so there is an impediment in the way of his improving the soil. The landlord will not take less rent because the farmer wishes to employ more capital. The more capital, however, he employs, the more produce he rears, and consequently, having to give a proportion of it away, the more he pays in taxes.

TRY AND TRUST.

A STORY, BY MRS HALE.†

"DEAR, dear Henry! how glad I am to see you. Oh, you cannot tell how weary the hours seem when you are gone!" exclaimed Mrs Harrison, as she ran with extended hands to welcome her husband's entrance. He fondly returned the caress of his young and lovely wife, while she continued to speak of her joy at seeing him, and of her lonely feelings during his absence.

"Do you think, Ellen, that I would leave you, if it were not absolutely necessary?" inquired he, soothingly. "Can you believe I would stay thus long from you by design?"

"Oh! no, no—I do not think you would; and yet it does sometimes appear strange that you can stay so long from me; and in the evening, too. I am sure that no business could detain me thus from you."

"Not if it were necessary to secure my happiness, Ellen?"

"I cannot understand how that would be secured by a course which was rendering you miserable."

He smiled sadly as he replied, "If our home were in Eden, my love, where our only occupation would be tending flowers and gathering fruits, on which we could banquet the year round, then we might consult our present feelings only, giving all cares for the future to the winds. But we do not live in Eden."

"And therefore must be miserable. Is that what you wish me to understand?"

"No, no; we need not be miserable because we do not dwell in Paradise; but we shall be disappointed, if we expect to find its perfect bliss in our cold, barren world. We are too apt to forget that life, for fallen man, has no real, lasting, virtuous enjoyments, which are not earned by toil, or obtained by self-sacrifice of some sort. Every pleasure has its price. I could not enjoy this happiness of folding you to my heart, and feeling that you are my own, and that you are so provided with comforts as not to regret that you have united your lot with mine for ever, if I did not practise the self-denial of leaving you, to pursue the business and studies of my profession many hours each day. Can you understand this?"

The young wife looked up to her husband, and the tear that moistened her soft, blue eye, added the lustre of feeling to a glance of love that sunk into his soul. He knew that he was comprehended, was absolved. He had never told her of the difficulties with which he had to struggle; accustomed, as she had been from her birth, to every luxury and indulgence that wealth could command, he had thought that the details of anxieties, labours, and disappointments, which those who are born poor must encounter in the stern strife of their worldly career, would sound too harshly, would make her unhappy. He could not bear to see the shadow of a cloud upon her brow. He dreaded, more than any worldly evil, that she should feel the pressure of care. His whole soul had been engrossed, since the first certainty that she would be his wife, with devising the means of supporting her in that style which he fancied was absolutely necessary to her happiness. Men seldom form romantic ideas of "love in a cottage," if they have had to struggle with the realities of poverty. Not that Henry Harrison was an avaricious, or even a worldly man; he did not covet riches for himself; he was not ambitious of show or parade; but he did tremble lest his young wife should endure one privation—lest even the winds of heaven should visit her too roughly.

The union of Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise was truly a love marriage; romance and adventure had marked their love from the beginning, and it seemed hardly probable that their married life would run on in the calm canal-like current of common events. At least they fancied that some peculiar bliss was and would continue to be theirs, because their first meeting had been so strange, and, in their estimation, so fortunate.

It happened that Henry Harrison, in the summer of 1818, made a pedestrian tour from New York to Canada. He had just completed his study of the law; and, before entering on the duties of his laborious profession in the "commercial emporium," determined that he would see a little of the great world, and, to make the most of the opportunity, that the greatest natural wonder in the world should be among the objects of his tour. So he made Niagara the chief point of his movements. He visited it as he went, and on his homeward journey. And while on the Table Rock he minuted in his journal, that "his heart was so filled with awe and admiration for the sublime spectacle before him, that it would be impossible for a long long time to admit any other sentiment!"

That afternoon, he received a letter from a particular friend of his in Troy, urging him to visit him at his house on his way home. The wardrobe of Henry was, in the first instance, only graduated to his travelling convenience on foot, and it had borne the wear and tear of four weeks' travel; its soiled and dilapidated condition, therefore, was reason good for promptly deciding to refuse the invitation. But that night he had a dream—a vision, as he always called it. He thought he saw a lady of majestic presence and serene countenance approach him. In her right hand she held a veiled picture, which she advanced towards him, with a smile of sweetness that filled his soul with rapture. He strove to raise himself, that he might lift the veil and examine the picture; but the stately lady motioned him to desist, and, at the same time, addressing him in a sweet but deeply impressive tone of voice, said, "Go, visit your friend, and the veil shall be raised."

Henry awoke in some perturbation; and, though of course he did not acknowledge to himself, nor do we pretend that the dream influenced his conduct, yet so it happened, that before he had finished his breakfast, he had decided on visiting his friend at Troy.

Nothing particular occurred, however, during the day he passed in that city, and he was obliged to leave it early the succeeding one. But his friend insisted, that he should, before setting out on his pilgrimage home, take a stroll with him to the top of Mount Ida, then a very celebrated spot in the estimation of all lovers of the picturesque in that neighbourhood. The spirit of improvement is now passing in triumph over the domain of romance, and has already laid low the pride of the mountain; but when our hero, at early day, ascended the height, and saw the wide amphitheatre of green hills displayed around, gently sloping downwards, till they melted, as it were, into the rich vale, where rose the clustered dwellings of the city, each house made beautiful by the thought that it was the home of some happy family—for to a wanderer every home seems a place of rest and happiness—his heart rejoiced in the sight. The first rays of the morning sun were illuming the earth. The broad bright Hudson in the distance shone like a line of flashing diamonds as its ripples caught the sunbeams. But the eastern sky was the object that most rivetted Henry's gaze. There is something exalting to the spirit in watching from a mountain top the rising of the sun. Only the blue firmament seems to intervene between the spectator and heaven, from which the clear light of the new day appears to issue, like a stream from an inexhaustible fountain.

As the two friends were about descending the hill, they observed a carriage approaching. Just as it reached the top of the height, the horses became frightened by the sudden flight of a hawk, which had been scared by their approach from its perch on the stump of a blasted tree, that inclined over the road. It dashed directly in the face of the horses. The startled animals reared high, and then plunged forward so suddenly, that the driver was precipitated from his seat, and the carriage, forced against a projecting rock, was overturned and broken. But even this catastrophe did not effectually check the furious horses, and they seemed on the point of dragging the shattered vehicle over the precipice into the deep channel of rocks, where the mountain stream is seen rushing and throwing up its spray, as if chafed with rage at its confinement in that ravine. But at this critical moment, Harrison dashed forward at the peril of his own life, seized the reins, and with his strong grasp forced the horses' heads against a large tree which grew on the brink of the ledge. Here he held them fast, till the two persons contained in the carriage were liberated by his friend, when, his strength being exhausted, they burst from him, and plunged down the bank.

The persons thus saved from, as it seemed, certain death, were the Honourable Mr Wise of Philadelphia, and his daughter. The young lady, who had uttered no cry of terror, looked on her father and fainted, when she saw the horses take their fatal plunge over the precipice. He was slightly injured, and so much overcome, that Henry's friend had to support him; therefore none but Henry remained to succour the lady. He raised her up, and, as her head reclined on his arm, he gazed on her face, the loveliest he had ever seen. His dream now flashed upon his mind, and his willing fancy gave it the force of prophecy. "Yes," he mentally murmured; "yes, she is destined to be mine!" He looked again in her face, and his heart affirmed the decree, "She shall be mine!" And that consummation he never doubted, though he could not then anticipate a very speedy union.

The progress of the acquaintance we will pass over. It was not, to the lovers, a halcyon period. Mr Wise had held high offices, which conferred the title of Honourable on him, but the soul of honour had never been infused into his bosom. He was ambitious and ostentatious, and had resolved that his daughter should connect herself in marriage with a man whose wealth and family placed him in the first rank of fashion. The gentleman he had selected was the senior of Ellen by some thirty years or more, which time had not all been passed in improving his mind or morals. In short, though not exactly an infamous man, he had been so long hackneyed in fashionable follies—that delicate phrase to soften the vices of the rich—that he was as heartless as Chesterfield would have made his son, had his principles of politeness been fully acted on. And Mr Kerney, the bridegroom-elect of Ellen, had a head which could have computed, as shrewdly as the noble lord himself, the worldly benefit of those "principles." He had calculated closely the benefits to be derived from an union with Ellen Wise. He supposed her father to be a man of handsome property, though not among the nabobs of wealth. Ellen was an only child; her father had offered to enter into a written agreement that all his estates should descend to Ellen at his decease, thereby cutting off the possibility of a second marriage (he was a widower), or at least the alienation of his property from his daughter. Then, she was lovely; and though Mr Kerney was not in love with her, in the holy sense of the term, yet he felt that she was a prize which it would give him triumph to obtain. Then she was young, and he could mould and govern her as he chose. And so the affair had been settled between the father and the old beau bachelor. But Providence had not sanctioned the treaty.

Mr Wise and his daughter remained about two weeks at New York before proceeding to Philadelphia, and Harrison improved the time to confirm, in the heart of Ellen, the tender impression which his gallant daring had made. And she promised to be his, if her father consented. She had never been apprised of the intended alliance with Mr Kerney, as she was only eighteen, and just out of her boarding-school.

"You had better not communicate the arrangement to Ellen till she is under your roof and control," said Mr Kerney to his intended father-in-law. "The young ladies at school will rally her, and may induce her to dislike me, merely because you approve the match."

Mr Wise acquiesced; and though, during his tour with his daughter, he had thrown out sundry hints about matrimony, and the advantages it conferred on a young lady to become the bride of a rich and fashionable man, yet she had never applied one precept of this worldly wisdom to her own case. And so little did she understand the real character of her father, that she fancied the only objection he would make to the application of Henry for her hand, would be her youth, and the impossibility of parting with his only child. For was not Henry a lawyer, one of her father's own profession? And had not Henry saved the life of her father and of herself? And had not her father wealth sufficient for them both? Henry had told her that he had no fortune but his education and his own energies; and would not he, when he had always been so kind and indulgent, even lavish, in gratifying every want and wish of his daughter, be willing to make a small sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice to him that she should wed a poor man, when he had learned that her happiness, and the happiness of the man who had saved her life, were concerned? Oh, she knew he would consent!

But she was totally mistaken. She knew not the spirit of worldly men. She knew not how every gentle, generous feeling in the human breast may be blasted by selfishness, as the vegetation of the fairest spring may be withered by the scorching simoom of the desert.

Mr Wise was not satisfied with giving a positive and irrevocable refusal to the lover's modest request of permission to hope that he might, if he proved himself worthy, be accepted; but he insulted Henry with bitter sarcasms on the folly of a young *débutant* in a profession which required such a length of time for success, presuming to fall in love with, and raising his pretensions to, a lady of wealth, when he had not a dollar of his own. How the blood of the young man boiled in his veins at these taunts! But, for the daughter's sake, he suppressed his wrath against the father. As Aaron's rod, becoming a serpent, swallowed the other serpent-rods, so the feeling of love, when raised to a passion, frequently absorbs all others; and when it does this, it cannot easily be overcome.

The lovers were separated, but not till they had pledged their troth to each other; and, though Ellen would give Henry no promise to marry him till her father should consent to the union, yet she led him to hope that that consent would be gained. So they parted; and, as he was not in a situation to support a wife, perhaps the trial which her love was about to undergo was not without its secret satisfaction to him. He triumphed in the thought that her affection would be stimulated by these obstacles; his own, he felt, would be unchangeable.

The letters which passed between them during the succeeding half year, were to both a source of intense interest and happiness. He gathered from hers, that, although surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and blandishments of fashion, she was still his own Ellen, counting one letter of love from his hand more precious, a thousand-fold, than all the gay pleasures of which she was rather a spectator than a participant. And she learned that his business was increasing, his hopes of success brightening, and his heart and purpose animated with the energy which a virtuous love inspires. His noble sentiments and just reasoning opened to her mind a world of new and profound thought; and, in her turn, she imparted, by her pure feelings and brilliant fancies, a light to his path, and that delicate perception of the good and beautiful in nature and character, which refined his tastes, chastened his passions, and exalted his aims to be worthy of the innocent, ingenuous, and lovely being, who was thus resting her hopes of earthly felicity on his truth and honour.

Mr Wise, in the mean time, was managing with his deftest skill to bring about the marriage of his daughter with Mr Kerney. Ellen was resolute in her refusal to admit him as a lover; yet she was so influenced by her desire to promote her father's happiness, that she treated his friend, as she always called Mr Kerney, with becoming respect; and Mr Wise would not believe it possible that she would forego the advantages of wealth and sta-

*It has to be observed, that we here speak of pure rent, as above defined—not of the increase to his returns which the proprietor may obtain by outlay on his property.

† From The Token, an American annual for 1833.

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tion which the union with a rich man promised. How he loved the world! It seemed as if its treasures and pleasures were growing dearer to him every day he lived; and he planned to live long, while death was shaking the few last sands from his glass. Mr Wise had been conversing with his intended son-in-law on the subject of the marriage, and, when the latter expressed some doubts that Ellen would not, for a long time, consent to the marriage, the father, suddenly rising, exclaimed, "I assure you, Mr Kerney, that Ellen shall be yours—yes, in one month, if I live, she shall consent to marry you—or ——." What he would have added, was never known. Perhaps a malediction against his only child, if she resisted his arbitrary command to sell herself for gold, was rising in his heart. But he was spared the sin of giving expression to his thought. He uttered a groan, fell backward, and immediately expired.

Ellen wept over him in deep and sincere sorrow; and the world soon allowed that she had cause of grief. It was found, on examining the affairs of Mr Wise, that he was a bankrupt to a large amount. The creditors seized every thing—even Ellen's harp was not spared; and Mr Kerney, like a prudent man as he really was in pecuniary matters, fearing he might be appealed to in her behalf, took passage in the first Havre packet, with the avowed intention of passing several years abroad.

"Poor Ellen! What will become of her?" exclaimed Miss Rickett, in a soft, sentimental tone, which she intended should pass for compassion towards the destitute orphan. "Oh, I do so pity her!" The malicious sparkle of her eye told of a different feeling.

"You may spare your sympathy, for Miss Wise needs it not," replied Mrs Alden, with that calm but deep expression, which tells the pretender to kind feelings that her dissimulation is perfectly understood. "The orphan has a true friend."

"Yourself, my dear madam?" inquired the spinster, with an admiring smile.

"She will remain with me a few weeks longer; then she is to be married."

"Married! indeed! Why, Mr Kerney has left the country."

"True; but Miss Wise was never engaged to him, and never would have married such a man. She has happier prospects."

"Some sentimental love affair, I presume," said Miss Rickett, with a sneer. "I think you are the advocate of love marriages."

"I am the advocate of truth in all the relations of life; and, till the marriage-contract sanctions the union of husband and wife for purposes of mere convenience, I shall consider that those who at the altar pledge their love to each other, are guilty of perjury, unless they feel what they profess."

"Pray, who is the favoured swain?"

"A young lawyer of New York."

"Ah, some Yankee speculator, I presume," said Miss Rickett, scornfully. "But I hope Miss Wise will be cautious. This Strephon may enact the second part of the 'Mercenary Lover,' and be off like the old beau."

Mrs Alden gave her a look. How emphatic may be the language of a look! Miss Rickett felt that she was an object of utter contempt to the good matron, and, for once, the silent rebuke was effectual; not another word of slander or satire did she utter. What a poor mean figure detected envy and malice display!

* * * *

They were married, Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise; and they were happy, for their love was of that deep and tender nature which perfect sympathy of feeling and congeniality of mind and taste inspire. It was exalted too, for it was based on perfect faith in the worth and truth of each other. Yet Henry had not ventured to open all his heart to his young bride. Had he felt himself free to obey the dictates of prudence, he would hardly have dared to indulge his desire for so early a marriage, as his profession had hitherto afforded him but little more income than sufficed for his own support. It was a time, too, of great depression in business, and the prospects of the country were gloomy. But Ellen was destitute of a home and protector, and he could no longer endure the severe calculations of prudence which had forbidden their union. He married; and, after all the expenses attending the event were settled, his lodgings furnished, and his bride seated in her genteel parlour, arranged in a pretty though not expensive style, he found he had barely sufficient cash left to pay the first month's board. True, he had debts due from several clients, but he knew it was very uncertain when he should obtain payment. How could he enter into these vexing details to his young and utterly inexperienced wife?

Mr Wise had always destined his daughter for a rich husband. She was, he well knew, exceedingly beautiful; he had studied to educate her in the manner which would make her natural graces most attractive. Holding in the most sovereign contempt the Bentham philosophy, which inculcates the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," his efforts had only selfish indulgence for their object; and he had trained Ellen in his own luxurious habits and expensive tastes. But the pure diamond will glow in the dark mine as brightly as on the coronet of a king. Ellen had a disposition which prosperity could not corrupt. Her mind was naturally upright, or, as a phrenologist would say, she had large *conscientiousness*. And this simple integrity of heart had always resisted the blandishments which her father's vanity had drawn around her. Yet she had had no practical experience in lessons of self-denial, and could not, therefore, know the little methods of management and daily sacrifices of taste to necessity, which real poverty imposes. She was aware that Henry had no fortune; yet his profession was, in her estimation, one of the first in the world; and she had never doubted his ability to maintain her according to her station. But those few words, that sad, loving expression in her husband's eye, as he gazed so tenderly on her, told the struggle of his soul. She now felt that she was the wife of a poor man; that, to shield her from suffering, he was sacrificing himself. The whole depth of that adversity, from which he had rescued her at the peril of his own peace, was, in a moment, unsealed; and that night, during which she scarcely closed her eyes, there was opened before her aroused faculties a new world of thoughts, hopes, and resolutions. The next morning her manner towards her husband evinced more than usual tenderness; and, when he went out, her parting kiss was given with that heart-devoted affection, which to him was a recompense for every care.

As soon as he was gone, Ellen hastened to a shop where she knew fancy work was sold. She could devise no way of earning money except by her needle. Her education, though it had cost more money than it requires to carry half a dozen economical young men through college, had been unsystematical. Her masters had taught her the result of sciences, and the show of accomplishments; but the principles which must be comprehended and made clear to the mind before one is qualified to communicate knowledge to other minds, she had never acquired. She played the harp and piano divinely, but could not have given a lesson on either, or, at least, she dared not attempt it. She could draw and paint beautifully, yet knew not the principles of either art. But in needlework she excelled, and had a natural ingenuity and taste which had often excited the admiration of her companions. And, as melancholy reflections on the waste of precious time and money, which she felt was the result of her superficial mode of education, passed through her mind, she turned with something of exultation to the thought that she had loved needlework, and could execute almost every kind with great skill. "Oh, I will employ every moment—I will earn enough to pay my own board! Dear Henry shall not feel distress on my account!" were her mental exclamations as she entered the shop of Mrs Millet.

These bright dreams were soon dispersed. Mrs Millet wanted no muslin nor fancy work; and, when she did give out work of the kind, the prices she paid were so inadequate to the time required for such nice performances, that Ellen found she could not hope to earn half enough to pay her board. While she lingered, in doubt what next to attempt, a young lady entered, and inquired for daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs Millet had none of the colour wanted.

"I thought you always kept a variety. I can nowhere find any," said the young lady.

"I have had the best assortment in the city," remarked the shopwoman; "but the girl that made them for me is dying with the consumption, and I can find nobody ingenious enough to make the nice kind. Needlework is sadly neglected now-a-days."

The thought struck Ellen, "Here is a chance for me." She asked to look at the buttons.

"Can you make such as those, miss?" asked the woman, thinking, from Ellen's blushing face, that she was a diffident school girl, and, from her earnest manner, that perhaps she would try to make them well; "'cause, if you can, I will pay you a high price, three sixpences a-dozen."

"Three sixpences! Ellen Wise seeking employment by sixpences!" were the first thoughts that flashed over her mind. But she recovered her calmness in a moment. "I will try, if you will let me have the materials."

"Oh, certainly; but you must pay for the silk and moulds; you need only take a few skeins of silk, for you may waste it all, and I cannot afford to lose it. I will give you the price I named for good buttons, and four shillings a-dozen for frogs."

Ellen took materials sufficient for an experiment, a few buttons for models, and, after paying for her purchase, found she had only one sixpence in her purse. "Well," thought she, "if the old proverb be correct, that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' I shall succeed. I have need enough to arouse my ingenuity."

And she did succeed "wonderfully," Mrs Millet said, "and would soon earn a fortune." And Ellen felt that she was indeed rich, when in a week from her first essay, she found herself able to earn from six to nine shillings per day. Never, never had she been so rich, so happy. The hours passed away like moments; the days were over before she had time to think of weariness. She only worked while her husband was absent, for she wished to surprise him, at the end of the month, with the sight of her wealth; when his heart was heavy with care, how blessed it would be to find that she had sympathised with him. They had just entered on the third month of their married life, when Ellen commenced her button-making business. The first day of the fourth month the landlady served up, as usual, her bill with the tea equipage. "She made it a principle," she very modestly observed, "never to disturb a boarder with a bill except when his mind was at leisure, which it must be over the tea-table."

Ellen watched her husband's countenance, when, after tea, he opened the paper. As he raised his eyes to hers, she could not forbear smiling. "I am glad you are so happy, my love," said he.

"Are you not happy, Henry?"

"Yes, yes; I shall always be happy while I can make you so. But I have sometimes feared" ——

"That we should be poor, and then that I should be miserable?"

Henry looked earnestly on his wife. She continued, "I know, my dear husband, that you have suffered deep concern on my account; but never fear. I have engaged a fairy to supply me with all I want. I do not intend, like Cinderella, to tax her for a coach-and-six, as I have no notion of going to a ball to gain the favour of a prince while I can see you at home; nor do I expect garments the 'colour of the sun,' but only the modest kind that pleases you; these she has promised me."

He looked more and more puzzled. At last she rose, and, going to her cabinet, brought forth a little box containing her hoarded treasure, and placed it before him. "Take it, my dear Henry; I have earned it for you!" And the gush of joy that thrilled through her heart melted to a flood of those sweet tears which only spring from the very fullness of pleasure.

That evening, as they sat together, she told him every thing; all her feelings, thoughts, plans, and performances. And he confided to her every doubt, fear, and perplexity, that had shadowed his path. "But these are all removed now, dearest," said he. "We now understand each other; we are now one—one in purpose, plan, pursuit. We shall succeed. God will bless those who TRY AND TRUST."

And they did succeed. Henry Harrison is now one of the brightest ornaments of his profession in the great state of New York. He is also one of the most estimable men in private life, rich enough to gratify his refined tastes and benevolent feelings; and his wife is still the cherished object of his affection, his confidant, counsellor, and helper.

The same devoted and faithful love that first awakened Ellen's spirit to exertion, has animated her in acquiring the requisite knowledge of all her domestic duties. These she has performed, not as tasks, but as pleasures. And she often alludes to her first experiment in the use of her own faculties to gain an independent support, or rather to prevent herself from being a burden to her husband, as the period when her judgment was really exercised, her mind enlightened to discern the moral relations of woman in her social and domestic character, and her heart strengthened to endure, and refined to enjoy, the lot assigned her. "I have," she remarked to a young friend who was about to be married, "never regretted that I was compelled to resort to button-making. The man you are to marry is rich; but, should any reverse occur, never lament for yourself, but strive to assist him. The effort will make you happy; and there is no grace, no perfection, that will so surely gain the esteem and love of your husband."

DRAMATIC PROVERBS.

THIS amusement, like Bouts Rimés, took its rise, very appropriately, in France. It consists, as its name partly imports, in the illustration of a proverb by a dramatic scene got up extemporaneously by two or more members of a social party. The more forcibly the meaning and spirit of the selected proverb are developed by the language, gestures, and actions, of the parties who take the task upon them, the better is the purpose of it fulfilled, and the greater the consequent entertainment. Of course, no slight amount of wit and readiness of thought is requisite for the successful execution of these *Proverbes Dramatiques*, and ordinary society in Britain is as yet little accustomed to see them done. But in the literary circles of Paris, the exhibition is a common one, and gives great amusement. We have before us an excellent account of one instance in which the acting of proverbs was practised with great success in Dublin. The narrator is Prince Puchler Muskwa, and the chief performers were the well-known Lady Morgan, and her sister Lady C——. We give nearly the whole scene, as we could in no way better describe the general nature of this entertainment:—"The most amusing part of the entertainment," says the German prince, "was the acting of proverbs by Lady M—— and her sister Lady C——, who both extemporised admirably. Among others, they performed '*Love me, love my dog!*' The manner of doing it is then depicted nearly as follows:—

Persons of the drama:—Lady M——, an *old coquette*; Lady C——, an *Irish fortune-hunter*; her eldest daughter, a *French waiting-maid*; the youngest daughter, a *captain of the Guards*, a lover of the lady. Scene the first; Lady M——, with her maid at her toilet. Confidential advice of the maid, in which she betrays various laughable secrets of the toilet. Distress of the coquette at the first appearance of wrinkles. Assurances of the Abigail that by *candle-light* nobody can be handsomer. Former curious love affairs then talked of. "Hush!" cries the maid suddenly, "I hear the captain." This personage, an exquisite, enters with great fuss, carrying a little dog under his arm; and after some tender compliments, tells his mistress that he is obliged to rejoin his regiment, and wishes to leave her his little Fidèle, that she may be kept in mind of the fidelity due to him. Burlesque protestations, sobs, embraces, and farewells follow. But lo! the Irish fortune-hunter steps on the scene after the captain is gone, and, by dint of brass and address, overcomes the feeble resistance of the lady, and gets her consent to sign a marriage-contract, by which her whole fortune is to be transferred to his guidance. Just at this juncture, however, he observes the dog, and, finding out the truth regarding the ownership of it, from the stammering confusion of the lady, thinks it fitting and proper to play the part of the jealous infuriated lover. He insists on the instant expulsion of poor Fidèle, and, having gained over the maid by a dexterously administered purse, throws the dog out of the door, while the waiting-maid holds back the half-reluctant lady. It chances that the captain had forgotten to leave Fidèle's collar, and, returning with it, is just in time to receive in his arms his poor canine pet, so unceremoniously dismissed. Now follows a mighty blustering between the rivals, who look at each other so canniballishly, and talk so big, that the women take to flight. Left alone with his opponent, the captain draws his sword, and compelling the Irishman to make a rather hasty exit by the window, remains master of the field; with which consummation the scene closes.

"The skeleton here is meagre," says the prince, "but the spirit, humour, and wit, by which it was filled out, rendered it extremely entertaining. The imperfections of the costume made it only more piquant. The ladies had but put on a coat and waistcoat over

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their own dresses, and stuck a hat on their heads. Their swords were riding-whips, and Fidèle a muff." As gentlemen may be performers as well as ladies, though chance ordered it otherwise in this instance, there need exist ordinarily no such imperfections in attire.

First introduced into society, after the fashion here described, dramatised *Proverbs* have since taken a fixed and respectable place in the literature of France. At the present day, M. Theodore Leclerq, a writer of ability, has produced no fewer than eight volumes of them, and these are much spoken of and admired. Alfred de Vigny, one of the cleverest novelists of the day, has also turned his attention to the same line of composition. It must be confessed, however, that to dramatise proverbs on paper, with deliberation and the power of revision, is a task of a very different nature from the extemporisation of them orally. Lady Morgan, who, not to speak of her uncommon talents, had spent much of her time in France, and had doubtless practised the amusement very frequently, might succeed perfectly in delighting a company in the manner described; but the task is too difficult a one ever to be extensively prevalent in ordinary society, unless, indeed, parties give themselves the advantage of considerable preparation.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AT OKHAM, EALING, AND HACKNEY-WICK.

My next visits were to several schools in and about London, chiefly those in which industrial occupation has been introduced. The establishment at Norwood, for the rearing and educating of pauper children, I was glad to find, continued to flourish. Within the last twelve months, an infant-school had been added to the other arrangements, and outline elementary drawing, principally with reference to industrial objects, now formed a branch of ordinary study for a number of the more advanced pupils. I was informed by Mr Aubin, the superintendant, that the introduction of simple drawing lessons on slates, besides amusing the children, had very greatly facilitated their progress in writing—a circumstance not at all remarkable, for skill in drawing and writing depends on the cultivation of the same imitative faculty. This was the first time I had seen drawing taught familiarly to poor children, since my visit to the Dutch and Belgian schools in 1838.

The industrial school with which I commenced my round of inquiry was that established a few years ago by Lord Lovelace, at Okham, near Ripley, in Surrey, with a view to the improvement of the juvenile population in that part of the country, and chiefly those on his lordship's estate. Conveyed in the first place along the South Western Railway, a distance of about fifteen miles, and afterwards transported in a chaise a distance of other five miles, across a generally heathy and broken piece of country, we arrived at the scene of this novel experiment in moral cultivation. A more appropriate region for the introduction of the schoolmaster could not well be found in England. The farmers and peasantry in the neighbourhood are in a state of deplorable ignorance, and, as a matter of course, are deeply prejudiced in favour of old usages and a vegetative existence. Their houses, farm-offices, and style of husbandry, are, I should think, scarcely an advance upon what existed in the same part of the country at the time of the Anglo-Saxons. They have no notion of employing any species of improved mechanism in their profession, such as thrashing-mills or fanners. On visiting the establishment of a farmer who had about 150 acres in crop, I found that thrashing is still entirely performed by the flail, and that the chaff is cleansed from the grain by throwing it against the current of air which, in windy weather, blows across the floor of the barn. I venture to say that such a barbarous practice has not been heard of in Scotland for at least half a century. The only existing amusement, or means of recreation in the neighbourhood, is an adjournment to the beer-pot at the nearest public-house.

It is in the midst of this intellectual desert that Lord Lovelace has endeavoured to introduce the means of cultivation. To improve the condition of the more humble class of labourers, as well as to reclaim some of his waste land, his lordship has afforded allotments of an acre, or half acre, to those who are willing to cultivate patches of that extent at their leisure hours, charging a very small annual rent. The field containing these allotments is now, I am glad to say, showing manifest signs of improvement, and its cultivators have in almost every instance benefited by their industry. The rent is not more than twenty shillings for an acre, and from a piece of ground of that dimensions, one man lately realised L.25 by his crop. The chief articles cultivated are potatoes and peas. At the time of my visit, the only individual at work was the wife of one of the renters, who had come a couple of miles from home to labour with a hoe on her small potato ground. The principal drawback to a more rapid and effective improvement of the soil than these poor people can accomplish, is the want of manure; for the kind of husbandry by which that article may be largely produced, is not understood or acted upon in this part of the country.

Passing the allotment ground, we shortly arrive at the enclosed field, in which the school establishment is situated. The school-houses and dwellings for the teachers consist of a series of low buildings, in a style of architecture not the most suitable for such a purpose; and in front of them are a few acres of ground laid out for the use of the pupils. The school, which contains both boys and girls, is in two distinct divisions—one for infants, and the other for advanced pupils; the total number of children in the institution was 160. The fee is 1d. per week for each pupil. This little seminary is the offspring of generous wishes, for which its founder deserves much credit; but, from what I saw of it, I was impressed with the idea that considerably larger expenditure would be required to do full justice to a design upon such a scale. In both departments of the school, I nevertheless found an active and liberal system of instruction, each of the two masters being evidently desirous of promoting the welfare of the establishment. In the school, there was a library of entertaining little works, which I was informed were sought for and read with avidity by the elder boys and girls; and this is clearly so much gained from the great outfield of ignorance in the district. The course of industrial occupation was on a much more limited scale than I had expected. It was, I believe, part of the design to instruct the boys in various handicrafts, but nothing of the kind has yet been attempted. The only employment is gardening, which is pursued at certain hours by a number of the boys. Each is allowed the sixteenth of an acre at a rent of one shilling, and the produce, whatever it may be, is entirely their own. Several boys were busily engaged in delving their small patches, and the crops of potatoes and peas, which were showing themselves above ground, were in some cases tolerably abundant. I was informed by the superintendant, that in general the gardening was pursued with little animation, as the boys have no means of providing manure to fertilise the soil, and as there was no population in the neighbourhood to purchase the produce. Upon the whole, the Okham School, though doing some good, cannot be said to be in a very flourishing condition.

My visit to the industrial school of Lady Byron at Ealing, was much more satisfactory. Ealing is a village in Middlesex, situated some five or six miles west from Paddington, and may be reached from that outskirt of the metropolis in about fifteen minutes by the Great Western Railway. It is a neat, genteel-looking place, with a few hundreds of inhabitants, and various circumstances indicate a different condition of things from that which prevails at Okham. The school establishment here, which was begun and patronised by Lady Byron about five years ago, and served in some measure as a model to that of her son-in-law, Lord Lovelace, possesses nothing attractive in its exterior. It is situated in a retired part of the village, and originally consisted of a barn and stable, which have been plainly altered and rendered suitable as a school and boarding-house. At the time of my visit, the school consisted of ninety pupils, all boys, whose ages averaged from nine to twelve or thirteen; a number were boarders from London, being committed by their parents to the charge of Mr Atley, the master, for the purpose of initiation in industrial occupation, as well as ordinary branches of learning. The fee for day scholars is 2d. per week. It happened to be a holiday when I entered the large enclosure, but, notwithstanding this circumstance, I found a number of the pupils busy in their gardens, and the master assured me that, with few exceptions, the boys are happy to devote all their play hours to labour. Escaping from the school-room, they hasten to the tool-house for their spades, and are more delighted in keeping their small patches of ground in good order, than most boys are in pelting frogs, laying waste a parterre of flowers, or following out any other anciently established routine of destruction.

According to the rules of the establishment, the land is let in patches of five and ten rods, for which rent must be regularly paid. Ten rods are let for 3d. per month, and five rods for 1½d. There are at present forty tenants, the greater part of whom possess only five rods, that being a sufficiently large stripe for the management of any single boy who has not acquired considerable confidence and experience. The crops universally grown are the same as those at Okham—peas and potatoes—but there are likewise a few other things, and some of the gardens are prettily embellished with flowers. The boys help each other in their labours, which must promote much good feeling amongst them, and train the mind to social intercourse. I was delighted to learn that these out-of-door labours, conducted, of course, under the eye of the master, have a moral tendency. No boy is ever known to steal any thing from another, and no one injures his neighbour's property. The dignifying and improving power of labour was probably never so practically manifested as in this interesting juvenile community. Some of the more skilled pupils reap solid and immediate benefits from their industry. Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with the best motives, purchase vegetables from them at their fair market value; and there being thus an outlet for the produce, no pains are spared to raise the most abundant crops. One boy, I was told, realised L.2, 8s. of profit last year by his crop, and another L.2, 4s.

Besides gardening, the boys are taught carpentry, and to use their hands in any other occupation that falls in their way. I was shown an outhouse which they had built with brick and mortar, and finished in every respect except slating. This edifice was designed as the carpenter's shop, and was shortly to come into use. The country air and exercise to which the pupils are exposed, the happiness they enjoy in their rural labours, and a mild routine of instruction in school, unite in keeping them in good health and invigorating their moral and intellectual faculties. The schoolmaster spoke also approvingly of their advancement in simple religious knowledge, as far as he was able to communicate it, and lamented that the clergyman of the district, though humbly requested to give his countenance and advice in this branch of education, had pointedly refused to do so, alleging as a reason, that the institution was not in connexion with the national schools. This statement only corroborated what I heard every where else, that the only persons who either looked with disdain on the efforts of the schoolmaster, or assumed a hostile attitude towards them, were the clergymen in the neighbourhood. I mention the circumstance with much sorrow, and hope for better times.

The establishment of the "Children's Friend Society" at Hackney-Wick, in the eastern environs of the metropolis, is very different in many respects from either of the preceding institutions, but is equally entitled to rank as a school of industry, and may appropriately enough be described in the present paper. It is almost needless to mention a fact with which most persons are acquainted, that London and its densely populated suburbs abound in poor and friendless children, who are either wholly abandoned by their parents to the parish authorities, or are left to pick up the means of a precarious existence by begging or pilfering. The streets of all our large towns exhibit a continually flourishing crop of this class of juvenile paupers—little ragged wretches whom nobody seems to heed, but who in reality constitute the materiel for the supply of courts of justice, and furnish steady employment to an extensive corps of judges, lawyers, jailers, and governors of penal colonies. Ten years ago, the idea of checking, or at least modifying, the growth of juvenile vagrancy in the metropolis, and so if possible preventing subsequent crime and punishment, occurred to a few benevolent-minded individuals, and they forthwith organised the plan of the Children's Friend Society, which has been liberally supported by voluntary subscriptions from philanthropists of every class and party. The institution possesses two asylums—one at Hackney-Wick for boys, and another at Chiswick for girls. It was the former of these which I now went to see.

The establishment, which is situated near the suburb of Hackney, among green fields and gardens, consists of a cluster of humble edifices enclosed from the public thoroughfare, with a large play-ground in the centre, and ten acres of garden and field behind. The buildings include a house for the family of the superintendant, a school-room, a sleeping apartment, in which is a long row of beds in the form of hammocks, a mess-room, and several workshops and tool-houses. The children, 90 in number, are dressed in a plain manner with blue linen blouses, and, to appearance, seemed a happy healthful collection of boys, mostly under twelve years of age. In answer to inquiries respecting the cause of their being inmates of the asylum, I learned that some were orphans or utterly destitute children picked up from the streets, others were boarded at the expense of parishes, while several were of that class of juveniles usually denominated "bad boys," and whose parents sent them to this place, with the hope of removing them from the society of vicious companions, and of having them methodically trained under the moral discipline of the asylum. The fee charged for board and education is 4s. 6d. per week. If the excellent rules for management be consistently and regularly acted upon, there can be no question as to the beneficial results. The system appeared to me to embrace much useful, healthy, and profitable industry, with correct moral nurture, as well as a fair share of ordinary school instruction. One of the most important features in the arrangement is the variety of industrial occupation, suitable to different capacities and tastes. There are a small printing-office with a press and types, a carpenter's shop with a bench and tools, a blacksmith's shed with an anvil, hammer, and bellows, and also shoemaking and tailoring departments, in which all the shoes and clothes are made and mended. Each workshop is under the charge of an aged artisan who acts as instructor in his craft. The printing-office is a neat little room, under the management of an old compositor; and here the boys print all the Reports for the institution, school tracts, and other papers. The out-of-door labour in the garden and field is conducted daily at fixed hours, except when the weather renders it unsuitable. Some of the small patches, cultivated by individual boys, did not appear to differ materially from what I had seen at Ealing. Along the margin of a rivulet which winds its way through the premises, the young cultivators are taught to rear and manage a stock of water-cresses.

The regular duties of the day commence as early as six o'clock; and after a certain period for school and breakfast, the boys form divisions under monitors, receive their tools from the tool-house, with instructions from the master, and proceed in an orderly manner to their different appointments; the printers to their office; the carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and tailors, to their shops, and the agriculturists to the field or gardens. At noon, the various divisions assemble, form a line, and proceed to the tool-house

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where each boy deposits his spade, &c., in its place; a general monitor being responsible for all the instruments of labour being kept clean and in their proper places. The boys then wash themselves, are inspected by the master, instructed for a short time in gymnastic exercises, and afterwards go to dinner. For about an hour after dinner, they may amuse themselves in the play-ground, or in reading books from a small library kept for their use. At two o'clock, all again proceed to labour in the gardens or at their other employments, and afterwards receive lessons in school. Such is something like the routine of daily occupation. On Saturdays there is a general examination, and every child is washed in a tepid bath. During fine weather in summer, all are taught to swim in a neighbouring canal, under the eye of the master.

From this general outline of the scope and management of the institution, it will appear that the main object of its projectors and supporters has been the substitution of useful and profitable habits of industry for those of utter idleness and crime. It would only be a waste of time to enlarge upon the advantages which must follow from removing that host of young and wretched beings with which the streets of the metropolis are frequented, to an establishment like this, where, by a well-considered system of religious and moral discipline, they may be prepared for acting an honourable and useful part in society. That the Children's Friend Society has accomplished this desirable object, as far as its means would allow, I have no manner of doubt. The only serious obstacle it has had to encounter, has been the proper disposal of the children, after they have been fitted for an honest and active course of life. The practice has been to send them, with their own consent, and the consent of their parents, if these can be found, to the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the friendly care of a local committee, they have been bound apprentices to farmers, or others requiring their labours, and who become responsible for their correct and humane treatment. An attempt was some time ago made to fix upon the society the charge of harshness for thus expatriating the inmates of the asylum, and no small clamour was raised on the subject by some of the London newspapers. I believe that these accusations were both groundless and uncharitable. The society can evidently have no motive for preferring a location of the children in one or other of the colonies, to settling them at home, and I have no doubt that its directors would be exceedingly glad to be informed how or where they can comfortably and inexpensively dispose of them within the bounds of Britain. It is clear, however, that there is no prospect of attaining this useful piece of information; those who take upon themselves the easy negative duty of finding fault, being seldom inclined to give services of an active or positive quality. I sincerely wish that the Children's Friend Society may continue to be supported as it deserves; and that by an act of the legislature, both it and similar institutions may be enabled to extend their usefulness at home and in those colonial possessions which offer such boundless scope for human industry.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BRIG POLLY.

The brig Polly, of one hundred and thirty tons burden, sailed from Boston, with a cargo of lumber and provisions, on a voyage to Santa Croix, on the 12th of December 1811, under the command of Captain W. L. Cazneau, with a mate, four seamen, and a cook; Mr I. S. Hunt, and a negro girl of nine years of age, passengers. Nothing material happened until the 15th, when a violent gale came on from the south-east. The brig laboured very hard, which produced a leak, that so gained on the pumps as to sound nearly six feet; when about midnight the ship was thrown on her beam-ends, and Mr Hunt washed overboard. Not having any reason to hope for her righting, by much exertion the weather lanyards were cut away, the deck load having been before thrown over, and the lashings all gone; in about half an hour the mainmast went by the board, and soon after the foremast, when she righted, though full of water, a dreadful sea making a fair breach over her from stem to stern. In this situation the night wore away, and daylight found all alive except the male passenger; and upon close search the little girl was found clinging to the skylight of the cabin. The glass and grating of the skylight having gone away while the ship was on her beam ends, the little girl was drawn through the opening, but so much chilled that she survived only a few hours. Without fire, and exposed to all the violence of the weather, the crew remained about twelve days, when the cook, an Indian from Canton, near Boston, suggested the operation of rubbing two sticks together, which succeeded. Very fortunately, the camboose did not go overboard with the deck load; this was got to windward, a fire kindled, and some provisions cooked, which, except raw pork, were the first they had yet tasted. They now got up a barrel of pork, part of a barrel of beef, and one half-barrel of beef. A small pig had been saved alive, which they now dressed, not having any thing to feed it with. But at this time no apprehension was entertained of suffering for want of food, there being understood to be several barrels of meat stowed in the run, and upwards of one hundred under deck. Under this impression, the people used the provisions very imprudently, till they discovered that the stern post was gone; and the gale continuing for a long time, the barrels stove, and their contents were all lost for ever.

There happened to be a cask of water lashed on the quarter deck, which was saved, containing about thirty gallons—all the rest was lost. This lasted about eighteen days, when the crew were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon what rain-water they could catch. At the end of forty days the provisions were exhausted, and absolute famine stared them in the face. The first victim was Mr Paddock, the mate, whose exquisite distress seemed to redouble the sufferings of his companions. He was a man of a robust constitution, who had spent his life in the bank-fishing, had suffered many hardships, and appeared the most capable of enduring privations and fatigue of any of the crew. In the meridian of life, being about thirty-five years old, it was reasonable to suppose that he would have been the last to have fallen a sacrifice to cold and hunger: but it was ordered otherwise; he became delirious, and death relieved him from his sufferings the fiftieth day of the shipwreck. During all this time the violence of the storm continued, and having nothing to screen them except a temporary kind of cabin, which they had built up of boards on the larboard side of the forecastle, they were kept almost continually drenched with sea-water. The next who fell a victim to these awful disasters was Howes, an active young man, who likewise died delirious, and in dreadful agony, six days after Paddock, being the fifty-sixth day of the wreck. It was soon perceived that this must shortly be the fate of all the survivors, if water was not procured. About this time, they were enabled to fish up the tea-kettle and one of the captain's pistols; and necessity suggested a plan of distillation. A piece of board was very nicely fitted to the mouth of the boiler, a small hole made in it, and the tea-kettle, bottom upwards, fixed to the upper side of the board; the pistol barrel was then fixed to the nose of the kettle, and kept cool by the constant application of cold water. This plan succeeded, and the survivors, without a doubt, owed their preservation to this simple expedient. But all the water that could be obtained by this very imperfect distillation, was an allowance for five men, barely sufficient to sustain life. The impression that there was meat enough under the deck, induced them to use every exertion to obtain it; but nothing could be got up except putrid pieces of bone, entirely divested of flesh. Their only sustenance now was barnacles gathered from the sides of the vessel, which were ate raw, that the distilling might not be interrupted. The next food which they obtained was a large shark, caught by means of a running bowline. This was a very great relief, and produced a second advantage; for, while they lived upon the shark, the barnacles were growing larger and more nutritive. They likewise found many small crabs among the sea-weed floating around the wreck, and which were very pleasant food. But, from the necessity of chewing them raw, and sucking out the nourishment, they brought on an obstinate costiveness, which became extremely painful, and was probably much exasperated by the want of water.

On the 15th of March, according to their computation, poor Moho, the cook, expired, evidently from want of water, though with much less distress than the others, and in the full exercise of his reason; he very devoutly prayed, and appeared perfectly resigned. The constant study of the commander of the crew was now directed to the improvement of their still, which was made much better by the addition of another pistol barrel, which was afterwards found. With this barrel they so far perfected the still, as to obtain eight junk bottles full of water in twenty-four hours. But from the death of Moho till the death of Johnson, which happened about the middle of April, they seemed to be denied every kind of food. The barnacles were all gone, and no friendly gale wafted to their side the sea-weed, from which they could obtain crabs or insects. It seemed as if all hope was gone for ever, and they had nothing before them but death, or the horrid alternative of eating the flesh of their dead companion. One expedient was left, which was to try to decoy a shark, if haply there might be one about the wreck, by part of the corpse of their shipmate! This last resource succeeded—they caught a large shark, and from that time had many fish, till their happy deliverance. Very fortunately, a cask of nails, which was on deck, lodged in the lea-scuppers while on their beam ends; with these they were enabled to fasten the shingles on their cabin, which, by constant improvement, had become much more commodious.

They had now drifted above two thousand miles, and were in latitude 28 degrees north, and longitude 13 degrees west, when, to their unspeakable joy, they saw three ships bearing down upon them. One of the ships hailed, which Captain Cazneau answered as well as his remaining strength would allow. The ship which hailed proved to be the Fame of Hull, Captain Featherstone, bound from Rio Janeiro home. It so happened that the three captains had dined together that day, and were all on board the Fame. These persons immediately sent a boat, which put an end to the dreadful thraldom of Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, the only surviving persons, who were received by these humane Englishmen with the greatest kindness. In this manner were these two miserable beings rescued from their perilous situation, after a series of distresses from December 15th till the 20th of June, a period of one hundred and ninety-one days! Every attention was paid to the sufferers that pity and fellow-feeling could dictate, on board the Fame. They were comforted, fed, and clothed, until the 9th of July, when they fell in with Captain Perkins of the brig Dromo, in the English channel, who generously perfected the work of goodness begun by the English captains, and safely carried this miserable remnant of the Polly's crew to their native land.

It is natural to inquire how they could float for so long a period upon the most frequented part of the Atlantic, without meeting a friendly sail to succour them! We blush to acknowledge that they were passed by more than a dozen ships, one of which came so nigh the poor mariners that they could distinctly see the people on deck and on the rigging looking at them; but, to the inexpressible disappointment of the helpless and miserable men, they stifled the dictates of compassion, hoisted sail, and cruelly abandoned them to their fate.—*From a collection of pieces.*

HINTS ON THE PREPARATION OF COFFEE.

The increase in the consumption of coffee that has taken place of late years, connected as it is with the temperance movement, gives considerable interest to this inquiry, which, in a chemical point of view, is also highly deserving of attention.

The art of preparing coffee for the table consists of three stages—roasting, grinding, and boiling; and these we shall treat individually.

The mode in which coffee is roasted, unimportant as it may appear, is of the greatest consequence as regards both the economical production and the flavour of the beverage. Common Jamaica coffee, which has been prepared in a proper manner, affords a decoction of greater strength and richer taste than the finest Mocha, where the roasting has been injudiciously conducted. These results will scarcely excite surprise when the explanation is pointed out. The qualities by which coffee is familiarly known as a beverage, are solely attributable to the effects of roasting; when the *raw* berry is boiled, the liquid obtained has neither aroma nor exhilarating influence. These properties are ascribable to a chemical change that takes place in this substance when exposed to the action of heat. Hence it is obvious that the value of coffee must essentially depend on the due *regulation* of the heat, to which its qualities as an article of diet entirely owe their existence.

The rules to be observed in coffee roasting, though calculated to be a source of great saving to the consumer, may be easily practised, and are referable to a few plain principles. The following are the objects of these rules:—

1. To roast the coffee *moderately* by the action of a gentle and uniform heat. 2. As far as practicable, to roast *all the particles* of the berry *equably*, and to heat the interior as well as the exterior portions of the kernels. 3. To prevent, as far as possible, the escape of the volatile aroma, which is liable to be dispersed by a high temperature. These objects are attained by means of the following directions, namely:—1. An equable heat is secured by using as a roaster a slowly conducting substance; 2. A more uniform roasting, by subdividing the berries; and, 3. Preservation of the aroma, by roasting in a partially closed vessel.

The first step in preparing coffee is to disperse by evaporation the water it contains. This is effected by placing it in a large iron pan over a very gentle fire, and keeping it stirring until it becomes of a yellow colour. This process is generally performed in a partially closed vessel, which prevents the free escape of the steam. But this is an erroneous practice, as it causes the coffee to be *scalded*, or partly boiled *in its own steam*, which is believed to be very injurious.

The next step is to pound the coffee into coarse fragments, *not too fine*, each berry being broken into about four or five pieces. There cannot be a doubt that coffee which has been thus subdivided, will be more rapidly and more perfectly prepared than when it is roasted *whole*. But consumers, generally speaking, will not take this trouble, but transfer the coffee at once from the drying-pan to the roasting machine, though it must be obvious that, if the *inner portions* of the berries are not perfectly roasted, there will be a considerable waste of the material.

The next stage is that of roasting, which must be conducted in a very different manner. Instead of an open pan, giving a free escape to the evaporation, a vessel must be used as *nearly closed* as it may be *without entirely confining* the volatile products. During the process of drying, nothing but watery vapour and a useless acid is given out, both of which it is desirable *to dissipate;* during roasting, on the other hand, *the fine aroma* of the coffee begins to be given out, and it is essential to *prevent its dispersion* as far as is consistent with the escape of other vapours.

The heat to which the coffee is exposed, should be gentle and uniform. With this view, Dr Donovan recommends that the roaster should be made of some substance which conducts heat slowly, and which therefore serves to moderate and intercept the sudden variations of temperature which occur in the fire by which it is heated. On this ground, glass is found to answer well, while the common iron roaster is less efficient, iron being *a good conductor*. But an apparatus is described by Dr Donovan, which unites the slow conducting powers of glass with the durability

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of metal, and is very simple in its structure. It consists of two iron cylinders, one within the other, with the space of about half an inch between them. The air which occupies this space—air being a very bad conductor of heat—gives to this roaster the properties of a non-conductor, and protects the coffee, which is placed in the inner cylinder, from abrupt changes of heat.

The roaster is hung on an axis in a frame with a close cover, and a winch to turn it horizontally over the fire. The inner cylinder should never be filled more than one-third, as the coffee swells very much by heat.

The next point to determine is when the coffee has been sufficiently roasted. On this subject, it seems that the best test is the loss of weight. If it be found to weigh one-fifth less than it did before it was put into the roasting-pan, it may be considered to be well prepared. Change of colour to a bright chocolate is sometimes adopted as a proof of complete roasting, but it is not to be relied upon. The retailers are in the habit of roasting their coffee too little, because by the loss of weight their profit is diminished: hence the consumer is a loser in two ways; he has to pay a higher price from the heaviness of the article, and the coffee being imperfectly roasted, he must use more of it to obtain a decoction of the proper strength. This shows the importance of preparing coffee *at home* to those who would use it with economy. Moreover, it is to be observed, that roasted coffee is much injured by keeping even for a short time; it is better, therefore, to roast it only in small quantities as it is wanted for use.

The next stage is that of grinding. The coffee should be ground immediately before it is used: the common practice of keeping it ready ground is a wasteful one. If exposed to the air, much of its aroma is dispersed, and even if kept in close vessels, it seems that it is apt to undergo internal decomposition: the popular idea that it remains uninjured if kept in a closely corked bottle, is therefore a fallacy.

The coffee should be ground as fine as possible, as thereby its essential properties are more easily extracted by boiling: the importance of shortening the time of boiling will appear more clearly from what follows.

Coffee, when roasted, contains two substances—one highly volatile, which gives to it its peculiar aromatic flavour, and a pungent and exhilarating principle of a more fixed nature. This makes the process of boiling a matter of some nicety. If the coffee be boiled too long, the volatile aroma is dispersed; if boiled only for a short time, the pungent or stimulating property is only partially extracted. A medium must therefore be adopted, and the coffee must be acted upon for a sufficient period to extract a reasonable portion of the latter, without a serious waste of the former quality. It is for this reason that grinding the coffee fine acts beneficially, as the fixed stimulating property may in that case be extracted with less boiling, and may therefore be united in a higher degree with the aroma. If the berries are reduced to a very fine powder, a very trifling boiling will extract all their virtues.

The clearing of coffee is as carefully attended to by consumers as proper boiling; indeed, the "porcolator" which is in common use may be said in a great measure to sacrifice the latter object to the former. This instrument, which was invented by Count Rumford, is nothing else than a strainer, or filter, on which the coffee is placed; boiling water is poured upon it, and filtered through the coffee and the strainer. The liquid thus obtained is cleared indeed; but as the coffee has not been boiled, but merely subjected *to infusion*, only a portion of its strength is extracted, and before the filtering is complete, the beverage has *become cooled*. These objections have led to artificial methods of clearing, such as the addition of fish-skin, isinglass, &c. Latterly, there have been several mechanical inventions for preparing coffee speedily for the table—among others we may mention "Platow's Patent Automaton Coffee Urn," and the "Pneumatic Coffee-pot;" but of the actual value of these we are unable to pronounce any opinion. It must always be recollected that extreme speed may be procured at a sacrifice of flavour, and this must be carefully guarded against. The liquid extract of coffee evidently requires a certain length of time to *mellow* before it be fit for use in an agreeable form.

From the foregoing explanations, it will appear that the art of preparing coffee for the breakfast-table is not to be understood without some attention. But, on the other hand, the degree of attention required is so trifling, that it would assuredly be well bestowed, especially considering the interesting nature of the subject. Far more toil and time are daily given to other culinary processes which probably merit them less, and much more trouble is spent, both by the higher and lower classes, on mere trifles, which contribute less both to their enjoyment and recreation than studies of this nature; whilst on the processes of the distiller—pernicious as they are for the most part in their results to the best interests of society—capital and scientific skill have been profusely employed. The subject of these remarks can scarcely be considered as less deserving of investigation; regard being paid to the ends to which it may be rendered subservient, the coffee berry is no ignoble topic of investigation. Ministering as it does to the luxuries of the rich, it seems destined to fulfil the higher office of contributing to the reformation of the poor, by presenting to them a beverage, which, though free from intoxicating qualities, enables them more readily to dispense with ardent spirits. The more palatable and inviting this beverage is rendered, the more efficient will it prove as an auxiliary in the great cause of moral reformation. With these views, it may be remarked that the preceding processes do not appear to be either too abstruse for the understanding, or too costly for the means, even of the very humblest classes. No two things can differ more widely from each other than coffee as it is usually drank by the poor, and the same substance prepared with care and good sense.

But there is another advantage, and that by no means a trifling one, which would result could the "good wives" of our labouring classes be induced to give a little of their time to acquiring skill in coffee-making. Not only would their husbands drink a better beverage, but they would drink it *at home*. The liquid which is served out to the labouring classes in the common coffee-shops in the metropolis, is a coarse and repulsive draught, extracted from bad coffee still worse prepared—deprived of all the aroma it ever possessed by protracted boiling upon a large scale, and probably rendered extremely unwholesome by the excess of the bitter principle. Were our housewives to learn to prepare a more palatable and healthy beverage by their own firesides, they would be abundantly repaid. They would add another link to the chain which binds men to their homes; they would materially diminish the temptations to intemperance to which their partners are exposed; and would thereby render no trivial service to their husbands, their children, and themselves.

TERROR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Every traveller who returns from the United States of America expresses his astonishment at the remarkable *tyranny of public opinion*, which by universal consent prevails in that country. No one, it appears, dares to take a decided stand against popular sentiment, no matter how absurd or false it may chance to be; so that, while no nation on the face of the earth is so *civilly free*, none is so *socially enslaved*. Orville Dewey, in an excellent work, entitled "Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics" (New York, 1838), exposes and denounces this peculiarity in the social condition of his countrymen, in the following well-set terms:—

"The greatest of all dangers here, as I conceive, is that of general pusillanimity, of moral cowardice, of losing a proper and manly independence of character. I think that I see something of this in our very manners, in the hesitation, the indirectness, the cautious and circuitous modes of speech, the eye asking assent before the tongue can finish its sentence. I think that in other countries you oftener meet with men who stand manfully and boldly up, and deliver their opinion without asking or caring what you or others think about it. It may, sometimes, be rough and harsh; but, at any rate, it is independent. Observe, too, in how many relations, political, religious, and social, a man is liable to find bondage instead of freedom. If he wants office, he must attach himself to a party, and then his eyes must be sealed in blindness, and his lips in silence, towards all the faults of his party. He *may* have his eyes open, and he may see much to condemn, but he must *say* nothing. If he edits a newspaper, his choice is often between bondage and beggary. That may actually be the choice, though he does not know it. He may be so complete a slave that he does not feel the chain. His passions may be so enlisted in the cause of his party, as to blind his discrimination and destroy all comprehension and capability of independence. So it may be with the religious partisan. He knows, perhaps, that there are errors in his adopted creed, faults in his sect, fanaticism and extravagance in some of its measures. See if you get him to speak of them. See if you can get him to breathe a whisper of doubt. No; he is always believing. He has a convenient phrase that covers up all difficulties in his creed. He believes it 'for *substance* of doctrine.' Or, if he is a layman, perhaps he does not believe it at all. What, then, is his conclusion? Why, he has friends who do believe it; and he does not wish to offend them. And so he goes on, listening to what he does not believe; outwardly acquiescing, inwardly remonstrating; the slave of fear or fashion, never daring, not once in his life daring, to speak out openly the thought that is in him. Nay, he sees men suffering under the weight of public reprobation for the open espousal of the very opinions *he* holds, and he has never the generosity or manliness to say, '*I* think so *too*.' Nay, more; by the course he pursues he is made to cast his stone—or he holds it in his hand at least, and lets another arm apply the force necessary to cast it—at the very men who are suffering a sort of martyrdom *for his own faith!*

I am not now advocating any particular opinions. I am only advocating a manly freedom in the expression of those opinions which a man does entertain. And if those opinions are unpopular, I hold that in this country there is so much the more need of an open and independent expression of them. Look at the case most seriously, I beseech you. What is ever to correct the faults of society, if no one lifts his voice against them—if every one goes on openly doing what every one privately complains of—if all shrink behind the faint-hearted apology, that it would be over-bold in them to attempt any reform? What is to rebuke political time-serving, religious fanaticism, or social folly, if no one has the independence to protest against them? Look at it in a larger view. What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up against it here but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot by their unworthy children. *They* feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom—happier were they when their sail swelled to the storm of winter—than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said, 'Submit, and you shall have rest.' And, when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and the flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. Let them beware how they become entangled again in the yoke of bondage. Let the ministers at God's altar, let the guardians of the press, let all sober and thinking men, speak the thought that is in them. It is better to speak honest *error* than to suppress conscious truth. Smothered error is more dangerous than that which flames and burns out. But do I speak of danger? I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is unfettered thought. And I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is thought, freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine—bind thought as a victim upon it, and let the passions of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel—and you sacrifice upon that accursed altar the hopes of the world!"

It would be a matter of curious inquiry how far the foregoing observations applied to the state of society in this country.

AN OBSCURE MAN OF GENIUS.

We believe there are few country towns in Scotland in which may not be found individuals pursuing a humble profession, but possessing abilities of the first order, skilful in some intricate art, and yet whose reputation can scarcely be said to be known ten miles distant from their home. We have happened to know several of these "geniuses," as they are ordinarily termed—one had an extraordinary knack at making and mending locks, another made fire-arms of first-rate quality, a third was good at cuckoo clocks, a fourth was an extraordinary adept at cork-screws, and so on with several others. We find a notice of a self-taught genius of this stamp in the Falkirk Magazine, a periodical of considerable merit (1827), conducted by a young man of ability, Mr Robert Keir—himself an example of modest merit, but who was prematurely removed from this earthly scene.

"John Gibson, as this man of genius was named, was a native of Jedburgh. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a clock and watch maker of that place. After the expiry of his apprenticeship, he came to Kelso and began business for himself. Being in a delicate state of health, he resided for some time in the neighbourhood of the town for the benefit of free air, and soon began to be known as a singular character. Many ignorant and superstitious people were persuaded that he was possessed of the second sight. He was therefore frequently consulted as an oracle about future destinies, and also about stolen goods. His responses in general gave great satisfaction. He predicted for the most part with accuracy, and concealed pilfered articles were often recovered by his sagacity. In a short time, however, the superiority of his genius was known and admired by many intelligent gentlemen. He now took up his residence in Kelso, where he made many clocks upon improved principles, which are now regarded as mechanical curiosities. Optics had long been his favourite study. He now commenced optician, and constructed reflecting telescopes, which he sold at from two to five guineas. He also constructed achromatic prospects on the plan of Mr Dolland, and in a short time surpassed the great inventor. He made one of these prospects, mounted in the most beautiful style, for Sir John Peter, then envoy at the court of St Petersburg. The magnifying power was 150; and the diameter of the object glass was six inches. The instrument, with all its apparatus, cost 100 guineas. When Sir John returned to Russia, he presented it to the Empress Catherine, who was so charmed with it, that she sent Mr Gibson an urgent invitation to come to St Petersburg, with a promise of patronage. The delicate state of his health obliged him to decline her generous

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offer. Mr Gibson next exercised his ingenuity by making a prospect of the same size and price for the Duke of Roxburghe, through which, in a clear day, a sparrow could be seen on the roof of Berwick steeple, at a distance of twenty-four miles.

Mr Gibson made the Irish pipes upon an improved plan, on which he played with exquisite skill and taste. His tone and execution were reckoned no way inferior to those of the most celebrated pipers. He was a self-taught musician, played upon a great variety of instruments, and never received a lesson from a master. Mr Short's reflecting telescope, in the observatory, Calton Hill, Edinburgh, had been rendered useless, owing to a spot of rust upon the larger speculum. No optician in the metropolis would undertake to remove it. A gentleman from Kelso recommended Mr Gibson, who successfully removed the rusty spot, and at the same time greatly improved the instrument, for which he received a remuneration of fifty guineas.

Mr Gibson, some years before his death, visited London, and received a very kind reception from Mr Dolland, who humorously told him that 'his ears had been stunned for some time past with the fame of a wild fellow about the Cheviot Hills, who excelled all the opticians in London in making achromatic prospects, and that he (Mr Dolland) was glad to see the artist.'

As a mechanic, in the execution of any piece of work, Mr Gibson was unrivalled. He melted and refined the glass for his own purposes. In reasoning upon optical and astronomical topics, few were a match for him. In his actions he was sharp, in his conceptions quick. He possessed a most retentive memory, understood every subject at first sight, and made such progress in the Latin language by his own application alone, that he could translate with ease Lewenhoeck's 'Arcana Naturæ,' an author of whom he was extremely fond. This ingenious man died in September 1795."

LAURA BRIDGMAN—A DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL.

In a lately published Report of the Massachusetts Institution for the Blind, there appear some interesting details respecting a pupil, named Laura Bridgman, who was placed in the establishment a few years since, in the deplorable condition of being blind, deaf, and dumb. She had been in this state of deprivation ever since she was little more than a year old, and therefore possessed no knowledge whatever except what it had been possible to communicate through the senses of feeling and taste. Being introduced to the school of the institution, a methodic plan of instruction was commenced by means of the tangible alphabet for the blind, which led to the most agreeable and surprising results. The extent of her intellectual and moral advancement will be learned from the following extract from the Report:—

"The intellectual improvement of this interesting being, and the progress she has made in expressing her ideas, are truly gratifying. She uses the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes with great facility and great rapidity; she has increased her vocabulary so as to comprehend the names of all common objects; she uses adjectives expressive of positive qualities, such as *hard, soft, sweet, sour*, &c.; verbs expressive of action, as *give, take, ride, run*, &c., in the present, past, and future tense; she connects adjectives with nouns to express their qualities; she introduces verbs into sentences, and connects them by conjunctions; for instance, a gentleman having given her an apple, she said, *Man give Laura sweet apple.*

She can count to high numbers; she can add and subtract small numbers.

But the most gratifying acquirement which she has made, and the one which has given her the most delight, is the power of *writing a legible hand*, and expressing her thoughts upon paper; she writes with a pencil in a grooved line, and makes her letters clear and distinct.

She was sadly puzzled at first to know the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but, when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was, indeed, only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind. She was very impatient to have *the man* carry this letter, for she supposed that the utmost limit of the Post-Office department was to employ a man to run backward and forward between our institution and the different towns where the pupils live, to fetch and carry letters.

She has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines, and most of her time is gay and frolicsome.

She is now very expert with her needle, she knits very easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a child in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell."

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

BY SWYNFEN JERVIS.

The grave, whatever thy degree,
Thy final resting-place must be.
What matters it, if few or more
The years which our frail nature bore?—
If we upon the roll of fame
Left an imperishable name,
Or in some silent, safe retreat
Escaped the turmoil and the heat,
The stir, the struggle, and the strife,
That make the sum of human life?
Of all the family of man,
Since first the sons of earth began
To make this glorious world a stage
For rapine, blood, and lawless rage,
How little can be said beside,
But that they lived, and loved, and died!
Of this be certain: 'tis the doom
Of all, within the quiet tomb
To find, life's dangerous quicksands past,
A shelter and a home at last!

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Eloquence.—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity has seldom been surpassed:—

"Mr Speaker—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embraces of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs are destroyed."

William Tell outdone.—We learn from a paper, published in Northern Pennsylvania, that some time since a feat was performed in Ridgebury, Bradford county, which throws that of William Tell into the shade. A man named Lathorp Baldwin, with a rifle, shot an apple from the head of Thomas Fox, at eighteen yards' distance. There was no cap on Fox's head, his hair was combed down smooth, and the apple was a small one. Both were somewhat in their cups.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Virginia Justice.—A fellow in Virginia, who was ducked by a parcel of boys for whipping his wife, sued them for damages. The boys were very properly sentenced to duck him again.

Unproductive Land.—A New Jersey paper states that there are lands in that state which will not support three whippoor-wills to an acre, any way you can fix it, under the best cultivation. He of the Boston Times says that these must be like some lands in New Hampshire, which the owners are obliged to fence, in order to keep their cows from going on and starving!

A Distinction.—A dry-goods dealer in Bangor, had, by his conduct, obtained the name of "the little rascal." Being asked why this appellation had been given him, he replied, "To distinguish me from the rest of my neighbours, who are all *great rascals!*"

Yankee Dinners.—Baked beans, it is said, form now the only decidedly fashionable meal for Sabbath noon in "Bosting." Whether they wash them down with any thing stronger than "lasses and water," the informant said not; but it seems to be not altogether unlikely, as a minister in "them parts" has computed that he "has preached regularly every Sabbath afternoon to fifty-five bushels and three pecks of baked beans, while their owners were mostly asleep."

Industry and Perseverance.—We have the information from undoubted authority, that an individual in Braintree has bottomed, during the past year, 950 pairs of men's thick boots, 150 pairs of boys' thick boots, and 80 pairs of brogans; read two weekly newspapers, with pamphlets, magazines, &c., besides 21,000 pages of the Library. We boldly ask, who has done better?—*Quincy Patriot.*

The Benefit of Advertising.—A merchant in one of our northern cities lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy wanted." The next morning he found a bandbox on his door step, with this inscription on the top, "How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he *wanted*, warmly done up in flannel!

Mississippi.—A very able writer in the *Piney Woods Planter*, states the interest on banking capital paid by the people of Mississippi at 16,128,000 dollars per annum. His enumeration of the various classes of inhabitants is singular. He says there are in the state thirty-five thousand free white male citizens over twenty-one years of age—of this number he estimates that one thousand are engaged in *mixing liquor*, seven hundred and fifty in *making paper money*, about one thousand in the laudable occupation of *pleading law*, expounding the Scriptures, manufacturing pills, and teaching the young idea how to shoot—the aggregate number of idlers is estimated at three thousand six hundred and forty, leaving thirty-one thousand three hundred and sixty persons engaged in agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts.

Yankee Perseverance.—The following little anecdote, which we cut from the *Boston Post*, would have done honour to Sam Slick, had he been the subject of it:—

An itinerant map-seller went into a merchant's counting-room near our office the other day, and asked the occupant if he wished to purchase a map. "No," was the tart reply. "Will you look at one?" "No; I have more of my own than I have time to examine?" "Will you allow me to look at yours, then?" "Yes; there they hang." "Well, while I am looking at yours, I'll just unroll mine—that, you know, won't hurt any body." So the map-vendor displayed several of his best at full length upon the counter, and then quietly commenced looking at the merchant's which hung against the wall. After making a few observations about some curious water-falls, caves, &c., at places which he traced out upon the map before him, he managed to engage the merchant's attention, and at last referred to his own map, lying on the counter, for a more perfect illustration of his description, and finally so much interested the auditor that he bought three different maps, at six dollars each, of the pedlar, and very politely asked him to call again when he got out a new edition.

A Traveller.—As we were about leaving the hotel at Philadelphia this morning, there seemed some delay from a passenger in the third story. Pretty soon, we heard a sharp altercation up stairs, followed by the appearance of a short fat man with a red face, who preceded a negre with an armful of boots. The short fat man hobbled to the bar; and in a sort of ominous whisper, as though he took some credit for not being in a towering passion, said,

"Landlord, where are MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I—— what number were they?"

"What has that to do with it?" said the fat man, beginning to get excited. "I don't know the number; I believe they were 8, with low heels and pegged."

"Ah, you mistake; what is the number of your room?"

"Forty-five."

"And did you put the number on your boots, when you took them off?"

"What have I to do with marking boots? Do you think I carry a bottle of ink in my pocket to prevent my boots being stolen?"

"But there was a piece of chalk on the stand where you took them off?"

"A piece of thunder and lightning!" said the other. "I'll tell you what, landlord, this wont do. The simple question is, Where are my boots? I took them off in this house, and you are responsible for them. That's law all over the world."

"Carriage waiting," said the driver.

"Let it wait," said the fat man. "Suppose I can go without my boots?"

"Here be one pair that wern't marked," said the black; "are them um?"

"Them um, you rascal, why they are an inch too short, and the heels are two inches high."

"Carriage waiting, and the boat will leave if I wait any longer," shouted the driver, while we in the carriage were all urging him to start.

The fat man gasped for breath. "Landlord, I again ask, WHERE ARE MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I"——

"Go, or not?" said the driver.

The short man seized the unmarked boots, and strained and pulled till he got them on, and, groaning as though his feet were in a vice,

"I'll tell you what it is, landlord, I call all these people to witness"——

"Carriage starting," said the bystanders.

The fat man started too, and was just getting into the coach, when the black touched his coat tail, saying, "Remember the servant, sir."

"Yes," said the other, turning round and laying his cane over the waiter's head, "take that, and that, and try and see if you can remember *me*, and my boots, too."

After we reached the boat, and for a long time, the fat man seemed lost in a reverie, looking at his new boots. I once heard him mutter, "After all, if I get the heels out off, they wont be so very uncomfortable, and mine did leak a little."

Thus may we draw comfort from the worst of ills, for what is worse than losing one's boots when the carriage is waiting, and the boat about to start?

THE HOSTILITY OF POPULAR PREJUDICE TO THE DEVELOPEMENT OF SCIENCE.

There is no great improvement which has ever been proposed or effected, no discovery of art or science, whether affecting the physical or mental condition of mankind, but has met with opposition to its developement; if, therefore, those discoveries which the last century has produced, and which touch so lightly the habits and manners of the million, have, before reaching their present perfection, had to struggle not only with the imperfect knowledge which the first discoverers had of their principle, but the active opposition and lazy ignorance of the multitude, with how much more fervour has that opposition been displayed when science has dared to meddle with the ignorance of antiquated custom! We all remember when the illumination of the streets by gas was commenced, the fears, the apprehensions that were raised—the very watchmen, who seldom thought at all, trod the pavement with fear and terror. It was known that tubes of inflammable and poisonous air were carried under the streets; it was prognosticated that London would be lost, as the agent of fire and pestilence was brought to every man's door.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

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DOWN-TAKINGS.

ONE day, passing that rare kind of mansion in Britain, a nunnery, we were surprised, and then amused to think that we should have been surprised, at observing a shop-porter unloading a barrow covered with bottle-baskets at the gate, and carrying the said baskets into the house, evidently for the use of the inmates. We are so much accustomed to think of nuns as beings refined away from all ordinary habits, that to be informed that they occasionally drink porter, comes upon the mind with a very peculiar effect. Our reason instantly rallies to make the admission that nuns, as well as other human beings, may relish a draught of porter, and may as innocently indulge in the gratification. But, nevertheless, the idea of their getting a weekly supply of this article from a shop, is inconsistent with all our common ideas of a set of females who have put themselves so much aloof from their kind, and who have been figures in the phantasmagoria of fiction since ever they existed; and we cannot deny that they descend at once, through the force of this simple circumstance, to the level of common mortals. In short, it is a *down-taking*.

Similar down-takings result when we learn any very homely or facetious circumstance respecting historical persons who are usually regarded with romantic feelings. Mary Queen of Scots is a personage in this predicament, to which her beauty, her rank, and her misfortunes all alike have contributed. Not to speak of the serious errors imputed to this princess, there are some memorabilia of her private life that have a strange effect, as relative to a being so embalmed in the romance of history. It is curious, for instance, to learn that, when reigning in Scotland, she occasionally dressed herself in men's clothes, and frolicked about amongst her attendants; that on one occasion, on a Monday following Easter, she put on the garb of a citizen's wife, and, causing her attendants to do the same, went through the streets of Edinburgh on foot, begging from every man they met a contribution towards a supper which was to take place in the evening;* and that, when she wrote not in French, it was in broad Scotch. In a letter addressed by her to her ambassador in France, giving an account of Darnley's murder, she says, the house was laid in ruins, "to the very grund-stane." A more extended specimen of her native Doric may be given, from her instructions to an ambassador who was commissioned to excuse her marriage with Bothwell to the English queen:—"Ye sall grund yow upon the conditioun and stait of ws and oure realme, declarand how we wer destitut of ane husband, our realme not throuchlie purgit of the factiounis and conspiraceis that of lang tyme hes continewit thairin, quhilk, occurring sa frequentlie, had alreddie in a maner sa weryit and brokin ws, that be oure selfe we were not abill of ony lang continewance to sustene the pynes and travell in oure awin persoun, quilkis were requisite for repressing of the insolence and seditioun of oure rebellious subjectis, being, as is knawin, a peopill als factious amangis thameselfis and as fassious for the governour as any uthir natioun in Europe; and that, for thair satisfactioun, quhilk could not suffer ws lang to continew in the stait of widoheid, movit be thair prayeris and requeist, it behuvit ws to yield unto ane mariage or uther."† A whimsical anecdote is told of Mary in a note upon an old manuscript book in the Advocates' Library. This book is entitled the "Rolment of Courts," and is a treatise on the laws, constitutions, and antiquities of Scotland, the author being one Habakkuk Bisset. The note, which is in a different hand from the book, states that Bisset's father was caterer to Queen Mary, and that, when about to have his child baptised, he took the liberty to ask the queen to assign a name. She, being about to go to mass, said she would open the Bible when in church, and the first name which should strike her eye, she would assign it for a name to the infant. The first name she cast up, was that of the prophet Habakkuk, which was accordingly bestowed upon the future author of the "Rolment of Courts." This proceeding was simply odd or droll; and were ordinary persons only concerned, it would pass merely as such. But, told of a queen so lustrous in beauty, and whose memory is so steeped in tears, it has a down-taking effect. Mary must have laughed when she told her caterer the result of her research; and that she should have even laughed, takes her back into the fields of common life. Sometimes the chronicling of a merely minute and unimportant detail of the life of such a person, has the effect we speak of. It is known, for instance, that, the morning after her husband Darnley was blown up, she took an egg for her breakfast in bed, with the curtains closed. It is not perhaps too much to say, that to relate such circumstances of an exalted personage, avails more to *take them down*, than bringing home to them serious guilt would in all cases do.

In the case of any one who is addicted to any kind of mental extravagance, the effect of a little home truth has a remarkably down-taking effect. Beau Tibbs, in the midst of his fine speeches about his house and his views (which Bill Squash the Creole so much appreciated), is drawn from his altitudes in an instant, when his blundering Scotch servant discloses the awful fact that his wife is washing his "twa sarks" at a neighbour's house, the said neighbour having taken a vow never again to lend her tub. So was a village politician, whom we once knew, seriously taken down, when, in the midst of a fireside harangue before some neighbours on the national debt, his sober-minded wife insinuated, "Ah, John, I wish you would mind your own debt!" Domestic cruelties like these should be considered as indictable offences. It is related of a penurious nobleman, who used to sell the fruit from his garden and the milk from his cows, but at the same time entertained the vainest ideas respecting his rank, that he one day accosted a little girl who was tripping through his park with a pipkin, asking her what she carried, who were her parents, and so on. At length he said, "You seem a very nice little girl, and I shall therefore do you a great honour (kissing her). Now, my dear, you may hereafter tell your children to hand it down to your grandchildren, who will again transmit it to succeeding generations, that you were once kissed by the Earl of ——." It must have been a rich treat to any bystander, when the girl looked archly up, and said, "You always take the penny for the milk, though." This was a splendid *down-take*. A still better occurred to a recruiting sergeant, who, with a gaily ribboned party, was endeavouring to astonish the senses of a crowd of rustics at a village fair. The trumpets had flourished; the drums had been beaten; a brilliant procession, with drawn blades and glancing cockades, had marched through the street; and it was then the duty of the sergeant to stand up and make a rhodomontade speech on the delights of a soldier's life—on glory, patriotism, and plunder; the great bounty given to deserving young men, the prospect of promotion, and his majesty's munificent pension to the old and wounded. Our sergeant had just concluded one of his most brilliant orations; the crowd of rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration of what they saw and heard, and almost believing in the promises held out to them; and the sergeant was already in idea leading a score of stout recruits to be sworn in at the neighbouring depôt—when Andrew Gemmell, an old soldier, and well-known beggar, who, in tattered guise, was standing close behind the orator, reared aloft on his staff his miserable meal-bags, the ensigns of his profession, and, in a voice of profound derision, exclaimed, "Behold the end o't!" The sergeant was in a moment *taken down*; the feelings of the crowd were turned into a new channel, and the glittering party beat a retreat amidst universal laughter.

Such effects may be likened to that of the squirt of cold water introduced into the cylinder of the steam-engine; and in this light they show the remarkable analogy which exists between moral and physical things. When we see the chop-fallen appearance of an enthusiast after a *down-take*, we cannot reasonably doubt that in his secret nature something not much less palpable than steam has been condensed by the application, leaving his mind in a totally different state from what it was in a minute before.

It is on this principle of ludicrous contrast that the success of such poems as Don Juan chiefly depends. A solemn or elevated thing is introduced, and is treated for some time in appropriate terms, when suddenly at last comes in some mean or familiar imagery, to *take down* what has just been said. For example—

> "They mourn'd for those who perish'd in the cutter,
> And likewise for the biscuits, casks, and butter."

The principles of down-taking, which we are here endeavouring to treat philosophically, are instinctively understood and practised by many individuals, and are sometimes applied with great force against the aspiring and ambitious, as well as against the enthusiastic. There is, indeed, a well-recognised body of persons in the social world, to whom the appellation of down-takers may be given, being a sect or variety of the ancient fraternity of dampers, who, we believe, have been treated of by former essayists. The down-takers are a heroic and disinterested little party, who, like knight-errants of old, devote themselves, at great personal hazard, to the duty of keeping down vain and aspiring persons at a certain fixed point of moderation. It is a most useful employment, and, both for its gallantry and its good effects, ought to be handsomely acknowledged. It tells particularly well against any one who is guilty of family pride. Here the plan is to bring into view some family circumstance respecting which the reverse of pride will be felt. For example:—An Earl of Glencairn, in the last century, married the daughter of a rustic musician, named M'Guire, who had become almost by accident possessed of a large fortune. At a county ball, his lordship's local rival, the Earl of Cassillis, remarked to him that his father-in-law would have given them good music, if he had been still alive. This was the down-take direct; but it was well retorted, for Glencairn instantly replied, "Yes, my lord, and I remember one of his best tunes was the Gipsy Laddie"—the air of a ballad descriptive of the disgraceful elopement of a former Countess of Cassillis. This, therefore, is a double instance of the down-take of family pride. We need scarcely remark, that for this branch of the art, a memory well stored with genealogies is absolutely necessary. Another broad mark for the down-takers is the vanity of those who have risen from a lowly condition in life, and are so foolish as to think themselves entitled to spend their earnings according to their own taste. All the left-behind open after such a case full-cry. Has any topping trades-

* Von Raumer's Contributions to Modern History: 1837.

† Keith's History of the Church and State of Scotland.

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man built for himself a goodly mansion out of town, it is immediately christened "his folly." Even a poor tailor cannot get up a smart box in the suburbs with a green door and green palings, but it at once becomes Cabbage Hall all the world over. A house built by a successful milliner near Edinburgh about sixty years ago, was called Lappet Hall. By such means the pride of the constructors is effectually taken down, for not even Aladdin's palace could maintain its dignity against a nickname. It is really pleasant to observe the interest which so large a part of mankind thus take in keeping one frail member of their corps in order. It shows how we are, as Wordsworth says,

> "——— each bound to each
> In cords of mutual sympathy."

When honours, moreover, befall any one of us, it rarely happens that there is not some one, like the figure in the ancient triumphs, to remind the elevated, if not elated individual, that he is mortal. From his own order, from the ranks of his own profession, some one is sure to start forth, and hold up the mirror of humility before his eyes. It is told of a certain pope of old times, that, having been a peasant in his youth, he preserved the clouted shoes he had worn in that character, and had them hung up in his hall of audience to remind him of what he had once been. This must have been a most superfluous proceeding, for if the conclave of cardinals was composed of ordinary human beings, there could not fail to be at least one honest soul amongst them disposed to take upon himself the duty of keeping down his holiness's pride.

Upon the whole, there is little reason to believe that there ever will be a short-coming of the sect of down-takers amongst us, for, while jealousy or envy shall exist, while selfishness shall repine at another's good, and pretension with difficulty bear any rival, the spirit which animates the party must continue to flourish.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.—PROFITS.

EVERY addition made to the wealth of the community, must, according to a division generally adopted by economists, make its first appearance in one of three forms—wages of labour, rent of land, or profits of stock. The former two of these have been already considered: it is here proposed to bestow a few remarks on the last.

As we shall show more fully afterwards, wages and profits are often so closely blended with each other, that the public lose sight of the distinction between them. It may here be remarked, that what is properly called profit is the net return which is brought to the employer of a sum of money in any particular capacity, after the sum itself is replaced, and all expenses connected with the speculation are paid. Interest of money might at first present itself to the mind as purely answering this definition; but though interest is generated by profits, and in a great measure regulated by their amount, the elements of the two are distinct. In as far as respects each separate transaction, interest is generally fixed, while profits always depend on contingencies. Interest is a sum paid for the use of money which the borrower obliges himself to repay, and which he continues under the obligation to restore, though he himself should lose it. The person, however, who puts money out of his hand to make profit, stands the whole risk himself of losing not only the profit, but the principal sum invested.

As the fund out of which profits are made is something over and above that laid out in the speculation by which it is cleared, the greater the value of the produce the greater is the amount of the profit, and the greater the proportional amount of produce the greater is its value. The chance of obtaining this greater proportional amount, is the inducement which keeps the world in perpetual progress. A, by laying out L.100, can produce a ton of a certain commodity, making a profit of L.10: B finds out a way by which he can produce a quarter of a ton more of it by the same outlay, worth in the market L.27, 10s. more. If the demand were to continue correspondent, and no one were to follow B's example, he might thus continue making 27½ per cent; but in the general case, the example of a new and successful investment is so expeditiously followed, that the person who first chalks it out may be prompted to modify his price, and consequently his profits, that he may get a considerable portion of the produce disposed of before he is outbid by rivals. The recourse to machinery, and other means of increasing produce in this country, is caused by the action of this principle; and it is by similar motives that the American extends his dominions and has recourse to new fields. In the former instance, however, there is a restriction, as we shall presently see, of a very serious nature, which does not apply—at least with the same force—to the latter. If all capital could be invested in operations, the productiveness of which would continue to increase as rapidly as that of manufactures has done, it is difficult to say at what rate profits, and consequently capital, and consequently the means of employment, would increase. Before more particularly considering the drag which restricts this state of progression, let us notice briefly another element which affects the amount of profit.

As the produce of the capital employed, after paying rent and taxes, has to be divided between the capitalist and his workmen, the more the latter get, the less there will be for the former, or the greater is the proportion paid in wages, the less is that realised in profits. The word *proportion* is here necessary to prevent misunderstanding, for it very generally happens that when the wages of the labourer are large, the profits of the employer are so too. A state of society where the wages of the workman are large, although at the expense of the capitalists, must be looked upon as a good one, if it be permanent. It shows that the labourers have not multiplied so as ruinously to underbid each other, and that the capitalists too are content, as, if they were not, they would take their money out of the field. In the competition with the capitalist, indeed, sympathy will always be in favour of the labourer, for it must be recollected that it is open to the moneyed man to become a workman if he is discontented with the profits of his capital, but it is not open to the labourer to become an employer. Such a state of matters, however, is unfortunately apt to be of short duration, for it is by the increase of capital laid up from profits that the fund to employ the additional number of labourers tempted into the market by high wages can be employed; and not only does smallness of profit prevent this accumulation from taking place, but it induces the owner to withdraw the capital already invested. When the rise of wages is factitious, caused by combinations or otherwise, so as to reduce the profit from some particular investment below that of others, from that employment capital immediately takes wing, and wages depart with it.

Let us now look to the principal circumstance which, as we before hinted, stands in the way of an increase of profits, and tends to their reduction. This is a reduction in the amount of produce, when compared with that of the capital laid out. It is pretty clear that in manufactures this is not developed, nor can we easily imagine it to be so in that branch of industry. But manufactures are not the only branch of industry—there is agriculture. It is the peculiarity of that method of investment, where the soil employed is limited in extent (as in Great Britain), that the greater the amount laid out on it beyond a certain line, the less in proportion is the return. One tract of land will produce 100 quarters of grain for an outlay of L.200, but when there is a call for a more sterile district to be taken into cultivation, it may take an expenditure of L.300 to produce from it the same crop. Under the head of rent, the circumstance out of which a call would arise for such an inferior description of soil being brought under the plough, was specially considered, and it was shown that the difference in the cost of production goes as rent to the landlord. Rent is thus increased, while the produce—the fund out of which wages and profit come—is reduced. But it may be said there are other investments besides that of agriculture, and as profits always find a level, the money engaged in farming operations will be withdrawn when the profits are reduced. It is true that profits find a level, but the level in this case is unfortunately that of agriculture, to which manufacturing profits will be dragged down. In fact, by the circumstances which render it necessary to have recourse to a less productive agriculture, these profits are already reduced. The people must all have food. The more their numbers are increased, through the operation of manufactures, the greater is the quantity of the food required; and when it becomes necessary to resort to poorer lands, the greater must be the proportion of the population employed in producing that food. The people having in this manner to pay more for their food (or to bestow a greater proportion of their labour in producing it), can afford less for other commodities; and thus it is, that when the price of food rises by the pressure upon it, manufacturing profits sink, and the capital that would be employed in this branch of industry is directed towards the production of food. As the produce, after replacing advances, is the fund out of which wages as well as profits are paid, the labourer's remuneration will sink under such a state of circumstances, but not in the same ratio with profits. The labourer must have enough to preserve life, otherwise he will cease to produce, but the profit of the capitalist may be indefinitely reduced. The operation of this principle will depend entirely on the extent to which the expensive production of food must be had recourse to, and consequently profits, as well as wages, will be reduced by any system which tends to increase this expense by prohibiting recourse to a cheap produce. It has been observed, that in America this drag on profit is almost unknown, for there the trouble of spreading itself abroad is all the inconvenience that the population has had to undergo in increasing its supply of food. In this country, the evils of a pressure have been materially mitigated by improvements in husbandry, which have in many cases made the poorer lands produce grain at no greater cost than was necessary in the case of richer soils half a century ago. Experience has, however, taught us that it is not possible for the effect of agricultural improvements to keep pace with a population increasing at the rate of very nearly 1000 daily.

Taxes may create an incidental check on profits, and it is chiefly in this form that they can impoverish a country; for the simple handing over of money from one portion of the community to another, will not make the whole poorer. Their effect in this direction, however, is not so powerful as it would naturally at first appear. The importer who pays customs, and the manufacturer who pays excise, have each just so much more outlay, and must charge their customers accordingly. It is pretty clear, however, that an expenditure such as this, on which in general only average profit can be made, covering so large a proportion of the cost of a commodity, must be an impediment to enterprise. The duties on some commodities are nine times as much as their prime cost. If a man have L.1000 to embark in a trade, knowing that on L.900 of this, which he spent in duties, he cannot have more than average profits, he has not the same inducement to open up new channels as if he had the spending of the whole L.1000 according to his own discretion. The bonding system, it may be observed, has reduced the pressure of taxation in this direction to a very great extent. Taking taxes in the mass, the greater part of them probably press on profits—a circumstance which, it would appear, has received no better demonstration than this, that it is difficult to see what other fund they can be paid from but that which remains over after meeting the cost of production. It is a doctrine strongly maintained by political economists, that rent does not affect profits. It is undoubtedly the case, that in any given country the rate of profit made by the farmer who cultivates rich land at a high rent, will not be less than that of him who employs his capital on poor soil at a small rent. It is pretty clear, however, from the considerations brought forward above, that the same circumstances which increase rent decrease profits. The increase of the pressure on food, which causes a recourse to the poorer lands, while it decreases the produce to be shared between the capitalist and the labourer, increases the rent on the better soils. There is a point, however, at which this increase will stop, and retrogression commence; but for a fuller explanation of this, we refer back the reader to our article on Rent.

We hinted above, that profits, and the wages of labour, were often so intimately combined, that in many cases the public do not distinguish between them. When a man is engaged in active business from morning to night—has created a branch of remunerating business to himself, and keeps it in active existence—we cannot well say that those returns, which would decrease or disappear in the hands of an indolent and unskilful proprietor, are wholly the profits of stock; a great portion must frequently constitute wages of labour—but what particular proportion should be so allocated, it might be difficult to determine. The price, indeed, which the use of mere money will bring, is the current market interest of the time; and whatever is gained above this, must, in the general case, be set down either to wages of labour (varying according to the amount of skill and energy of the employer), or indemnification for risk. When the large returns sometimes obtained by merchants are contemplated, the latter is a consideration frequently overlooked. If the remuneration for toil, however, is to be set down as a compensation for the bodily pain which accompanies its developement, the profits made in commercial speculations might be not unfairly estimated as a recompense for the mental anxiety which they call forth. Among all the mental agonies which the ambition, pride, and passions of mankind, with their corresponding disappointments and sympathies, create, we believe few are more intense than that of the merchant, who, having lived in opulence and liberal splendour in the bosom of an affectionate family, and feeling that the moderate incomes of a multitude of trusting friends are entwined with his apparently prosperous fortunes, knows that a sudden breath of fortune is likely to hurl the whole fabric of his prosperity to the earth. The wages of labour, as we have just now viewed them, are, in general, inextricably mingled with the remuneration of risk, for it is owing to the speculator's consciousness of his own ability to counteract the causes of danger, that it is generally braved. The trade of a publisher may be cited as an instance; the profits are sometimes great, but the risk is equally so. It is a profession in which the rash, ignorant, or indolent man will soon ruin himself, however great his capital; and the profits realised by which, are generally the reward of great discrimination and industry.

As respects wages, strictly so called, or remuneration for labour, their amount doubtless depends on the simple circumstance of demand and supply—not by any means on their actual or intrinsic value. There is, generally speaking, only a certain portion of profits in trade which can be distributed in the form of wages, and the fewer among whom the distribution is to be made, the larger will be the share of each person. Yet, the share which each person receives from the mass is often governed by very capricious circumstances, in relation to the peculiar tastes of society. An actress will receive a wage of L.100 per night, and realise in the aggregate a much larger revenue than the President of the United States; and so on with a thousand other cases. In these, as in all ordinary engagements, the scarcity of the article, and the great demand for it, are the true causes of the highness of price. The correction of the public taste may ultimately place remuneration for labour more

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upon a par, but that is a matter requiring the consideration of the moralist.

In those retail trades, in which small articles are sold, the wages of labour form a large proportion of the return generally attributed to profits. The profession of a druggist is a striking instance. He often sells his medicines at eight, ten, or twelve times the price he pays for them. In doling them out, however, in pence and halfpence worth, he bestows a considerable portion of his time, and he has likewise to give his skill. In other retail trades, when the business increases, it is easy to multiply the hands who distribute at the counter; but the chemist can only employ shopmen who possess a certain portion of his own skill, so that with the increase of his business, he cannot in general diminish the rate of profit. The profits thus made by retailers—and, indeed, almost all profits paid by immediate consumers—form a very common subject of complaint among buyers. "How unreasonable! how extortionate!" is the feeling of the purchaser who has paid a penny for an ounce of medicine, which it is afterwards discovered that the manufacturer disposes of wholesale at a rate equivalent to half a farthing. But the prudent person who so complains, forgets that the vicinity and convenience of the shop, the weighing and compounding of the article, and the skill to make it correspond with the physician's prescription, are all paid for with the penny, along with the original cost of the article and the profit on that cost. Yet uninterrupted as is the outcry against the profits, as they are termed, of retailers, the profits must be got, or the retailers could not exist; indeed, those who so grumble are the persons who hold out the inducement to the supply of their demands. They want the convenience of the retail system, and they must pay for it. The existence of the feeling in question has some of the usual effects of false notions regarding the ordinary business of the world. Men are here, as in other cases, cheated by an appeal to their selfishness. The greatest temptation that a tradesman can hold out to his customers is, that he makes no profit—positively none; for when the smallest possible sum is placed to that account, there is a lurking suspicion that all is not right—nay, some are so charitable to the infirmities of their neighbours, as to hold out to their admiring eyes a continuous series of losses, and "sacrifices" are made to bargain-hunters which might propitiate a pantheon. "I lose by every bunch," said the old woman regarding her matches, "but I sell a great many of 'em." If the public would consider the tradesman's integrity condemned by his propagation of a self-evident falsehood, the general dishonesty of the world would be one degree abated.

A CHINESE STORY.

[The annals of China give the following history as true, and we ought not to take it for romance. It has been translated from the Chinese into French by the late R. P. Dentrecolles. In China, it may be mentioned that each town prints whatever occurs, of a singular character, in its district. They take especial care to collect accounts of the lives of individuals distinguished by arms or by letters, or who have sustained an integrity beyond the common standard. These memoirs are generally very instructive. They embody maxims calculated to improve the manners, and always point to the practice of some virtue. How many Christian writers might profitably imitate such a method, and propose to themselves the task of conveying instruction as the constant object of their works! Since the greatest demand of the present day is the demand for novelty, perhaps we may add, that, within the limits of Europe, we shall scarcely find a greater novelty than a real Chinese story. Ours wears an air of strangeness; but for that it is all the better. It is well to bear in mind the observation of an ingenious Frenchman, that the Chinese write their histories with a simplicity unexampled in the rest of Asia.]

THERE once lived at Nankin three brothers, Lin the Diamond, Lin the Treasure, and Lin the Pearl. Lin the Diamond, who was the eldest, was enjoying a life of the purest happiness with Ouang, his wife, when compelled by the most pressing concerns to undertake a long journey. As they were many years without having news of him, they began to believe him dead; and Lin the Treasure, who thereby became the master of his house, assured Ouang of it so positively, that she allowed herself at last to be persuaded, and resorted to deep mourning.

Lin the Treasure had a bad heart; he was capable of the most unworthy actions. "I shall doubt no more of it," said he; "my brother is dead, and I am the master. His wife is young and handsome; her parents are distant, and she cannot implore their aid. I must constrain her incessantly to marry: I shall get money out of it."

He communicated his design to Yang, his wife, and commanded her to set about a proper negotiation for marriage. Ouang rejected afar off all the propositions that were made her. She protested that she would remain a widow, and thereby honour the memory of her beloved husband. Lin the Pearl, her other brother-in-law, confirmed her in this resolution. Thus all the artifices that could be employed proved unsuccessful. And as it entered time after time into her mind, that it was by no means certain whether her husband were dead, she resolved on that point to inform herself. It was this that determined her to entreat Lin the Pearl to betake himself into the province of Chang-si, to ascertain if indeed she had had the misfortune to lose her husband, and, in that case, to fetch her his precious remains.

Lin the Treasure, on the departure of his younger brother, became more ardent in his pursuits. He was in a rage for gambling during several days, and in this had been so unlucky, that he knew not where to find the money to have his revenge. In the embarrassment in which he found himself, he accidentally encountered a merchant of Kiang-si who had lost his wife, and who was in search of another. Lin the Treasure embraced the occasion, and promised him his sister-in-law. The merchant accepted the proposition, after having taken the precaution to inform himself secretly whether the person proposed to him were young and handsome. When thus assured, he produced thirty taëls* to conclude the bargain.

Lin the Treasure, having received this sum, said to the merchant, "I ought to apprise you that my sister-in-law is proud, disdainful, and extremely fastidious. She will make many obstacles when she comes to quit the house, and you will have much trouble in prevailing with her. Observe, then, what you ought to do. This evening, at nightfall, have a couch, adorned according to custom, and some good bearers: come noiselessly, and present yourself at our door. The lady who will appear, with a head-dress of mourning, is my sister-in-law; speak not a word *to her*, and listen not to what she would say *to you*; but seize on her at once; cast her into the couch, conduct her on board your bark, and make sail." This expedient pleased the merchant very much, and the execution appeared to him easy.

Lin the Treasure, having returned to the house, dissembled himself in presence of his sister-in-law, in order that she might suspect nothing of the project he had formed; but so soon as she had withdrawn, he imparted it in confidence to his wife; and indicating the lovely Ouang by a spiteful jest, "It must be," said he, "that this two-footed merchandise go forth, this night, of our house. As to that, I trouble myself little. I wish not, however, to find myself present at that scene, and I shall go abroad for some moments. Towards nightfall, some people, well accompanied, will come to our gate, and carry her off in a well-closed couch"——

He would have proceeded, when he was all at once arrested by the noise which he heard. It was his sister-in-law, who was passing near the chamber window. Lin the Treasure thereupon hurried out by another door; and the precipitation of his retreat permitted him not to add all the circumstances of the abduction, and especially the mark of the *head-dress of mourning*, by which the Lady Ouang was to have been distinguished. This happened, without doubt, by an especial providence from Heaven.

Ouang easily perceived that the noise which she had made nigh to the window, had obliged Lin the Treasure abruptly to break off the conversation; but she had heard enough of it to be unable to doubt concerning the evil intentions of her brother-in-law. She entered the chamber, and approaching Yang-sang, to her declared her apprehensions. "My dear sister," said she to her, "you behold an unhappy widow, who is knit to you by the closest ties of a friendship which was ever most sincere. It is by this friendship that I implore you to avow to me frankly if my brother-in-law still persists in wishing to force me to a marriage which will tend to my confusion!"

At this demand, Yang at first appeared disconcerted, and blushed; but speedily assuming a countenance more assured, "What think you of, my sister!" said she; "and what imaginations do you put into your mind! If it were proposed to re-marry you, do you believe we should be very much embarrassed by it? Eh! What good to throw one's self in the water, before the vessel is threatened with shipwreck!"

As soon as the Lady Ouang heard this proverb, *drawn from the vessel*, she better comprehended the meaning of the secret discourse of her brother-in-law. She broke out into lamentations and sighs, and abandoning herself to grief, shut herself up in her chamber, where she wept, groaned, and bewailed herself. "Oh! I am most wretched," cried she; "I knew not who may become my husband. Lin the Pearl, my brother-in-law, and my friend, on whom I could have depended, is on a journey; my father, my mother, my parents, are far distant from this place; if this affair be precipitated, how shall I be able to apprise them? I have no aid to expect from our neighbours; Lin the Treasure is a terror to the whole district, and they know that he is capable of the greatest villanies. Unfortunate being that I am, I shall never escape his snares! If I fall not into them to-day, I shall to-morrow, or within a very short time. Every thing well considered, let me close this painful existence; let me die in good time—that will be much better than enduring a thousand and a thousand deaths: and what is my life, if not one continual death!"

The trepidations of this unhappy lady lasted till night, and after much reflection, she confirmed herself in the determination to die, rather than fall into the hands of her ravishers. As soon as the sun disappeared from the horizon, and the obscurity of night supplied his place, she shut herself up, without light, in her chamber, and cried, "Almighty Tien, avenge me, protect me!" Her distresses and desolation were so great, that she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and yielding to the wildest grief, she fell, very faint and exhausted, rudely on the floor. The noise of this disaster caused Dame Yang to rush towards the spot, and, finding the door secured, she forced it with a bar. As she was without light, in entering the chamber she entangled her feet in the dress of the Lady Ouang, and tumbled backwards. This mishap threw her head-dress to a considerable distance, and the fright with which she was seized rendered her for several moments insensible. As soon as she had regained her consciousness, she raised herself, went in search of a light, and returned to the chamber, where she found the Lady Ouang still extended immoveably on the ground.

At the instant, when she would have procured assistance, she heard some one strike softly on the door of the house. She doubted not that it was the merchant of Kiang-si, who was coming in search of the wife whom he had purchased. She wished to hasten to his reception, and introduce him into the chamber of her sister-in-law. Her eagerness, and the scruple which she had against showing herself without a head-dress, caused her to pick up the mourning one of the Lady Ouang, which she found at hand.

It was truly the merchant of Kiang-si, who had come to carry off the lady promised him. He had brought a wedding-litter, decorated with silken streamers, with festoons of flowers, and innumerable beautiful lamps. It was surrounded by domestics bearing lighted torches, and a band of musicians with flutes and hautboys. All this retinue was drawn up in the street, without the instruments being played or noise being made. The merchant himself was detached from it, and had struck gently at the gate. But having found it ajar, he entered the house, with some of those who held the flambeaux to show the way.

As soon as the Dame Yang appeared, the merchant noticed upon her the mourning head-dress, which was the token assigned him; and being, besides, charmed with her appearance, and some glimpses of her countenance, threw himself upon her, like a hungry gled upon a little bird. The people in his train hastened up, carried off the lady, and enclosed her in the litter, which was all prepared for her reception. She made a good outcry that they deceived themselves, that it was not she whom they sought: the flourish of instruments was instantly heard, and drowned her voice, whilst the litter-bearers stepped out with the more good will, in order to transport her to the bark.

During this time the Lady Ouang had come to herself, and recovered her recollection. The great disturbance which she heard at the door of the house renewed her alarms, and caused her mortal uneasiness. But as she perceived that the sound of the instruments, and that confusion of voice and of music which had struck up all at once, were farther off every moment, she re-assured herself; and in a few minutes she regained courage, and went forth to see what was ado.

The Lady Ouang having called many times in vain for her sister-in-law, comprehended that the merchant had deceived himself, and that he had carried off her whom he did not seek; but she dreaded some troublesome vicissitude when Lin the Treasure should become aware of the mistake. She shut herself up in her chamber, gathered up the head-trimmings, the ear-rings, and the *black** head-dress which lay upon the ground, and she thereupon dreamed of courting a brief repose; but it was impossible for her to close an eye all the night long.

At the break of day she arose, washed her face; and whilst she searched for her head-dress of mourning to put on, she heard a great noise at the house-door. Some one beat it rudely, and called "Open, now!" It was Lin the Treasure, whose voice she recognised. Her part was speedily taken: she left him to knock there without response. He swore, he stamped, he roared enough to make himself hoarse. At length the Lady Ouang drew near to the door, and keeping behind without opening it, "Who is it that knocks," said she, "and makes such a noise?" Lin the Treasure, who distinguished well enough the voice of his sister-in-law, was seized with extreme consternation. His confusion was unbounded, perceiving that she refused to open. He had recourse to an expedient which succeeded with him. "Sister-in-law," said he, "good and happy news! Lin the Pearl, my younger brother, is returned, and our elder brother enjoys perfect health. Open quickly!"

At this agreeable intelligence, the Lady Ouang, hastily assuming the *black* head-dress, which had been left by Dame Yang, opened with eagerness, expecting to find her good brother-in-law Lin the Pearl; but in vain her eyes sought him; she perceived only Lin the Treasure. The latter proceeded to his apartment; but not finding his wife there, and remarking a black head-dress on the head of his sister-in-law, he then feared his misfortune. "Ha! where then is your sister-in-law?" said he to Ouang. "You should know better than I," replied that lady, "since it is you who have contrived this nice intrigue." "But," replied Lin the Treasure, "why wear you not the *white* head-dress? Have you laid aside your mourning?" The Lady Ouang had the condescension to relate to him what had occurred in his absence.

Scarcely had she finished, when Lin the Treasure beat his breast passionately, and worked himself up to despair. Regaining his temper, at length, by slow degrees, "I have still one expedient in misfortune," said he to himself, "and that is to sell my sister-in-law. With the money she will fetch me, shall I buy another wife, and none shall know I have been unhappy enough to sell my own." He had gambled all the preceding night, and lost the thirty taëls which

* About six shillings sterling.

* In Europe, mourning is generally black; in China and Japan it is, on the contrary, white, as amongst the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies.

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he had received of the merchant of Kiang-si, who was already very far away with his new spouse.

He was preparing to sally forth to go negotiating this new bargain, when he observed at the door four or five individuals, who pressed for admission. These were his elder brother Lin the Diamond, his younger brother Lin the Pearl, his nephew Hieul, and two domestics who were bearing the luggage. Lin the Treasure, confounded at this sight, had not the face to endure their presence; he evaded them as quickly as he could by the back door, and disappeared like lightning.

The Lady Ouang, transported with joy, hastened to receive her dear husband. But how incredibly lively were her emotions when she perceived a son, whom she loved with exceeding tenderness, and had long given up as lost. She scarce could recognise him, he had grown so tall and handsome. "Ah! by what good fortune," cried she, "have you recovered this dear child, whom I had believed lost?"

Lin the Diamond gave his wife a recital of his whole adventures, and she, in turn, related to him at large all the indignities to which Lin the Treasure had subjected her, and the extremities to which he had reduced her.

Lin the Diamond, on this occasion, accorded to his virtuous spouse the just praises which her fidelity merited. He exclaimed, in concluding, "If, by a blind passion for wealth, I had retained two hundred taëls which I found by chance, how should I have been able to retrace our dear son? If avarice had prevented me from devoting twenty taëls to succour those who had suffered shipwreck, my dear brother should have perished in the waves, and I have seen him no more. If, by an unexpected adventure, I had not encountered that excellent brother, how should I have timeously discovered the trouble and confusion which reigned in my house! Without that, my dear wife, we should never have seen ourselves re-united, our family should have been dismembered and plunged into affliction. This is all the effect of a particular providence of Heaven, which has brought about these several events. As for my other brother—a brother most unnatural—who unwittingly has sold his own wife, he has justly drawn on himself the evils that overwhelm him. The mighty Tien treats men according to their deserts. They need not believe that they can escape his justice. We may hereby learn how profitable it is to practise virtue; it is this that renders, day by day, a house more prosperous!"

Some time thereafter, the young Hieul returned to Yangtcheu, to espouse the lovely daughter of Tchin. This marriage was celebrated with great tokens of rejoicing, and to the mutual satisfaction of both families. He conducted his wife to Vousi. Their nuptials were exceedingly happy; and Heaven blessed them with a numerous offspring. They beheld a crowd of little grandsons, many of whom ultimately advanced themselves in the path of letters, and arrived at posts of the highest trust. It is thus that this family became illustrious.

INSTANCES OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN SAILORS.*

THERE are many cases on record of individuals who, even with scarcely any other education than what they contrived to give themselves while serving in subordinate and laborious situations in the camp or on shipboard, have attained to great familiarity with books, and sometimes risen to considerable literary or scientific distinction. The celebrated English navigator, Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, yet went to sea at so early an age, that considering he for a long time led a vagabond and lawless life, he must have very soon forgotten every thing he had been taught, if he had not, in the midst of all his wild adventures, taken great pains both to retain and extend his knowledge. That he must have done so, is evident from the accounts of his different voyages which he afterwards published. We have few works of the kind more vigorously or graphically written than these volumes; and they contain abundant evidences of a scientific and philosophical knowledge of no ordinary extent and exactness. Along with Dampier's, we may mention an older name, that of John Davis, the discoverer of the well-known strait leading into Baffin's Bay. Davis also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge both of science and of the art of composition while engaged among the duties of his profession. Yet we not only have from his pen accounts of several of his voyages, but also a treatise on the general hydrography of the earth. He was the inventor, besides, of a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea. Robert Drury, too, who wrote an account of the Island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, deserves to be remembered when we are making mention of authors bred at sea. Drury was only fourteen when he set out on his voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked in returning home on the island we have mentioned, where he remained in a species of captivity for fifteen years; so that when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, set about writing an account of his life—a task which he accomplished whilst acting in the humble capacity of a porter at the India House. The work is composed in a plain but sensible style, and contains many interesting details respecting the manners of the natives of Madagascar. It is perhaps somewhat better for having been compressed by one of the friends of the author, whose original manuscript is said to have extended to eight hundred large folio pages.

Falconer, the author of the "The Shipwreck," as is generally known, spent his life, from childhood, at sea. He was probably born in one of the small towns in the county of Fife which border the Frith of Forth, but nothing is very certainly ascertained either as to his native place or his parentage. Nor has any account been given of how he acquired the elements of education, with the exception of a report that he found an instructor in a person of the name of Campbell, a man of some literary taste and acquirements, who happened to be purser in one of the vessels in which young Falconer sailed. However this may be, Falconer appeared as an author at a very early age, having been only, it is said, in his twenty-first year when he gave to the world his first production, a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. He was ten or twelve years older when he published his "Shipwreck," which is said to be founded in a great measure on the personal adventures of the author. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having now transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man of war. Sometime after attaining this promotion, he published the other work by which he is chiefly known, his "Universal Marine Dictionary," which was very favourably received, and is still a standard work. He had previously to this written several other poetical pieces on temporary subjects, which have long been forgotten. Shortly after the publication of his Dictionary, he sailed for Bengal as purser of the frigate Aurora. This vessel, however, was never heard of after she passed the Cape of Good Hope, having in all probability foundered at sea.

Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board one of the Pope's galleys. In this situation his capacity and good conduct attracted the attention of his admiral, and as a reward he was promoted to the post of purser of one of the vessels. It was his appointment to this situation which first formed his mind to study. Having accounts to keep, he soon found how necessary it was that he should know something of arithmetic, of which he was till then quite ignorant; and he determined therefore to teach himself the science, which it is said he did without assistance. By pursuing his studies from this commencement, he eventually acquired considerable reputation as a mathematician; and, having published several able works, was appointed at last to a professorship in the Sapienza College at Rome. Giordani died in the year 1711.

Mr John Fransham, who died at Norwich in 1810, was altogether one of the most eccentric characters to be found in the list of self-educated persons. His name suggests itself to us here from the circumstance of his having passed part of his early life as a common soldier. He had been originally apprenticed to a cooper, with whom he remained for about two years, and it was in this situation that he taught himself mathematics. But although he obtained the situation of clerk to an attorney, his restless disposition would not allow him to remain at his desk; and after wandering for some time about the country, he enlisted in the army, where, however, they did not keep him long, finding him quite unfit for service. Indeed, it was by this time become pretty evident that his mind was not a little deranged—a matter which he shortly after put beyond doubt by renouncing Christianity and making a formal profession of paganism. Although he published several works, however, in support of his peculiar theology, and in other respects conducted himself with great eccentricity, he contrived to maintain himself by teaching mathematics, in which occupation he is said to have displayed very considerable ability. He resided and took pupils for some years in London. Somewhat similar to Fransham's history is that of Mr John Oswald, who is said to have taught himself Greek, Latin, and Arabic, while holding a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of infantry in India. He afterwards returned to England, where he published a succession of poetical and political pamphlets, making himself remarkable at the same time by various singularities of behaviour and opinions, and especially by a rigid abstinence from animal food, and a professional predilection for the religious doctrines of the Brahmins. When the revolution broke out in France, Oswald went over to that country, and entered the service of the republic, in which he obtained the rank of colonel. He was at length killed in battle.

Columbus, one of the greatest men that ever lived—if it be grand ideas grandly realised that constitute greatness—while leading the life of a seaman, not only pursued assiduously the studies more particularly relating to his profession, rendering himself the most accomplished geographer and astronomer of his time, but kept up that acquaintance which he had begun at school with the different branches of elegant literature. We are told that he was even wont to amuse himself by the composition of Latin verses. It was at sea, too, that Cook acquired those high scientific, and, we may even add, literary accomplishments, of which he showed himself to be possessed. The parents of the celebrated navigator were poor peasants, and all the school education he ever had was a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, for which he was indebted to the liberality of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a shopkeeper in the small town of Snaith, near Newcastle; and it was while in this situation that he was first seized with a passion for the sea. After some time, he prevailed upon his master to give up his indentures, and entered as one of the crew of a coasting vessel engaged in the coal trade. He continued in this service till he had reached his twenty-seventh year, when he exchanged it for that of the navy, in which he soon distinguished himself so greatly, that he was three or four years after appointed master of the Mercury, which belonged to a squadron then proceeding to attack Quebec. Here he first showed the proficiency he had already made in the scientific part of his profession, by an admirable chart which he constructed and published of the river St Lawrence. He felt, however, the disadvantages of his ignorance of mathematics; and, while still assisting in the hostile operations carrying on against the French on the coast of North America, he applied himself to the study of Euclid's Elements, which he soon mastered, and then began that of astronomy. A year or two after this, while again stationed in the same quarter, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse which took place on the 5th of August 1766: deducing from it, with great exactness and skill, the longitude of the place of observation; and his paper was printed in the Philosophical Transactions. He had now completely established his reputation as an able and scientific seaman; and it having been determined by government, at the request of the Royal Society, to send out qualified persons to the South Sea, to observe the approaching transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc—a phenomenon which promised several interesting results to astronomy—Cook was appointed to the command of the Endeavour, the vessel fitted out for that purpose. He conducted this expedition, which, in addition to the accomplishment of its principal purpose, was productive of a large accession of important geographical discoveries, with the most consummate skill and ability; and was, the year after he returned home, appointed to the command of a second vessel destined for the same regions, but having in view more particularly the determination of the question as to the existence of a southern polar continent. He was nearly three years absent upon this voyage; but so admirable were the methods he adopted for preserving the health of his seamen, that he reached home with the loss of only one man from his whole crew. Having addressed a paper to the Royal Society upon this subject, he was not only chosen a member of that learned body, but was farther rewarded by having the Copley gold medal voted to him for his experiments. Of this second voyage he drew up the account himself, and it has been universally esteemed a model in that species of writing.

All our readers know the termination of Cook's distinguished career. His third voyage, undertaken for the discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the north coast of America, although unsuccessful in reference to this object, was fertile in geographical discoveries, and equally honourable with those by which it had been preceded, to the sagacity, good management, and scientific skill of its unfortunate commander. The death of Captain Cook took place at Owyhee, in a sudden tumult of the natives of that island, on the 14th of February 1779. The news of the event was received with general lamentation, not only in his own country but throughout Europe. Pensions were bestowed on his widow and three sons by the government; the Royal Society ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of him; his eulogy was pronounced in the Florentine Academy; and various other honours were paid to his memory, both by public bodies and individuals. Thus, by his own persevering efforts, did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance.

To the example of Cook, if it were necessary, we might add those of others of his countrymen, who, since his time, have shown, in like manner, the possibility of uniting the cultivation of literature and science to the most zealous performance of the duties of the same laborious profession. For instance, Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook; and to him we owe an interesting and ably written account of the voyage which he made round the world, in 1790, and the four following years. Lieutenant Flinders commanded the expedition sent out in 1801, to survey the coast of New Holland, and afterwards published an

* We have found this article in a printed collection of anonymous pieces, and are therefore unable to name its author.

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account of his voyage, accompanied by a volume of charts, which are considered as placing the author in the highest rank of modern hydrographers. Nor ought we here to forget the late Lord Collingwood, second in command to Nelson at Trafalgar, and, in all respects, a man of first-rate merit, who, although he never sent any production to the press, has been proved by his correspondence, published since his death, to have been in reality one of the best of writers. Yet he was only thirteen when he first entered the navy, and during the remainder of his life he was scarcely ever ashore—circumstances which used to make his acquaintances wonder not a little where he got his style. He had always, however, been fond of reading and the study of elegant literature; and he found that even a life at sea afforded him many opportunities of indulging his tastes for these enjoyments.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

REMUNERATION TO TEACHERS.

A NUMBER of years ago, when Stouber, the predecessor of Oberlin as pastor of a district in Switzerland, arrived at Walbach, he asked to see the school-house. He was conducted to a poor cottage, where he saw a crowd of children doing nothing. He inquired for the master, and a feeble old man was shown, lying on a bed in a corner. "What do you teach?" said he. "Nothing," was the answer. "How happens that?" "I know nothing." "What are you here for, then?" "Because I had grown too old and too weak to tend the pigs of the village any longer, and they put a younger and abler man in my place, and sent me here to take charge of the children."

We are not exactly so stupid in this country as the inhabitants of Walbach; nevertheless some very odd things could be told of teachers in the rural parts of England. Some who are employed to instruct the village children cannot write, and in some instances they can barely read. Of general knowledge they are so lamentably deficient, that many of the books used in their schools require to be constructed in the form of question and answer like a catechism. The deficient supply of good teachers is in truth a great and universal complaint. Efforts have for some time been making to increase the supply, by establishing normal institutions, yet we feel confident that all such endeavours will prove unavailing unless teachers be better paid for their labours. It is quite common in England to offer L.60 per annum as a sufficient remuneration to teachers; and the consequence is, that no man with a good education and respectable character comes forward for the office. Any man possessing a character for integrity, who can write a good hand and keep accounts, will find no difficulty in realising L.100 per annum as a clerk. How, then, should we expect an individual so circumstanced to become a schoolmaster for L.60? The idea is preposterous.

Some of our readers have perhaps heard the following anecdote:—A lady in the country, the mother of a family, wrote to another lady, a friend in London, to ask her to be so kind as seek out a tutor for her boys. He was to be young and good-looking, to have an excellent moral and religious character, to possess a mild temper and obliging disposition, to be accomplished in many respects, and to be so learned as to take the entire charge of her sons' education preparatory to their leaving home for college—salary L.20 per annum. The town lady speedily answered her friend's letter by simply observing, that if she should be so fortunate as discover such a prodigy of excellence, she would be glad *to make him her husband!*

We do not know whether this be a true story or only a good joke, but it answers as a clever illustration of the unreasonable expectations formed respecting teachers, and the miserable salaries which are offered for their services. Nothing is more remarkable in high life than the large wages paid to cooks, and the small fees offered for governesses and tutors. "I understand Lady So-and-so keeps a French cook at a salary of a hundred guineas a-year." This is a piece of gossip which sounds well, and argues a large fortune and fine taste. Chatter about education and teachers is out of the question; and any young lady of fashionable appearance will answer to pass off before company as "my governess," provided she can exhibit with a certain degree of skill on the piano-forte.

Surely all this is a wrong state of things, and deserves unmeasured reprehension. We have a great mind to commence holding up to ridicule the monstrous requisitions of advertisers for persons to whom the education of youth is to be intrusted. The advertisements in the Scotch newspapers for parochial schoolmasters are particularly amusing. One appears in a paper now before us: it is for a parish schoolmaster who must be able to teach "English reading and grammar, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, mensuration, geography, Latin, and Greek;" and the salary is to be the *maximum*, with the addition of a house and garden—that is to say, he is to have the largest allowance which is made, or something below L.40 a-year, and reckoning house, garden, and fees, which are precarious, his entire revenue is to be worth about L.70 or L.75 per annum. Now, we ask if this be not unconscionable? A person is wanted who must have received a classical education, and in fact have been educated up to the point of eligibility for a living in the church; his moral and religious character is to endure the most awfully rigorous scrutiny; he will be expected to dress and live pretty much in the rank of a gentleman—and, for all this, he is promised the amazingly high sum of 30s. a-week, which is about equal to the wage of a well-employed artisan or police officer! Can any thing, we ask, be more ridiculous than this modest proposal!

The proper education of youth is, without exception, the most delicate and important matter for arrangement in civil society, and the class of individuals to whom it is committed, ought to stand in the very first rank of citizens. It is certain, however, that a highly cultivated body of men will either refrain from attaching themselves to the profession of the teacher, or hasten at all convenient opportunities to leave it, if their condition be not elevated, both as respects emolument and public estimation. In the present note, we have no desire to say more on this important topic, and only add that we shall take every feasible occasion of agitating the question, until we see a little more common sense prevailing on the subject.

ADVICES TO YOUNG MEN ON WALKING EXCURSIONS.

YOUNG men, who break away from regular, and perhaps sedentary employment, to take a walking excursion of a few days in the country, often commit such grievous errors as mar their enjoyments, and deprive themselves of all the benefit they had calculated upon as the proper result of an exemption from ordinary duty. With soft and relaxed frames, they, in many instances, address themselves to walk such a distance each day as only could be conveniently walked by a person accustomed to such tasks. Accordingly, by the end of the second day at farthest, their feet are all over blisters, their strength is completely exhausted, and their whole system is in a fever of nervous agitation, the consequence of enormous voluntarily incurred suffering. The next morning, perhaps, sees them a little recovered, and, with their small stock of renewed strength, soaped stockings, and a vigorous resolution, they set out upon the third day's travel, which probably concludes by leaving them in a worse state than before. There is no time, however, to wait for a perfect recovery; so they travel on, and probably complete their excursion in a miserable dragging fashion, glad to get over the country without enjoying it, so that they only have the prospect of being again speedily at home and at rest.

This is the unavoidable consequence of ignorance and want of reflection. The excursion might have been a source of pleasure instead of pain, and might have added considerably to the youth's stock of ideas, instead of leaving him disgusted with the country and with nature, if he had only proceeded upon right principles. He ought to know that the body, after being long under the influence of a sedentary profession, or of ordinary city life, is not in a state fit for undertaking great fatigue. When soldiers, after being a considerable time in garrison, are about to undertake a long march, they usually are led out to take short walks each day for about a week beforehand, every day's walk lengthening a little, until they become fitted for the serious task. This they call being *beat into a march*. It is a practice founded on right physiological principles, and worthy of being followed by every individual in like circumstances. In the walks of the first two or three days, young pedestrians should not set themselves to any certain number of miles, but only walk as far as they feel their strength will agreeably carry them. Thus they will gradually acquire power, instead of losing it, and in the long run become good walkers, enjoying the country, moreover, as they go along, and leaving off with an increased love of nature, and a disposition to have another such walk at the first opportunity.

Young travellers, and old ones too, often make a great mistake with regard to eating. They suppose that, having much fatigue to undergo, they ought to eat a great deal; and the excitement of novelty, and the tempting and unusual food presented at inns, enable them to carry out this idea into practice. In a few days, however, they find themselves unaccountably unwell. This is the consequence of simple overeating, for, in travelling, there is no need for more food than usual. Food is also taken at wrong times, and of wrong kinds. It is not uncommon for young pedestrians to walk ten or twelve miles before breakfast, not so much for any economy of time or money, as under the impression that they will have a capital appetite at the end of their walk. As they go along, they delight themselves with reflections as to how they will astonish the waiters, how fresh relays of eggs will be called for, and rolls vanish like morning dreams. Alas! when they have walked their dozen miles, their frames are in a state the most unsuited for the receipt of a full meal; and, if they are *able* to eat largely, it will be the worse for them after. The whole aim here is the very reverse of what it ought to be. A very full meal should never be taken on a pedestrian excursion, and that simply for the reason that there is no time to digest a very full meal. A breakfast or dinner during a walking excursion, when only a little time can be allowed for rest afterwards, should be light. Whether light or heavy, the longer the rest afterwards, the better—that is, of course, within a reasonable limit. Certainly the rest should not be less than three-quarters of an hour; and, if a heavy meal have been taken, half an hour longer will be required at the very least.

Many young travellers have the prudence to fare slightly during their day's walk, but, on getting to their inn in the evening, they make all up, as they think, by taking a great composite meal—dinner, tea, and supper, rolled into one. If, as often happens, this be taken pretty late, the tea keeps them awake half the night, by virtue of its exciting power. But it may act injuriously in another way. When much of it is taken in proportion to the solids, it prevents digestion. The gastric juice, it must be understood, requires that what is submitted to it should possess a certain solidity. It is for this reason that nature has so arranged, in the case of sucking infants, that the milk curdles immediately after being taken, the gastric juice being thereby enabled to catch hold of it. When a young man, after exhausting his energies by a long walk, fills his stomach with a great *blashy* meal, he commits one of the greatest of imprudences. The gastric juice gets mixed and confounded with the mass, and several hours will elapse before any progress whatever be made in digestion. Many is the sleepless night endured on this account on summer excursions. It is obviously necessary that, if tea is to be taken at all at a late hour, it should be weak, and in quantity strictly proportioned to the solids taken at the same time. Coffee, however, ought always to be preferred to tea, if to be taken near bed-time, as its exciting power is much less.

The rules here laid down are all of them grounded on natural principles, which will be found more particularly explained in physiological works—those, for instance, of Dr Combe, which are by far the most intelligibly written, at the same time that they are even more philosophical than most others. By attending to such rules, a rural excursion may be made very delightful, and may have the best effects on both body and mind; while neglect of them as certainly must entail pain and disappointment.

THE FERRY OF BOLDSIDE.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

THE Ferry of Boldside is situated within half a mile of Abbotsford, erected near the Tweed by the great ornament of the literature of Scotland. Though still presenting the convenience of a boat and boatman to passing wayfarers, it is comparatively but little frequented now-a-days, bridges being built near the spot, which afford a safer and more agreeable means of transit. Formerly, however, the ferry-boat constituted the only means of conveyance, to church or market, for all foot-passengers from the Selkirk to the Galashiels' side of the water, and *vice versa*. The fairs held at these towns always, of course, brought a temporary increase of custom to the ferry, in these circumstances. On one memorable occasion, a fair was held at Selkirk, and many were the passengers on that day at the ferry. In the morning, all went on well, but ere the visiters to the fair returned in the evening, the condition of the river was greatly changed. The rains had fallen heavily during the day, and the Tweed had risen rapidly, carrying down the brown soil from a thousand hills. Still the ferryman, by the help of a bold heart and a strong and skilful hand, continued to labour successfully in his vocation, and brought through the stragglers from the fair safely, by ones, twos, and threes.

At length, a party of fifteen persons arrived on the bank opposite the ferry-house. This company was somewhat remarkably circumstanced, being not only a fair-party, but also a wedding-party. A bride and bridegroom were there, surrounded by their friends, and with their *best-maid* and *best-man*, as the Scottish people denominate the bridesmaid and bridegroom's-man. Happy and light-hearted, from the double festivity of the occasion, this party halloed for the boat. The ferryman did not refuse to come at their call, though he could not avoid casting uneasy glances at the still swelling waters. He got safely across, and proposed to take the company to the other side by turns. Unfortunately, they would not agree to be so received. In the elation of the moment, they saw not, or despised the danger; and, notwithstanding all the ferryman's remonstrances, the whole fifteen leapt at once into the boat. Ere another word could be said, they had it also pushed off from the shore.

"Sit steady," cried the boatman, earnestly and loudly, as he gave the first stroke with the oars; "be steady, for your lives!" He spoke, unluckily, to those who were not in a mood to attend to his caution, even if they had comprehended, as he did, the full perils of their position. They were all young people, fresh from a scene of enjoyment, and happy in the consciousness of what had brought them together. Some of the men were no sooner in the boat, than they resumed such rustic badinage as had been passing among them ashore. The light boat, already depressed to the water's edge, rocked perilously from their unguarded movements. "Sit still, all of you!" exclaimed the boatman again, in tones of earnest entreaty; "be quiet, or the boat will certainly split or sink!" His words were still unheeded, and the consequences were as he foresaw. Some who tell the story aver that the boat struck a rock; but this is less likely than that the timbers split open, simply with the weight above, and the oscillations alluded to, which would obviously have a powerful effect in such circumstances. However this may be, the fragile bark was at all events broken to pieces, and the whole party thrown into the deep and turbid stream.

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This accident happened in the evening; but there was still sufficient light to enable the whole transaction to be seen perfectly by persons at a considerable distance, whose attention was arrested in the first instance by the agonising shrieks of the females, and the lower-toned but not less appalling cries of the men, thus cast upon the mercy of the waters. To afford help to them, however, was a thing barely possible. The river bore one and all of them down with such rapidity, as to set at nought the exertions of those among them who could swim; and this would probably have been the case even if their condition had been more favourable for that mode of escape. One man only of the number was able to reach the bank. He had nearly grasped a bush, and safety lay seemingly within his reach, when suddenly he felt himself seized and pulled back by one of his companions, a young woman, the bridesmaid of the party. "For the love of Heaven!" he exclaimed, "let go your hold, or we must both perish!" "No!" answered the poor girl, clinging to him with a degree of force conceivable only in such a moment of mortal agony—"no! come death, come life, I shall hold by you!" The man, nevertheless, got his foot to the ground, made a powerful exertion, and reached the land, carrying with him the girl who had fixed herself upon him.

For a few minutes, the pair thus rescued were unable to utter a word, and could only express their gratitude to Heaven in the silent language of the eyes and heart. As soon as the young woman regained the power of ordinary speech, however, she addressed her companion in these words:—"I am the betrothed bride of another man; but I have said the word at this awful moment, from which I shall never draw back. In death or life I am yours! If you will take my hand, we shall part no more in this world." The young woman who thus spoke was noted for her comeliness, as well as for the excellence of her character and her amiableness of disposition. The young man who had saved her was well aware of this, and heard her affecting offer with as much pleasure as any thing could excite at such a time. In these extraordinary circumstances was a match made between the pair. They joined hands, and from that moment held themselves united for life.

Meanwhile, the waters of the Tweed had swept down, and brought destruction to every other member of this ill-fated party, excepting only one man. This individual had caught and attached himself to a portion of the broken boat, of sufficient size to bear him up above the surface; and along with this splinter he was carried rapidly down the river, while his companions were perishing. It is said that he himself was hopeless of ultimate preservation; but, after being borne down in an inconceivably short space of time, for a distance of two miles and upwards, succour came to him in an unexpected form. A boatman, who kept a ferry at the point alluded to, chanced to be looking out at that moment on the foaming river. He saw approaching him the person attached to the piece of wood, and even heard the unfortunate man's voice—not calling for human help—but calmly chanting a psalm, in praise of Him from whom alone, in that extremity, the worshipper had any hopes of aid. The psalm, it may be interesting to the reader to know, was the 103d, a peculiar favourite in past days with the rural population of Scotland, and one which almost every child could say *by heart*, to use their own phrase on such occasions. The sentiments contained in it are such as to justify this preference.

> The Lord our God is merciful,
> And he is gracious,
> Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
> In mercy plenteous.
>
> Such pity as a father hath
> Unto his children dear,
> Like pity shows the Lord to such
> As worship him in fear.
>
> For he remembers we are dust,
> And he our frame well knows.
> Frail man! his days are like the grass,
> As flower in field he grows:
>
> For over it the wind doth pass,
> And it away is gone;
> And of the place where once it was
> It shall no more be known.

Such was the appropriate hymn which the individual referred to was engaged in chanting, when borne along the waters, to a premature grave, as he himself believed. The ferryman who saw him, however, was a man of stout heart, and formed an instant resolution to attempt his rescue. Running hastily to his boat, he loosened the fastenings, and was in a few moments in the middle of the current. He could not prevent himself from being carried rapidly downwards, but he was successful in taking up the floating man. They were both landed in safety, at a point a considerable way down the river.

The man thus rescued lived to a very advanced age, and never, during the remainder of his life, did he forget for one day the fearful peril from which he had been saved. He got the splinter of wood into the ferryman's boat, and carried it afterwards to his own home. There, at a future period, he made it be introduced into the structure of the coffin destined to receive his remains, and kept this article beside him till the hour of his death. Then, in accordance with his wishes, he was laid in earth with the wood wrapped around him, which he had ever looked upon as the immediate instrument of his preservation.

This melancholy accident, by which twelve persons were consigned to a premature grave, made a great sensation, it may well be believed, in the district where it occurred; and to this hour it is remembered by all who dwell near the Ferry of Beldside.

VIEW OF SOME RECENT LECTURES IN DUBLIN.

On Wednesday, the 8th April last, a series of lectures given in Dublin by members of the Royal Zoological Society, terminated with one on the Chameleon, delivered by Sir Philip Crampton in the theatre of the Dublin Society, which was crowded on the occasion by a most respectable auditory, the Lord-Lieutenant being amongst the more distinguished persons present. The summary of the winter's lectures, which was afterwards given by Mr Balls, contained so many interesting particulars, that we believe it may be worth while to present an abridgement of it. We quote from the report given in a supplement to Saunders's News Letter of the 13th April.

"I commence with his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, President of the Society, who, in a short address, remarked on the great progress natural history had made in public estimation within a few years, and contrasted it with the not very remote time when a naturalist was considered an object of wonder or contempt. He lauded natural history as a means of developing the intellectual and moral faculties, and very happily illustrated his views by reference to that most excellent story of 'eyes and no eyes.' His grace stated that, were we merely to consider the study of nature as a recreation, it deserved our best support as an amusement free from evil, but that it had higher claims as a volume of God's works, the right understanding of which is within the reach of the great mass of the population, who, could they be brought to read it, would derive the highest good both to their temporal and eternal interests, from the development and exercise of their faculties. His grace wisely adverted to the common but very injurious custom of decrying scientific pursuits which have no very definite ultimate object of utility, and he well instanced astronomy, from which results so unexpectedly advantageous to man have arisen; perhaps I may add another apposite example—that afforded by the illustrious Jenner, who, with the eye of a naturalist, the skill of a physician, and the reasoning of a philosopher, saw (what thousands before must have seen), a loathsome disease in a cow. But he looked at it, and reasoned—the result has been, that to three-fourths of you he has preserved that smoothness of skin which forms so important an item in personal beauty, to many of you your lives, and to not a few your sight. Who could have imagined that the patient examination of a foul disease in a brute beast, could have originated the greatest and most general good that man has given to his race." After some further remarks on the archbishop's address, and adverting to the lectures of Dr T. E. Beatty on the preservation of species, and those of Dr Corrigan on the circulation of the blood, Mr Balls proceeded—"Dr Coulter gave you an account of the habits of grisly bears in California, and told very surprising stories of their great strength and ferocity, which fell under his own observation while resident in their neighbourhood. He narrated many hair-breadth escapes and deeds of daring in the pursuit of those monsters of the forest, in which he showed how much more man owes in his encounters with wild beasts to coolness and self-possession than he does to animal strength. Thus, I once saw a butcher's boy dare the utmost ire of an infuriated bull, which had just before routed a civil and military force brought out against him; indeed, so great was the panic he caused, that not a few of the routed sought for refuge in the upper story of a small house, when some one calling out that the bull was coming up stairs, more than one of the party jumped out of the window to avoid him. However, he had gone in another direction, where he was met by the boy twelve years old, who stood directly in his way, struck him with his hand on the nose, and jumped aside. The bull charged the boy several times, who repeated his operations, until the routed foe gathered courage, and again came to the attack, when the bull was brought down by several shots. Dr Coulter mentioned that Indians distinguished the bears most celebrated for rapine by name, knowing them from their foot-marks. Strange though this may appear to us, who do not direct our attention to such subjects, yet we have many instances of similar powers of observation. I may notice one of recent occurrence, in a late very unfortunate Australian expedition. The party sent out experienced great privations, and consequent delay in returning to the colony. On their journey towards home, they came upon the foot-marks of a number of men; the native who was with them stated whose they were; and on the arrival of the travellers at the colony, it was found he was quite correct, and had named every individual of a party sent out to succour those who were missing. Dr Coulter's paper being, as it were, a part of his personal narrative in his enterprising travels, could not fail to interest those who value original observation."

Dr Houston's lectures on the internal structure of the ear were next spoken of; and Mr Balls then alluded to those of Dr Kennedy on "the physical agencies which influence the organisation and developement of animals and man. He wisely and philosophically urged attention to physical education on all who value soundness of body and mind, and showed examples of the advantages resulting from such attention, and the injurious effects from its neglect. He instanced several cases of self-produced deformity or mutilation, and in a playful but justly satirical manner assumed that the females of no nation could be so irrational as, with engines composed of steel, whalebone, and strong cord, to reduce by force the space essential for the proper movements of vital organs; as well may we hope to improve the correct going of a chronometer by bulging its cases. The ideal beauty sought to be obtained, does not result from the operation—the operators, not knowing where to stop, give another and another tug, until that wasp-waistedness is acquired, which is as unlike real beauty as the churn-shapedness which results from it in old age is unlike grace. One example, however, is better than much precept; and as I cannot with propriety instance any lady, I will take a gentleman, who, when about seventeen years of age, had attained a mush more than ordinary height, and with it the disadvantages of what is called over growth, particularly a sensation of weariness from sitting or standing for any continuance. At that time, the numerous but now extinct race of monkey-men called Dandies were at their zenith, and stays were much in use. He procured one, with all its accompaniments of straps, buckles, and bones; and, braced therein, found at the moment comfort and relief; but he soon discovered that it was becoming every day more needful. A book on physical education then fell in his way, and opened his eyes to the real state of the case. He saw that, when muscles are weak, if supported, or their work done for them, they become weaker, until they fade away into uselessness; while, on the contrary, if worked gently and progressively, they gradually gain strength, and acquire permanent health and force. Acting on this view, he cast away his stay, and undertook a course of exercises, the object of which was to develope the muscles he before sought to support. The result was, that he rapidly acquired well-developed natural stays, which rendered him totally independent of artificial support. Dr Scouler, in a recent lecture read at the College of Physicians, described a distortion of head, produced artificially, by some of the American Indians; and showed specimens in which the foreheads were pressed backwards, and the sides of the head outwards, so as to produce the most astonishing deformity; yet, from the doctor's account, this practice is not so inconsistent with reason as that before alluded to; for it does not appear that the head-pressed, who are the chiefs of the nation, are in aught sufferers, either in health or mind, from the operation. Who can say this for the lung-pressed? A treatise on the self-produced alterations of the animal, man, would afford much scope for philosophical observation. We stare at the Indian who slits and stretches the cartilage of his ears, until they serve him as straps in which to pack his fishing-hooks, knives, and other small valuables—we think not of contrasting the utility of this practise with that of certain folk who make tiny orifices in their ears, from which they hang pendant miniatures of brass candlesticks, or other equally graceful forms. Surgeon Wilde, in his interesting book, lately published, speaks of the exceedingly graceful mein of some Arab girls he met, carrying water pots on their heads. He takes the opportunity of decrying backboards, collars, and such like implements of ignorant torture, which go far to effect the very object they are invented to counteract. If the pupils in ladies' boarding-schools were encouraged to dance and run about with books, for instance, à la milk-pail, paying forfeits for dropping them, they would take pleasure in the exercise as a feat of agility, while their carriages would be quickly improved, and the governesses saved the perpetual and teazing cry of 'Hold up your head, my dear.' If colleges would institute a new degree for professional men, who may be called doctors of physical education; were intelligent minds thus directed to the subject, and the public induced to place confidence, how comparatively little would doctors of medicine have to do. We should then seek advice to preserve health when well, rather than to repair it when shattered. Dr Kennedy showed to you in M. Huguenin, an example of the effect of well-directed exercise. This excellent professor of gymnastics, while he is a model of graceful strength, shows evidence of having been once of rather slight form.

Charles Hamilton, Esq., commenced on our third night of meeting, with a paper on deer (cervidæ), and after a few general views on life and organised matter, dwelt for some time on the singular phenomena presented by most species in their annual change and growth of horns—as they are improperly called, for they are not analogous to horn, but are in reality processes of bone from the skull—which, in the stag for instance, bud out, as it were, in a soft and sensitive form, in single spikes the first year, and gradually assume a bony hardness. After remaining on the animal's head some months, they drop off, and are succeeded by larger forked horns, and so on at regular intervals, until the full head of antlers is acquired. The variation of the size of arteries, the progress of the antler through its vascular and highly sensitive form into a bony and insensible substance, to be cast away when it appears most useful, with the changes of temper, habits, &c., of deer, during the course of this change, are subjects of great interest, and not the less so because they are common. Mr Hamilton gave you many interesting particulars about several species, amongst others the rein-deer, a most important animal, when we consider that without it the people inhabiting the Arctic regions would be destitute. No animal exists in any other part of the world that ministers to so many of the wants of man as the rein-deer. An hour would be well spent in speaking of this one alone. The family are all more or less interesting, and it is to be regretted that much difficulty exists in propagating exotic species in these countries. What this difficulty is, I do not think very clear, but that it exists has been proved by repeated experiments. Possibly impatience under restraint has been the cause; and perhaps if we could defend from man—the common enemy of the race, before whom our own stag is fast disappearing—a few rein-deer, wapati, roe-bucks, &c., and turn them out to stray on our mountains, they would live and do well where now not even a goat finds sustenance. The accomplishment of such naturalisation is one of the particular objects of our society, and it is one of much higher rank than the yielding to love of novelty—a mischievous passion, which grows by indulgence, and is never satisfied. It would be a source of much comfort, did those only complain of want of rarities who well understood a single animal in the creation. I may conclude my very imperfect notice of Mr Hamilton's interesting paper, by recounting an anecdote of a wapati in our own gardens. This deer became affected by a disease of the wind-pipe, and a consultation of physicians being had, it was decided that the operation of laryngotomy should be performed

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by the surgeon-general. Accordingly, a number of men with boards, ropes, &c., contrived, at considerable personal risk, to secure the patient in a corner. With much difficulty the operation was commenced; but the moment the wind-pipe was opened, she felt relief, and at once submitted to the tender hand of the operator. When it was necessary several times afterwards to introduce a probang, she bore the operation not only without resistance, but with evident desire to facilitate it, though the pain must have been very great, as was shown by her agonised shuddering, while the expression of submissive suffering and confidence in the face, would have been sufficient to call up a blush in those who would shrink from momentary pain, which may save them from lingering suffering, or even death.

Surgeon Hargrave gave you a very interesting insight into an extensive subject, the prehensile organs of animals, in which he showed the astonishing fertility of invention in nature. The claw of a crab, the tail of a monkey, the talons of an eagle, the trunk of an elephant, the sucker of a cuttlefish, the jaws of a dragon fly, and a thousand other less familiar subjects, in form most various, but in end the same, may be brought before you, minute inquiry into any one of which would unfold much physiological knowledge. Amongst these, the elephant's proboscis strikes us with the greatest astonishment, from its varied purposes; at one time only a nose, at another a drinking vessel, a water-engine, and a bellows; and then a hand, guided by many thousands of muscles, possessing unequalled mobility and enormous strength, it can pluck a blade of grass, or tear from its roots a palm—can catch a fly, or fell a tiger. Yet the human hand excels this and all other instruments of prehension; for though in its naked state its owner cannot effect many things that are easily accomplished by other animals, yet guided by mind, he can fashion with it instruments whereby he can not only excel individual animals, but attain ends which could not be come at by the combined might of all other instruments of prehension in nature.

Professor Harrison gave you a popular view of molluscous animals. Some few years ago, conchologists and collecters of shells were held in little esteem, and the malacologists, or persons interested in their animal inhabitants, were here unknown. The case is now different; conchology is justly valued for the aid it affords to the important science of geology, for fossil shells are not in these days considered freaks of the plastic power of nature, but (as they have been elegantly termed) the medals of creation, from which we may obtain data to judge of the relative ages of the earth's strata. The necessary knowledge of them can be best obtained by studying recent shells, and the study and the collection of these objects are now admitted to be worthy recreations, vieing with floriculture in interest, and contending with it in utility—the one serving in the hands of the geologist most important purposes, while the other renders up its service to the horticulturist and botanist. In reference to shells, it has been well remarked, that if the mansion in which an animal dwells is worthy of examination, the architect and inhabitant must be so. The works of Poli and others show the interesting results which flow from such examination to the physiologist and comparative anatomist, for it is by tracing the progression of faculties from the lower to the higher animals that we are to look for the revelation of many of the mysteries of nature. The eloquent professor gave you very interesting accounts of the nautilus and argonaut creatures, which, from the earliest periods, have attracted the attention of poets and men of science, both equally inaccurate in description. It is strange how many instances have occurred in natural history, in which absolute fables have been handed down uncontradicted for ages: thus, in this case, the story of the argonaut spreading her sails to catch the wind as she floats on the surface of the water, has been believed by all, and doubtless seen in the mind's eye at least by many; while the most celebrated naturalists of the present day have waged the fiercest scientific war on the question of the right of the animal found in the shell of the paper nautilus to be considered as the fabricator of it. An immense quantity has been written on this subject, and it is but a few months since that the matter has been set at rest by the only court of appeal that can decide on disputed points of natural history—I mean, observation. Madame Power and M. Sandar Rang instituted such scouts, and by patient investigation have proved that the once-called sails are arms, by which the shell is not only held in its place but fabricated; thus proving most satisfactorily, by observation, what closet naturalists, theorising from analogy, had so long doubted. This story will put you in mind of the very useful moral conveyed in the joke put upon the Royal Society by the king, who asked that learned body why a tub containing water did not become heavier by adding to it a living fish. Very many sapient reasons were offered in explanation, until one sceptical gentleman experimented to prove its truth. If his majesty's intent were to show the value of observation, compared with the vain reasoning and theorising of the day, it was a lesson of much utility. Professor Harrison concluded with observations on the injuries done to wood-work exposed to sea by the teredo, and he proved to you the enormous expense this little creature entails on man, in protecting by copper, and other means, his ships from its destructive ravages. Though this animal has obtained from the great Linnæus the title of *calamitas navium*, yet observation shows, paradoxical as it may seem, that, did it cease to exist, the earth would be a bog, the sea scarcely navigable; for the mouths of rivers would soon be blocked up by trees, washed down by floods, while the ocean would be dangerously covered with floating logs of timber; but now these trees and logs are eaten up in a very few months by the teredo, which is thus shown to be the best friend of the navigator, though unthinkingly called by him his worst foe. Who—who that has reason—would dare, if he could, blot out the race of any animal from the face of creation? Man has many times suffered from his attempts at extermination, and in no way, perhaps, would he suffer more, than by utterly destroying the mischievous teredo, and its active little ally, the xylophagous limneria.

Professor Kane showed you a number of interesting products of the animals which minister to our wants or luxuries. The subject is one of very great extent; a mere catalogue would quite astonish those who have never thought on the subject. As a familiar example, take a lady and gentleman in full dress; it is not unlikely that the following animals have suffered death to furnish their outfit:—elephant, oyster, bullock, bleake, stag, silkworm, horse, cochineal, lac insect, musk-deer, bee, ermine, calf, civet, pig, tortoise, kid, ostrich, kangaroo, bird of paradise, swan, beaver, sable, sheep, whale, goat, walrus, rabbit, mussel, bear, and probably a great many others that I cannot recollect. If the lady get cold, blistering beetles or leeches may afford her important aid, and in the days now past, ere chemistry was all-important in *materia medica*, she would be dosed with numerous nauseous drugs, drawn from the animal kingdom. The medical books of former times are half filled with modes of preparing animals for use in medicine; even man himself was dried, powdered, boiled, distilled, and otherwise manipulated, to furnish remedies." Mr Balls stated that the ladies had taken much interest in Dr Kane's lectures, and had indeed contributed much to the success of the whole series. He then hastily reviewed a lecture by R. Mallet, Esq., on the principles of contrivance in machines and animals; after which he noticed that of the Rev. Cæsar Otway on the habits and intellectuality of animals, from which we lately gave a few extracts in the present work.

SOUTHGATE'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.*

A "Narrative of Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, by the Reverend Horatio Southgate," forms an interesting addition to the number of those works by which the Christian missionaries of the United States of North America have of late years gained for themselves so much honourable distinction. By reprinting the productions of the Reverend Howard Malcom, we ourselves gave a practical expression of our approval of this peculiar class of works, which combine information upon points of the highest interest to man, with such a measure of lively and entertaining description as serves to arrest the attention even of those more exclusively partial to what is called light reading. Mr Southgate is a fit and worthy colleague of the writer just mentioned, and we know not that greater or more appropriate commendation could be bestowed on him.

In an introduction of considerable length, Mr Southgate gives a very able and candid view of the doctrines of Mahommedanism, with observations upon its present condition and prospects in various countries of the East. The tour of the reverend missionary commenced with a visit to Constantinople, from which city he passed up the Black Sea to the port of Trebizond, and then crossed, through the provinces of Armenia and Kurdistan, into Persia. His remarks upon this route, relating to the wandering Kurds and Armenians, and descriptive of the large cities of Erzroum, Betlis, Tebriz, and others, fill the first volume with very interesting matter. We prefer, however, to take up the traveller after his entry into central Persia. He formed a very low opinion of the people of that country, as regarded many important points of social morality. The Persian dervishes are described by him as intolerable pests. "These religious mendicants resemble more the santons and fakirs of India than the dervishes of Turkey. They are not, like the latter, gathered into communities, but roam over the country, living upon charity, and practising villanies of every sort. They carry with them a horn, which they blow on approaching a town, and a little wooden vessel in which they receive their alms. They are not respected by the people, and are exceedingly insolent. They are clamorous in demanding charity, and sometimes sit down before a house with the determination not to quit it until money is given. There they remain, day after day, and week after week, execrating the inmates, until their demand is granted, or they are beaten away. One sat in this manner more than three months before the British residency in Bagdat.

A story was told me at Tehran of another, who placed himself in a niche of the wall in front of the ambassador's palace. His incessant importunities becoming troublesome, and it not being thought safe to oust him by force, a curious expedient was devised. The ambassador gave orders that the niche should be bricked up. The dervish was warned of the intention, but persisted in maintaining his position until the wall had advanced as high as his chin, when he thought it prudent to ask a release. In another instance, at Shiraz, a dervish had taken his station at the foot of the flag-staff, where his clamour soon became annoying. The agent quietly gave orders that the staff should be washed every morning, and a man was sent up for the purpose, who poured down pailfuls of water, until the intruder beneath was glad to decamp."

Lying is still more characteristic of the Persian than begging. "There does not, I am ready to believe, exist a country where society approaches more nearly to that (which moralists have sometimes imagined) of a community where truth is unknown, than Persia; and the only reason why there does not exist a corresponding want of confidence, is, in good part, that inherent vanity of the Persians which makes them willing to be deceived. I learned for myself, long before leaving the country, that my only security was in acting upon the supposition that every man was unworthy of trust. 'I have never,' said a pious and intelligent gentleman who had resided twelve successive years in the country, who had travelled over almost every part of it, and been conversant with all classes—'I have never,' he said to me one day, 'seen a Persian whom I found, on good acquaintance, that I could safely trust.'

It is wonderful, indeed, with what facility most Persians utter a falsehood. It has often seemed to me like an instinct with them. They are fully conscious of the vice, and acknowledge that it prevails every where among them. They perpetrate it with the utmost indifference, and, on being betrayed, seem to have no shame, nor any sense of having done wrong. They practise it with the most astonishing hardihood. I have heard a Persian lie, and persist in it even against the immediate evidence of my senses." The source of this habit, so disgracefully universal, is to be sought for, our author thinks, in the native character of the Persians, in their imaginativeness of mind, and love of the marvellous. Their extreme affability of speech aids in producing the same effect; they often lie for the mere sake of pleasing. "But that which lies beneath all these, and which is the root of all, is their want of conscientiousness, and singular weakness of moral principle."

We have long been accustomed to associate with Persia very erroneous notions of splendour and magnificence. Tehran, the capital of the country, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, is characterised by "streets peculiarly bad, for the most part destitute of pavements, narrow, irregular, and full of dangerous holes. The houses are extraordinarily mean, and unsightly ruins, covering in some instances extensive areas, frequently meet the eye." The interior of these dwellings, except in the instances of a few abodes of the great, corresponds with the exterior. So much for the aspect and condition of the first city of the Persian empire. The following quotation will exhibit the common state of the rural dwellings of the land. "On opening a door, we came suddenly into the family apartment, where were two or three women and six children in the full enjoyment of domestic comfort. In order to understand what domestic comfort means in Persia, a little explanation is necessary. The most common fire-place in a Persian apartment is a circular hole in the ground, two or three feet deep, called a *tandour*. A fire is lighted at the bottom, and when this has burned out, a fine glow of heat remains. A low wooden frame, somewhat resembling a table with its legs reduced to the length of a foot, is placed over the tandour, and upon this is spread a large coverlet, which extends several feet beyond the table on every side. The family then lie down in a circle, their bodies forming the radii from the tandour, which is the centre. Thus disposed, they draw the coverlet up to their chins, and the beholder sees nothing but a circle of heads emerging from beneath it. Our sudden entrance produced some confusion among the inmates, and the master appearing at that moment, ordered the family to retire to another apartment, and invited us to take their places under the coverlet. We had had so many lessons, however, upon the imprudence of occupying family quarters in a Persian village, that we were content to spread our carpets in the farthest corners of the room, and repose upon them." In truth—as, but for early prepossessions, we should at once perceive—no country can be the scene of any thing like general magnificence, where the people are plunged in ignorance, and do not enjoy the constant advantages of active commerce and rational liberty.

Though the Persians show a total disregard for the precepts of the Koran in many important practical points, as in the case of wine-drinking for example, which is universal, they are so far staunch Mussulmauns as to show a bigoted contempt for all forms of religious faith but their own. On visiting a very interesting spot, near Hamadan, a town on the south-west of Tehran, Mr Southgate saw this fanaticism cruelly exemplified, to the cost of himself and a few poor Jews. The spot alluded to was the tomb of Mordecai and Esther, whose story forms so pleasing an episode in the troubled annals of the race of Abraham. "Externally, the tomb is a very plain structure of brick, consisting of a small cylindrical tower and a dome (the whole perhaps twenty feet high), with small projections or wings on three sides. On the summit of the dome a stork had built her nest. The outer door was a single stone. While we were waiting for the key, a throng of young Mussulmauns gathered round and began to abuse us. As soon as the door was opened, and we were about to enter, followed by several Jews, the crowd raised a shout and rushed upon us with sticks and stones. I turned to remonstrate, but the rabbi checked me, saying, 'It is not meant for you, but for us. It is nothing strange.' We hurried into the tomb, and shut the door. The first apartment was a small porch formed by one of the wings. The entrance from this into the interior was so low that we were compelled to get upon our knees. Here was the place of the dead. The apartment was perfectly plain, simply plastered, and paved with glazed tiles. The structures over the spots where the dead are said to repose, are wooden frames, with inscriptions in Hebrew and flowers carved upon them. I wished to read the inscriptions, but the gloom of the place rendering it impossible, the rabbi directed one of the Jews to bring a candle. On attempting to go out, he was driven back by the crowd, who had raised an incessant uproar, from the moment that we entered

* Tilt and Bogue. London: 1840.

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The poor Jews were afraid to show themselves, and it was agreed that they should remain while we went out and endeavoured to disperse the mob. On issuing from the tomb, we found that their number had greatly increased. We spoke to them, and they answered with a volley of stones." Mr Southgate's servant was seriously hurt, and the Jews had to remain for a long time shut up. Our author conceives it to be probable that this tomb, which was erected in the year of the world 4474, really contains the dust of the fair Jewess, who won the affections of Ahasuerus, and of her persecuted kinsman, who "sat at the king's gate."

We have had much pleasure in following the reverend missionary on his overland route from Tehran to Bagdat, and from Bagdat up the Tigris to the Black Sea, whence he returned by a steamer to Constantinople. On the present occasion, however, we can only yield space for another brief quotation or two from this very excellent work. The following is an account of an illusion of the desert, known under the title of the *mirage*, and which, if our memory serves us rightly, deceived a modern general and army on one occasion in Egypt to such an extent as to cause the escape of an important body of the enemy. "Soon after we started, I was surprised by the sight of what appeared to be a river before us; and, as we advanced, was still more surprised at the slowness with which we approached it. The deception continued more than half an hour, before I discovered that it was the mirage of the desert. The delusion was perfect. It seemed like a very large stream, about three miles distant, and every slight inequality in the level of the desert appeared like an island rising above its surface. While we were still, according to the estimate of our muleteer, about twenty miles distant from the city, the tops of its minarets and date-trees peered above the horizon, like the first sight of the upper spars of a ship at sea. As we drew near, the walls gradually rose to view. The mirage receded as we advanced, until, at length, while we were still some miles distant, minarets, and trees, and walls appeared to be floating in the illusive stream. Mahommed, to whom such sights must have been familiar, draws from them one of the finest similes in the Koran. 'As to the unbelievers, their works are like the vapour in the plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until, when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing.'"

The bigotry of the followers of Mahommed has been alluded to, and it is remarkable, that, to gain a proselyte, they will forego almost any purpose, however cherished. "During the Saracenic conquests, Christian captives often saved themselves from slavery or death by apostacy; and instances of recent occurrence were sometimes related to me, during my travels, in which Christians, exposed to the fury of Mussulmaun revenge, rescued themselves, in the last extremity, by crying aloud, 'There is no God but God, and Mahommed is the prophet of God.' A European officer, in the service of the late Pasha of Bagdad, had rendered himself obnoxious to the soldiery by certain infirmities of character, which would have been patiently endured in a Mussulmaun superior, but could not be borne in a Frank. The ill will of the soldiers at length arose to so great a height that it could not be restrained. One day, while he was drilling a party of them in the parade-ground, some violent expressions which fell from him threw the incensed soldiers into such a frenzy, that they rushed upon him with one accord, crying out against his life. The officer, seeing no way of escape, and expecting instant death, exclaimed aloud, '*La ilahi ill' Allah*,' &c. Instantly every arm was dropped, and the soldiers suddenly fell back, as if disappointed of their victim.

The same day the officer was conducted to the house of the mufti, to be instructed in the elements of his new faith. But ere he had made much progress, a friendly message was received from the pasha, representing the circumstances of the officer's conversion, and how improbable it was that he would ever become a sincere Mussulmaun, and ending with the intimation that it would be as well to dismiss him. The mufti yielded to the wishes, if not to the arguments, of the pasha, and the proselyte was secretly hurried out of the city, and conveyed into Persia. It hardly need be added, that his attachment to his new religion ceased as soon as he found himself again in a place of safety."

The wine-drinking of the Mahommedans has also been referred to. Some of the most renowned supporters of the faith have openly indulged to excess in wine. The wine-magazine of Shah Abbas, one of the most able of the Persian sovereigns, "who reigned in the seventeenth century, was among the most costly edifices of Persia. It consisted of a spacious hall, of which the entire roof was one magnificent dome. From the floor to the height of eight feet from the ground, the walls were of jasper. Above this, on every side, and over the whole interior surface of the dome, were niches of a thousand shapes, filled with vases of every imaginable form and material, appearing to the eye like incrustations upon the walls. They were of crystal, cornelian, agate, onyx, jasper, amber, coral, porcelain, gold, silver, and enamel, and were filled with the choicest wines. The pictures of this monarch, which are preserved to the present day, generally represent him in the act of drinking." One of the most ridiculous consequences of the Mussulmaun laws on drinking, is the license allowed to those who prefer distilled liquors to wine. The former are not forbidden in the Koran, and the "consequence is, that the confirmed sot, who swallows the strongest potations, is held in better repute than his more moderate neighbour who satisfies himself with wine. Another consequence is, that among the Turks, who are more scrupulous in observing their law than the Persians, there are far more who indulge in the use of ardent spirits than of the juice of the grape, and the effect of the law is to patronise drunkenness in the highest degree, while it condemns it in its mildest and least exceptionable form. A Turk, therefore, as he becomes a more confirmed sot, becomes, in the same ratio, a better Mussulmaun; for when he has reached that stage in which wine is too weak for his palate, he has only to grow conscientious and reform upon brandy."

OH! THE FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE.

[FROM GILFILLAN'S THIRD EDITION OF POEMS AND SONGS, LATELY PUBLISHED.]

Oh! the flowery month of June again I hail as summer's queen;
The hills and valleys sing in joy, and all the woods are green;
The streamlets flow in gladsome song, the birds are all in tune,
And nature smiles in summer pride, in the flowery month of June!

There's music in the laughing sky, and balm upon the air;
The earth is stamped with loveliness, and all around is fair;
There's glory on the mountain top, and gladness on the plain;
The flowers wake from their wintry bed, and blush in bloom again!

Oh! the flowery month of June! my heart is bounding wild and free,
As with a fond and longing look I gaze once more on thee!
With all thy thousand spangling gems—a bright and blessed boon—
That come to cheer and welcome in the flowery month of June!

The lark hath sought an upward home, far in the dewy air;
While lowly by the rose's cheek, the blackbird's singing there;
Or, in its leafy bowers unseen, the thrush bursts forth in song—
A low and pleasing melody the woody dells among!

Oh! the flowery month of June; ah! me, where are the fond ones fled?
No spring comes for the parted friends, nor summer to the dead!
I miss them at the calm of eve, or sunny hour of noon;
Nor morning songs awake the dead in the flowery month of June!

AN HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

"I WISH to give you," said a British officer, in a letter to a friend during the Peninsular war, "some idea of a scene I witnessed at Mirando do Cervo, on the ninth day of our pursuit. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it. I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black, grim, and gloomy sort of a day; at one time fierce blasts of wind, and at another perfect stillness, with far-off thunder. Altogether, there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky, and then they would break up suddenly as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and gloomy distance. I felt myself in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better of my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream. Thus feeling, I passed the great cross in the principal street, and suddenly fell in with an old haggard-looking wretch—a woman, who seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty—a glance like that of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (without my asking her), in broken English, that I should find comfortable accommodations in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork trees; pointing to them at the same time with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh, 'You will find,' said she, 'nobody there to disturb you.'

I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger at the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the poor creature, powerfully affected me; and I went on in a sort of reverie, till I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not, in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I looked at them for at least a minute before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats and rugs, and tattered greatcoats; some of them merely wrapped about with girdles of straw, and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonised, bloodless; many glazed eyes were wide open, and, perhaps, this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle—so many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed upon different objects; some cast up to heaven, some looking straight forwards, and some with the white orbs turned round, and deep sunk in the sockets.

It was a sort of hospital. These wretched beings were mostly all either desperately or mortally wounded; and after having been stripped by their comrades, they had been left there dead and to die. Such were they who, as the old woman said, would not 'trouble' me.

I had begun to view this ghastly sight with some composure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the hospital, a gigantic figure, sitting covered with blood, and almost naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leaning against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. I thought he was alive, and shuddered, but he was stone dead. In the last agonies he had bitten his under lip almost off, and his long black beard was drenched in clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots on his shaggy bosom. I recognised the corpse. He had been a sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and was, during the retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour. One day he killed with his own hand Henry Warburton, the right-hand man of my own company, perhaps the finest made and most powerful man in the British army. My soldiers had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellation, and I really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. There he sat, as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and, raising up the giant's muscular arm, it fell down again with a hollow sound against the bloody side of the corpse.

My eyes unconsciously wandered along the walls. They were covered with grotesque figures, and caricatures of the English, absolutely drawn in blood. Horrid blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities in the shape of songs, were in like manner written there; and you may guess what an effect they had upon me, when the wretches who had transcribed them lay dead corpses around me. I saw two books lying on the floor. I lifted them up; one seemed to be full of the most hideous obscenity; the other was the Bible! It is impossible to tell you the horror produced in me by this circumstance. The books fell from my hands; they fell upon the breast of one of the bodies—it was a woman's breast. A woman had lived and died in such a place as this! What had been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hours before, I knew not. It is possible, love strong as death—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice unto misery, but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

Near this corpse lay that of a mere boy, certainly not more than seventeen years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter; I saw enough to know that it was from his mother—*Mon cher fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties. Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they all once happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies, once lie in undisturbed beds? Did those clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now, all was loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again—robbers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides (for a dragoon lay with a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces), *heroes*? The only two powers that reigned here were agony and death. Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all faces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from wickedness.

It was now growing dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment showed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round about the dwelling, and the old window casement gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in upon the floor. Something rose up with an angry growl from among the dead bodies. It was a huge dark-coloured wolf-dog, with a spiked collar round his neck; and, seeing me, he leaped forwards with gaunt and bony limbs. I am confident that his jaws were bloody. I had instinctively moved backwards towards the door. The surly savage returned growling to his lair, and, in a state of stupefaction, I found myself in the open air. A bugle was playing, and the light infantry company of my own regiment was entering the village with loud shouts and huzzas."

Reader, this is a fearful picture of the miseries inseparable from war. We are told that there is something noble in that unhallowed art, which teaches man to imbue his hand in his brother's blood; that there is something generous in that fine chivalric spirit which thereby *kindles* in the hour of alarm, and rushes with delight among the thickest scenes of danger and of enterprise; that man is never more proudly arrayed than when, elevated by a contempt for death, he looks serene while the arrows of destruction are flying on every side; that, expunge war, and you expunge some of the brightest names in the catalogue of human virtues, and demolish that theatre on which have been displayed some of the sublimest energies of the human character. It is thus that war has been invested with a most pernicious splendour, and the common sense of mankind been abused.

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

NEW FOREST—ISLE OF WIGHT.

My journey southwards, as I formerly mentioned, was extended, by means of the railway from London, to Southampton; from which place of rising importance I proceeded for a week's recreation, and for the purpose of making some local inquiries, to the Isle of Wight. Southampton stands on the flat shore of a bay stretching out from the direct channel of the Itchin, and from it steamers regularly ply several times a-day to Cowes and Ryde, the voyage usually occupying about two hours, and at a small charge for passage. Being more animated with the wish of seeing the country than of pushing quickly over the ground, we selected the longest way about, but certainly that which is most romantic and agreeable—through the New Forest to Lymington.

If the reader be inclined for the jaunt, let him then come along with us into the glades of one of England's most ancient woodlands. It was on a delightfully fresh summer morning, that our post-chaise rattled up the main street of Southampton in a northerly direction, and, wheeling to the left, carried us speedily within the verge of the forest. Old-fashioned yellow mud cottages with vines trained up the walls, bushy hedge-rows and copses, small enclosed fields and clumps of oak in the open lawns, were passed in endless variety; and here and there the noise of the carriage sent the little black Hampshire pigs, which browsed on the wayside, off at a scamper to the nearest hut; or, rousing a herd of deer, caused them to bound rapidly away into the recesses of the forest. The scene was in every respect English, and well worthy of loitering over for a few idle hours.

Slowly did our vehicle pursue its way over the yellow-pebbled road, that we might have an opportunity of remarking the various points of interest, until we arrived at Lyndhurst, the capital of the forest, and situated near its centre. Although dignified with the appellation of capital, Lyndhurst is only a village consisting of a few brick houses of a humble but neat order, with an inn of loftier pretensions, containing a jolly large parlour with a jolly large fireplace, and lined with a delightfully antique green-coloured paper, covered all over with hunting-scenes, in which hundreds of jolly squires and yeomen are blowing bugles, leaping fences, and galloping merrily after hounds and stags through the openings of an endless forest. Many a carouse, I make no doubt, on the occasion of the steward's forest courts, has this said parlour with the old green paper-hangings witnessed. Adjacent to this respectable hostel of the olden times, and half shrouded among foliage, stands an aged brick edifice of still loftier distinction, denominated the Queen's House, and forming the lodge of the lord warden. As may be supposed, the lord warden is much too great a man to stay in this out-of-the-way unfashionable mansion, and he accordingly gives it up to his deputy the steward, and the steward resigns it to be shown by a female domestic, to whom a shilling is at all times a most acceptable offering. On being admitted to the interior by this discreet attendant, we were conducted to an old damp apartment on the ground-floor, called the hall, and which, as we were told, had been the court-room of the forest jurisdiction from time immemorial. A few lumbering benches, a bar and judgment-seat at one end, corroborate the statement. Allowing a minute or two to observe these decayed emblems of a state of things fortunately passing away, we are next shown an object which is evidently esteemed the great palladium of the establishment. This is an old rusty stirrup-iron, resembling the semi-circular handle of a pot, and which is alleged to have belonged to William Rufus—a fact which it would be equally cruel and needless to dispute with its well-meaning and devoutly believing exhibitor.

But we must draw ourselves away from the lodge of the lord warden, or rather of his deputy's deputy, and be on our way westward by Brokenhurst. The chaise, with a pair of fresh horses, is again rolling along the trim pathway across the heathy patches, and amidst scattered groups of oak and birch plantations. Nowhere, it is to be observed, either in this part or farther eastward, do we see any actual forest. The New Forest, which includes nearly 100,000 acres of land, and originated in the reign of William I., about eight hundred years since, is in the present age only a woody piece of country, dotted over with enclosed farms, cottages, and gentlemen's residences, most of which private properties have in process of time been either given away by royal grants, or acquired on the principle that squatters take possession of lands in the backwoods of America. No doubt, this has constituted a serious grievance; but John Bull has suffered so many other losses of much greater consequence, that intrusion on the bounds of the New Forest escaped his attention until a recent period, when a better order of things was instituted. Royal grants of lands are now abolished, and squatting is no longer permitted.

Proceeding through Brokenhurst, a village of Saxon origin, mentioned in that venerable chronicle Doomsday Book, we attain some grand forest views, over a wide range of greenwood, and open groves or glades, varied in many different forms; and immediately afterwards enter a vista, or avenue of several miles in length, perfectly straight, and lined on each side with a row of tall trees. This formal pathway conducts us almost to Lymington, which is the termination of our journey on the mainland. Lymington is a dull country town of no note, situated on the face of an eminence which declines towards a muddy creek, containing sufficient water to float the two or three small trading craft and a steam-boat, that draw up alongside its quay. Looking southwards down the creek, we perceive the Isle of Wight at about two or three miles' distance from its outer extremity. The steam is up. All things are ready, and we are off on our voyage through the winding water of the swamp, and thence across the narrow channel beyond. In forty minutes, we are landed at Yarmouth.

The channel between the mainland of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, anciently called the Solvent, and now the Solent Sea, varies in breadth from two to five miles, and is understood to have been formed by the breaking of the ocean across a tract of land at the spot. The island thus separated must originally have been of much greater extent than at present, because it is daily diminishing by the action of the sea on its southern and western shores. It now measures twenty-two miles from east to west, and at the middle thirteen from north to south. By the Romans it was called Vecha or Vectis, which has been corrupted in modern times into Wight. On the side next the Solent, the land slopes gradually to the water's edge, and possesses no point of the least interest. The only parts of the island attractive by their picturesque appearance, are the western and southern coasts, for there the encroachments of the ocean have produced a series of chalky precipices, which frequently alter in extent and character, and form a valuable study to the geological tourist.

After a night's residence in the little old-fashioned town of Yarmouth, we proceeded in an open car to explore the western extremity of the island, at the far-famed Alum Bay. A drive of five or six miles, over a circuitous and gradually ascending road, prettily lined with hedge-rows, brought us to the top of a heathy hill, from which it was found necessary to clamber down to the sea-shore. This point is at length gained, and affords a striking marine view. Before us is the wide placid sea, with the Isle of Portland, on the coast of Dorsetshire, faintly visible in the distance. Near us, but within the line of the water, are several columnar masses of rock, called the Needles, which have been left by the encroachments of the waves on the solid land. The shore is wide, flat, and composed of exquisitely fine sand, of divers colours, stretching to the base of lofty cliffs behind us. These cliffs are generally composed of a softish chalk, enclosing lumps of flint; but in some places the material is varied with stripes of a red and blue colour. In many parts the incumbent mass rests on a stratum of gravel, or other friable sandy matter; and this inferior layer being daily operated upon with more or less violence by the sea, huge cliffs are undermined, and either slide down with a portion of hill behind, in the form of land-slips, or tumble in fragments upon the beach. The white sand of the shore is esteemed of value for the manufacture of glass and earthenware, and forms an important article of export. The more bright and various coloured sands are also removed in smaller quantities to form ornaments for chimney-pieces, by putting them in phials in a particularly tasteful style of art, so as to represent fanciful scenes beneath the surface of the glass.

From Alum Bay we retraced our steps for a mile or two eastward, and then struck off towards the southern shore at Fresh-water Gate, a place consisting of only a boarding-house and two or three cottages. A similar scene of white chalky cliffs, worn in some places into yawning caverns, here awaited us; and having noted all that was worth inspection, we drove off to Newport, a distance of ten miles, and situated near the centre of the island, of which it is the metropolis.

Newport, in my opinion, is the prettiest place in the island. It is a neat brick town, with several good streets laid out at right angles to each other, or radiating from the main thoroughfares into pleasant country roads around. The town occupies the flat bosom of a valley, on the banks of a small river called the Medina, which issues into the sea at Cowes, and on nearly all sides is surrounded by low rounded hills, the most attractive of which is one on the west, forming the site of the aged castle of Carisbrooke. It would be unpardonable for any one to be an hour in Newport, without proceeding to view this deeply interesting spot. In our case, the evening was one of the finest that could be selected for such an excursion, and we lost no time in making our way thither. An easy walk of half an hour, along a pleasant road, brings us to the bottom of the hill, and, ascending that green eminence by flights of steps and pathways, we are shortly on a flat esplanade, level with the exterior ramparts of the castle. A few minutes more, with the porter's permission, allow us to enter the huge machicolated gateway, to cross the inner courtyard, and to ascend to the summit of the ponderous Norman keep. What a scene meets our eye! We are from three to four hundred feet above the level of the sweet valley beneath, in which nestle the old village and church of Carisbrooke, with rich environing gardens, and a few gentlemen's villas. Looking a little to the east and northward, we see Newport stretching along the Medina, and retiring amongst lines of leafy trees and thorn hedge-rows in full blossom. Beyond to the northward, our vision is extended over a bushy upland, called the Forest of Parkhurst; and still farther off, in the same direction, we have a glimpse of the

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Solent in the vicinity of Cowes. Southward, the scene is limited to the face of the enclosed fields which descend from the higher downs between us and the coast. A more charming, soft, simple prospect, calling up ideas of peaceful quiet, industry, and comfort, can scarcely be pictured in the imagination. The ruins of the old castle, on which we have taken our seat, and lighted up with the mellow tinge of an evening sun, help to awake additional fancies in the mind. We have the wide expanse of the fortification before us, covering at least twenty acres of ground, and plainly showing what an important feudal stronghold the place once had been. The whole is now completely dismantled, and in a state of broken ivy-clad ruin, with the exception of the house and offices, of comparatively modern date, belonging to the keeper, in the inner court. Descending the broken stair of the keep to these offices, we are conducted into one in which is a draw-well of 300 feet in depth. Water is drawn from it by a bucket and windlass, wrought by an unfortunate donkey, who is obliged to enter and turn round a wheel, on the principle of a squirrel in a cage. This poor creature, who, on performing his task, was glad to scramble out, and betake himself to a nibble of the green grass which grows plenteously in the court-yard, was, it seems, preceded in office by an ass who worked the wheel for the space of fifty-two years, and even then died in perfect health and strength, by accidentally falling over the ramparts of the castle. One of its successors was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III., who settled on it an aliment of a penny loaf a-day; a bounty which it gratefully enjoyed for a long period of years. The water of the well, which was brought up for us to taste, is pure, cool, and pleasant, being the produce of springs in the solid rock.

On the northern side of the court, near the keeper's house, are the dilapidated walls of the edifice in which Charles I. was confined, after he had fallen into the hands of his subjects. The window, with its iron bars, through which he on one occasion attempted to escape, is still pointed out: the apartment is entirely gone. A not less interesting spot is the open tilting ground on the east, and exterior to the court-yard. This ancient place of arms is a beautiful lawn, with banks on all sides for spectators, the whole being in as good preservation as when filled with the chivalry and fair daughters of Vectis.

The broad green knoll on which the castle stands, has been the site of a fortification since the period the Romans were in possession of the island, and has been maintained by successive dynasties of Saxons, Normans, and English. In the year 530, the castle was captured by Whitgar, a general under Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, and hence received the name of Whitgarsburg, which was afterwards shortened into Garsbruk, and that, in its turn, was transformed into the present appellation of Carisbrooke. The village which arose at the base of the mount, was, in these ancient times, the capital of the island, but in the course of events it gradually lost this character, and the rise of Newport, in a more advantageous situation farther down the Medina, finally deprived it of its distinction and importance. Newport, in the present day, as I have said, is a remarkably neat town, with evidently a fair share of trade, and is the place of residence of many respectable families. During our stay, we made excursions to several places in the neighbourhood besides Carisbrooke; among the rest, to the government prison at Parkhurst, to see which had been a principal motive for my visit to this part of England. An account of what fell under my observation here, will form the subject of the next article.

Having thus fairly exhausted Newport and its neighbourhood, we proceeded southwards, on a more lengthened excursion, to follow out the line of coast from Blackgang Chine to Shanklin. This division of the southern shore comprises scenery more interesting than what is seen farther west at Freshwater Gate and Alum Bay. The incessant action of the waves of the British Channel is here producing the usual effects of high bare cliffs and formidable land-slips, down to the verge of the water. For a distance of about five miles, there is a section of the coast, called Undercliff, which presents a very peculiar appearance. The washing away of the substratum on the shore, has caused the face of the hill all along to slide down in disorderly masses to the shore, but preserving a verdant and shrubby surface, and leaving the remaining half of the hill to form a bold, precipitous, and naked background. A road winds along on the top of the fallen land; and here also, in this somewhat perilous situation, are built, in various delightful sunny nooks and on prominent bushy knolls, ornamental cottages and houses; and in one place, under the shadow of the pendant cliff, there is now building a handsome town of detached villas, called Ventnor. The friable sandstone cliffs near Blackgang abound in marine fossil remains. From a mass of rock which had fallen from the summit, a height of about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, I procured some remarkably fine specimens of fossil shells of different kinds. The millions of years that must have elapsed since the sandstone of the cliff was a soft mass in the bed of the ocean, who can number or imagine!

Pursuing the winding and up-and-down route beneath the crags on our left, with the glittering expanse of the channel on our right, we are at length brought to Shanklin, a modern village a short way removed from the sea, and celebrated for its *chine*. Chine is a word often heard in the Isle of Wight, and applies to a ravine of sandy strata of different colours. The chine at Shanklin, I understand, was once pretty; now, it is a dell with dirty brown sandy sides, not more interesting than a tolerably deep railway cutting, its variegated colours, if they ever existed, having been obliterated by damp, or a muddy stream conveyed into it from the village.

From Shanklin, a journey of an hour brings us to Ryde, at the eastern extremity of the island. Ryde is a town of beautiful villas, with some business streets, lying on the face of a pleasant woody hill, and commanding a view of Portsmouth on the mainland opposite. The town is provided with a very long wooden jetty or pier across a wide expanse of sandy beach, which is visible at low water; and hence steamboats ply at frequent intervals, in connexion with Portsmouth, Southampton, and various other places.

The Isle of Wight, of which we now had made a pretty comprehensive inspection, both in the interior and coasts, possesses a few interesting points worthy of the visit of tourists, particularly Alum Bay, Undercliff, and Carisbrooke; but, generally speaking, its natural beauties and fertile qualities have been considerably overrated. Most of it is of a commonplace character, consisting of low bare hills or downs, with the inferior slopes disposed as small arable farms; and it possesses little ornamental wood to compose what is called park scenery. The soil is generally a poor yellowish clay, in many places ill-drained, and under a backward state of cultivation. I understand, however, that the more energetic landed gentry and yeomanry are making efforts to improve both the tillage and the live stock of the island. The roads are good, though very narrow and uneven; and being environed by hedge-rows, they form one of the most pleasing traits in the rural scenery. The climate of the island is usually reckoned to be somewhat more mild, pure, and salubrious than that of the mainland of England; except, however, as respects a temperature two or three degrees higher in winter, from the prevalence of marine breezes, I should imagine this distinction to be rather fanciful. The island contains many remarkably pleasant places of private residence for invalids and others, and also a plentiful supply of hotels for transient visiters; but there are several drawbacks on comfort which it may be as well to state. In few places are there any walks on a level surface fit for valetudinarians—scarcely any conveyances are to be obtained but open cars—and the expense of living at boarding-houses or inns is excessively high. A tourist may travel a month in some parts of the Continent for the sum which he will be compelled to dissipate in a week in the Isle of Wight. The same thing almost may be said of travelling in any part of the south of England.

The island is evidently a place of permanent residence for many families in retired life and easy circumstances, the number of this class of its inhabitants having greatly increased within the last twenty or thirty years. The population is now about 40,000, nearly a fourth part of whom belong to Newport, and another fourth to Ryde and Cowes. The latter town, at the mouth of the Medina, directly opposite the estuary of Southampton water, is the principal seaport, and seat of a rather distinguished and numerous yacht club. The island possesses a governor, vice-admiral, and other honorary functionaries; the present vice-admiral is the Earl of Yarborough, whose elegant mansion of Appuldurcombe, which is kindly thrown open on certain days of the week for the inspection of visiters, forms a leading attraction in the southern part of the island.

Attending with some degree of care to its internal arrangements, and being of easily manageable dimensions, the Isle of Wight may be described as in a generally thriving and comfortable condition. You nowhere see any mendicant vagrancy or external marks of destitution. This gratifying state of affairs is promoted by a strict exclusion of all persons likely to be a burden on society. Placards on the walls denounce severe penalties on all "beggars, pretended matchsellers, exhibitors of white mice, or wandering musicians," who are found within the limits of the island, and captains of vessels are warned not to bring them over. But other and more effectual means are adopted for extirpating poverty. The whole island, as respects pauperism, is reckoned as one parish, and is provided with a large workhouse for the reception of all paupers whatsoever, situated a short way from Newport. While furnishing a tranquil shelter to the infirm and helpless poor, this house of industry gives employment at out or in-door labour to all who are able to work, and choose to remain within the establishment; and to the juvenile poor it affords instruction, and fits them for a useful trade or occupation in the world. Eighty acres of land are attached to the house, and divided into fields and gardens which are cultivated by the inmates. The institution has proved an effective cure of utter destitution and misery.

MACONOCHIE ON THE CONVICT SYSTEM IN AUSTRALIA.

Captain Maconochie, a person of enlightened and generous character, well known to men of science in this country, about five years ago accompanied his friend Sir John Ross to Van Diemen's Land, in the capacity of secretary, but was soon obliged, by the individuals who had long held the chief influence in the colony, to retire from a situation in which he could not look with official indifference upon almost every species of selfish injustice. Fortunately, the home government appreciated his value, and three papers drawn up by him, on the convict discipline of the Australian colonies, were laid before Parliament in April 1838. Captain Maconochie has more recently in Van Diemen's Land printed a volume,* in which, besides a summary of those parliamentary papers, he presents a series of short articles on various connected subjects, all of them marked by enlarged and humane views. The object of the whole is to enforce the propriety of substituting for the present harsh and degrading mode of convict management, a system in which, while punishment is duly administered, moral influence shall be called into play for the purpose of producing reformation.

Captain Maconochie's account of the present system, and of the evils flowing from it, is very striking.

"Prisoners are, on their first arrival in the penal colonies, assigned to private service at the will of a public board, which endeavours, as it best can, to distribute them fairly and equally among the settlers, according to certain conventional rules laid down for its guidance. In the assigned service thus entered on, no wages are allowed to be given; nor is any other *moral* impulse employed, excepting the remote hope of indulgence after four, six, or eight years, according to their original sentence. Until these elapse, the labour imposed is strictly *coerced*, or *slave* labour; and although accompanied with a fixed *minimum* amount of physical maintenance and support, sufficient to place above want, it is yet subject to all the discomfort and moral degradation incident to such a condition. The men are lodged in outhouses, six, eight, or more, under a stable roof; they sleep here on trundle bedsteads, generally without undressing; the floor is earthen, and often very soft; they cook and eat in the same place, or in one not better, immediately adjoining, always in the roughest manner; and they are subject to the most severe regulations, which any master can get enforced, on appeal to a magistrate, by equally severe punishments. This is the usual picture in the country districts; in the towns there is more comfort (sometimes in the case of a good house-servant there is even too much, consistently with a state of punishment), but there is much more temptation. Not being allowed wages, yet desirous of procuring indulgences, the prisoners too often steal to obtain means; and all fly to liquor, whenever they can obtain it, to drown humiliation and care.

At the end of the several allotted periods each man may ask for, and, according to the report made of him, may obtain, or be refused, a ticket of leave; but in this there is necessarily much uncertainty. The record kept of prisoners' conduct only embraces offences, no official notice being taken of good ordinary behaviour, as diligence, sobriety, obedience, honesty, fidelity, zeal, or the like; and thus, as only that appears which has drawn down magisterial censure, a careless fellow, however good his disposition and intentions, especially if he has had an indifferent master, may have a long list against him, while a thorough villain, more happily circumstanced, or perhaps from the very power of deception which his practice in villany gives him, may have few or none. When the ticket is obtained, a particular district is assigned, in which the recipient must reside. Within it he may choose his master and residence, and receive wages; but under a recent statute, he is not allowed to acquire property. He must attend frequent musters, and may not change his residence without informing the police. He must also constantly sleep at home, and return thither before eight o'clock every evening. For very trifling irregularities he is liable to have his ticket suspended, or entirely taken away; in either of which cases he is usually sent to hard labour in a road-party, thus falling back on the worst, and not on the best, form of previous treatment. And, practically, a very large proportion of ticket-of-leave men are thus interrupted, often on very slight occasions, in their labour and pursuits, even in this their comparatively free position.

As the periods of sentence respectively expire, with or without having obtained tickets of leave, and however abandoned in character (if only they escape an extension of time under a colonial sentence), the prisoners become entirely free, and mix as such with the remainder of society; of which whole system the minute features and consequences may be thus classed:—

The degree of punishment inflicted by it is in every

* Australiana. Thoughts on Convict Management and other Subjects connected with the Australian Penal Colonies. By Captain Maconochie, R. N. K.H. London: J. W. Parker. 1839.

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case quite uncertain. A bad master may make it fearful; a good or weak one may greatly mitigate it. Much also depends on the personal character of the criminal himself, as will be presently explained; but, in general, the amount of suffering is much greater than it appears to be, or than it is thought in England, or than is at all proportionate to minor offences.

It is on the persons guilty of these, at the same time, and even on the most innocent of them, that the punishment chiefly falls; for the *physical* endurance *is* trifling compared with the *degradation*, and other *moral* suffering inflicted; and it is the best men who feel these most acutely. The previous habits of old offenders may in most cases, even before their arrival, have inured them to filth, slovenliness, suspicion, contempt, and the habit of submitting to, and commanding their tempers under, such treatment; while a comparatively good man writhes under every thing approaching to indignity, and is unable to conceal or restrain the feelings excited by it.

The very bad are thus little punished—if, indeed, their situation be not in many cases even improved; while the less bad, up even to the very good (of whom there are some), are punished with extreme severity, and almost universally degraded and demoralised. Every feeling of self-respect is speedily lost amidst the humiliations and inconveniences inflicted; and irritation, recklessness, insubordination, disgraceful punishment, furious resentment, drunkenness, theft, and prostitution, complete the sacrifice of many a human being born to better things, and whom misfortune and imperfect political institutions, more than crime, or original bad dispositions, have thus irrecoverably ruined.

The evil also does not stop here. Social, like mechanical impulses, act reciprocally. The degradation of one class operates injuriously on every other; and it is impossible to view the state of society in the penal colonies, without being made most painfully sensible of this fact." Our author traces the effect of this slave-holding system in the harsh, overbearing, and quarrelsome character which attaches to the free population of penal Australia; in a depth of suspicion, and a recklessness of assertion "beyond all precedent in civilised life;" in short, "a diremion of society." Under a system so unfortunately arranged, administration becomes extremely difficult, and every successive governor has been charged with heinous errors.

Captain Maconochie proceeds to suggest a new system of management for the convicts in Australia. He proposes that they should be kept entirely under the care of the government, and subjected to a well-regulated system of restraint and of reformation, until they have become fit to re-enter society, when they should come forth as free labourers. Into the details of his plan we cannot here enter; but it is the less necessary, as, since the preceding part of this article was put into types, the subject has come under discussion in parliament, and a prospect has been held out of a complete revolution in convict management being carried into effect by the government. The subject is one invested with great difficulties. It will be scarcely possible so to adjust the meed of punishment, the means of reformation, the desirableness of economy, the demands of one set of the colonies for convict labour, and the fears of another set lest convicts be let loose upon them, as to give entire satisfaction. But it is quite clear that some change in the present system is required; and hence we would hope that the various parties interested in the question will meet it in a spirit of liberality and concession, and not allow small obstacles to stand in the way of a reform so devoutly to be wished.

EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA.*

THE recently published work, of which the full title is noted below, is one of much importance in various respects. No portion of the globe, scarcely excepting even the interior of Africa, is less known to the civilised world than the northern coast of Asia. This region being entirely in the possession of Russia, it was by that power alone that discoveries could properly be prosecuted; and, till of late years, its rulers have not been in a condition to appreciate the full value of such explorations, either to themselves or to mankind at large. The matters brought to light, therefore, by Admiral Wrangell's expedition of 1820–1823, the account of which is now for the first time laid before the world, have all the charm of perfect novelty; and of this, as well as of their generally interesting character, a few extracts will suffice to satisfy the reader.

The north-eastern district of Siberia, visited by Admiral Wrangell and his companions, lies between the river Lena on the west, and Behring's Straits on the east, and extends from about the 126th to the 190th degree of east longitude, and from the 62d to the 73d degree of north latitude. The expedition was a land one, its main object being to settle certain doubts which prevailed as to the existence of a great arctic continent north of the Siberian seas. An extensive tract of the Siberian coast was traversed by the party in the course of their enterprise, in order to enable them to cross the ice northwards, at various points, in sledges; and the result of these journeys was the discovery of a "wide immeasurable ocean," at all the points which they tried. This obstacle of course compelled them to pause, and renounce the object immediately in view. But in their various routes on the land, they saw enough to render their expedition one of profound interest, both to themselves and to others. The little that was formerly known on the subject of Northern Siberia, must have often led reflecting minds to wonder in what manner life could be sustained in regions so cold and dreary. "Here (says Admiral Wrangell) there is nothing to invite. Endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. No one attempts the cultivation of any *vegetable*, nor could success be expected." This must be understood as referring to the vegetables capable of sustaining man, and which, indeed, do yield his chief sustenance in almost all parts of the world. Happily, however, there are in Siberia grasses and wild fruits, in sufficient abundance to maintain a great variety of the lower animals; and it is here that nature has given compensation to man for the poverty of useful vegetation. "Countless herds of rein-deer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and grey squirrels, fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, and ducks, arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls, pursue their prey along the sea-coast; ptarmigan run in troops among the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighbourhood of men's habitations; and, when the sun shines in spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn, that of the thrush." There is also an abundance of fish in the waters; and it is by means of these varieties of animal life that a comparatively large population are fed and clothed, and enabled to endure the cold and herbless dreariness of a Siberian clime.

As in the case of the Laplanders, the rein-deer furnishes to the nomade tribes of Siberia the means of supplying all their most pressing wants. "The two most important epochs of the year, are the spring and autumn migrations of the rein-deer. About the end of May they leave the forests, where they had found some degree of shelter from the winter cold, in large herds, and seek the northern plains nearer the sea, partly for the sake of the better pasture afforded by the moss tundras, and partly to fly from the mosquitoes and other insects, which, literally speaking, torment them to death.

In good years, the migrating body of rein-deer consists of many thousands; and, though they are divided into herds of two or three hundred each, yet the herds keep so near together as to form only one immense mass, which is sometimes from fifty to one hundred versts in breadth. As each separate herd approaches the river, the deer draw more closely together, and the largest and strongest takes the lead. He advances, closely followed by a few of the others, with head erect, and apparently intent on examining the locality. When he has satisfied himself, he enters the river, the rest of the herd crowd after him, and in a few minutes the surface is covered with them.

Then the hunters, who had been concealed to leeward, rush in their light canoes from their hiding-places, surround the deer, and delay their passage, whilst two or three chosen men, armed with short spears, dash into the middle of the herd, and dispatch large numbers in an incredibly short time; or at least wound them so, that if they reach the bank, it is easy to fall into the hands of the women and children.

The office of the spearman is a very dangerous one. It is no easy thing to keep the light boat afloat among the dense crowd of the swimming deer, which, moreover, make considerable resistance; the males with their horns, teeth, and hind-legs, whilst the females try to overset the boat by getting their fore-feet over the gunnel; if they succeed in this, the hunter is lost, for it is hardly possible that he should extricate himself from the throng; but the skill of these people is so great, that accidents very rarely occur. A good hunter may kill one hundred or more in less than half an hour. When the herd is large, and gets into disorder, it often happens that their antlers become entangled with each other; they are then unable to defend themselves, and the business is much easier. Meanwhile, the rest of the boats pick up the skins, and fasten them together with thongs, and every one is allowed to keep what he lays hold of in this manner. It might seem that in this way nothing would be left to requite the spearmen for their skill, and the danger they have encountered; but whilst every thing taken in the river is the property of whoever secures it, the wounded animals which reach the bank before they fall, belong to the spearman who wounded them. The skill and experience of these men are such, that in the thickest of the conflict, when every energy is taxed to the uttermost, and their life is every moment at stake, they have sufficient presence of mind to contrive to measure the force of their blows so as to kill the smallest animals outright, but only to wound the larger and finer ones, so that they may be just able to reach the bank. Such proceeding is not sanctioned by the general voice, but it seems, nevertheless, to be almost always practised.

The whole scene is of a most singular and curious character, and quite indescribable. The throng of thousands of swimming rein-deer, the sound produced by the striking together of their antlers, the swift canoes dashing in amongst them, the terror of the frightened animals, the danger of the huntsmen, the shouts of warning, advice, or applause from their friends, the blood-stained water, and all the accompanying circumstances, form a whole which no one can picture to himself without having witnessed the scene."

Sometimes the rein-deer hunt fails, and then the importance of the animal to the natives is shown by the most deplorable consequences. On one occasion, when Admiral Wrangell was present, the natives, who were waiting in a state of almost utter starvation for the appearance of the herds, "were filled with joy, by immense numbers of rein-deer approaching the right bank of the river opposite to Lobasmoje. I never saw such a multitude of these animals. At a distance, their antlers resembled a moving forest. Crowds of people flocked in on every side, and hope beamed on every countenance as they arranged themselves in their light boats to await the passage of the deer. But whether the animals had seen and were terrified at the crowds of people, or whatever the reason may have been, after a short pause, they turned, left the bank, and disappeared among the mountains. The utter despair of the poor starving people was dreadful to witness. It manifested itself among these rude children of nature under various forms. Some wept aloud, and wrung their hands; some threw themselves on the ground, and tore up the snow; others, and amongst these the more aged, stood silent and motionless, gazing with fixed and tearless eyes in the direction where their hopes had vanished. Feeling our utter inability to offer any alleviation to their misery, we hastened to quit this scene of woe."

The inhabitants of Siberia, in fact, enjoy life but by fits and starts. The rein-deer, it has been seen, appear but at certain seasons, and the case is the same with fish. During the intense winter cold, these creatures retire into the deepest parts of the rivers and lakes, and are there unapproachable. When their stores of flesh and fish chance to run short, which often happens before the fitting time, the distress of the people becomes altogether fearful. "One sees them, like wandering phantoms, pale, without strength, scarcely able to walk; they throw themselves greedily on any remains of bones, skin, or aught else which may in any way alleviate the pangs of hunger." The common form in which they usually first obtain relief, is by the arrival of large flights of birds, swans, geese, ducks, and snipes, from the south. Old and young, men and women, all who can use a gun or a bow, hasten to the pursuit, and, for the time, the scarcity ends. When to these frequent sufferings from famine is added an atmospherical temperature, considered mild when *only* eighteen or twenty degrees below the freezing point, and when it is remembered that innumerable hosts of sharp-stinging mosquitoes fill the air during a great part of the year, it may well be believed that the people of these regions are characterised by continued melancholy, if not by sullen moroseness.

Having usually to shift in the fishing season to the banks of rivers, many of the Siberian tribes occupy two kinds of habitations, their winter and their summer ones. The former are small cottages of boards, in the shape of truncated pyramids, with sunk mud floors, and window-slits fitted with plates of ice in winter, and fish-membranes at other times. The summer dwellings are tents of birch bark, softened and sewed together. An open hearth, with a very rude chimney, keeps these huts well furnished with smoke, which is essential to the expulsion of mosquitoes. Of the fisheries conducted at the summer tents, it is only necessary to remark, that the whole of each little community unites to erect a dam across the river, leaving an opening in the middle in which baskets are placed for the securing of the migrating fish. After the construction of the dam, the fishing is a task so easy, that the men hand it over to the women, and direct their own attention to the chase.

The Siberians of the north-east, called by the tribe-names of Tungusi, Jakuti, Lamuti, and others, have, in addition to their tame rein-deer, a small-sized, shaggy breed of horses for work and travel. But, like the Kamtschatkadales, the inhabitants of many districts also possess a peculiar and powerful breed of dogs, by means of which a great part of their sledge-journeying is effected. "These dogs," says Admiral Wrangell, "have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, and some have curly hair; their colour is various, black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height, and three feet three quarters of an inch in length (English measure).

Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitoes: in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea in 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Lieutenant (now Admiral) Wrangell of the Russian Imperial Navy. Edited by Major E. Sabine. London: James Madden and Co. 1840.

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guiding them. The best trained dogs are used as leaders; and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education—so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions, we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering *powarna*, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it, he will suddenly stop, and indicate, significantly, the spot where his master must dig.

Nor are the dogs without their use in summer; they tow the boats up the rivers, and it is curious to observe how instantly they obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call, they plunge into the water, draw the towing-line after them, and swim after the boat to the opposite shore; and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order, and wait the command to go on. Sometimes, even those who have no horses will use the dogs in fowling excursions, to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In short, the dog is fully as useful and indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country, as the tame reindeer is to the nomade tribes. They regard it as such. We saw a remarkable instance of this during the terrible sickness, which, in the year 1821, carried off the greater part of these useful animals. An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born, and, indeed, still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurselings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs."

Notwithstanding the length to which these notices and extracts have run, we find that we have yet given but a very imperfect idea of the uncommon and abundant interest of the contents of this volume, which reflects honour on the Russian service. We can but point it out, however, to those who would know more of the subject, and feel assured that the indication will be held as a favour by those who avail themselves of it.

TOPHAM, AND OTHER STRONG MEN.

Thomas Topham, "the Strong Man," as he was usually called, was born in London about the year 1710. He was bred to the trade of a carpenter, and, although his stature never exceeded five feet ten, soon became remarkable for the extraordinary vigour of his muscular powers. His passion for athletic exercises led to his deserting his regular trade, and adopting that of an innkeeper. At his house of the Red Lion, on the City Road, he gave the first public display of his astonishing powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed on a low wall for support. He next tried his strength against two horses, but received a lasting injury in one of his legs, though to a certain extent successful in the accomplishment of the proposed feat. These exertions were made by way of rivalling those of a German performer who came to this country, and drew against two horses with success. But, as is shown in Sir D. Brewster's Treatise on Natural Magic, the German executed the feat not by sheer strength, as in Topham's case, but by a skilfully arranged piece of mechanism, which disseminated the strain through the lower part of the trunk. Other performances of the German, such as his allowing stones to be broken on his body, and the like, were managed in a similar way, by artifice more than strength.

Topham trusted only to his unaided muscular powers, and by their means he effected the following very wonderful tasks. With his fingers, he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a very thick tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke a similar bowl between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundredweight fastened to the end of it, was lifted by him with his teeth, and held for a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward way in which he applied his powers to the task. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by means of a chain fastened to it, using his hands only, and standing on a frame above the roller. But, perhaps, of all Topham's feats, the most surprising was his lifting of three hogsheads of water, weighing in all one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six pounds, in the presence of multitudes of spectators assembled to witness the exertion.

The attention which Topham devoted to athletic exhibitions, and the habits to which these exhibitions naturally led, had the effect of withdrawing his mind from serious business, and he became a bankrupt. After this event he travelled over the country, and gave regular displays of his muscular strength in the majority of the provincial towns. The famous William Hutton of Birmingham, when resident in his native Derby, witnessed Topham's feats, and has not disdained to give an admiring record of them in his writings. Hutton's statement is characterised by his wonted clearness and accuracy. "Topham, being obliging enough to allow his person to be examined, was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him." After mentioning that Topham was above thirty years of age, and had a slight limp in consequence of the fracture of his leg, caused by drawing against the horses, the writer proceeds: "The performances of this wonderful person, in whom was united the strength of twelve men, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arms' length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundredweight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundredweight."

Hutton mentions other feats, similar to those previously enumerated here, and continues thus:—"Weakness and feeling seemed fled together. Being a master of music, Topham entertained the company with 'Mad Tom.' I heard him also sing a solo to the organ in St Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed *scarcely human*. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, Topham took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round the man's neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company till he condescended to untie the cravat. Had he not abounded in good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, for he could instantly double up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza." His strength not being particularly apparent at first sight, his ordinary and non-professional displays excited the more astonishment. Two strangers, of powerful make and quarrelsome temper, entered his tavern one day, and, after evincing much insolence, would fight with the quiet and patient landlord. He was at length obliged to seize them respectively by the nape of the neck, when, in spite of the most violent struggles, he coolly noited their heads together, till they asked pardon of all present in abject terms. In like manner, on the occasion of a race-exhibition, being annoyed, along with others, by a carter who would force his waggon into the scene of the sport, Topham took hold of the back of the vehicle, and dragged it back, horse, man, and all, till the way was sufficiently cleared; the carter, in the mean while, striving to push his horse forward, yet not daring to lay a finger on the man who was giving this terrible proof of strength.

Annoyed, like Sampson, by a wife of uncongenial dispositions, Topham fell into distresses, and died in the prime of his age.

Topham appears to have been one of the strongest men of whom we have authentic accounts. Yet very striking things are told of the men of antiquity, of which some must be true. Regarding various individuals who filled the throne of the Cæsars, in particular, wonderful stories are told; and these are the more likely to be correct, as the Roman soldiery put their favourites into the imperial chair chiefly for personal and physical qualities. Maximin, the emperor, was so strong in body, that he drew loaded waggons with ease. He struck out the teeth of a horse with his fist, and by a kick broke its thigh. He crumbled stones between his fingers, and cleft young but stout trees with his hands. Caius Marius, another of those nominated to the empire by the soldiers, is said to have stayed with his fourth finger a cart drawn by horses, and to have drawn it backward in the same way. With single fingers of his two hands, acting against one another, he could break strong cords twisted together. The Emperor Aurelian is stated by a credible author, Flavius Vopiscus, to have been of great stature, and of such marvellous strength, that he slew, in one engagement with the Sarmatians, no less than forty-nine men. Similar feats are told of other members of the imperial line, and, from the way in which these sovereigns were selected, many of these anecdotes are entitled to belief.

Froissart, a writer of undeniable honesty, speaks of a companion-knight to the Earl of Foix, one Orlando Burg, who, being hurried for fuel one cold day, went down a long flight of steps, and, finding asses loaded with wood in the court, seized the largest of them, burden and all, and never stopped till he had laid ass and all from his shoulders on the fire—a position, however, not long kept by the ass at least, as may be believed. In the French "Bibliotheque des Gens de Cour," we are told of a man named Barsabas, who was a soldier of Louis XIV.'s guards, and who, on one occasion when the king's heavy coach of state stuck so fast in the road that all the oxen and horses that could be yoked to it were unable to pull it out, applied his single strength to it from below, and lifted it out of the place. A man was about to fight with Barsabas, and when the two were holding out their hands, the strong fellow seized the fist of the other, and, by a gentle squeeze, utterly disabled him from using the limb. Barsabas could map horse-shoes in two as easily as wafers. He went in one day to a village farrier's, and said he wished for horse-shoes. Several were shown to him, and he broke them to pieces one by one with his fingers, saying they were uselessly brittle. The farrier stared, but proposed to make stronger ones. While beginning to the task, Barsabas took up the large anvil, and held it under his cloak. When the anvil was sought for, he set it down, on which the farrier, seeing such miraculous feats, as he thought them, ran off with the exclamation, that the devil in person was in his smithy.

Barsabas, the French work tells, once met his match, however. He went into a rope-shop in Flanders, his native region, and sought to purchase some strong ropes. Several being presented to him, he snapped them like pack-thread, and said "they were very bad." "I will give you better ones," said the woman who was selling the articles, "if you have money to pay for them." Barsabas immediately produced several crown pieces. The woman took them up, and broke two or three of them as easily as Barsabas had snapped the ropes. "Your crowns are as bad as my ropes," said the woman, smiling. The astonished visiter made inquiries, and found a solution of the mystery of the woman's strength, in the fact that she was his own sister! They had not met from infancy, and had both left the place of their nativity.

THE TESTAMENT.

A STORY.

At an early hour of the day, while morning, indeed, was yet struggling with the night for mastery, Horace Morand entered the house of his uncle, and, with the confidence of a privileged relative, proceeded directly to the sleeping apartment of which the old man had been an involuntary tenant for some weeks back. An aged nurse was seated on a sofa in the chamber, half slumbering through long fatigue. The windows were yet closed; but on the table stood a single light, which showed, through the half-open curtains of the bed, the wan figure of the elder Morand, or what had been that person, for the body was now a piece of inanimate matter. The old man had sunk into his last sleep some hours before.

The noise which Horace Morand made on entering aroused the nurse. She rose, and with a melancholy air said, "Good morning, Mr Horace. You come to see your uncle once more. Look at him. He smiles as if he but slumbered pleasantly; but his eyes will re-open no more." "Console yourself, my good Margaret," returned the young man. "You have watched long, and have need of rest; go and take it, and I will remain with my uncle." "But, sir," said the nurse, "I was desired"—— "Go for a little while to rest," replied the youth, interrupting her; "go, my good Margaret, fear nothing; I will not quit the room." And, as he spoke, he pushed the attendant, with gentle violence, from the chamber. He then sat down on the sofa, and, glancing for a moment at the deceased relative, he drew the curtains together, as if unwilling to have any witness of his reflections.

"At last he is gone," said the young man, "and I am rich!"

This opening reflection was followed after a time by occasional glances at the bed. Finally, Horace Morand rose, and drawing open the curtains to the shortest extent possible, he introduced his hand to the head of the bed, and brought it out again, bearing a bunch of keys. Closing the curtains anew, the young man went hurriedly to an escritoire in the room, and applying a key, as if the objects were things familiar to him, opened the repository in question. There was gold in it; there were family jewels; there were title-deeds, and other such papers. These were not what the seeker wanted; but he ultimately found the article in demand. It was a *will*. Stirring up the fire, the youth sat down by it with the precious document in his eager hands, and read thus:—

"I nominate and appoint my nephew, Horace Morand, my general legatee."

"Excellent!" cried the heir, with a degree of joy which he thought it unnecessary to conceal: "I, then, am the inheritor, as the law and the rules of society indicate. By my faith, it was fit time!" As he spoke, Horace, who for two years had dreaded that his uncle would forget family ties in the love borne to strangers,

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drew one hand across his now cheerful brow, and read on.

"I give and devise twenty thousand francs to Garot and his wife Margaret, who have served me for thirty years with devoted fidelity." "Twenty thousand franks to these people!" was the passing thought of the young heir. "Why," said he, "they are rich enough already with what they have picked up during these same thirty years. Never mind. It is an old man's folly. I will pay this, since I can't help myself." The reading was continued.

"To Pierre, my man-servant, I give ten thousand francs. I leave ten thousand francs, also, to my friend M. Martin, notary; and it is my wish that the sum should be devoted to the dowering of his daughter Eugenie, my godchild."

"Ten thousand francs to Pierre!" thought the young man—"to an old rascal who ought rather to be turned to the door without his wages! Ten thousand francs to M. Martin, an old notary, who has a beautiful villa at Ville d'Avray, and wealth enough of his own! Ah, this is no dower, my worthy uncle, but a remembrance to Madame Martin. Scandal is sometimes right. I won't pay a penny of this. I will see M. Martin, and tell him what a disgrace it would be in him to take money in this shape, and what the world—or at least the scandal-loving part of it—might say of him." The reading was continued.

"I bequeath to Victoire Dubois, daughter of my brave friend, who died for his country, forty thousand francs, and request that M. Martin will do his endeavour to have her well married, and give her the said sum as a dowry." The reader of the will sat silent for a time, with gloomy brow. "To a young workman at Paris," continued the testament, when the reading was resumed, "by name Gustave, whom my nephew Horace knows well, and in whom I am much interested, I give the sum of one hundred thousand francs."

"Give to this stranger lad a hundred thousand francs! Never—he shall never have a fraction of this sum." Horace Morand threw down the will as he spoke, and rose hastily. He took several turns through the apartment, and then, though the morning was a cold one of November, he threw up the window, and gazed abroad. Before him lay an immense park, filled with stately trees, and, beyond them, a wide range of fertile plains, verdant in spite of the season, and spotted with numerous flocks and herds, the best in all Normandy. Through the country rolled the beautiful waters of the Seine. "All this is mine," said the young man; "I am the natural inheritor of it—the only relative of its last possessor. Why should I give away any part of my rights to dower another man's daughter, and pension a young tradesman, for an old man's freak? This will robs me. Without any such document, the law, as it should do, would give me all. No: I will not yield up my family rights in this way." The new heir wrought himself up by these sophistries to a dark frame of mind. He forgot that vast wealth would remain to him after all, and that his own conduct as a nephew had long been scandalously bad, though, during two past years, self-interest had made him seemingly attentive to his uncle, and regardful of his advices. All this the young man forgot, and he showed that he forgot it by an act of a kind scarcely to be characterised in proper language. After moving about for a time in increasing excitement and passion, he suddenly seized the will and threw it into the flames.

He was watching its expiring ashes when a knock came to the hall door. Horace hastened to close the escritoire, and replace the keys, after which he himself went to the door to receive the visiter. This was M. Martin, the notary alluded to in the will, and who, informed by message of the late death, had come to behold his friend Morand once more, and to take counsel relative to the deceased's affairs. The notary was a man almost as old as the defunct, and his manner was peculiarly affecting as he knelt down at his entrance before the bed, and took the hand of M. Morand, kissing it respectfully and tearfully. He then turned to Horace, and, with the ease of a man of business, passed to necessary affairs.

"I am sorry," said he, at the outset, with candid firmness, "to see you alone here, Mr Horace. Such a thing is somewhat contrary to forms, where third parties are interested." "Third parties!" said the other, sharply. "Yes, *third* parties," replied Martin. "You will find a *will*, Mr Horace." "Possibly enough," said the young man. "It is certain, sir," answered the notary. "My late friend told me of its existence yesterday, some hours before his death. The document will be discovered in that escritoire (here the notary pointed to it), and it is your duty Mr Horace, as my late friend's instructions make it also mine, to search for this valuable document without delay. It is proper, likewise, that all the servants of the house, who may be interested, should be present at this search." "Certainly; do what you conceive to be necessary," replied the nephew, in an easy, natural manner. And accordingly, all the domestics then present in the house, were assembled to aid in the proposed examination. The search was most minute, but fruitless. At the close, the old notary sent away all the servants, and, on being alone with Horace, said to him, calmly, "It is impossible that a will should not exist. Your uncle some time since assured me that he would make it, and yesterday he told me that he had fulfilled his intent."

"Can you suspect my honesty?" answered Horace. "I know nothing of all this."

"I found you here alone," said the notary, preserving an air of cold firmness; "but I wish to impugn no one's good faith. Listen to me, however. Your youth has been a dissipated one, nay, as your uncle thought, a vicious one. You know that your conduct drove you from your uncle's house. He intended to disinherit you. I interposed, and reminded him that you were the son of an only brother whom he loved, and of a sister-in-law to whom he had promised to watch over your welfare. I succeeded in reconciling you with your uncle. Since that time, now two years ago, you have been well-conducted, or seemingly so. Heaven only knows if your reformation was sincere—your uncle never believed it."

"Did my uncle do me that injustice?" cried Horace.

"He had the belief to which I refer," continued M. Martin; "and it was with difficulty that I extracted from him a promise, some time back, to appoint you his general legatee, a promise which, as I have said, he informed me of his having fulfilled." After a brief pause, the notary proceeded:—"But, supposing that no will were found, you would be heir-at-law, and would come into possession of all, as the nearest relative. What would you then do?" "Do!" exclaimed the youth—"what should I do but enjoy the fortune left to me?" "True," said the notary, "but your uncle often expressed his resolution to provide for certain persons, his domestics, for example, and to leave them with the means of comfortably enjoying life after his own decease." "If he had really had this desire," returned Horace, coldly, "he would have taken the means to assure its fulfilment." "It is necessary, moreover," pursued the notary, without heeding this remark, "that I should disclose a secret to you, Mr Horace. Your uncle had a child, though never married." "You calumniate my uncle, sir," said the nephew; "I do not believe him capable of having so erred." "The case, nevertheless, is as I say," continued M. Martin; "and you yourself know the child, now an apprentice in Paris. An honest, well-behaved boy poor Gustave is; and your uncle not only meant to establish him in life, but also proposed to disinherit yourself, and leave all to this boy, at the time when you incurred his deserved displeasure."

"All this is absurd, sir," said the young heir; "pass on to other matters, if you have more to say, and let us have done with this useless talk."

"The will!—the will! young man," returned the notary; "I know there is a will!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Horace, sneeringly, "you expected some little token to come your own way!"

The aged notary seemed for a moment to have some little difficulty in restraining himself. But he commanded his temper, and proceeded earnestly to address the heir. "You know well, that, for my own part, I have a fortune sufficient for all my wants; but, in pity to these faithful old servants, conduct yourself generously and honourably, young man, and respect also the blood of your uncle. Assign some small portion of this rich heritage to these domestics, and to your uncle's son. Be humane, be just. Do not make me repent of having revived in your uncle's breast the affection of a relative, and having prevented your disinheritance. Let the boy have a slight share of the vast heritage of his father. Gustave, I know, would have compassioned you, had circumstances been reversed. Come, Mr Horace," continued the old notary, with earnest and kind tones, and even with tears in his eyes—"come, let us search again for this will. Perhaps you may help me to find it. Come, Mr Horace!"

The young heir assumed the appearance of a desire to satisfy the notary, notwithstanding the shade of suspicion implied in his words and manner. Again the parties turned to the escritoire, where M. Martin said the document should be; but the search was, of course, fruitless. "You see, sir," said Horace, "that the thing which we seek does not exist. You must have misunderstood my uncle, or else he himself must have been incapable, when he last spoke to you, of just thought or comprehension."

"No, young man, no," replied the notary. "Oh think, reflect! I know youth is rash. Think well, sir. Are you certain there is no will?" "I only yield, M. Martin, to the evidence before me, and so must you," answered the young man coldly; and, as he spoke, he turned away, with the air of one who has already condescended too far, and will continue his forbearance no more.

"Well, well!" said M. Martin, in severe and altered tones, "I *must* do my duty." He then went to the door, and called on the servants. All of them speedily appeared at his summons; and, while Horace Morand looked on with a cheek now grown pale in spite of himself, through a sense of alarm inspired by the notary's change of manner, the following words fell from the lips of the latter individual. "I have called you all hither to learn that, two years ago, M. Morand deposited a *will* in my hands. By that will, he disinherited his nephew, M. Horace Morand; and, with the exception of legacies to servants and others, devised his whole fortune to a young man, Gustave ——, whom he named general legatee. Authority was formally given to me to produce this will, and see it fulfilled, in the event of no later one being found to exist at the testator's decease. Such being the case, I produce this will as instructed; and my care must now be to see it executed, and to do justice to Gustave and all others concerned."

The whole force of a thunderbolt could not have prostrated a human being so completely as this disclosure did the profligate, who now saw himself stripped of a splendid fortune by his own villanous act. At a period subsequent to these events, M. Martin and the generous boy Gustave bestowed a settlement on Horace Morand, in such a way as to secure to him the necessaries of life; but it was only after he had been brought to confess, in abject terms, the story of his guilt, and to describe the whole train of feelings under which he had acted. These the reader has had pictured forth to him here, and in such away, we hope, as to have interested him in some degree, as well as to have impressed him strongly with a sense of the value of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

COAL-MINES—MODE OF WINNING AND WORKING THEM.

THE first step, preparatory to sinking the shaft of a coal-mine, is to ascertain the depth of the bed or stratum of coal from the surface, and its probable thickness; and this is done by means of the process of *boring*, which we shall describe. If, however, there are already pits in the neighbourhood of the place selected for the site of a new colliery, the necessity of boring is prevented; for in that case, sections of the strata that occur between the surface and the coal are generally obtained from the owners of the existing coal-pits.

The process of boring is usually performed in the following manner. The boring rods are made of iron, from three to four feet long, and about one inch and a half square, with a screw at each end, by which they are screwed together, and other rods added as the hole increases in depth. The chisel which perforates the strata is about eighteen inches long, and two and a half broad at the end, which being screwed on at the lower end of the rods, and a piece of timber put through an eye at the upper end, they are prepared for work. The operation is performed by lifting up the boring rod, thus equipped, and letting it fall again, at the same time turning it a little round, by a continuance of which motion, a round hole is made through the hardest strata. The borers can fix on handles for two, three, or four persons, to work as they find it necessary. After they get down to a certain depth, the rods are worked by means of a bracke, and a triangle is erected over the spot where the boring is going on, for the sake of giving increased facilities to the operations. When the chisel becomes blunt, it is taken out, and a scooped instrument called a *wimble* is put on in its stead, with which the dust or pulverised matter worn off the stratum in the last operation is brought up. By the substance brought up by the wimble, the borers know exactly the nature of the stratum they are boring in; and by any alteration in the working of the rods (of which they soon become sensible by handling them), they perceive the least variation of the strata. The principal part of the art of boring depends upon keeping the hole clean, and observing and registering every change and circumstance in the strata with care and attention.

In the year 1805, Mr James Ryan, an Irish gentleman, took out a patent for an improved method of boring. This consisted in using a cylindrical instrument for boring, by which a core, or solid unbroken piece of each stratum, was cut, and by other tools brought vertically to the surface, in the exact position in which it stood in the strata. By this method, it will be seen, the direction of what coal-miners call the *dip** (a circumstance so essential towards determining the best place to sink an engine-shaft for draining the bed of coals intended to be worked), as well as the quantity and precise nature of the strata or coal measures, are correctly ascertained. Mr Ryan likewise invented a new system of ventilating mines, which was originally tried, in the year 1816, in some of the collieries of Staffordshire, for which he obtained from the Society of Arts one hundred guineas; but Mr Ryan's method of ventilation never came into universal use.

It may readily be conceived, from these observations, that boring is of the most essential use and importance in coal-mining, for by it the adventurers, previously to the sinking of a pit, are enabled to procure the most valuable data on which to proceed—being informed beforehand of the nature of the various strata through which they have to pass before reaching the coal, and knowing, to an inch almost, the depth of the stratum of coal from the surface, and likewise its quality and thickness. The boring notes of collieries are consequently of the utmost value and importance to parties interested in coal-mining.

Having ascertained, by means of boring, the probable depth, thickness, and other attendant circumstances of the bed of coal, the next process is to sink a perpendicular shaft (round or square) from the surface, so as to intersect the various strata containing the coal, and as many of the beds as are considered to be worth working. A steam-engine and shaft are usually at the same time erected, for draining the water from the coal. The site of the shaft of a coal-mine is determined by the inclination and direction in which the bed of coal lies.

* The coal-strata are seldom or never found to lie in an exactly parallel position with the surface, but generally have an inclination or descent to some particular part of the horizon, which miners call the *dip*. If this inclination be towards the east, it is called the east dip, and so on, according to the point of the compass to which the strata incline.

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"In every mineral plane," says Dr Ure,* "the inclination and direction [of the coal stratum] are to be noted; the former being the angle which it forms with the horizon, the latter, the point of the azimuth or horizon towards which it dips—as west, north-east, south, &c. The direction of the bed is that of an horizontal line drawn in its plane, and which is also denoted by the point of the compass. Since the lines of direction and inclination are at right angles to each other, the first may be always inferred from the second; for when a stratum is said to dip to the east or west, this implies that its direction is north and south."

The process of sinking the shaft and of draining the water is called, in mining language, *winning* the coal; and when the sinkers arrive at the first workable seam of coal, they are said to have *won* it.

Great rejoicings, such as the firing of cannon, &c., usually take place in the neighbourhood of a colliery when a new stratum of coal has been won; at least such is the custom throughout the coal-field of Northumberland and Durham. The following mode of celebrating an event of this kind at Gosforth colliery, near Newcastle, on the 6th of February 1829, may be cited for its novelty. It is from the pen of a correspondent of the Penny Magazine (July 1833). "On the Saturday previous to the circumstance I am about to relate, the miners employed in sinking a pit at Gosforth reached the coal. Two years and a half had been spent in sinking this pit, the shaft of which was cut through 160 fathoms of solid rock; and therefore the event was considered as one of great importance in the surrounding vicinity. Among other rejoicings which took place on this occasion, was a ball, which was held in the mine, at the depth of about 1100 feet below the surface! The ball-room is stated to have been in the form of an L; its width 15 feet, base 22 feet, and perpendicular 48 feet. The company, to the number of two hundred and thirty, of whom about one hundred were ladies(!) began to assemble at the mouth of the mine at half-past nine o'clock A.M., and continued to descend the pit until one o'clock P.M. Immediately on their arrival at the bottom of the pit, each individual proceeded to the face of the *drifts*, and hewed a piece of coal, as a remembrance of this perilous expedition, and then returned to take part in the festivities of the ball-room. An excellent band, composed entirely of miners, was in attendance. As soon as a sufficient number of guests were assembled, dancing commenced, and was continued without intermission till about three o'clock P.M., when they began to ascend the pit, which all of them accomplished in perfect safety, highly gratified with the subterranean amusements in which they had partaken. The colliery at which this novel entertainment took place is now one of the most extensive in Northumberland."

We shall now briefly describe the mode employed in working or excavating the coal. On arriving with the shaft at the bed of coal intended to be worked, the sinking is suspended for a time, and the miners begin to work the coal by driving or excavating an horizontal passage, called a *bord*, through the seam of coal, of from twelve to fourteen feet in width generally, and the whole height of the seam, which varies in the Newcastle coal-field from three to six feet. Another similar passage, or bord, is usually commenced at the same time, in an opposite direction. The first or original bords driven in this way in a seam of coal, are, after the workings have been proceeded with for some considerable distance, called the *mother-gate*, being the passages by which all the workings subsequently made in the mine are approached from the shaft.

The mode most commonly employed for excavating the coal is a simple one. The miners having marked out the width of the bord, or passage, begin to make a narrow vertical fissure in each side of the bed of coal, which they accomplish by means of an instrument called a *pick*; this done, they then make a similar excavation at the bottom, which has the effect of undermining the piece of coal, which being thus partially detached, is made to fall down in pieces, by firing a few shots simultaneously at the top of the seam. Masses of coal, of from sixty to eighty tons' weight, may be brought down at once in this way. This operation is repeated from time to time; and the coals, and accompanying stones and rubbish, thus hewn out of the bed, are put into large baskets, called *corves*, and conveyed on small carriages to the foot of the shaft of the mine; and thence drawn to the surface, or in mining language, *to bank*, by means of a steam-engine, or horse-gin, or capstan.

The reader will now imagine the miners to have proceeded some distance with the bords or passages above described, and that other bords have in the mean time been commenced, and are being driven in a *parallel* direction, at a distance of about eight yards from the first, and on each side of them. As the bords are proceeded with, narrow passages are driven between them, at regular intervals of eight or ten yards, and at right angles with them, so as to connect the main bords with each other. These cross passages are called *headways*. The squares or parallelograms of coal, formed by means of this series of bords and headways, are called *pillars*, and serve to support the superincumbent strata, and to prevent its falling in and suspending the operations, or endangering the lives of the miners. The main shaft is frequently sunk down to other seams of coal, which are worked precisely in the same way as the first one. In this case, besides the main shaft, those different workings are made to communicate with each other by means of other shafts, called *staples*, which are sunk down at intervals between the seams of coal. Thus the reader will perceive, that in the course of time, the bords of the mine, increasing both in number and length, and a communication being kept up from time to time from one bord to another, by means of those transverse passages or headways, the workings begin very much to assume the appearance of a regularly built city or town—the bords, running parallel with each other, at a distance of eight yards asunder, forming so many main streets, and the headways the cross streets by which they communicate. The writer of this paper recently saw a beautiful model, exhibiting all the workings and ramifications of a coal-mine, in the museum of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

The persons employed in working a coal-mine encounter a variety of difficulties, dangers, and vicissitudes, which our limits will not permit of our noticing at length at present. The principal evil attending upon coal-mining, that arising from imperfect ventilation, we have already described in a recent number of this Journal.†

* Dictionary of Manufactures and Mines; vol. i. p. 666.

† Accidents in the Coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham, No. 425.

PEPITA, THE HEROINE.

[From the New York Mirror, January 25, 1840.]

In the autumn of 1832, the Marquis de Bevenuccho, his daughter Francisca, Don Cæsar, his intended son-in-law, Pepita, Francisca's maid, and two male servants, occupied one of those huge coaches drawn by ten mules which are frequently to be met with on the road from Mexico to Vera Cruz. The destination of the party was Paris; the marquis was a widower, and Francisca was his only child. While the lumbering vehicle in which they started on their journey was descending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinol, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. What was to be done? The coachman informed the travellers that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada*, which, though not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and a place where they could pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the party, bemoaning their misfortune, reached the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. The marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, Pepita rested as well as she could in a closet, and the servants, wrapped up in their cloaks, slept just where sleep happened to overtake them.

The heroine of our tale, Pepita, had some suspicions that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared; and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell, and placing her mantle under her head for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when, casting them towards the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light glimmering through the chinks of the wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself upon a table, and half withdrawing a curtain which hung before a window, she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in the corner of the apartment. Pepita had enough of Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst her compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as the maid of Saragossa.

With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of the men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she recognised as belonging to the marquis, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and plate it contained. Both appeared to have done honour to the marquis's wine, and were so much intoxicated that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. Continuing to observe their movements with anxiety, she arranged the plan of operation which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard informed her that the elder of the two was the famous *Capador* himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a magnificently embroidered silk dress.

Pepita learned, or rather half guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band of which they were the leaders awaited in the forest for the signal which was to recall them; that this signal was to be given by a hunting-horn which she noticed in the apartment; and that, upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. With joy she saw the wine of the marquis was gradually gaining the mastery over them; and, soon after, observing them buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers' chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, hat, and well-known hatchet of the chief, and also of the hunting-horn, and contrived to effect her retreat without accident. She now fastened the doors of the bandits' apartment with the bolts which are often placed outside of the doors of Mexican houses, then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and with the hatchet and hunting-horn in her hands, sallied from the court. The night was utterly dark. She reached the border of the pine-wood, and drawing a few low tones from the horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. A band of ten men issued from the woods: she retreated before them towards the house, contriving, with much address, to let herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe; and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into a large chamber, and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits had no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

Then, without a moment's delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of the marquis, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. Guided by the advice of Pepita, the marquis awakened Don Cæsar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry stationed in that village.

The marquis armed the two domestics, and, listening at the door of the apartment where the two chiefs were confined, ascertained that they had awakened, and were endeavouring to effect their escape. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the building were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all sides. Gomez (the chief) and his lieutenant, uttered shouts of rage, and their appeals were answered by their companions as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The marquis, Pepita, and the servants, shouted likewise in every tone they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment to follow the track of Don Cæsar.

This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most fearful presages. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Francisca—if the brigands should escape from their confinement before his return? The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete, but great was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*. Don Cæsar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, told his story in a few words, and implored assistance. The officer and his men set off with him towards the hills, with all the rapidity the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all the schemes laid to surprise him.

During this time, affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of their prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Gomez and his lieutenant had taken the same course, and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand which showed through the opening. This incident daunted the robbers. It was evident that one of their leaders had fallen, from the deep silence that prevailed. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to their attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, when Pepita caught the sound of the galloping of horses on the road from Acayete. Deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*, and before Don Cæsar had embraced Francisca, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

But it remained to secure Gomez and his lieutenant. From the desperate character of the man, it was not supposed he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. It was proposed by some to force the door and enter in a body, while others desired to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed, it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities.

"Open the door to the lieutenant of the republic," cried the commanding officer; for it was found, on withdrawing the outer bolts, that the door was fastened within.

No answer was given.

At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was followed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartment where the marquis had passed the night. All hastened in an instant in that direction, and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita bathed in her own blood. But when they approached her, she had strength to point with her finger to the little window. The officer raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter reloading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and, regaining the

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corridor with his soldiers, the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was at length secured.

All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita, and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had nearly proved fatal to her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her accustomed duties.

The journey of the marquis was postponed for a time, and the party returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the capture of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the end of the year; and the marquis, considering her as the saviour of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during life.

UNINVITED CONTRIBUTIONS.

VERSE.

Our forbidden contributions in verse are still "richer" than those in prose, a fact for which it is not difficult to account. Prose is properly the language of soberness and truth, while verse is the language of folly and extravagance. All the weakest and most absurd minds, therefore, naturally seek for the means of expression in verse. Such, at least, is our theory on the subject. Our verse contributions, however, are of two nearly distinct kinds, the distinction chiefly arising from the accident of the writers being educated or uneducated. In the first case, the authors are persons acquainted with literature: they read poetry in particular, and, from the bent of their own minds, they take peculiar pleasure in the sentimental kind of verse. From admiring to imitating is but a step. With the music of Hemans breathing in their minds, and a great number of her words in their memory, they write; but what is it they write? Only something which resembles Hemans in sound, or in the use of certain words, and has not perhaps one distinct or fully formed original idea from first to last. This is the first kind. The second is the production of nearly unlettered minds—the blind blundering efforts of intellects which only know there is such a thing as literature, and do not possess one natural or acquired qualification for the practice of the art.

The following specimen seems to us a peculiarly suitable illustration of what we have said of the first order of our forbidden verse contributions:—

ON SEEING AN EXTRACT OF MRS HEMANS'S POEMS IN A RECENT NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL.

When female virtue catch celestial fire,
How passing sweet the harmonious numbers roll!
When grace and beauty touch the chorded lyre,
How sweet its breakings vibrate on the soul!

When all the passions in immortal tone
Display the graces that the muse inspires;
Calls up the sacred songs of ages gone,
And wakes the raptures of prophetic fires;

All heaven rejoices when such ardours rise
From modest worth. I see th' assembly throng
In shining crowds, down bending from the skies,
And, listening, catch new matter for their song.

Thou art a stranger to these youthful lays,
Myself a lonely stranger here below;
Thou need'st not mine—thou hast far higher praise,
Than aught can yield thee in a world of wo.

I soon shall pass the trifling scenes of time,
Released from anxious cares, from grief and pain;
But when I soar to those blest heights sublime,
I'll frame a chorus to thy noble strain.

A few others of the same order are subjoined. The first in order is very original in point of grammar. We could point out the particular poem of Moore's, *after reading which* the second has been written.

THE PETREL.

The lightnings flash, the thunders soar,
The petrel on the topsail soar;
The storm set in, the thunder rend,
When soars from heaven the mariner's friend.

Then to their oars the gallant few,
Whene'er the petrel comes in view;
Unwreath the topsails, now they cry,
For Carey chickens on us hie.

She comes with all her twittering train,
Sweet petrel of the boisterous main;
She leaves her dwelling from afar,
To dwell upon the marine-car.

Then, lo! a horrid crash they hear,
The ship's gone down, the petrel's fear;
She hies her flight from pole to pole,
And cheers the mariner's drooping soul.

TO THE QUEEN.

Hail to Victoria! oh, long may that name
Triumphantly sound o'er the lion-ruled main;
May it prophet-like tell of a bright golden dream,
That shall beam o'er our island now thou'rt her queen.

Hail to Victoria! oh, may that name speak
Of deeds that shall add to our glory and might;
Be it tyranny's bane—the hope of the weak—
And millions shall bless it as liberty's light.

"Then, hail to Victoria! of Albion the boast!"
Shouts a proud happy people's loud voice;
"Tis the song of the waters that bosom our coast;
With its echoes our green hills rejoice.

In the example which follows, juvenility is added to the other disqualifications of the author. So much tolerably measured verse, with such disjointed and crude ideas, is really a curiosity:—

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Bright scenes of youth, the seat of pleasure,
And all that's lovely, from you rent;
Oh! cruel fate, is there no measure,
To quench thy thirst, thy sway relent?

Unfetter'd on my natal mountains,
Where undisputed freedoms reign,
Me captive bind from blissful fountains,
To link me to thy galling chain.

Adieu! my friends and bold companions;
My summer's past, my winter's come;
I now brave the desk encounters,
And city life—more awful doom!

Adieu! ye woods and hills majestic;
In vain to me thy heath doth smile;
My flights now curb'd—now more domestic;
No more my heart thy knocks fill.

Adieu! ye dells and murmuring streams,
And dash of cataract's awful roar;
I hear thy sound in joyful dreams,
But wake to feel my thraldom more.

Sweet spot of earth by nature gilded,
I ever will thy charms extol;
My thoughts can ne'er be from thee shifted,
Though the sea between us roll.

Adieu, wild sports! adieu, for ever!
My soul is ravish'd no more by thee!
If to wing my course the earth all over,
No spot I would find so dear to me.

We now come to the division in which the authors are evidently altogether unlettered. The first specimen comes from London.

THE LIBERAL MIND.

The structure that those thoughts do hold,
Is fraught inside, outlined with gold;
A blooming rose it is, indeed;
A twining bower in its evening shade.

A rose, in morning, that so sweetly spread
The hills, the vales, and every mead,
With scented odours fragrance fly,
The groves, the plains, and every way.

A lily in the stream that glade
Beneath her pallid smiling shade;
A bed of daises in the evening dew,
The valleys' pride and meadows' boasting hue.

A blooming grave that decks the verdant plain,
Majestic spreads above the winding stream,
Diffusing wings the soft and soothing smell
Around the bounding rills to raise the rolling swell.

Soft as the down on snowy thistle seen,
A mountain spreading forth in green;
Above, the rich abounding hills,
Clothed with Aurora's shining smiles.

The above may be called *language in a metrical form, without one distinct idea throughout.* To many clever persons, the composition of such a piece would be one of the most difficult of tasks. The next following specimen also comes from London, and seems to have been written soon after the author had perused an article on songs in the present work. The whole communication is, in this case, given.

"FOR CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

How oft the spark of youthful genius,
Has been dampt out for want of kindling tillage,
Which might have shone, like the star of Venus,
O'er deserts wild and each rustic village.

Sir,—Having recently seen in your useful and most instructing Journal a Chapter to Song Writers, over which I read with great satisfaction, and I trust with an equal interest; for as you have so clearly described the beautiful specimen of Burns's simplicity, and likewise the great attempt of the living bard, Wordsworth's 'Fair Ellen Irvine,' &c. When I compared them together, I at once saw the object of your intention. This alone, I must confess, has induced me again, as you particularly recommend, to try my hand. Although I have on previous occasions wrote a variety of poems, and several songs, but hitherto have always considered them as being too simple, or rather nonsensical, to venture them on the wayside of the literary world, and as not worthy of public attention. But as you have strengthened my confidence with the encouraging remarks I met with in your Chapter to Song Writers, I have sent you, of my composition, a specimen, entitled 'Poor Fanny's Gown,' which I composed on the following day after I saw the above chapter, and if you should think it worthy of your perusal, please to give your impartial opinion for or against; and if the whole as a song should merit your censure, I shall not feel at all disappointed, but rather pleased, to learn the faults in which your superior criticism may be able to point out, in order to avoid, if possible, the same errors in future. Yours, &c.

POOR FANNY'S GOWN.

When Fanny had her linen wash'd,
And took 'em out to dry,
She spread 'em o'er each thorny bush,
Which round the meadow grew.
And early as the morning dawn,
With lightsome heart and humming glee:
She little thought a change so soon
Would bring such malady.

Bold renard came, for life he speed,
Pursued by huntsman, horse, and hound;
And on they tripp'd, with careless head,
O'er shining shirts and Fanny's gown.
Then out she ran, in sorrow cried,
Your sport to me gives pain;
For some was soil'd, and sadly torn—
Poor Fanny's Sunday gown!"

The next which follows was sent in 1835. The contributor adds in a postscript, "I am afraid it is too late for this week."

THE PARTING.

As I went out to take the air,
Upon an autumn morn,
I fell upon a lovely pair,
And sadly they did mourn.

The one, a lovely maid, I knew
Was weeping sore with grief,
Because her love would go, and then
Where could she find relief?

The other, a handsome, stout young man,
Was bowed down with pain,
Because he thought his lovely Ann
He'd never see again.

Oh! George, she said, oh! say that you
Will very soon return;
Because my thoughts will wandering look
For you at every turn.

Oh! Ann, he said, my heart is sore,
To leave you thus alone;
But, then, my love, when far away,
I'll think of thee alone.

Then, give me one dear parting kiss,
For time calls me away;
Oh! time that runs and no man stops,
Tells me I must not stay.

Another, by a different hand, is on a similar subject.

THE SAILOR'S PARTING.

Air.—"*Oh! no, we never mention her*"

And must I leave my native home,
For ever must I leave?
And must I o'er these wild seas roam,
For ever must I leave?

The raging tempests welcome me,
But how can I be glad,
For though I love the open sea,
Yet still would I be sad.

Still thoughts would usher in my mind,
When just as I'd depart,
That makes me think of one more kind,
The dearest of my heart.

Then can I leave without a tear?
Oh, no! it cannot be;
Such faithful love, so doubly dear,
My eyes can never see.

My joys would fade like falling leaf,
Were I away from her;
Oh! how I'd melt away in grief,
My dreams must be of her.

How can I think that time is come,
The parting hour for me;
To every thing on earth I'm dumb,
But kindest, dearest thee.

Now, must my parting accents swell,
My heart remains with you;
Then, angel, here's my last farewell,
Adieu! adieu! adieu!

We were requested, four years ago, to insert the following in our "earliest paper." To think of any rational creature supposing such verses to be literary composition, affords a curious idea of what the human mind is capable of in this particular direction of absurdity:—

THE FAREWEEL.

Fareweel, auld Eppy, gude auld frien',
That ever wish'd me weel;
Sair is my heart wi' thee to pairt—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

I'll ne'er forget thee mony a day,
That we baith, in the fiel',
Bun' up the new cut sheaves o' wheat—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

An' owre our heads the lawrock sang,
Fu' bonnily the while,
But noo, wi' tremblin' notes it sings—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

When in our hann's we grupp'd the jug
O' whey, an' cake o' meal,
We saw the wheat drap 'neath the scythe—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

But, Eppy, we ourscls are wheat,
The worl's the fruitfu' fiel',
An' we'll drap 'neath the scythe o' death—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

An' sin' ye're gaun to leave me noo,
Nae mair to roam the fiel',
Sair is my heart, my gude auld frien'—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

FLY-FISHING.

The great secret in fly-fishing, after a person has acquired the art of throwing a long and a light line, is perseverance—that is, constant and continuous exertion. Fish are whimsical creatures, even when the angler, with all appliances and means to boot, is placed apparently under the most favourable circumstances. Let him, however, commence his operations with flies, which, upon general principles, he knows to be good—for example, a water-mouse body and dark wing, hare-ear and moorfowl wing, red hackle and teal or mallard wing. It may frequently happen that for an hour, or even two hours, he will kill nothing; but, then, it will as often happen, that for another couple of hours he will pull them ashore with a most pleasing celerity.

Awake but one, and, lo, what myriads rise!

Next comes a pause of another hour or more, during which little or nothing is obtained, so that if the intermediate period is frittered away on green banks, eating biscuits, success is doubtful or impossible. We believe that the appetites and motions of the finny tribes are regulated and directed by certain (to us) almost imperceptible changes in the state of the atmosphere, with which, as they do not proceed from any determinate or ascertained principles of meteorological science, it is not easy for the angler to become acquainted; and, therefore, the only method to remedy the *disagreement* thus arising, is to fish without ceasing so long as he remains by the "pure element of waters."—*The Rod and the Gun.*

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Column for Married People.

We find the following benevolent and pithy advices in reference to the mutual conduct of persons in married life, in a work little known in this country, called "The Philosophy of Common Sense, by Mr Carey" (Philadelphia, 1838), and take the liberty of giving them circulation in our paper.

TO HUSBANDS.

"I. Always regard your wife as your equal; treat her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never address her with the appearance of an air of authority, as if she were, as some misguided husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

II. Never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, &c.

III. Always keep her properly supplied with money for furnishing your table in a style proportioned to your means, and for the purchase of dress, and whatever other articles she may require, suitable to her station in life.

IV. Cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests.

V. Never be so unjust as to lose your temper toward her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants; knowing the difficulty of making many of them do their duty.

VI. If she have prudence and good sense, consult her in all great operations involving the risk of very serious injury, in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as henpecked! A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

VII. If distressed or embarrassed in your circumstances, communicate your situation to her with candour, that she may bear your difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances better than they really are, disburse money which cannot be well afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

VIII. Never on any account chide or rebuke your wife in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or, indeed, on any other subject. There are, I am persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy), that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private, than a rebuke in company, calculated to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in that of others.

> 'Be to her faults a little blind;
> Be to her virtues very kind;
> Let all her ways be unconfined,
> And place your padlock on her mind.'

TO WIVES.

I. Always receive your husband with smiles—leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

II. Study to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of the family; in your dress, manners, and deportment.

III. Never attempt to rule, or appear to rule, your husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

IV. In every thing reasonable comply with his wishes with cheerfulness—and even, as far as possible, anticipate them.

V. Avoid all altercations or arguments leading to ill humour—and more especially before company. Few things are more disgusting than the altercations of the married, when in the company of friends or strangers.

VI. Never attempt to interfere in his business, unless he ask your advice or counsel; and never attempt to control him in the management of it.

VII. Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that, however strong the injunctions of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighbourhood.

VIII. Try to cultivate your mind, so as, should your husband be intelligent and well-informed, you may join in rational conversation with him and his friends.

IX. Think nothing a trifle that may produce even a momentary breach of harmony, or the slightest uneasy sensation:

> Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
> And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
> Else you may die ere you have learn'd to live.—Young.

X. If your husband be in business, always, in your expenditures, bear in mind the trying vicissitudes to which trade and commerce are subject; and do not expose yourself to the reproach, should he experience one of them, of having unnecessarily expended money of which you and your offspring may afterwards be in want.

XI. While you carefully shun, in providing for your family, the Scylla of meanness and parsimony, avoid equally the Charybdis of extravagance.

XII. If you be disposed to economise, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to seamstresses or washerwomen, who, particularly the latter, are too frequently ground to the earth by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economise, if you will, in shawls, bonnets, and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labour from the poor without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the Scriptures against the oppressors of the poor.

> Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
> That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
> Attend to my counsel—nor blush to be taught,
> That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.
>
> The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
> Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh:
> But roses, and lillies, and sighs, pass away;
> And passion will die as your beauties decay.
>
> Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar;
> Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.
> How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
> Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!
>
> The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand;
> Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command.
> Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
> For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your will.
>
> Be gay and good-humour'd, complying, and kind,
> Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:
> 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
> And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.—Garrick.

TO BOTH PARTIES.

I. Should differences arise between husband and wife, the contest ought not to be, as it unfortunately too frequently is, who shall display the most *spirit*, but who shall make the first advances, which ought to be met more than half way. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state, than this *spirit*, the legitimate offspring of odious pride and destitution of feeling.

II. Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state might be compressed into two maxims—'Bear, and forbear;' and 'Let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman.'

III. I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts, and suspicions, in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations; and it is unfortunately too true, that the suspicion of misconduct often produces fully as much scandal and evil as the reality.

It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And be it observed, that, however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings, and is thus mutilated for life. 'He that loveth the danger, shall perish therein.' 'Lead us not into temptation' is a wise prayer; and while we pray not to be 'led into temptation,' we most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery; but, at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.

IV. Avoid all reference to past differences of opinion, or subjects of altercation, that have at a former day excited uneasiness. Remember the old story of the blackbird and the thrush. 'I insist it was a blackbird.' 'But I insist it was a thrush,' &c.

The preceding rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, can hardly fail to secure happiness. And should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

I cannot conclude this brief essay better than by adding the following admirable advices of Julia de Roubigné to her daughter, shortly previous to her death:—

'Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are, indeed, the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he love you as you would wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he do not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The greater articles of duty he will set down as his due; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favours; and, trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning these little things to so precious a use.

Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists at once those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings or umpires of its disputes.'"

LEECHES.

We are at a loss to know why leeches are not made an object of cultivation and improvement in this country. There are surely many bogs, marshes, or ponds in England, Ireland, and Scotland, where they would thrive and be productive. In France, as we observe by the following newspaper paragraph, the cultivation of leeches is beginning to attract attention:—"M. Huzard has presented to the Société d'Encouragement a proposition for granting prizes for the best methods of preserving and increasing the number of leeches in France. He states that about twenty-three millions of these useful creatures are annually consumed in France, but their price is raised to an enormous rate on account of the difficulty of keeping them alive. The objects of the proposed prizes are—The stocking of such pieces of water and streams as are fit for the propagation of leeches, but at present have none in them; for the best means of making them disgorge after an operation, without injuring them or diminishing their powers; and introducing a new and effective species hitherto unknown in France."

THE BLOODHOUND IN FLORIDA.

The people of the United States, as some of our readers may be aware, have for some time been in a state of active warfare with the aboriginal inhabitants, or Indian tribes, of Florida, a large district of country on the Gulf of Mexico. The object of the civilized whites, as a matter of course, is the expulsion or extinction of the red men, and the seizure of their territory; and to accomplish which, they have at length fallen upon the expedient of hunting down and worrying the poor natives with dogs. The animals employed in this most atrocious office are dogs from Cuba, descendants of the bloodhounds introduced to that island by the Spaniards some centuries ago for a similar purpose, and are alluded to as follows, by an anonymous correspondent in a newspaper a few months since:—

"At a period not very remote, the unfortunate negroes in the Spanish settlements were frequently torn to pieces by the Cuba bloodhounds. In fact, under the title of Chasseurs, the Spaniards maintained regular regiments of these dogs and their attendants. In pursuing or hunting the runaway negroes, the chasseur is generally accompanied by two dogs, and armed with a *coteau de chasse*, or straight sword; and we are informed that these bloodhounds, when well and properly trained, on coming up with the object of pursuit, will not kill him unless resistance is offered, but bark at and terrify him till he stops, when they crouch near him, and, by barking, give their keepers notice, who approach accordingly and secure their prisoner.

Dallas, in his account of the Maroon War in Jamaica, mentions an importation of these Cuba bloodhounds, in order to assist the regular troops in reducing the refractory Maroons. It may seem strange that dogs were called to the assistance of well-disciplined soldiers; but, in order to elucidate the subject, it must be observed, that the armed Maroons, under the conduct of various cunning leaders, particularly of Cudjoe, Smith, and Johnson, aware of their own inferiority in point of that organisation which constitutes the strength and essence of a regular army, cautiously avoided meeting their opponents on the plain; on the contrary, they retired to the impenetrable fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and by means of ambuscades, contrived so to harass the troops, that the governor of Jamaica ultimately procured a company of these dogs and their attendants from Cuba, which arrived at Jamaica under the command of Don Manuel de Sejas; and a tolerable idea of these dogs may be formed from a review which took place immediately after their arrival. General Walpole, who conducted the war against the Maroons, being anxious to review these chasseurs, left head-quarters the morning after they landed, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, and arrived in a post chaise at Seven Rivers. Notice of the general's approach having been given, the chasseurs were taken to a distance from the house, in order to advance when he arrived. The Spaniards were drawn up in a line at the end of a gentle declivity, and consisted of upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front unmuzzled, and held by cotton ropes, as it was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if actually engaged under a fire of the Maroons. The Spaniards, upon the word being given, fired their fusees, when the dogs pressed forward with almost ungovernable fury, amidst the shouts of their keepers, whom they dragged along with irresistible impetuosity. Some of these ferocious animals, maddened by the shout of attack, and held in check by the ropes, actually seized upon the gun-stocks in the hands of the chasseurs, and tore pieces out of them.

The unfortunate Maroons, who had successfully opposed all the efforts of regular troops, were panic-struck on the arrival of the bloodhounds, and surrendered without once daring to come in contact with animals which at best could oppose but a feeble resistance to fire-arms."

Such, then, is the kind of ferocious animals employed by the Americans to destroy the red men of Florida, and, as it appears, with all the advantages which they anticipate. In one account which we have seen of the war, the following notice occurs:—"The Cuba dogs have proved quite beneficial. They caught five Indians the other day in Middle Florida, handsomely they say." Could any thing be more offensive, or more worthy of exciting the deepest reprobation?

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMER.

The want of a simple and general treatise on Geography, at such a price as would bring it within the reach of children belonging to the humbler orders of society, having been repeatedly brought under the attention of Messrs Chambers, they now beg to intimate that they have prepared and issued a work of this nature, with the title of "A Geographical Primer," being part of their "Educational Course," and which may be obtained from any bookseller. In making this announcement, it is necessary to explain, that the Geographical Primer will not obviate the necessity for more extended treatises, and these will shortly appear in the same series of publications. The Primer is designed for the use of those, who, from circumstances, may be able to devote only a small portion of time to the study of Geography—children, for example, who have to commence labour early, and are prevented from studying more extensive works on the subject. By the aid of the small maps which the Primer contains, children may with much ease be taught the elements of geographical knowledge, and the price of the work (9d.) will, it is hoped, place it within the reach of all.

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

A VISIT TO PARKHURST.

In my second last paper, I referred to the little pains taken in this country to prevent juvenile delinquency. In this respect, we are behind every respectable nation in Europe. The streets of no city in Holland, Belgium, Germany, or France, that I have seen, exhibit such a crew of dirty and miserable-looking little wretches as are to be seen daily in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, and other large seats of population, and whose almost homeless and lawless condition is a positive scandal to the community. Falling, as a matter of course, into the commission of petty delinquencies, they again and again figure before magistrates in the police-courts, and, improving as they proceed, by a vicious system of imprisonment, they in due time "work their way," as it is called, to the bar of the Old Bailey, the Court of Justiciary, or some other of the higher tribunals. The strange thing about all this is, that it is perfectly well known and understood, and yet that no means whatsoever, excepting such as flow from the efforts of private benevolence, have ever been attempted for its melioration. Having at length, by the indifference of the law, reached a court which is empowered to hang or banish, as may seem most suitable, the little ragged good-for-nothing varlet—who is perhaps so low in stature as to require to be mounted on a chair, in order that the jury may obtain a proper view of his shrewd and ill-washed countenance—is ordered to be hanged or banished accordingly; and thus society, with great thankfulness and complacency, has got rid of a being who has been tormenting it for the last half dozen years, and cost the country an immense deal of money one way and another.

For a number of years back, it has not been customary to hang boys. The practice terminated with the reign of George III. Since that period, they have more usually been sent to the prison at Millbank, to the Hulks in the Thames, where they have been compelled to work in a condition worse than that of brutes, or transported to New South Wales, where they were assigned as slaves. In only a few instances, and these of a peculiarly favourable nature, have the convicts been reclaimed, instructed, or improved; the greater proportion having been turned loose on society, at home or abroad, much more deeply sunk in moral depravity than at the commencement of their course of servitude. Latterly, an immense improvement has been effected in the disposal of young male convicts. Instead of being permanently lodged in any penal establishments of the old stamp, they are, according to the judgment of the Secretary of State, sent to a prison or penitentiary in the Isle of Wight, which, as already stated, I visited during my stay in that island, and now propose describing to the reader.

The establishment, which externally resembles a large suite of barracks for soldiers, enclosed with a lofty wall, is situated on the face of a rising piece of ground about a mile and a half north from Newport, on the road to Cowes, and is therefore favourably placed as respects both salubrity and convenience. There is also an advantage in its being placed on an island, as the chance of escape and connivance is by that means very materially lessened. For reasons which require no explanation, there is no indiscriminate admittance of strangers to see the interior, and it was only by an order from the Home-Office communicated to the governor, that I was enabled to make the visit which I desired. On entering by the gateway in the outer wall, we find ourselves in a spacious open quadrangle, surrounded by suites of brick edifices two storeys in height, with the house and offices of the governor in the centre; behind, or farther up the very gentle slope, is a tract of enclosed land, disposed as fields for manual culture. The whole arrangements without and within doors appear to be on a munificent and well-considered plan in reference to the required object; every thing being designed and conducted on a scale of military exactness, cleanliness, and discipline. The officials employed have for the greater part been in the army, and are dressed in a half military costume.

Captain Woollcombe, a gentleman who had for some years retired from active service and engaged himself in benevolent plans of juvenile instruction on a private estate, having been induced to accept the command of the institution, is installed as governor and director; and to this excellent specimen of the frank and intelligent Englishman I was speedily introduced, and conducted with much kindness over the whole establishment; receiving, at the same time, an account of the purposes of the prison, and the mode of carrying them into effect.

The institution, as I learned, was first opened for the reception of inmates in December 1838, and in the course of twelve months the number sent to it was 157. At the time of my visit, there were 180, and the accommodation will eventually admit 320. All the prisoners are boys from nine to sixteen years of age, the greater proportion, apparently, being from about eleven to thirteen, or of that age and appearance usually seen at day schools. Each boy, on entering, is dressed in a coarse grey suit, with his number, and the letters P. P. strongly marked on the breast. The objects sought to be attained by the course of treatment are twofold—the penal correction of the boy, with a view to deter, not himself only, but juvenile offenders generally, from the commission of crime; and the moral reformation of the culprit. To carry the first of these objects into effect, the utmost care is taken to avoid any species of discipline which is inconsistent with the habits and character of youth, or calculated in any degree to harden and degrade. Captain Woollcombe assured me that he should have had nothing to do with the institution, if the old "cast-iron" system of punishment had formed a part of the contemplated design. We must reclaim and instruct, said he, and that by gentle treatment, yet in a manner so little attractive, that none will be tempted to commit crime for the sake of being sent hither.* It is gratifying to find the governor of a great penal establishment breathing such a spirit of philanthropy as this, and the announcement contrasts strangely with what we have previously known of the old and vengeful modes of punishment. It is not less gratifying to find that Captain Woollcombe's exertions in the prosecution of this arduous and important work, have been ably supported by the Rev. Thomas England, who acts as chaplain. In the brief conversation which I was so fortunate as to have with this gentleman, I found him to be inspired with liberal and just sentiments regarding elementary education; and to his honourable and zealous labours, as respects the moral and religious training of the prisoners, much of the welfare of the establishment may doubtless be ascribed.

Respecting every boy admitted into the prison, an account has been taken of the causes of his criminal career, condition of parents and friends, attendance on schools and at public worship, acquirements, books read, occupation, habits, and of his conduct in confinement. From the official report which embodies these criminal statistics, we draw the following very remarkable particulars in reference to 153 boys who were in the prison at one time in 1839. First, with respect to the assigned causes of crime, of which we present a few specimens:—"Indulgent mother; kept bad company—Bad management of parents; vicious acquaintances—Want of early correction; made worse by prison contamination—Bad company; ignorance; beer shops—Bad companions; loss of mother; neglected by father—Parents both drunkards; cruelly used by them—Sent out to beg and steal by mother; forced into crime—Parents vagrants; great ignorance; bred in idleness—Utterly neglected—Stole money to pay for admission to theatres—Parents respectable; bad companions older than himself." In the greater number of cases, want of parental attention, ignorance, and bad company, are given as the causes of early error; and on turning to the table of convictions, we find that most of the children had been several times in custody and imprisoned; 1 had been thirteen times convicted and imprisoned, 1 ten times, 1 six times, 6 five times, 15 four times, 26 three times, 46 twice, and 56 once; 1 unknown. It would therefore appear that the ordinary mode of convicting and punishing boys by short imprisonments, is of little or no value in reclaiming, but that in many instances it hardens the young offender in his vicious course of life.

Nearly one-half the number of boys were from London, and the remainder from the rest of England, with the exception of 11 from Scotland, 1 from the Isle of Man, and 2 from Quebec. Theft by housebreaking, and larceny, were generally the crimes for which they had been ultimately sentenced: 3 were under sentence of fifteen years' transportation, 1 for fourteen years, 14 for ten years, 115 for seven years, and 1 for five years; 1 for three years' imprisonment, 13 for two years, 1 for eighteen months, 2 for twelve months, and 2 for six months. It is not proposed, I believe, to retain any of the prisoners beyond two or three years at Parkhurst, in which period, it is presumed, they will have been reclaimed from their evil propensities.

The next circumstance which seems worthy of notice is, that notwithstanding the neglect of parents, the great bulk of the prisoners attended schools for several years previous to their last conviction and confinement. In a list of 157 inmates, 64 had attended the national schools in connexion with the Church of England; and of these, 10 had been at school under 1 year, 34 from 1 to 5 years, 6 from 5 to 8 years, and 4 from 8 to 12 years. Thirty-five out of the 157 had attended free schools of a different kind, and of these, 12 had been at school under 1 year, 22 from 1 to 5 years, and 1 from 5 to 8 years. Of the remainder of the 157, 4 had been at an infant school, 1 at a factory school, 1 at a workhouse school, 9 at a Sunday school, and 32 at private schools, for several years. Ten had been at no school whatever. It might be inferred from this enumeration, that education was no preventive of crime, but such an inference would be equally rash and erroneous. Some of the boys who had been at the national schools for years, and had learned to read the New Testament and repeat the catechism, were found, on examination, not to know the meaning of a single thing they had been taught; some could not even read any other book: they could read their own Testament, but reading any thing else was beyond their powers. From this and other cir-

* In an article entitled "A Visit to Newgate," in the 397th number of the Journal, it is stated as the belief of an individual, that the opening of the Parkhurst penitentiary had caused an increase of juvenile crime in the metropolis. This notion, having been scrupulously investigated, is proved to be without foundation.

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cumstances, it appeared that the greater part of the instruction had been purely mechanical. "I remarked," observes Mr England in his Report, "that the amount of acquirement in the mechanical elements of instruction (the art of reading and repetition from memory) formed *quite a contrast* to the degree of actual knowledge possessed either of moral duty or religious principle; the table showing that only *half* the number of readers, and a *third* of repeaters, of the church catechism, could give even a little account of the meaning of the words read, or sounds in use. And of these it appeared to be very often the strength of the intellect exercised at the moment, that, by dint of guessing, led to the meaning of terms, and not the result of prior teaching and reflection. With our present list the proportions stand thus: 85 can in some degree read, 120 repeat some or all of the church catechism, but only 58 can give *even a little* account of sounds used; and of this intelligent class several have had so little instruction as to be included neither among the readers nor repeaters." These are facts which throw a flood of light on the insufficient methods of elementary instruction at the common schools in England. One hundred and ten boys have been day-scholars for 1 year and upwards to 12 years, and of these only 85 are found, on admission to Parkhurst prison, able to read even a little; and only the smallest fraction of them know any thing of the meaning of what they read! Let this fact ring in the ears of the English people, whose indifference to the institution of an improved order of schools on a right national basis, irrespective of sect or party, is one of the most reproachful facts in their history.

It being seen that, whatever has been the previous degree of schooling of the young convicts, they are all pretty much on a level of ignorance and moral depravity, one of the first steps towards their improvement is to set them to school in the institution, commencing afresh with the alphabet, and so on to reading, writing, arithmetic, along with general instruction. To afford me an idea of the mode of teaching, I was conducted to the school-rooms, which adjoin the governor's residence. These consist of a series of airy apartments, fitted up with forms and benches, and having the walls to a certain height smoothly coated with black-coloured mastic, to resemble slate or black-board. The business of instruction, which is committed to two masters, may be defined as consisting altogether of speaking by the master to the pupils, while they are placed in a gallery before him, and of causing the pupils to write with chalk upon the wall, and in their own words, that which has been told them by the teacher. Each boy learns his alphabet by drawing it with his own hand letter by letter on the wall, in imitation of large printed letters held up to him by the master. The faculty of designing figures is thus at once brought into operation, and impresses the form and name of the letter on the memory. With a piece of chalk in his hand, and facing the stripe of black-wall, the pupil enters with alacrity upon his course of self-instruction. He has something to work with and handle, and we all know the delight which youth experiences in being allowed to labour in this manner. The result, I was informed, is surprising. The alphabet is mastered in a few days; then follows the chalking of words and sentences; next comes the formation of letters used in penmanship; and in six months the boy is not only a good reader, but a tolerable writer of a copy-book. Remarkably well-written pages, in a small hand, were shown to me as having been the work of boys who, only a very few months previously, could barely stammer over the alphabet, or name words of the simplest character. Both Captain Woollcombe and Mr England spoke in terms of high approbation of this mode of teaching, which I believe is quite new. "The black wall," says Mr England in one of his reports to Lord Normanby, "presents a never-failing fund of interest to a boy. We find it able to tempt onward even the most indolent and dull, who, placed stiffly in a class, with a spelling card and slate, would incur continual punishment for listlessness, and scarcely make any progress. There appears to be something peculiarly attractive in the quiet freedom for mind and body which wall-writing at once allows and prompts. No sooner does the young hand grasp the chalk, than the play upon the features indicates that much has been, through the medium of the *gallery*, implanted, and is working in the mind, and that much also will, ere long, be drawn out by the instrumentality of the wall; and the interest, my Lord, is kept up till the close. Often have I watched the tone of the school; and in place of restless countenances, anxious for the clock to strike, I have seen the prisoners still busy, with their composition ever extending as they write; or else comparing, with an interest that cannot be mistaken, their own and their neighbour's work."*

In carrying forward the business of instruction, perfect silence is enjoined, and, except at periods of out-of-door exercises, the prisoners are not allowed to speak to each other. All are taught to sing, and, as appears from the Report, "singing is found to have a most beneficial moral effect, and to be a powerful auxiliary in softening and preparing the mind for instruction." This corroborates what is stated by an enlighted edueationist in reference to a manual-labour school for reclaiming juvenile offenders at Berlin, under the care of Dr Koff. "When I was there," says he, "most of the boys were employed in cutting screws for the railroad which the government was then constructing between Berlin and Leipsic; and there were but few who could not maintain themselves by their labour. As I was passing, with Dr Koff, from room to room, I heard some fine voices singing in an adjoining apartment, and on entering I found about twenty of the boys, sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The doctor enjoyed my surprise, and on going out, remarked, 'I always keep these little rogues singing at their work, for while the children sing, the devil cannot come among them at all; he can only sit out of doors there and growl; but if they stop singing, in he comes.'" Singing ought to be introduced, as a branch of elementary instruction, into every school in the country.

The means taken by the Rev. Mr England, in conjunction with the teachers, to instruct the boys in religious knowledge, both through the week and on Sundays, need not be particularised; and the degree of moral advancement will be understood from some subsequent details. From the schools we were conducted to the large mess-room, where the whole inmates were at dinner, which consisted of boiled meat, bread, and potatoes; and was eaten standing and in silence, under the eye of the sergeant attendants. The offices adjoining are disposed as a kitchen, washing-house, &c., and I was told that all the boys are obliged to wash their own clothes, and, in fact, to execute all the servile offices in the establishment. The sleeping rooms are in two or three distinct buildings, of two storeys. The rooms are disposed in rows, each opening to the outer air, by which means there are no passages in the building; the upper rows of rooms are entered by a hanging gallery half way up the outside. Besides saving space, this arrangement prevents all communication by speech between the rooms, and renders each apartment airy and readily open to inspection. Light is admitted by a small window over the door. Each room contains a small bed, and on the wall hang a printed card with a short prayer and a few religious admonitions, also a small bag containing a comb, for the use of the inmate. Good behaviour entitles each boy to the use of a book from a library of well-selected works, and it was pleasing to observe that in most of the cells there was a volume lying upon the bed. These books are sought for and perused with increasing interest, and therefore the procuring of them is a powerful motive to good conduct. From evening to morning, each boy is locked up in his separate apartment, all the rest of the day being devoted to some useful employment in school, in the work-rooms, and in the open ground.

The teaching of the boys some useful kind of trade, or labour, by which they may earn an honest subsistence on returning to society, is one of the most admirable arrangements connected with the institution. The trades now in regular course of teaching in the prison, are those of tailors and shoemakers. Such painting and whitewashing as have been required, have been done by the prisoners; as also some carpenter's work; but the latter occupation, as well as that of the smith's work, presents many temptations to criminal boys, in the use of tools for improper purposes, and if carried to any extent, might cause much difficulty, by want of a regular supply of work. Tailoring and shoemaking are not open to these objections, and at these trades eighty-four boys are now (or were lately) employed for a few hours daily. The time allotted to out-door labour, either on the land attached to the prison or within the walls, as occasion may require, is about two hours every afternoon, except in wet weather, when the boys are employed in such work inside the prison as can be provided, such as cutting and tying weed for lighting fires, making mops from old junk for prison uses, &c. In 1839, about four acres of land were sown with oats, and produced a profit of L.24, 5s., independently of the straw retained for the use of the cattle. About 1100 bushels of potatoes were also raised for the use of the prison, and about 1500 were planted for consumption. At the end of the same period, the quantity of hay made by the prisoners, and on the premises, was estimated at 30 tons. The total value of work done in 203 days in 1839, at both in and out door labour, was L.194, exclusive of what was gained by mending all the clothing and shoes which were in use, and casual labours. Being conducted into the work-rooms, I was shown a pile of jackets and other articles of attire, and also a quantity of shoes, all which had been made by the boys, and seemed of good workmanship. Captain Woollcombe expected shortly to be able to undertake a contract for clothing for the army.

The institution having been in operation only a year and a half, there is as yet little opportunity of judging of the moral and intellectual advancement of the inmates; but from what is seen, the best results are expected. One thing is remarkable; all the boys who have been conversed with on the subject, beseech that at the expiry of their period of confinement they may not be sent home to their parents, or place of birth, where they say they could not, with the best resolutions, avoid falling into the hands of their early associates. What is to be done with these unfortunate children, is the most difficult matter of consideration connected with the plan of the penitentiary; it is only intended, as I have said, that they should individually remain in the prison two or three years, and I should anxiously hope that, before their removal, the government will have discovered some humane and advantageous mode of transplanting them to those districts in our colonies where their services at some honest labour will be in regular request. Be this as it may, and taking the establishment at its present stage of progress, I have no hesitation in naming it as one of the most beneficial institutions of the age, and reflecting the highest honour on the government who designed and supports it.

* Parliamentary Report: Parkhurst Prison. 1840.

STORY OF THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

George St Clair, the descendant of a respectable English family, succeeded in early youth to a considerable property in one of our West Indian colonial settlements. His parents resided in England, but, at the age of sixteen, having been attacked by some unpleasant pulmonary symptoms, he had been sent out to try the sanatory influence of a more genial clime than that of his nativity. Three years afterwards, he became, by his father's death, proprietor of the estate upon which he was then resident, and, having acquired a liking for the country, he took the resolution, although now perfectly well, of making it his permanent abode. Shortly after this determination was adopted, an incident befell him, the ultimate consequences of which, we imagine, will have some interest for our readers.

At the time to which we refer, the slave-trade existed in full vigour in the tropical colonies of Britain. Mr St Clair, though of a warm heart and generous feelings, and noted, moreover, for his kindness to those whom circumstances had made his bondsmen, acted like his neighbours in regard to the sale and purchase of these unfortunates, when occasion required. It chanced, that, about the date alluded to, he had occasion to go to the slave-market of the town adjoining his estate, being requested by his overseer to procure an additional worker. Mr St Clair was not so far seared by habit as to like the scenes which a slave-market usually exhibited; but, in the present instance, there were but a few negroes to be disposed of, and nearly all of them were single men, who were comparatively cheerful, or at least resigned to their fate. Our young proprietor soon fixed upon a tall, stout, well-formed young negro, as a proper person for his purpose. On inquiry, he found that the man had been for some time in the colony, but by his side stood a young negress, more recently arrived, and who was his wife, or, it may be, but his bride. The same hard fate had brought her from her native land, which had previously caused his exile. They met in the market, and received one another with tears of mingled joy and grief. Mr St Clair had not witnessed this scene, but he was informed of the particulars by others.

The two slaves belonged to different masters, and Mr St Clair became in the first instance the legal owner of the negro. Pitying the poor coloured pair, he immediately sought, against the counsels of his overseer, who was along with him, to purchase the negress, and prevent their separation. To this he was urged at once by his own feelings, and by the entreating looks of the unfortunate Africans. But Mr St Clair allowed his wishes to become too clearly apparent, and those persons into whose temporary possession the young negress had fallen, took advantage of the circumstance to ask an exorbitant price. The overseer, a man familiarised to the ways of the country, remonstrated with his master against such a payment. Mr St Clair hesitated, and, while he did so, the female slave became the property of another.

It is disagreeable to have even to mention such a thing as the *sale* of human beings, but it is essential to our story that the particulars of this event should be understood. Mr St Clair, to use a common expression, never repented of not completing this bargain but *once*, and that was always. More particularly did he feel disposed to regret his indecision, when his new negro worker fell under his eye on the estate. He had given especial orders that the poor African should be well treated every way. The man proved an excellent worker, and was most diligent in his duties, but he associated little with his companions, and always exhibited a degree of sadness and reserve, which either indicated a mind above his condition, or evinced his sorrow for the loss of the mistress of his affections. Mr St Clair, when he looked at the man, could not help imagining that both causes operated on his mind, and at last began to take so deep an interest in him as to resolve upon purchasing his wife at any cost, and reuniting the two. The female slave had been taken to the neighbouring estate of Mr Lightburn, and thither Mr St Clair betook himself, with a view of sounding his neighbour proprietor upon the subject of a purchase or exchange. He found his friend Mr Lightburn not unwilling, for a sufficient price, to part with the negress, and that price Mr St Clair was willing to give. The matter was not finally settled on that occasion, but our young and generous colonist held the compact to be perfectly understood, and rode home with feelings of great satisfaction, anticipating the pleasure of bringing the separated pair together on the morrow.

His views were doomed to be frustrated. On that very night, Gomez, as the negro had been named, disappeared from the St Clair estate, and at the same time the female slave also fled from the adjoining one of Mr Lightburn. Of the latter circumstance Mr St Clair soon heard, for his neighbour held by the bar-

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gain as a thing virtually completed, and the other, not being able conscientiously to deny this, found himself bound to make his engagement good. A search was ordered for the fugitives, but it proved fruitless; and all that came out on inquiry was, that the other negroes on the two estates suspected two or three secret meetings to have taken place between the missing parties, notwithstanding all the intervening obstacles.

Considering the purposes which he had had in view, it was natural for Mr St Clair to regret this event, and he did so the more, as the interminable woods and wilds of the interior, which must have given shelter for the time, he thought, to the fugitives, were but too likely to prove their grave. It was not that starvation could readily overtake them, for, in that rich clime, the earth produced fruits of itself in abundance, as fabled to do in the golden age, and even clothing was a work requiring little labour or skill; but then the greater part of the country was infested by animals deadly to man. These reflections increased Mr St Clair's regret at the flight of Gomez. But time, that throws its pall over all mortal things and feelings, banished ere long the remembrance of the fugitive. Mr St Clair saw many summers and winters pass away after the date of this event. He married, had children, and became a widower. Of his children, one daughter alone survived to mature years. She, however, was a creature fitted to supply the place of many children, being singular alike for her beauty and excellence of disposition. It was the more fortunate for her father that such was the case, as in his advanced years, or, at least, when he had reached the age of fifty, misfortunes began to fall thick and sore upon him, and he greatly needed a domestic comforter. His mishaps were partly to be ascribed to the weather and climate, and partly to the law. A litigious neighbour—one of the severest pests that can befall a little community—involved Mr St Clair in contests which his open and unsuspecting character but little fitted him to conduct with success, or even to escape from without great disadvantage. It is needless to enter into the details, however, of Mr St Clair's misfortunes. It is enough to mention that his patrimonial property dwindled away very considerably in his hands, and even the portion which remained became comparatively valueless to him. His slaves, being property of a peculiarly available kind in these countries, were parted with by degrees, to an extent that materially impaired the productiveness of the small landed estate saved from the wreck. Mr St Clair bitterly lamented the separation, as much from kind feeling towards his people, as from a regard to his own diminishing fortunes; nor was the regret less on their part, for to him they had been bondsmen only in name. In short, the latter years of Mr St Clair were full of new and painful privations. He was reckoned by his neighbours a falling man, and many prophesied that his all would go from him, and his final days be penniless.

"My poor Helen," said he one day to his daughter, "I can scarcely bear to see you so cheerful. Do you know what you have lost? I fear you cannot comprehend it, or you would be more downcast." "I know—I comprehend it well, dear father," was the daughter's reply; "but I can look it all in the face and yet be cheerful. Besides, I know that much of your care and vexation is about me, and I wish to show you that it is uncalled for. I do not vex and fret myself because I am no longer an heiress. If we have but enough to live upon, and while you are with me, I am contented and happy—yes, happy." The father was silent for a moment, and then continued the conversation. "Ah! I question if we shall even have enough long, my poor girl. The remnant of our property is falling to wreck for want of proper cultivation, and more of it must be sold, I fear, to save the rest. But, Helen, my love," proceeded he, after a pause, "have you thought how this must affect you otherwise? Can you bear up against the cruel blow which must come upon you in another way than by pecuniary losses—though caused by them?" "You allude to my engagement with Captain Lightburn, father," said Miss St Clair, with a light and flitting blush, yet such a one as is called to the cheek of youthful maiden by one subject alone. "Yes, I do, my dear," replied the father. "My poor Helen, be prepared for the worst. Mr Lightburn, too, has at length become cold, or rather inimical, to your sinking father; the son will do the same, or will not, at least, be permitted to do otherwise." "No, no, you wrong *him*," said the young lady hastily. "Captain Lightburn has written to me; he is to be home in a few days, and he has pressed me to consent to the immediate fulfilment of our engagement, though his father, by letter, had requested him to break it off at once, as he best may. Do him justice, dear father; such is the purport of his letter. I received it yesterday, but did not wish to vex you by disclosing it." "And have you answered it, Helen?" asked Mr St Clair. "I have, sir," said the young lady; "I fulfilled his father's wish by setting him formally at liberty, and expressed my intention never to consent to any step of which his father was not cognisant." "That is my own, my good Helen," exclaimed Mr St Clair, folding her in his arms. "And can you bear up against this shock, my sweet child?" Miss St Clair was silent for a few moments, and her tears fell fast in the meanwhile. "Yes, dear father, I will try. And fear not," continued she more cheerfully, "it is my duty, and I will be supported in the struggle!"

The partial sale of Mr St Clair's properties, and his generally declining condition, could not fail to be widely known. He had ever been well liked, and his misfortunes were the subject of general talk and general commiseration. The latter feeling was greatly strengthened when it became known that the marriage of two young people who had loved one another from their infancy, namely, Captain Lightburn and Miss St Clair, was decisively broken up from the same cause, the father of the lover having forbidden the union. Mr Lightburn, it was known, was not a bad man, but he was avaricious, and had formed the hope, it was supposed, of getting a great bargain of the remaining St Clair property through his neighbour's necessities. This expectation had led him to break his promise.

The very negroes of the neighbourhood were enraged at this conduct of Mr Lightburn. A group of them were standing in the street of the district village one day, and showing teeth at a great rate against him, when one of them suddenly said, "Massa Sanclare nebber do berry well after him no buy Gomez' wife. Ah, you no mind Gomez. Nebber mind, me am old. Me mind dem well." One of the others present, also an old negro, turned upon the speaker at these words, and exclaimed, "What you say! Massa Sanclare berry good man—dat is, good for white man. Him buy Gomez' wife dat indonticklo night Gomez run away, and him nebber know noting at all about it." Here a second interruption took place. Unnoticed to any of the others, this conversation, with all that had preceded it, had been overheard by an elderly stranger negro, a wild-looking being, with a head of white wool, and a garment of the rudest and scantiest description even for the tropics. This man called on the talkers to repeat their words. They did so, and having listened to it with an air of suppressed eagerness, he turned away, and disappeared.

Scarcely a week afterwards, a strange scene took place at Mr St Clair's dwelling. The proprietor was seated along with his daughter in the cool of the evening at an open balcony, the father more depressed in spirits than ever, and the daughter labouring with the tenderest patience to soothe and cheer her parent. "All will be well yet, dear father," said she repeatedly; "all will be well. Do not give way. Something will occur to befriend us, if you will but be cheerful and active." The duteousness of the speaker deserved such befriending, and at that very moment it was not far off. Great was the surprise of the father and child to behold, soon afterwards, a string of negroes, more than twenty in number, troop in before them, headed by one old negro, and a female advanced also in years. The group was an extraordinary one, and a very slight observation was necessary to discover that the whole group, who presented the appearance of a regular gradation in age, from thirty downwards, and who were composed of individuals of both sexes, were all members of one family, the heads of which were the two old negroes alluded to. All of them were scantily clad, but evidently redundant in health and animation. They knelt before the surprised St Clairs, and all of them followed the example of the elder ones in exclaiming, "Pardon, massa! pardon, massa!"

A light broke suddenly on Mr St Clair's mind. He came down to the group, and exclaimed, "You are Gomez!" "Yes, massa! pardon!" We shall not weary the reader with the explanation of Gomez in his own words. On the occasion of his flight with his wife, he had gone far inland, and, when almost despairing of life, had lighted on a small colony of blacks, runaways like himself, who had fixed themselves in a secluded spot, and who there kept themselves in existence, for many years, by mutual aid. Of this settlement Gomez became a member, and continued so for many years. During all that time, he had only once or twice, and with great caution, visited the frequented districts of the colony. On the last occasion, he had heard tidings about Mr St Clair which made a deep impression on him. The runaway negro had a warm and generous heart, and he never had forgotten the kindness of his old master, to whom, moreover, he was intelligent enough to know, he was regularly bound by a legal payment, or cathy of money, on the other's part. As his family grew up, their outlawed and precarious condition, as a runaway race, had often inclined him to give himself up, and, after hearing of Mr St Clair's distresses, he went back to his colony with a fixed resolution to return to his master, and relieve his wants by the hands of himself and his family, which numbered *twenty-one* members. Even these formed still but a part of his family, for two or three of his elder children had united their fortunes with those of other young persons of the original colony, and a few young, merry-eyed, white-toothed, grinning creatures, slung at the backs of the stronger members of the party, had a right to call old Gomez grandfather.

Such was the story that Gomez told, and which he closed by the reiterated cry of "Pardon, massa! pardon!" Mr St Clair, for many reasons, was deeply affected by this event. But his first answering exclamation was, "No! no! I can never hold myself entitled to a right over this family." The simple creatures, however, cried at his refusal, and laughed when they gained his permission that they should at least serve and work for him. And upon these terms of voluntary servitude did the healthy and happy race of Gomez enter upon the St Clair estate. The proprietor of it, however, insisted upon formally manumitting the parents, and the young ones remained as hired servants ever afterwards.

Need we say what was the consequence of this new horde of cultivators upon the estate of Mr St Clair? Under the government of Gomez, the fields soon resumed their former aspect, and the proprietor became a "comfortable" man, if not quite so rich as before. Mr Lightburn speedily lost all hope, also, of getting a bargain of the property, and was content to let it come into his family in a more pleasant and respectable way, namely, by the intermarriage of his son with the beautiful and dutiful heiress.

And so ends this TRUE STORY.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

THE Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, written chiefly by *himself*, and arranged by his sons, form one of the most interesting works of the day, whether regarded as a piece of biography, or as a description of the career of a man in public life.* For the sake of those who may not have it in their power to peruse the original, and also that we may attract to the work the attention of those who are placed in more fortunate circumstances, we beg to offer the following brief sketch.

Samuel Romilly was descended, through both his parents, from respectable families, expatriated from the south of France at the commencement of the eighteenth century, on account of their attachment to the Protestant religion. The father became a jeweller in London, and followed that profession with success during his life, being a man of good abilities and the most estimable character. His children were numerous, but few survived to mature years. Samuel, born in 1757, was left in infancy chiefly to the care of servants, his mother being afflicted with ill health; and, at this early point of his career, impressions were made upon his mind which well deserve attention, as having materially influenced his after-career. On reaching nearly the prime of life, he wrote a biographical sketch of his youthful days for his own gratification; and in this record, with which the volumes before us open, he thus refers to the period in question:—"It is commonly said to be the happy privilege of youth to feel no misfortunes but the present, to be careless of the future, and forgetful of the past. That happy privilege I cannot recollect having ever enjoyed. In my earliest infancy, my imagination was alarmed, and my fears awakened, by stories of devils, witches, and apparitions; and they had a much greater effect upon me than is even usual with children; at least I judge so, from their effect being of a more than usual duration. The images of terror with which these tales abound, infested my imagination very long after I had discarded all belief in the tales themselves, and in the notions on which they are built; and even now, although I have been accustomed for many years to pass my evenings and my nights in solitude, and without even a servant sleeping in my chambers, I must, with some shame, confess that they are sometimes very unwelcome intruders upon my thoughts.

I had other apprehensions, and some of a kind which are commonly reserved for maturer years. I was oppressed with a constant terror of death, not indeed for myself, but for my father, whose life was certainly much dearer to me than my own. I never looked on his countenance, on which care and affliction had deeply imprinted premature marks of old age, without reflecting that there could not be many years of his excellent life still to come. If he returned home later than usual, though but half an hour, a thousand accidents presented themselves to my mind; and, when put to bed, I lay sleepless, and in the most tormenting anxiety, till I heard him knock." This uncommon sensitiveness of disposition, partly natural, perhaps, but most certainly fostered also, to a large degree, by the unfortunate morbidness of fancy alluded to, tended ultimately to produce consequences most unhappy for Romilly himself, as well as for his country, to which he had made his life of the deepest value. A warning to parents, and all employed about the young, is thus to be drawn from this case, in which we see one of the most powerful of human intellects unalterably affected by erroneous treatment in mere infancy.

When a little further advanced in life, Romilly was sent to a very inferior school, selected seemingly because it had been once kept by a French refugee, and because many persons of that description (who were always very intimate among themselves, and attended a common place of worship) still sent their children thither. The miserable creature who kept this seminary was a tyrant to all but a few boys of the more affluent class, among whom Romilly was numbered; but the latter gives us a remarkable proof of the early excellence of his disposition, by telling us that he was wont to "burn with shame at not being *among* the victims of the master's injustice." He also made the observation, that the ill-conduct of the boys increased in *proportion* to the cruelty exercised upon them. After learning, at this school, scarcely any thing but a little French, Samuel was taken away, and various schemes were proposed for his settlement in life. The profession of an attorney was thought of, as also that of a merchant, and several others. Fortunately, obstacles sprung up for the moment in the way of all these proposals. We say fortunately, because by being temporarily taken into his father's own

* Three vols. London: Murray. 1840.

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office, young Romilly was left with such leisure as enabled him to supply a great existing deficiency, and *educate himself*. He became an unlimited reader. His father's easy or rather wealthy circumstances gave the youth the power of purchasing books and entering libraries at will, and he used the privilege to the acquisition of extensive general information. Nor was this all. He had formerly begun to learn the Latin language, but he now made himself a good classical scholar, and read all the best works of antiquity. In short, he fairly educated himself, as so many other men of talent have done.

Sir Samuel's picture of his family-circle at this period, consisting of his parents, his brother, his sister, and himself, is a delightful one. Their house, in High Street, Marylebone, was not large, and a casual observer might have imagined their comforts to be few. "But those who had mingled in our family, and had hearts to feel in what real happiness consists, would have formed a very different judgment. They would have found a lively, youthful, and accomplished society, blest with every enjoyment that an endearing home can afford; a society united by a similarity of tastes, dispositions, and affections, as well as by the strongest ties of blood. They would have admired our lively, varied, and innocent pleasures; our summer rides and walks in the cheerful country, which was close to us; our winter evening occupations of drawing, while one of us read aloud some interesting book, or the eldest of my cousins played and sung to us with exquisite taste and expression; the little banquets with which we celebrated the anniversary of my father's wedding, and of the birth of every member of our happy society; and the dances with which, in spite of the smallness of our rooms, we were frequently indulged. I cannot recollect the days, happily I may say the years, which thus passed away, without the most lively emotion. I love to transport myself in idea into our little parlour with its green paper, and the beautiful prints of Vivares, Bartolozzi, and Strange, from the pictures of Claude, Carracci, Raphael, and Correggio, with which its walls were elegantly adorned; and to call again to mind the familiar and affectionate society of young and old intermixed, which was gathered round the fire; and even the Italian greyhound, the cat, and the spaniel, which lay in perfect harmony basking before it. I delight to see the door open, that I may recognise the friendly countenances of the servants, and, above all, of the old nurse, to whom we were all endeared, because it was while she attended my mother that her health had so much improved."

The autobiographical sketch from which these extracts are taken, brings down the life of Romilly only to his twenty-first year, though not written till after he had arrived at the age of thirty-nine, and had been at the bar for twelve years. One of the most interesting points in these volumes consists in the contrast of feelings and circumstances, which the opening of the second and distinct autobiographical sketch exhibits, as compared with the first. In commencing his first sketch, he says, "I sit down to write my life; the life of one who never achieved any thing memorable, and who will probably leave no posterity." He continues to say, that a subject so uninteresting could never attract any readers but himself: "It is for myself I write, for myself alone." Written in 1813, the second sketch thus opens:—"After an interval of seventeen years, I am about to resume the task of writing my life—a task undertaken in very different circumstances, and with very different views, from those with which I now resume it. When I began to set down the few events of my unimportant history, I was living in great privacy; I was unmarried, and it seemed in a very high degree probable that I should always remain so. My life was wasting away with few very lively enjoyments, and without the prospect that my existence could ever have much influence on the happiness of others; or that I should leave behind me any trace by which, twenty years after I was dead, it could be known that ever I had lived. But since that period, and within the last few years, I have been in situations that were more conspicuous; and though it has never been my good fortune to render any important service, either to my fellow-creatures or to my country, yet, for a short period of time at least, some degree of public attention has been fixed on me. It is, however, with no view to the public that I am induced to preserve any memorial of my life, but wholly from private considerations. It is in my domestic life that the most important changes have taken place. For the last fifteen years, my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection, and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are living; and in all of whom I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their, one day, proving themselves not unworthy of such a mother. Some of them are of so tender an age that I can hardly hope that I shall live till their education is finished, and much less that I shall have the happiness to see them established in life; and of some it is not improbable that I may be taken from them while they are yet of such tender years that, as they advance in life, they may retain but little recollection of their father. To these, and even to my dear wife, if, as I devoutly wish, she should many years survive me, it may be a source of great satisfaction to turn over these pages; to learn or to recollect what I was, what I have done, with whom I have lived, and to whom I have been known. Such is the information that these pages will afford, and they will, I fear, afford nothing more. Of instruction there is but little that they can supply: what to shun, or what to pursue, is that of which a life, so little chequered with events as mine, can hardly present any very striking lessons. I have been in no trying situations; the force of my character has never been called forth; I have fallen into no very egregious faults, and I have had the good fortune to escape those situations which generally lead to them; but, from the pious affection which may have been instilled into my children's minds, they may set a considerable value, and take a lively interest in facts which, to the rest of mankind, must appear altogether insipid and indifferent. It is, therefore, to enjoy conversation with my children, at a time when I shall be incapable of conversing with any one, and to live with them, as it were, long after I shall have descended into the grave, that I proceed with this narrative of my life. It is surrounded by these children in their happy infant state; cheered with the little sallies of their wit; exhilarated with their spirits; become youthful, as it were, by their youth; and transported at sometimes discovering in them the dawnings of their mother's virtues; it is in the repose of a short period of leisure after unusual fatigues in my profession; it is in a fine season, in the midst of a beautiful country, with some of the richest and most luxuriant scenes of nature spread before me; it is in the midst of all these sources of enjoyment and of happiness, that I sit down to this pleasing employment."

Such a passage as this it is impossible to curtail, though, by quoting it, we leave to ourselves but little space for noticing the events of Romilly's public life. After visiting the Continent, he was called to the bar in 1783, and entered on the midland circuit in the following year. In 1784, he also translated a pamphlet of Mirabeau, whose warmest friendship, as well as that of Dumont and other distinguished foreigners, he afterwards enjoyed, as their correspondence with him, in these volumes, sufficiently proves. Lord Lansdowne was one of the first British statesmen whose notice he attracted, and by that nobleman he was early offered a seat in parliament. But this and other similar offers he declined, from a dislike to enter the house but as an independent or popularly elected member. A number of years also elapsed ere he rose at the bar; and here the cause was one not less honourable to him. He never concealed his early formed wishes for the reform both of our civil and criminal laws, and in the eyes of employing attorneys such sentiments were any thing but recommendatory. However, Romilly's abilities ultimately overcame all obstacles. In 1798, being then evidently in the way to abundant wealth, as well as to the highest professional honours, he married Miss Gerbett, of Knill Court, Herefordshire, with whom he had formed acquaintance in a way that he must himself describe to the reader. "Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a land-mark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796, I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and, if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; she overheated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his journey for several days, and in the mean time I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man. A most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection such as are rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage."

In 1806, when the Whig party, to which he had attached himself, came into power, Romilly became Solicitor-General, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood, though greatly against his will; he also now entered parliament for Queensborough. During his short tenure of office, he gave universal satisfaction, and afterwards maintained the esteem of all men, as a representative of the nation, up to the period of his decease. He distinguished himself, above all, as an advocate of humanity in our criminal code, and reformer of our civil laws. For many years, in session after session of parliament, he laboured unwearidly in his liberal and benevolent course, endeavouring to lessen the severity of the laws against felony, forgery, and other branches of crime, then punished capitally in almost every case. But the reigning king was a stern upholder of the existing laws, and all the chief legal dignitaries of the time opposed themselves to Romilly's views. Though Sir Samuel was destined, through these causes, to attain success only to a very limited extent in his lifetime, his toils were not thrown away. Almost by him alone, was the public mind prepared by slow degrees for the adoption of a more humane penal code, and for the reformation of abuses in the civil laws. Latterly, his sons, animated by similar humane considerations, have been instrumental in carrying into effect several of his proposed meliorations; and others, who admit themselves to be pupils of Romilly, have been successful in effecting similar improvements. In short, if the entire abolition of capital punishments seems now to be a thing nearly attainable, we owe it in a great measure to the twenty years' labours of Sir Samuel Romilly.

In 1818, his beloved wife fell grievously ill, and the brief entries in Sir Samuel's diary of this period shew how inseparably his existence was entwined with hers. On the 9th of October she had become slightly better, and the diary then records that the writer "slept for the first time after many sleepless nights." She relapsed, and died on 29th October; and, three days afterwards, his finely-fibred intellect being disarranged by the heavy calamity, Sir Samuel Romilly terminated his own life, leaving a reputation, both as respects public or private character, excelled by that of no man among his contemporaries.

SOME GOSSIP RESPECTING THE CARSE OF GOWRY.

UNPREPARED as our English readers may be for the announcement, there *are* two or three plains in Scotland. One, and perhaps the principal one, is the Carse of Gowry, a broad stripe of almost perfectly level land, stretching along the north side of the Firth of Tay, and forming part of the county of Perth. It is about fifteen miles in length, and in some places four or five in breadth, the hills of Fife rising on the south beyond the Firth, while, to the north, there is a similar range of moderately high hills, dividing the district from Strathmore and the Stormont, two similarly level tracts of less extent; beyond which, again, to the north, rises the great rampart of the Grampians. At the lower or east end of the Carse of Gowry, is Dundee, from which the smoke of numerous factories is seen perpetually rising. At the upper or west end, about the place where the river ceases to be navigable, and in one of the most beautiful spots in the country, is placed the "fair city" of Perth. The ordinary road between these two towns passes through the whole length of the Carse, with (to all appearance) scarcely a rise or fall of a single foot from end to end.

This fine plain, being composed, as far as the soil is concerned, of a deep clayey alluvium, is, in the proper season, one sea of waving grain of the richest kind, excepting that here and there the eye rests upon a gentleman's mansion, thickly ensconced in wood, or upon a scarcely less comfortable-looking suite of farm-buildings, beside which, perhaps, several stacks of last year's grain may be observed, even while the crop of the present year is yellowing unto the harvest. No stone enclosures harshly break up the wide expanse into formal squares, but at the utmost a low hedge-row divides field from field—the more general demarcation, even where the estates of different proprietors are concerned, being merely a sunk drain. Only in two or three places does the ground rise at all above the general surface; and it is remarkable that most of these places bear names in which the syllable *inch* occurs—as, for example, Inchsture, Inch Martin, &c. Inch is Gaelic for island. [Strange to say, it signifies the same thing in some of the aboriginal languages of North America.] It is therefore believed that all these places were at one time in the condition of islands, while the adjacent country was a deep *flow* or morass, or perhaps covered with the waters of the Tay. That the carse was at one time in the latter state, tradition loudly avers; and such is said to have been the case since the country at large began to be inhabited. Places are even pointed out on the face of hills above the carse, on the north side, where rings used to confine vessels had been found rivetted in the rock. It is certain that this fine region continued to be a mere morass till within a century from the present time. The inhabitants, instead of the race of intelligent and affluent farmers they now are, were then a set of boors, who contended for a wretched maintenance with a soil of wet clay, and were generally known as the *Carles* [that is, churls] *o' the Carse*. A story goes that a certain laird, provoked out of all patience by their rude and intractable nature, declared in his anger that he believed he could make better men out of the clay with his own hands. Not long after, he got bogged in going home, and, after some hours of vain struggling, was fain to ask the help of a carle whom he saw passing. "Ah, yes," said the hob-nail, "I see you are *making your men:* I'll not disturb you."

We must not be too ready to sneer at such traditions as the above. The modern doctrine of changes of level in the earth's surface gives it considerable credibility. It could have only required an elevation of some ten or twelve feet (such an elevation as often takes place in South America at this day) to convert the Carse of Gowry from the condition of a broad estuary to its

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present state. Perhaps the elevation is still gradually, though imperceptibly, advancing, just as it may be a slow and unobserved sinking which is causing the sea to aggress upon the coast in some other districts. This supposition derives some countenance from an old popular saying with regard to two large boulder stones which lie within the water-mark at Invergowry, near the bottom of the Carse, and go by the name of the Gows of Gowry. It is said of these stones, from which the sea is supposed to be gradually receding,

"When the Gows of Gowry come to land,
The day of judgment's near at hand."

The prophecy is laid in the name of Thomas the Rhymer. As such it is, of course, of no value; but, if it be an indication that the stones appear from time to time to be somewhat nearer the land, the couplet is not unworthy of notice. At Invergowry, it may here be remarked, is one of a series of small harbours constructed along the Firth of Tay about sixty years ago, for the shipping of rural produce, and which have been of great service in advancing agriculture in this beautiful region.

Many fine mansions are interspersed throughout the Carse. The traveller, advancing from Dundee, finds the first of any note in Castle Huntly, a stupendous old fortalice which formerly belonged to the Strathmore family, and now to a gentleman named Paterson. The next is Rossie Priory, the seat of Lord Kinnaird—a modern specimen of the monastic style, at least in externals. Errol, the seat of Mr Allan, and Murie, the seat of Miss Spence Yeaman, are conspicuous near the centre of the district. Farther on, we have Glendoig, the seat of Mr Craigie, some of whose predecessors have been eminent in the law. Megginch (one of the ancient islands of the Carse) is the residence of a family, the ladies of which have been remarkable during several generations for their beauty, and the rank which some of them thereby attained. A certain "bonnie Jeany Drummond" of Megginch, who, according to a song in her praise, "towered aboon them a'," became Duchess of Athole, by which alliance she gave occasion to a former lover, a Dr Austin, to write the well-known complaint, "For lack of gowd she's left me." Seggieden, the residence of a branch of the Hays of Kinnoull, is a little way farther west. In that house is kept an old family-piece in the shape of a drinking cup, which every successive laird was expected to drain at a draught, in order to prove his being worthy of the honours of the family. This is alluded to in an old local proverb, the sense of which, we must own, is somewhat obscure.

"Suck it out, Seggieden,
Though it's thin, it's weel pledged."

But by far the finest house in the whole district is Kinfauns, the seat of Lord Gray, a very ancient Scottish baron, one of whose family is noted in Mary's sad history under the name of the Master of Gray. This superb modern castle is felicitously placed on a terrace about a hundred feet above the level of the Carse, with lofty wooded heights on both sides, and fine cultivated slopes extending behind, while the front commands one of the most beautiful views in the country, composed of the Tay winding gracefully through its rich vale, and the Fife hills rising at no great distance beyond. So elegant a house, so beautifully situated, and adorned with so many objects of taste, it has rarely been our fortune to visit. The principal floor is composed of a magnificent suite of apartments, comprehending, besides a dining-room and two drawing-rooms, a splendid vestibule and gallery, full of statuary, &c., a gorgeous library, a billiard-room, and a room which Lord Gray calls his "workshop," seeing that it contains the tools, machines, and philosophical instruments, with which he amuses his leisure. In all of these rooms there are pictures by the first masters, constituting in themselves an attraction of the highest order. One by Guercino, in the principal drawing-room, "the Denial of Christ by Peter," is certainly one of the most arresting pictures we have ever chanced to behold. Lord Gray has spent a lifetime in collecting the many beautiful works of art of all kinds with which his house is adorned.

The district of Gowry contains several places which no one acquainted with the history of our country can visit without interest. At the back of the range of hills bounding the Carse on the north, is Dunsinnan, so celebrated in the tragic tale of Macbeth. This hill stands detached from the rest, and, rising to a height of seven or eight hundred feet, commands a view of the country around to a considerable distance, including Strathmore, the Stormont, and Blairgowrie. Amongst the hills bounding the distance, the attention of the visiter is always directed to Birnam, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunkeld, and fully fifteen miles distant. Dunsinnan bears on its face and top substantial proofs of Macbeth's history. The remains of a waggon road are observable sloping round the hill from the bottom to the top, being no doubt that by which the usurper caused his thanes to drag the materials for his castle. On the top are the remains of several concentric walls and fosses, and of some large building which they had surrounded, as well as of a well by which it is said the garrison was supplied with water. One is filled with strange feelings in standing amidst these grassy vestiges of what was a castle eight hundred years ago—a castle reared by a tyrant to defend himself from a nation's hatred, and amidst whose ruins he ultimately perished. It is felt, at the same time, how history sinks beneath the tale told, however wildly, by genius; and it is to Shakspeare, not to Dalrymple, that we revert for the story of the usurper, while endeavouring to realise it on the ground where it is said to have taken place. It is remarkable how correct in general the bard of Avon has contrived to be with respect to the geography of his play; and this has led to a surmise that he may have visited the spot in person, possibly in the capacity of a member of the company of players which Elizabeth is known to have sent to Scotland to regale James VI., and which appears to have acted at the neighbouring city of Perth. It is, however, quite possible that Shakspeare may have attained all this correctness by merely adhering closely to the legend he found in Hollinshed's Chronicles.

Amongst the hills overlooking the Carse are several places noted in the popular accounts of Sir William Wallace. Kilspindy is now a small parish village, but was formerly the site of a castle: it lies at the opening of one of the little glens which pervade this range of hills, about half way up the carse. Henry the Minstrel relates that, when Scotland was subjugated by Edward, the elder Wallace fled with his eldest son to the Lennox, and that then the mother, with her second son, William,

"To Gowry passed, and dwelt in Kilspindy.
The knicht, her father, thither he them sent
To his uncle, that with full gude intent
In Gowry dwelt, and had gude living there—
Ane aged man, the whilk received them fair."

Young Wallace was then placed at school in Dundee, where, however, his indignation at the insolence of the English garrison led to his killing the son of a distinguished officer, and he had then to fly for his life. Escaping from the town, he made for Kilspindy, and on his way is said by tradition to have rested for a little at the village of Forgandenny, where a poor man named Smith and his wife refreshed him with cakes and milk. Little more than forty years ago, the descendants of Smith showed the stone on which the hero had sat by their ancestor's door, and perhaps do so still. While skulking under the protection of his uncle, he is said to have concealed himself occasionally in a cave within the glen of Pitroddie, near Kilspindy. We had lately the curiosity to visit this glen, and to inspect the cave. The glen is wild and lonely, with steep fursy slopes, and a little rill trickling at the bottom. In the face of a porphyritic rock overhanging the rivulet, there is a long slit, which was probably at one time masked with brushwood. On entering this opening, we find that from the rock hanging over in a screen-like fashion in front, there is room both to stand and lie in the interior. This, according to tradition, was the lair of the brave youth who was destined thereafter to "rescue Scotland thryse." At the distance of about a couple of miles to the westward, and within a similar opening of the hills, are the remains of the ancient tower of Balthayock, the residence of that family of Blairs, of which Wallace's friend and chaplain, Mr Robert Blair, was a scion. We lately felt no small surprise at learning that this family still exists, and in possession of its original property, though it has removed its residence to a small modern mansion in the neighbourhood. The old tower is now reduced in height, but what remains is of great age and vast strength: a plain dwelling adjoins, on which we found a coat armorial, with the initials A. B., and the date 1578. The poem of Blind Harry, we may only remind our readers, professes to be constructed on the basis of a history of Wallace compiled by Mr Robert Blair. Kinfauns is another place associated with the name of Wallace. The ancient castle, which stood on the site of the present, was the seat of Thomas Longueville, a noted French pirate, whom Wallace overpowered at sea, and converted into an ally, and who seems to have been the ancestor of a family named Charteris, long settled at Kinfauns. There still exists in the modern castle a two-handed sword, which invariable tradition describes as having formerly belonged to Wallace.

One of the most picturesque of the openings in the Gowry hills is occupied by the old mansion of Fingask, the seat of Sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., from whose terraces, in our opinion, the views are even finer than from those of Kinfauns, the space commanded being much greater and equally beautiful, while the opposite hills, being more remote, give all their peculiar effect without any detraction on the score of tameness or deficiency of wood. Fingask was remarkable in the last century for the Jacobitism of its proprietors. Sir David Threipland was in the insurrection of 1715, and his lady entertained at this house the unfortunate prince for whose sake the party had taken up arms, while on his progress from Peterhead to Perth. The estate was consequently forfeited, and the family dispossessed of their ancient seat. A striking anecdote is related of the lady of the mansion on that occasion. Amidst the ruin of her husband's affairs, and while he was endeavouring to escape from the country, she gave birth to a son. A few frightened friends had gathered round her at that distressing moment, and amongst the rest a clergyman of the persecuted Episcopal Church of Scotland from Perth. It was desirable to use the services of this gentleman while he remained in the house; but the friends knew not how to proceed, having no instructions from the father, and being fearful of agitating the mind of the mother with questions. The lady, hearing their whispers in her chamber, and comprehending that they wished to know what name should be bestowed on the child, said hastily, from her bed, "Stuart, to be sure." And the infant was christened by that name accordingly, at the very moment when, for its sake, the parents were ruined. This child lived to fight in the insurrection of 1745–6, after which he skulked a long time in the Highlands in company with Young Locheil. Escaping all these perils, he lived to purchase back the family property by means of his wife's fortune; and the government, in 1824, restored the title to his son. In the house are still shown some remains of the bed occupied by the old chevalier, and also the camp bed which Prince Charles carried about with him in his more romantic campaign, besides a great quantity of medals and other interesting memorials of the expatriated family of Stuart.

The people amongst the hills are a more primitive people than those of the Carse, and retain many old-world stories which, in another situation, must have long ago been obliterated. There is a lonely ruined tower in this mountain district, called Evelick Castle, till a recent period the seat of a branch of the family of Lindsay. One of the last Lindsays of Evelick married a sister of the famous Earl of Mansfield; and one of the children of that pair married Allan Ramsay, the celebrated portrait-painter. The place is now desolate, and the property has been divided amongst heirs-female. With a wild and tragic tale respecting Evelick, we shall conclude this long chapter of chit-chat. Some ages ago, the laird of Evelick, being a widower with one son, married a widow who also had a son about the same age. The young people grew up together; but the lady's child soon saw that he was a very different person in the eyes of the world from his step-brother. Envy and deadly malice then took possession of him, and he one day beguiled the other youth into the neighbouring glen of Pitroddie, the same lonely dell where Wallace had found refuge from the English. Having there induced his brother to lie down upon the ground, as for the purpose of measuring their comparative lengths, he cut the throat of the unsuspecting youth, and then, in an agony of fear and remorse, rushed home to the castle of Evelick, where he shut himself up in his own room. The story goes on to relate, that his mother and step-father saw him no more, and that he continued in his room, fed by his nurse through a small window, until he was taken to Edinburgh by the officers of justice, and there tried and condemned to death. His original doom was to be hanged; but his mother gave a sum of money to obtain for him the less ignominious death of decapitation, and he thus perished accordingly.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

Witchcraft was first denounced in England, by formal and explicit statutes, in the year 1541, in the reign of Henry VIII. Previously to that time, many witch-trials had taken place, and severe punishments had even been inflicted on the parties concerned; but this was occasioned by the direction of the arts of sorcery, in these particular instances, against the lives and well-being of others, and not from the legal criminality of such arts themselves. Shakspeare has made some early cases of this nature familiar to us, and in particular that of the Duchess of Gloucester, who, for conspiring with witches against the life of the reigning sovereign, Henry VI., was compelled to do public penance, and imprisoned for life. But, as has been said, the mode of prosecuting the guilty purpose was here altogether a subsidiary matter. If a person waved his hat three times in the air, and three times cried "Buzz!" under the impression that by that formula the life of another might be taken away, the old law and law-makers (as, for example, Selden, who states this very case), considered the formulist worthy of death as a murderer in intent; and, upon this principle, the trafficking with witches was punished in early times.

Witchcraft, however, by and bye assumed greater statutory importance, in England as elsewhere. Henry VIII.'s two acts were levelled against conjuration, witchcraft, false prophecies, and pulling down of crosses. Here the charge was still something beyond mere sorcery, and it was left for Elizabeth, in 1562, to direct a statute exclusively against that imaginary crime. At the same time, that princess extenuated her conduct in part, by limiting the penalty of the crime, when stripped of its customary accessories, to the pillory. The first transgression, at least, received no heavier punishment. The cases of Elizabeth's reign were chiefly cases of pretended possession, sometimes, however, involving capital charges against those said to have caused the possession. In one famous case, of which the main features were as ludicrous as the issue was deplorable, three poor persons, an old man named Samuel, with his wife and daughter, were tried at Huntingdon, for having bewitched the children of a Mr Throgmorton. Joan Throgmorton, a girl of fifteen, and the eldest of the children, was the main witness for the prosecution. She related many scenes, in which the actors were herself and a number of spirits sent by Dame Samuel to torment her, and to throw her into fits. These spirits, she said, were on familiar terms with her, and were named Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks who were *cousins*. Among other things, she said that one of the Smacks professed himself an admirer of hers, and beat the rest for her sake, as in the following instance related by her. One day Smack appeared before her.

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"Whence come you, Mr Smack?" she said to him. "From fighting Pluck and the rest, with cowl-staves, in Dame Samuel's back-yard," replied Smack; and soon thereafter, accordingly, Pluck and Blue walked in, the one with his head broken, and the other limping. "How do you manage to beat them," said the young lady to the victorious Smack; "you are little, and they are big." "Oh," says Smack, "I can take up any two of them, and my cousins beat the rest." Of such stuff were these charges made. It would appear that they were either the offspring of insanity on the part of the youthful Throgmortons, or that, having begun the farce in sport or spite, the accusers found at length that they could not retreat without a disgraceful confession of imposture. In part, the conduct of the poor Samuels was affecting, and even high-minded. After lengthened worrying, the accusers got Dame Samuel indirectly to confess her guilt, by making her repeat a prescribed charm, which had the effect of at once bringing the children out of their fits. But the old man and the daughter steadily maintained their innocence. The unfortunate family were condemned on the 4th April 1593, and soon after executed.

When James I. ascended the English throne, he unfortunately conceived it to be his duty immediately to illuminate the southerns on the subject of witchcraft. An act of the first year of his reign defines the crime with a degree of minuteness worthy of the adept from whose pen it undoubtedly proceeded. "Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, *to or for* ANY *purpose*; or take up any dead man, &c. &c. &c.; such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." We have here witchcraft first distinctly made, of itself, a *capital* crime. Many years had not passed away after the passing of this statute, ere the delusion, which had heretofore committed but occasional and local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of England. Leaving out of sight single executions, we find such wholesale murders as the following in abundance on the record. In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the "Lancashire witches;" in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number, at the same time, in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The poor creatures, who usually composed these ill-fated bands, are thus described by an able observer:—"An old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work"—such were the poor unfortunates, selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe that no one would have dreamed of inflicting them on the vilest of murderers. They were administered by a class of wretches, who, with one Matthew Hopkins at their head, sprung up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and took the professional name of *witch-finders*. The practices of the monster Hopkins, who, with his assistants, moved from place to place in the regular and authorised pursuit of his trade, will give a full idea of the tests referred to, as well as of the horrible fruits of the witchcraft-frenzy in general. From each town which he visited, Hopkins exacted the stated fee of twenty shillings, and, in consideration thereof, he cleared the locality of all suspected persons, bringing them to confession and the stake in the following manner:—He stripped them naked, shaved them, and thrust pins into their bodies to discover the witch's mark; he wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared—but if they floated (as they usually would do for a time), they were then set down as guilty, and doomed; he kept them fasting and awake, and sometimes incessantly walking, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as an inducement to confession; and, in short, practised on the accused such abominable cruelties, that they were glad to escape from life by confession. If a witch could not shed tears at command (said the further items of this wretch's creed), or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's prayer, she was in league with the evil one. The results of these and such-like tests were actually and universally admitted as evidence by the administrators of the law, who, acting upon them, condemned all such as had the amazing constancy to hold out against the tortures inflicted. Few gave the courts that trouble. Butler has described Hopkins in his Hudibras, as one

> Fully empower'd to hunt about
> Finding revolted witches out.
> And has he not within this year
> Hanged *threescore* of them in *one* shire?
> Some only for *not* being drown'd;
> And some for sitting above ground.

After he had murdered hundreds, and pursued his trade for many years (from 1644 downwards), the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected, by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favourite test of swimming. It is said that he escaped with life, but, from that time forth, he was never heard of again.

The era of the Long Parliament was that, perhaps, which witnessed the greatest number of executions for witchcraft. *Three thousand persons* are said to have perished during the continuance of the sittings of that body, by legal executions, independently of summary deaths at the hands of the mob. Witch-executions, however, were continued with nearly equal frequency long afterwards. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at Saint Edmondsbury, for bewitching children, and other similar offences. Some of the items of the charge may be mentioned. Being capriciously refused some herrings, which they desired to purchase, the two old women expressed themselves in impatient language, and a child of the herring-dealer soon afterwards fell ill—in consequence. A carter drove his waggon against the cottage of Amy Dunny, and drew from her some not unnatural objurgations; immediately after which, the vehicle of the man stuck fast in a gate, without its wheels being impeded by either of the *posts*, and the unfortunate Amy was credited with the accident. Such accusations formed the burden of the dittay, in addition to the bewitching of the children. These young accusers were produced in court, and, on being touched by the old women, fell into fits. But, on their eyes being covered, they were thrown into the same convulsions by *other* parties, precisely in the same way. In the face of this palpable proof of imposture, and despite the general absurdity of the charges, Sir Matthew Hale committed Amy Dunny and Rose Callender to the tender mercies of the hangman. It is stated that the opinion of the learned Sir Thomas Browne, who was accidentally present, had great weight against the prisoners. He declared his belief that the children were truly bewitched, and supported the possibility of such possessions by long and learned arguments, theological and metaphysical. Yet Sir Matthew Hale was one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne had written an able work in exposition of Popular Fallacies!

This case occurred in 1664. For some subsequent years trials and executions were yet far from unusual. Chief-justices North and Holt, to their lasting credit, were the first individuals occupying the high places of the law, who had at once the good sense and the courage to set their faces against the continuance of this destructive delusion. In one case, by detecting a piece of gross imposture, Chief-justice North threw into disrepute, once and for all, the trick of *pin-vomiting*, one of the most striking and convincing practices of the possessed. A male sorcerer stood at the bar, and his supposed victim was in court, vomiting pins in profusion. These pins were straight, a circumstance which made the greater impression, as those commonly ejected in such cases were bent, engendering frequently the suspicion of their having been previously and purposely placed in the mouth. The chief-justice was led to suspect something in this case by certain movements of the bewitched woman, and, by closely cross-questioning one of her own witnesses, he brought it fully out that the woman placed pins in her stomacher, and, by a dexterous dropping of her head in her simulated fits, picked up the articles for each successive ejection. The man was found guiltless. The acquittal called forth such pointed benedictions on the judge from a very old woman present, that he was induced to ask the cause. "Oh, my lord," said she, "twenty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch if they could, and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son."

The detected imposture in this case saved the accused. It was under Holt's justiceship, however, that the first acquittal is supposed to have taken place, in *despite* of all evidence, and upon the fair ground of the general absurdity of such a charge. In the case of Mother Munnings, tried in 1694, the unfortunate pannel would assuredly have perished, had not Chief-justice Holt summed up in a tone so decidedly adverse to the prosecution, that the verdict of Not Guilty was called forth from the jury. In about ten other trials before Holt, between the years 1694 and 1701, the result was the same, through the same influences. It must be remembered, however, that these were merely noted cases, in which the parties withstood all preliminary inducements to confession, and came to the bar with the plea of not guilty. About the same period, that is, during the latter years of the seventeenth century, summary executions were still common, in consequence of confessions extracted after the Hopkins fashion, yet too much in favour with the lower classes. The acquittals mentioned only prove that the regular ministers of the law were growing too enlightened to countenance such barbarities. Cases of possession, too, were latterly overlooked by the law, which would have brought the parties concerned to a speedy end in earlier days, even though they had done no injury to other people, and were simply unfortunate enough to have made compacts with the demon for the attainment of some purely personal advantages. For example, in 1689, there occurred the famous case of a youth, named Richard Dugdale, who sacrificed himself to the devil, on condition of being made the *best dancer* in Lancashire. The dissenting clergy took this youth under their charge, and a committee of them fasted and prayed, publicly and almost incessantly, for a whole year, in order to expel the dancing demon. The idea of this imposter leaping for a twelvemonth, and playing fantastic tricks before these grave divines, is extremely ludicrous. But the divines played tricks not less fantastic. They became so contemptuously intimate with the demon, as to mock him on account of saltatory deficiencies. A portion of their addresses to him on this score has been preserved, but of too ridiculous a nature for quotation in these pages. If any thing else than a mere impostor, it is probable that Dugdale was affected with St Vitus' Dance; and this is the more likely, as a regular physician brought his dancing to a close after all. But the divines took care to claim the merit of the cure.

After the time of Holt, the ministers of the law went a step farther in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory *verdicts*. In 1711, Chief-justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge, who had sneered openly at the whole proceedings, asked the jury if they found the woman "guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The reply was, "We do find her guilty of that;" but the question of the judge produced its intended effect in casting ridicule on the whole charge, and the woman was pardoned. An able writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review remarks, after noticing this case, "yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine*, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes." And a long catalogue, and a black catalogue it was. "Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England, on this charge, at THIRTY THOUSAND!"

We have now glanced at the chief features in the history of witchcraft in England, from the enactment of the penal statutes against it. These statutes were not finally abolished till the middle of the eighteenth century, and unhappy consequences followed, in various instances, from their being left unrepealed. Though among the enlightened classes the belief in witchcraft no longer existed, the populace, in town and country, still held by the superstitions of their forefathers, and, having the countenance of the statute-book, persecuted the unfortunate beings whose position and circumstances laid them open to the suspicion of sorcery. The ban of public opinion told severely enough upon the comforts of such poor creatures, but the rabble occasionally carried their cruel and ignorant oppressions to a greater length. On the 30th of July 1751, an aged pauper named Osborne, and his wife, were seized by a mob in Staffordshire, dragged through pools, and otherwise so vilely misused, that the woman died under the hands of her assailants. The attention of the law, and the indignation of the humane, were aroused. One man, who had taken a prominent share in the brutal outrage, was condemned on trial, and executed. Immediately afterwards, the penal statutes against witchcraft were abrogated by the legislature, and the remembrance of them only remains, as a wonder and warning to the posterity of those who practised and suffered from them, as well as to mankind at large.

It must not be imagined, we may observe in conclusion, that the present generation has no need of such a warning, or is relieved by its increased enlightenment from all chance of falling into similar errors. The nineteenth century has witnessed such impostors as Johanna Southcote, Matthews, and Thom, and has seen a degree of enthusiastic and unhesitating credence given to their pretensions by many persons moving in a most respectable rank in society, which shows that the credulous spirit that created and supported witchcraft is not by any means extinguished. It is indeed a spirit only to be fully eradicated by such a universality of education and intelligence as can scarcely be expected to exist, excepting after the lapse of long-coming centuries of improvement. The subject which has been treated of here, has therefore a moral. In brief words, the world may learn from it the peril of encouraging the idea of the possibility of direct spiritual influences and communications in these latter days—a thing discountenanced alike by the lights of reason and scripture.

INTEMPERANCE.

We extract the following observations on a cause of intemperance, from a late number of the Athenæum:—

"The mode in which Sunday is spent by the lower classes, appears to be a very prominent, though unsuspected, source of juvenile delinquency. Some persons believe it to be their duty to legislate for the world as it ought to be, and, in the meantime, they do infinite mischief to the world as it is. Rarely has the operative an opportunity of seeing a green field, of admiring the works of creation, or even of breathing the pure air of heaven: yet, as is justly observed by the pious author of 'The Shunammite'—'Can we view nature in any other light than that of a book of instruction presented to the sons of men, that they may learn the character of God from all its pages, and read how the earth is filled with the goodness of the Lord; that the cattle upon a thousand hills, the calm pursuits of pastoral life, and the

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scenes of rural peace and innocence, may serve as counteractions to the solicitations of vice, to the blandishments of sensual pleasure, and all the snares which an impure and sinful world would have laid for our souls?' Owing to the exertions of the Society for the Protection of Footpaths, the vicinity of Manchester affords the operatives means for enjoying delightful country walks, of which they avail themselves in great numbers. Liverpool wants these advantages, and its corporation offered an annual sum to the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens, on the condition of having the grounds thrown open to the public on Sunday; but, unfortunately, through the influence of some leading members, the proposition was rejected. Whether common sense may triumph on some future occasion, we cannot, of course, conjecture; but assuredly there is not a day in the week when the lower ranks of Liverpool are subjected to such corrupting influences as on the Sunday. The cause is obvious: the poor man has no home in which he can enjoy his day of rest, and abroad he has only to choose between a place of worship and the alehouse. It is very desirable that all classes should attend their religious duties; but the fact is that they do not, and that any attempt to compel them aggravates the evil. Keeping every park, garden, and place of recreation shut, will not add a single individual to the congregations in places of worship, but it fearfully augments the crowds collected on such spots as the progress of buildings and of enclosures has yet left open: circumstances coerce the poor to join these crowds, and vice is the inevitable consequence. 'What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit, on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?' But the cellars, the lodging-houses, the dens of vice, and the filthy haunts to which the poor are perversely confined on the Sabbath day, are infinitely worse than any pit into which a favourite animal could fall. Justly, then, may the indignant question be asked—'How much is a man better than a sheep?'"

As far as our own experience is concerned, we should say that the efforts made to prevent appearance out-of-doors on Sunday, causes much in-door drinking in the large towns in Scotland. In passing through by-streets on Sunday, to or from church, we frequently observe the strongest indications of intemperance within doors.

UGOLINO OF PISA.

THE name and story of Count Ugolino of Pisa have been made famous by the Italian poet Dante, and Chaucer has also given poetic immortality to the same melancholy tale. Count Ugolino de Gherardeschi was one of the victims of the civil broils which agitated Italy in the middle ages, and are known in history by the title of the Wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. These names were of Germanic origin, being the family designations of two powerful and princely houses of that country, one of which has had the honour, in modern times, of supplying a line of sovereigns to Great Britain. It was more, however, on account of the importance of the causes of which these names became the watchwords, than through the intrinsic consequence of the families which then bore them, that the terms Guelph and Ghibelline attained to such celebrity in the annals of Europe. The pope and the Franconian emperors, the successors of Charlemagne, began to struggle for ascendancy in Germany and Italy about the twelfth century, and it chanced that the Guelphs took the side of the church, while the Ghibellines adopted the imperial cause. At a great battle fought in 1140, these two names formed the war-cries of the contending parties, and the use of them, from that time, became permanent, as has often been the case with titles or epithets originating in a similar incidental manner. When the great cities of Italy, such as Venice, Genoa, Milan, and Pisa, sprung up into wealth and influence, their citizens were for centuries divided between the church and imperial parties, and in the factious wars and disturbances that arose in consequence, Guelph and Ghibelline constituted the watchwords of the combatants in the field and in the senate. Though the cities in question had freed themselves from the political dominion both of emperor and pope, yet the countenance of either of these potentates was influential enough to affect the balance of power among the petty native princes and nobles, who struggled with one another for authority in the numerous republics of Italy.

In the second last decade of the thirteenth century, Pisa, then the third maritime power in Italy, was violently agitated by the contests of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions for political superiority. The neighbouring towns of Florence and Lucca, with other cities of Tuscany, were under the Guelph domination, and formed a league against Pisa. At this juncture, Ugolino, a nobleman well advanced in life, and Count of the Gherardeschi, a mountainous country between Leghorn and Piombino, used his great power among his fellow-citizens of Pisa to advance himself to the supreme authority. The count was of a Ghibelline family, but he had united his sister to a Guelph house, and his nephew, Nino di Gallura, was then chief of that party in Pisa. Thus divided, as regarded family ties, between the two factions, Ugolino appears to have played off the one against the other to raise himself, till, finally, he joined his power to that of Ruggieri or Roger degli Ubaldini, archbishop of the city, and a great Ghibelline chief, in order to expel Nino di Gallura and all his followers from within the walls. As it would have been a disgraceful act to join openly in the overthrow of his sister's son, Ugolino retired for a time to his country seat, but, as soon as he heard of the expulsion of Nino and the Guelphs, he returned to the city, and was received with great rejoicing.

At the same time, the Pisans were in great alarm for the consequences of the Tuscan league against them, although, being chiefly attached to the Ghibelline cause, they delighted in the banishment of Nino. In this extremity, they felt the necessity of a powerful and skilful head, or dictator, and pitched upon Ugolino as the person most able to reconcile them with the Tuscan league, or to command them in the field, should necessity call them there. They therefore named the count captain-general, the office to be held for ten years. Ugolino contrived to obtain peace with the enemy, but not till he had caused all the fortresses of the Pisan territory to be opened by his creatures to the Lucchese and Florentines. That this was a condition in his treaty, he dared not openly avow. "From that time (says the historian Sismondi) he sought only to strengthen his own despotism, by depriving the magistrates of power, and by intimidating the archbishop Roger degli Ubaldini, who held jointly with him the highest rank in the city. The nephew of Ubaldini, having opposed him with some haughtiness, was killed by him on the spot with his own hand." His violence soon rendered him obnoxious to the partisans on both sides, but his bravery and ability bore him through for a time. It was in 1782 that the Guelphs had been exiled; and six years afterwards, Ugolino, finding himself endangered by the growing hatred of the Ghibelline chiefs, resolved upon the recall of the Guelphs. He gave his son secret charges respecting their introduction into the city; but his project was discovered, and the Ghibellines, secure of the partialities of the citizens, called them hastily to arms. The Pisans rose at the summons, and proceeded to the seignorial palace to seize Ugolino. It is at this point that the history of the count assumes a character which calls forth the deepest sympathies of the reader.

Ugolino, with his sons, grandsons, and adherents, barred the gates of the palace against the besiegers on the 1st of July 1788. For some time all the force of the city contended with him in vain; he defended himself like an old lion brought to bay. At length, finding themselves unable to vanquish the obstinate resistance opposed to them, the citizens set fire to the palace, and entered amid the flames. Ugolino, two of his sons, and two of his grandsons, were dragged forth by the exasperated Ghibellines, and thrown into the tower of the Sette Vie, on the Piazza of the Anziani, where they were confined in one apartment. The key was given over to the custody of the Archbishop Ubaldini, "from whom (says Sismondi) was expected the vigilance of an enemy, but the charity of a priest." What the prelate's sense of charity was, became soon apparent. For some weeks, Ubaldini allowed his wretched prisoners a pittance of food, but at length the priest cruelly threw the key of the dungeon into the Arno, and consigned his victims to a slow and most horrible death. From that hour no human eye saw them, at least in life. The details of Ugolino's miserable end, with that of his sons and his little grandsons, have been so finely imagined by Dante, that it would be unpardonable to fashion forth the conjectural horrors of that extremity in other words than his. The spirit or shade of Ugolino himself, under circumstances to which we shall presently allude, is made the narrator of the story; and as the captives could be heard in their dungeon, though not seen, the poet may have had some slight facts to aid his fancy in his delineation. "Know, I was on earth Count Ugolino," says the spirit of the Pisan noble; and then, after mentioning his confinement, as well as the terrible dreams that indicated both to himself and his children their coming fate, he says,

"When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold.
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near,
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard at its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not; so all stone I felt within.
They wept; and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day,
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou would'st eat of us: thou gav'st
Those weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We were all silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the four
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth;
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got
The mastery of grief."

Thus closes Ugolino's story. Whether the last words simply mean that death came to cure the mortal agony, or whether the poet intends to give a dreadful hint that fasting drove the count to a banquet which nature revolts at, and which seemingly will not sustain life, it would be difficult to say. "Three days I called aloud," says the count. This would appear to be founded in truth, for the historian Villani tells us, that Ugolino was heard to utter "loud cries" for a priest, but none was allowed to approach the place. The same writer thus describes the veritable end of all. "In a few days, they died of hunger. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the TOWER OF FAMINE, and *so shall ever be.*"

If human imagination can conceive any thing more terrible than the real end of Ugolino and his children, it is the punishment which Dante has assigned in the after-world to the main agent in the earthly tragedy, Roger degli Ubaldini, the Pisan prelate. Many readers will be aware that Dante, in his Divine Comedy (a word not bearing the sense now commonly given to it), has fancied himself conducted through the infernal regions by a guide, who points out to him a great number of the most noted evil-doers of preceding times, undergoing fitting and varied punishments for their crimes. In one region, he saw many doomed beings suffering their award in prisons of ice, enclosing, in whole or part, their bodies. At one spot, he says,

"I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread
Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.
'Oh, theu! who show'st such beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear,' said I,
'The cause.' * * * *
His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
'Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrows past cure. * * Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the archbishop he
Ruggieri."

The count then proceeds to tell the story of his fate, as the reader has had it already laid before him.

From what has been detailed, few will wonder that the story of Ugolino should have attracted the notice and employed the powers of painters as well as poets. In one famous performance, Sir Joshua Reynolds has taken up the story of Ugolino in the dungeon, at the moment when the count is sitting, stupified into stone, and "little Anselm" clasps his arm, exclaiming, "Father! what aileth thee?" while the other three are grouped around, one fainting in the arms of another. In another picture, Fuseli has taken up the tale at a moment somewhat later, when one son (Gaddo) has flung himself in a perishing state across his father's feet, and the others are drooping around. Ugolino is, of course, the prominent figure in both paintings. The count of Fuseli is more expressive, and has an aspect more befitting the horrors of his condition, than that of Sir Joshua, whose Ugolino, as an able critic has said, with some show, at least, of truth, is too like a "famished mendicant, deficient in any commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children who cluster around his knees." Having only small engravings of these pieces before us, it would be presumptuous here to expatiate on their merits or defects. Both have been allowed to be great works, and, on the whole, worthy of the extraordinary and fearful story which they were intended to illustrate.

HEIR-LOOMS.

The term heir-looms has occasioned much dispute, but the rule which is recognised appears to be this: no chattles personal are capable of being entailed; but the law recognises a power of descent in such things as appear to be necessary to support the dignity, uphold the splendour, or continue the importance, of an estate or inheritance. The word loom is a Saxon word, signifying a limb or member; and thus heir-looms are limbs or members of the inheritance, and which generally cannot be separated from it without detracting from its value. Thus the ancient jewels of the crown are held to be heir-looms, because the loss of them would materially detract from the grandeur of the inheritance and the dignity of the sovereign for the time being. Deer in a park, fish in a pond, charters, deeds, court-rolls, and other documents necessary to verify titles of estates, together with the chests in which they are kept, become heir-looms, and pass with the land. Plate and other valuables, presented to a peer for public services, have been held to be heir-looms, as being necessary to the dignity of the several inheritors of the honours of him by whom they were received. Such, also, is the case with things which cannot be separated from the inheritance to which they belong: as chimney-pieces, pumps, ancient fastened tables and benches, and whatever might be considered as rational appendages to the freehold. Thus tombstones, monuments, and coat armour hung in a church, come under the same designation, together with any ensigns of honour that may hang with them. For though the church be the parson's freehold, and these are annexed to the freehold, yet they were placed there by consent, for the advantage and honour of the ancestor and family of the heir, and exist therefore for his benefit. So that the parson, though he is not liable for any damage that may be done to them, which has not occurred through his special act, or those of his agents, yet he cannot take them away, without being subject to an action from the heir for trespass.—*Tyas's Legal Hand-Books: Personal Property.*

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A FEW PLAIN OBSERVATIONS ON POLITENESS.

A REFINED species of civility is sometimes expressed by the term *politeness*, which is an exterior indication of good breeding or good manners, and may be defined as that mode of behaviour which not only gives no offence, but which affords agreeable sensations to our fellow-creatures. In our intercourse with the world, this species of civility is imperative. We possess no right to give offence, by language or actions, to others; and we are bound to conduct ourselves agreeable to the reasonable and set rules of society. Some severe writers on morals have confounded *politeness* with *insincerity*. They seem to imagine that the act of speaking gracefully to another, is necessarily mere grimace, or an empty flourish signifying nothing. In many instances, with insincere people, this may be the case, but it is not so with those of well-regulated minds. It is always better to speak politely, that is, with extreme propriety and delicacy, than bluntly, coarsely, or impertinently. We say, cultivate politeness of manner by all means, for it is *refined civility*, and will spare both ourselves and others much unnecessary pain.

Civilised society has in the course of time instituted certain rules in the code of politeness, which, though of little actual value, it is every one's duty to learn, because, by knowing and acting upon them, we can make life glide on much more smoothly and pleasantly than if we remained in ignorance of them. These rules are sometimes called the rules of *etiquette*. We shall here mention a few of the more important of these social regulations:—

1. *Honour to the female sex.*—Women are physically weaker than men. They are unable to defend themselves from insult or injury, and it would be considered indelicate for them to do so, even if they possessed the power. For these and other reasons, it is only simple politeness and a sign of good sense to render any little service to women, to assist them when they appear in any difficulty, to speak respectfully of them and to them, and to give them honour whenever it can be reasonably required. It will be observed, therefore, in what is called good society, that women are treated with exceeding delicacy and deference: they are offered the best seat, or the only seat if there be no other; allowed to walk next the wall, or at the farthest point from danger, in the street; never rudely jostled against in a crowded thoroughfare; and are always parted from with a respectful bow. All this is considered essential in good manners, and attention to it will not in the smallest degree degrade any man in the opinion of the world. At the same time, as respects the women who receive these attentions, it is expected that they will not "give themselves foolish airs," or presume on the forbearance and kindness of the stronger sex. In fact, no female will do so who is acquainted with good manners, or wishes to avoid being despised.

2. *General courtesy and respect.*—It is incumbent on every one to be courteous or respectful in his intercourse with neighbours, acquaintances, or with the public generally. To inferiors, speak kindly and considerately, so as to relieve them from any feeling of being beneath you in circumstances; to equals, be plain and unaffected in manner; and to superiors, show becoming respect, without, however, descending to subserviency or meanness. In short, act a manly, courteous, and inoffensive part, in all the situations in life in which you may be placed. Society, for good and sufficient reasons, which it is needless here to explain, has ordained certain modes of address, and certain exterior signs of respectfulness, which it behoves us to support and personally attend to. In eastern countries, as of old, it is the custom to uncover the feet and to sit down, in token of respect, on going into the presence of kings, or on entering any religious edifice or private dwelling. In our country, the custom is entirely the reverse. It is an established mark of respect to uncover the head and to stand, in the situations which we have mentioned, and to this point of etiquette we are bound to adhere. We must not, from any crotchet of our own, violate the rules or customs which society sanctions and enjoins, as long as these rules and customs are not opposed to reason and sound morals, and only refer to such trivial arrangements as taking off our hat, making a bow, shaking hands, or other matters equally unworthy of deliberate consideration. None but persons of a silly, eccentric turn of mind, think of disputing about these trifles. On the same principle, give every one the title, which, by law or courtesy, he usually receives.

3. *Personal behaviour.*—A well-bred man is always known by the perfect ease and tranquillity of his manner. These are points to be carefully cultivated. Acquire, if possible, an easy confidence in speaking, so as never to appear abashed or confused, taking care, however, not to fall into the opposite error of forwardness or presumption. Persons moving in the highest circles of society never allow themselves to appear disturbed or vexed, whatever occurs to annoy them. Perhaps there may be an affectation of indifference in this; still their conduct is worth admiring, for every thing like fidgetiness or boisterousness of manner is disagreeable to all who witness it.

Carefully avoid the following things in personal behaviour:—Loose and harsh speaking; making noises in eating or drinking; leaning awkwardly when sitting; rattling with knives and forks at table; starting up suddenly, and going unceremoniously out of the room; tossing any thing from you with affected contempt or indifference; taking any thing without thanking the giver; standing in the way when there is scarcely room to pass; going before any one who is looking at a picture or any other object; pushing against any one without begging pardon for the unintentional rudeness; taking possession of a seat in a coach, theatre, or place of public meeting, which you are informed belongs to another; intruding your opinions where they are not wanted, or where they would give offence; leaving acquaintances in the street, or a private company, without bidding them good-bye, or at least making a bow to express a kindly farewell; slapping any one familiarly on the shoulder or arm; interrupting any one who is conversing with you; telling long and tiresome stories; whispering in company; making remarks on the dress of those about you, or upon things in the room; flatly contradicting any one, instead of saying, "I rather think it is otherwise," "I am afraid you are mistaken," &c.; using slang expressions, or words of a foreign language; acquiring a habit of saying, "says she," "says he," "you know," "you understand," &c.; helping yourself at meals without first asking if you may not assist others to something which they would like; picking your teeth with your fork, or with your finger; scratching or touching your head; paring or cleaning your nails before company; mentioning the price of any article of food or drink which you are offering to guests; asking questions or alluding to subjects which may give pain to those you address; neglecting to answer letters. It would be easy to enumerate many other things which should be avoided as savouring of bad manners, but these will be sufficient to indicate the principle of politeness, and if that be understood, there can be no difficulty in knowing how to act with delicacy and discretion in all the concerns of life.

4. *Gentility and vulgarity.*—By attention to the rules of good breeding, such as we have just alluded to, the poorest man will be entitled to the character of a *gentleman*, and by inattention to them the most wealthy individual will be essentially *vulgar*. Vulgarity signifies coarseness or indelicacy of manner, and is not necessarily associated with poverty or lowliness of condition. Thus, an operative artisan may be a gentleman, and worthy of our particular esteem; while an opulent merchant may be only a vulgar clown, with whom it is impossible to be on terms of friendly intercourse. Vulgarity of manner is often exhibited, in its most offensive form, by persons originally of humble birth and breeding, who have risen to wealth by the force of fortuitous circumstances. It is not uncommon to hear persons of this class, particularly ladies, speaking of "my coach," "my house," "my governess," "my family," "my servants," "my furniture," and so forth; all which is *pure vulgarity*, and indicates a low tone of breeding, and weak understanding on the part of the speaker. A man or woman of refined taste never alludes to matters of dress, domestic convenience, or things strictly personal, and rather endeavours to direct conversation into those channels in which all may harmoniously join.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF BLACK PAINT.

The following is abridged from a paper on this subject by Mr L. Thompson, published in the Transactions of the Society of Arts. "There is nothing," he observes, "which will prove the injurious effects of black paint, more than by observing the black streaks of a ship after having been in a tropical climate for any length of time. It will be found that the wood round the fastenings is in a state of decay, while the white work is as sound as ever: the planks that are painted black will be found split in all directions, while the frequent necessity of caulking a ship in that situation, likewise adds to the common destruction; and I am fully persuaded, that a piece of wood painted white will be preserved from perishing as long again, if exposed to the weather, as a similar piece painted black, especially in a tropical climate. I have heard many men of considerable experience say, that black is good for nothing on wood, as it possesses no *body* to exclude the weather. This is, indeed, partly the case; but a far greater evil than this attends the use of black paint, which ought entirely to exclude its use on any work out of doors, namely, its property of absorbing heat. * * Wood having a black surface, will imbibe considerably more heat in the same temperature of climate, than if that surface was white: from which circumstance we may easily conclude, that the pores of wood of any nature will have a tendency to expand, and rend in all directions, when exposed under such circumstances. The water, of course, being admitted, causes a gradual and progressive decay, which must be imperceptibly increasing from every change of weather. Two circumstances, which have fallen under my own immediate notice, deserve mention. The first was the state of H.M. Sloop Ringdove, condemned by survey at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1828. This brig has been on the West India station for many years. On her being found defective, and a survey called, the report was to the effect that the wood round all the fastenings was totally decayed in the wake of the black, while that in the wake of the white was as sound as ever. The next instance relates to H.M. Ship Excellent, of ninety-eight guns (formerly the Boyne). The ship is moored east and west, by bow and stern moorings; consequently, the starboard side is always exposed to the effects of the sun, both in summer and winter. In this situation her sides were painted in the usual manner of a ship of war; namely, black and white, of which by far the greater part is black; this latter portion on the starboard side I found it impossible to keep tight; for as often as one leak was apparently stopped, another broke out, and thus baffled the skill of all interested. In the meantime, the side not exposed to the rays of the sun remained perfectly sound. I then suggested to Mr Kennaway (the master caulker of her majesty's dockyard at Portsmouth), who had previously given the subject consideration, the advantage likely to be derived from altering the colour of the ship's side from black to white. Captain Hastings having approved of the alteration, the ship was painted a light drab colour where it was black before, upon which the leaks ceased, and she has now continued perfectly tight for more than twelve months; and, indeed, I can confidently state, that the ship will last as long again in her present situation, as she had begun to shrink and split to an astonishing extent when the outside surface was black, which has entirely ceased since the colour has been altered."—*Athenæum.*

TO THE WILD BEE.

One of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had garden'd life for me with flowers!
Thou bringest to my mind the white-thorn bough,
The blooming heath, and fox-glove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah, they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the flow'ret's view,
No sting thou leav'st behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Oft have I marvell'd at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil
Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,
Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor Bee!
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall:
But, ah, though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews.

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and overarching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honied comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers,
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;
With branches from the super-pendent firs,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing:
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check:
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused, sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloy'd, thou little busy Bee,
And have thy memory unmix'd with aught of pain!

But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

T. S.

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THE DANCING MANIA.

By accident we have lately encountered an extremely curious and interesting book, bearing the title quoted below.* The subject treated is the Dancing Mania, the author having in other treatises (which we have not seen) considered the Black Death, and the Sweating Sickness, all of these having been "epidemics of the Middle Ages." In the preface to the volume before us, he speaks of having collected materials for the history of other prevailing diseases of that period; but we are not aware of his having published any such works.

It seems not improbable that the Dancing Mania, which for five centuries occasionally broke forth in Europe, took its origin in an accidental circumstance. In the year 1027, a few peasants disturbed divine service on Christmas eve, at the convent-church of Kolbig, near Bernburg, by brawling and dancing, whereupon the priest inflicted a curse upon them, that they should dance and scream for a whole year without ceasing. When we consider the superstitions of that age, we cannot be much surprised to learn that the men did continue to scream and dance as long as nature would allow, and were at length only relieved from the curse by the intercession of two pious bishops. The story adds, that four of them died of exhaustion, and that the survivors were never afterwards free from a trembling in their limbs.

This tale was of course told as a remarkable instance of the punishment of impiety, and we may well believe that it greatly impressed the minds of the people. The idea of frantic screaming and dancing, thus rendered familiar, became, of course, a ready shape or model for the conduct of persons under more than usual religious excitement, or who were, from whatever cause, in an unsound state of mind. There were probably many repetitions of the Kolbig scene within no long time after its occurrence; but we have no authentic notice of any such before the year 1237, when upwards of a hundred children were seized with this frenzy at Erfurt, and thence proceeded dancing and jumping along the road to Arnstadt. When they arrived at that place, they fell exhausted to the ground, and, according to an account of an old chronicle, many of them, after they were taken home by their parents, died, and the rest remained affected to the end of their lives with a perpetual tremor.

It was more than a century after the date last mentioned, when the dancing mania assumed for the first time the appearance of an epidemic. Certain persons of both sexes, who had travelled out of Germany, introduced it, in 1374, into Aix-la-Chapelle. They appeared in the streets and in churches, dancing wildly in circles, until, nature being exhausted, they sunk to the earth. From these persons it spread to others, and was soon propagated all over the Netherlands. In individual cases, the first symptoms were epileptic convulsions. Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and labouring for breath. They foamed at the mouth, and suddenly springing up, began their dance amidst strange contortions. For hours they would dance deliriously in circles, in the open streets, regardless of the bystanders and of all external objects, but wrapt apparently in internal visions, for they frequently shrieked out the names of spirits and of divine persons, and some would exclaim that they saw the heavens open before them. After continuing their spasmodic dancing and raving till their last strength was gone, they fell to the ground, usually in a state of violent tympany or inflation, and apparently in the agonies of death; but when a cloth was tied tightly round them, or when they were soundly kicked or buffeted, they recovered, and were free from the delirium till its next attack. So usual was this result, that at length those who wandered about the country exhibiting their appalling malady, got swathing bands tied round them, to be ready for use. A stick inserted into this band, and twisted once or twice round, restored them to temporary soundness.

In the course of a few months, wandering bands of these frenzied dancers had propagated the disease all over the Netherlands. Wherever they appeared, the people flocked around them in crowds to gratify their curiosity with the frightful spectacle. In towns and villages, they took possession of the religious houses; processions were every where instituted on their account, and masses were said and hymns were sung. No one doubted that the disease was of the nature of a demoniacal possession. The priests, against whom they poured forth threatenings and imprecations, had recourse to exorcisms, being the more anxious to put an end to the malady, because some of the afflicted were heard to declare that they designed to enter the bodies of the nobility and princes, and, through these, to destroy the clerical order. The exertions of the priests were effectual, for exorcism was a powerful remedy in the fourteenth century. About ten months after its appearance, the disease had in a great measure ceased in Belgium.

It was about the same time advancing along the Rhine. At Cologne five hundred, and at Metz eleven hundred, were affected at the same time. The streets of the latter city were filled with the dancers, and the crowds of all sorts of people from town and country who flocked to behold and join in their wild revels. Children quitted their parents, servants their masters, mechanics their workshops, and housewives their domestic duties, to partake in the disorder which pervaded this rich commercial city. Many of the wandering dancers are understood to have been impostors, who assumed the character for the sake of adventures and maintenance; but these propagated the disorder as successfully as the truly afflicted, the susceptible being every where prepared to fall into a frenzy of which they heard so much. In the Rhenish cities, as in Belgium, it at length in a great measure exhausted itself, and for a time fell out of notice.

The time when this mania appeared in Germany, was remarkable in that country for civil disturbances. The barons were incessantly at war with each other, and the people suffered tremendous oppressions. In the early part of the year, the Rhine and Maine had overflowed their banks, and wrought grievous havoc in the country. There was consequently considerable suffering from want. These causes may be presumed to have given at this particular time an unusual tendency to a delirious disease, which superstition always kept more or less alive. Another circumstance is to be taken into account. St John's festival had for many ages been celebrated with rude dances, probably in allusion to the dancing of Herodias at his death. This saint had therefore become associated in the popular mind with the dancing mania. Now, his festival takes place in July, and we find it was in that month that the disease was introduced under such flagrant circumstances into Aix-la-Chapelle.

The dancing mania made another conspicuous appearance in the towns of Belgium and the Lower Rhine in 1418, when bands of the afflicted passed along from place to place, accompanied by musicians playing on bagpipes, and by innumerable spectators attracted by curiosity. For a century after this period, it appeared from time to time, like other epidemics, and the symptoms were always of one kind. It now became known as St Vitus's dance, from a notion that to that saint was commissioned the power of curing it, for which reason his shrines were resorted to by the afflicted. It attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants became its victims. The fury of some was so great, that they would dash their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rush headlong into rapid rivers, where they were drowned. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that, by taking high leaps, their strength might be the sooner exhausted. Many, after wearing themselves out, would revive in a certain time, and join once more the frantic revel. The afflicted had some strange antipathies. They could not endure to see any one weeping; and when they saw a red garment, they flew at the wearers as infuriated cattle do, and endeavoured to tear them in pieces. The malady became nearly extinct about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Varieties of the dancing mania appeared in other parts of Christendom during the middle ages.

There is in Apulia, in Southern Italy, a harmless species of spider, called the tarantula. About the same time that the dancers appeared in Germany and on the Rhine, the people of Apulia seem to have become possessed by a nervous dread of the bite of this little insect. Hence arose one of the strangest delusions that ever possessed the human mind. Those who were bitten, or supposed themselves to be bitten, "generally fell into a state of melancholy, and appeared to be stupified, and scarcely in possession of their senses. This condition was, in many cases, united with so great a sensibility to music, that, at the very first tones of their favourite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission, until they sank to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless. In others, the disease did not take this cheerful turn. They wept constantly, and, as if pining away with some unsatisfied desire, spent their days in the greatest misery and anxiety. Others, again, fell into morbid fits of love; and instances of death are recorded, which are said to have occurred under a paroxysm of either laughing or weeping."

At the close of the fifteenth century, this malady had spread over Italy, and the virulence of its symptoms was increased. Nothing short of death was expected from the bite of either the tarantula or the scorpion; and all who fancied they had ever been so bitten, became victims of the disease. Sunk in profound melancholy, they never betrayed the least sensibility, except under the influence of music. At the sound of the flute or cithern, they awoke, as if by enchantment, opened their eyes, and, moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, gradually hurried on to the most passionate dance. It was generally observed that, on these occasions, the most rustic people showed a grace in their movements which never was observed under other circumstances in persons of their class. Musical pieces devised for the afflicted were called Tarantellas; some of them are preserved, and extracted into Dr Hecker's work. Dancing was sought for in this disorder as a means of relieving it. It was supposed that, by the exercise, the poison of the bite was diffused over the body, and not only made less intensely virulent, but expelled to some extent by perspiration, though it was still thought that, as it could not be thus altogether thrown off, a

* The Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D., professor at Frederick William's University at Berlin. Translated by B. G. Babington, M. D. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. 1836.

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germ of the disorder must remain in the veins. When summer recurred, the malady again took possession of those formerly afflicted, and it was necessary again to resort to music. Thus, in time, the cure of the *Tarantati* became a kind of public festival of annual occurrence. Crowds attended these festivals, which became scenes of great general excitement, and many, particularly of the female sex, caught the malady, not from the poison of the spider, but "from the mental poison which they eagerly received through the eye."

Tarantism lasted in full vigour in Italy till the seventeenth century, at which time it might be said to be at its height. From the end of the seventeenth century it began to decline, until at length it was confined to single cases, as it now is. One great cause of the decline seems to have been the frequency of cases of imposture. These, being detected in great numbers, threw discredit over the whole, and, the "conceit" being thus shaken, people became less liable to be affected by the real disorder. The spirit of the eighteenth century, which was inquiring and anti-enthusiastic all over Europe, must also be acknowledged to have been unfavourable to a malady which perhaps took its origin in, and was all along supported by, religious extravagance.

Yet even during this cold period, there have not been wanting comparatively isolated instances of similar affections. In 1731, the grave of the Deacon Pâris (the zealous opponent of the Ultramontanists), in the cemetery of St Medard at Paris, became the scene of a singular popular mania. Many individuals were there seized with convulsions and tetanic spasms, causing them to roll upon the ground like maniacs, while their countenances and limbs were thrown into the most violent contortions. Crowds flocked to witness this spectacle, and the number of the patients at length became so great that the king found it necessary to issue an order to shut up the cemetery, or, as a wit expressed it, to forbid further miracles in that place. There can be no doubt that these proceedings were the consequence of the fervour to which certain devotees were wrought up by the controversy on account of the bull "Unigenitus." The enthusiasm and the convulsions are said to have been kept up by a small and obscure sect till the Revolution. The preachings of Whitfield, and those of several other divines of the like fervour of manner, were attended, as is well known, with similar effects both in Britain and America. In 1760, a sect originated in Cornwall, who acquired the name of Jumpers, in consequence of its being a regular part of their devotional exercises to work themselves, by the use of certain unmeaning words, into a spasmodic state, in the course of which they jumped with strange gesticulations, until they were exhausted.

In the last age a disorder, locally termed convulsion-fits, prevailed to a great extent in the remote archipelago of Shetland. The disorder was traced to a very simple circumstance, namely, the falling of an epileptic woman into a fit during service in one of the churches. The minds of the congregation being probably in a state of high excitement at the time, several individuals immediately experienced palpitation and faintness, and then fell into a motionless and apparently cataleptic condition. For years afterwards, especially during summer, similar occurrences frequently took place, but not always with the same symptoms, for women especially often fell into convulsions, and raved furiously, writhing their bodies into various shapes, and uttering the most dismal cries. It would have been easy perhaps to counteract these disorders. A sensible clergyman, newly introduced to his charge, finding the service much impeded by them, gave notice that, understanding immersion in cold water to be a cure for the malady, he should in future order every person so affected in church to be instantly carried out and plunged into the neighbouring lake. From that time the malady was heard of no more in that congregation.

A disorder of an analogous kind, called the leaping ague, was prevalent about the same time in Forfarshire. According to a writer in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, "Those affected with it first complain of a pain in the head, or lower part of the back, to which succeed convulsion-fits, or fits of dancing, at certain periods. During the paroxysm, they have all the appearance of madness, distorting their bodies in various ways, and leaping and springing in a surprising manner, whence the disease has derived its vulgar name. Sometimes they run with astonishing speed, and often over dangerous passes, to some place out of doors, which they have fixed on in their own minds, or perhaps mentioned to those in company with them, and then drop down quite exhausted. Cold bathing is found to be the most effectual remedy; but when the fit of dancing, leaping, or running, comes on, nothing tends so much to abate the violence of the disease as allowing them free scope to exercise themselves, till nature be exhausted."

At a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge in Lancashire, on the 15th February 1787, a girl put a mouse into the breast of another who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized with fits similar to what they had beheld in the first girl, and, on the 17th, six more became affected in the like manner. The work was now stopped, under an impression that a pestilence had been introduced into it through the medium of a bag of cotton. A physician was sent for from Preston; and before he arrived, three more were seized. On the morning of the 19th, there were in all twenty-three girls affected, besides one man, who had been much fatigued by holding the girls. Five other girls, working at a factory at Chitheroe, five miles distant, were affected merely by hearing of what took place at Hodden Bridge. The physician cured them by an electrical machine, and by assuring them that the malady was entirely nervous. Phenomena similar to these took place in 1801 at Berlin. A patient affected by tetanic spasms being introduced into the Charité Hospital there, and falling down at her entry in strong convulsions, six other patients, at sight of her, became affected in the same way, and by degrees eight more were attacked in the like manner. While their new ailment continued, their former complaints were banished, returning, however, after the convulsions had been cured, which was chiefly effected by the use of opium.

The various cases which have now been adduced, make it, we presume, quite plain, that there is a spasmodic disease, to which human beings are liable under certain predisposing circumstances, and which may be propagated through the medium of morbid sympathy, or, to speak more properly, the imitative faculty in a state of disease. Amongst the predisposing causes to this malady, the first is certainly nervous weakness, whether it may arise from great physical sufferings, or from the long-continued operations of a harassing superstition, or be simply a natural character of the individuals affected. Such, we should think, must have equally been the state of the oppressed and superstitious peasantry of Germany in the fourteenth century, of the over-tasked monotonously-labouring girls in the Hodden factory, and of the under-fed and lonely people of the Shetland Islands. It may also be induced in persons of better condition, by protracted exposure to addresses in which the most enthusiastic eloquence is employed to work upon the feelings. When many are in the requisite condition of nervous weakness, the disease passes from one to another by morbid sympathy, and the consequences are what we have seen.

If these be the proper inferences from the facts stated, it becomes clear and indubitable that many of the fervours which take place under the hallowed name of religion, do not proceed either from the good or evil spirit, as opposite sects have represented them, but are mere results of natural laws operating on the nervous system. On the importance of this deduction we need not pause to make a single remark.

A MODERN ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

In explanation of the subjoined narrative, which is translated from a foreign newspaper, it is necessary to remind the reader that the island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonised by the French, and that the population yet consists in a great measure of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About ten or twelve months ago, the Sieur Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by means of a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, and also of a paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words: "I am ruined!—a villain has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonour must be my portion, and I cannot await or survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us, and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction! Yet another minute, and I shall be in eternity! (Signed) CLODOMIR FRENOIS."

Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony as a man of strict honour and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavouring faithfully to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution of consecrating her remaining days to the services of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct, led to the discovery of the period at which the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Moon, long in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but, shortly after the division of the late merchant's property, Moon reappeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful; and he further averred, that if Clodomir Frenois, in his existing correspondence, had thrown any injurious suspicions upon him (Moon), the whole was but a pretext to account for deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the sole cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examinators, and the affair soon fell in a great measure out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition, when, one morning, Mr William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr Burnett in private. Mr Burnett rose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the parlour. He saw there a stranger, of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa, with a number of the Morning Post in his hand. The back of the visiter was turned to Mr Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr Burnett said aloud, "Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?"

The stranger turned round, and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld, nearly a year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview between Mr Burnett and his strange visiter, remained for the time a secret. Mr Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the conduct of the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of that day, while John Moon was regaling himself with tea under the palm-trees of his garden, along with a Circassian female whom he had bought some time previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of justice. On the following day, he was brought before the criminal court, accused of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being conjoined with breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the charge, with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied, that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon him; and that, so far from there being any such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

"Do you then affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge gravely, after hearing all that the other had to say.

"I will avouch my innocence," replied Moon, "even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary." [Such a thing often took place under the old colonial law.]

"John Moon," said the judge, in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, "*it is before your late master* that you will have now to assert your innocence, and may God make the truth appear!"

A signal from the judge accompanied these words, and immediately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar with a slow and deliberate step, having his eye calmly but sternly fixed on the prisoner, his late servant. A great sensation was caused in the court by his appearance. Uttering shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and shudderingly confessed his guilt. For a time, no voice was heard but his. However, as it became apparent that a living man stood before the court, the advocate for the prisoner gained courage to speak. He demanded that the identity of the merchant be established, and the mystery of his existence explained. He said that the court should not be biassed by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased; and that such an avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of much weight. "Before being admitted here as accuser or witness," continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you are, and disclose by what chance the tomb which so lately received your body, mangled by bullets, has given up its tenant, and restored you to the world in life and health!"

This firm appeal of the advocate, who continued steadfast to his duty under circumstances that would

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have closed the lips of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodemir Frenois. "My story may be soon told, and it will suffice to establish my identity. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had then fled from the island, and I speedily saw that all attempts to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night on which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed forgiveness from my Maker for the act of despair I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the lock, when a knock at the outer door of the house startled me. I concealed the weapon, and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognised to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me. 'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' said I. 'No,' replied the man; 'but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to come and offer him this body. For mercy's sake,' continued the sexton, 'do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation, and my family's bread.'

While the man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and recovered honour. I stood for a few minutes absorbed in thought, and then, recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had previously been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same stature as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the man; he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his family. 'Poor relic of mortality!' said I, with tears in my eyes, 'nothing which man may do can now injure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one, but twenty families! And should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children, and, when my own hour comes, we shall rest together in the tomb to which thou shalt be borne before me!'"

At this portion of the merchant's narrative, the most lively interest was excited in the court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois thus proceeded:—"I then stripped off my clothes, and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I took up the pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I had applied it to my own person, I fired it close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made.

Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectations which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew that John Moon, the man who had robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, had formed connexions in this island, which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray here the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confession of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodimir Frenois, with a degree of honourable pride in which all who heard him sympathised, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit unstained to my children, and my children's children."

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strangely laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession which he had made in the extremity of his terror, and, without separating, the court sentenced him to confinement for life in the prisons of the colony.

The news of Clodimir Frenois's re-appearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to an universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to attempt any description of the feelings of the wife, who thus saw restored to her the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or other of them as its due.

REPORT RESPECTING THE IRISH POOR.

The Sixth Annual Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners has just been published. Only a few pages are devoted to matters connected with England; but from what is said, the gratifying fact may be learned, that the new law is in all places working well, and fulfilling the expectations of its projectors. The rule, which is inflexibly acted upon in all the combined parishes or unions, of placing relief for the able-bodied upon the simple alternative of coming into the workhouse, has been attended with the best results. Masses of individuals are now employed, and living as independent labourers, who formerly relied upon a parish allowance in aid of their wages. The demoralising practice of giving money in aid of wages to able-bodied labourers, is not yet altogether abolished, but it is annually declining, and will ultimately be unknown. At the present time, there are still 799 parishes in England and Wales which have not been brought under the operation of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, containing a population of more than two millions of souls.

The bulk of the volume is devoted to proceedings in Ireland, in reference to the extension of the law to that country. The business of sectioning the country into unions, and building a workhouse in each, has been actively carrying on throughout the past year. The number of unions declared up to the 25th of March 1840, is 104, and 30 more will probably complete the total number of unions into which Ireland will be arranged. The formation of unions was followed by elections of guardians by the rate-payers; and the new measures seem generally to have produced satisfaction in the various districts. Sixty workhouses have been contracted for, and are now in progress of erection. The houses of the old charitable foundations are likewise in the course of being remodelled to meet the arrangements of the new system, which has already, or will very shortly, come into operation in the Dublin and Cork unions. The various boards of guardians concur in representing, that as soon as the workhouses in their respective jurisdictions are ready for the reception of inmates, all public begging and mendicant vagrancy should cease; and to accomplish this desirable object, they express a hope that a vagrant act will be passed, similar to that which applies to England. It may seem hard that paupers should not be allowed to seek alms from the charitably disposed; but in all matters of this kind we must consult general, not individual, advantage. Beggary is a disgrace in a civilised community. It argues that society is in a wrong condition. The least that can be said of it is that it is a nuisance, and is practically a tax on the benevolent for the support of the poor, while the more churlishly disposed, but not the least wealthy, escape. Thus, in Dublin, under the old state of things, the entire charge for the poor fell exclusively on the benevolent. We rejoice, therefore, that by the law as now constituted for Ireland, every householder in ordinary circumstances will be compelled to pay his fair share for the support of his poorer brethren. The establishment of workhouses, to which every man, woman, and child, in a state of destitution, may resort for relief, is the only effectual remedy against the nuisance of begging, because it leaves no excuse whatever for the application of the mendicant, and permits us with a safe conscience to refuse his request. The country which possesses no workhouses or other establishments for the ready relief of the pauper, and yet prevents public begging, commits a monstrous crime; in fact, it consigns myriads of unfortunate creatures to pinching penury and starvation. We are not overlooking here that the more important benefit of a poor-law is its supporting the moral tone of the humbler orders of the people, keeping them above that degree of want which induces despair and recklessness, and the effects of which have already been more frightfully exemplified in Ireland than in any other country.

Two of the most instructive papers in the Report are those on the proposed workhouse dietaries in Ireland, by Messrs Hawley and Hall, assistant poor-law commissioners. Mr Hawley gives us the following account of the common food of the people:—"That the potato is the staple food of the peasantry is a fact too well known to require any proof; and it will hardly be necessary to state, that I have found the use of this vegetable to prevail in all parts of my district. The grand object of the peasant, when planting the potato, is to raise the largest crop on the smallest extent of land; and with this view the sorts called *lumpers* and *whites* are generally preferred, as being most prolific; they are, however, of a very inferior and a watery nature, and the loss in cooking reduces them in weight much more than the superior kinds; but as the gross produce of these potatoes, on any given portion of land, is considerably greater than that of any of the other sorts, they continue to hold the preference. The market value of the several sorts corresponds with their quality, and the cheapness of the lumpers and the whites, the two sorts above mentioned, furnishes another reason for their general use.

The potato is eaten at every meal, and throughout all seasons of the year. A failure of the crop, or even an improvident use of an abundant supply, frequently, however, causes the necessity of resorting to the use of other species of food; and oatmeal, eggs, butter, lard, dripping, and herrings, are then partially though sparingly substituted for it, particularly in the months of May, June, and July, when the old crop is exhausted, and the new is not yet ready for digging, an operation which generally commences about the first week in August. Milk, after being skimmed, as in the state of buttermilk, in the districts where dairy farms abound, is also much used; the quantity consumed being regulated by the nature of the district and the consequent supply, which varies according to the season of the year, being of course least plentiful in the winter months. When the supply of milk fails, water becomes the only beverage of the working class; and their dry meal of potatoes has then a relish imparted to it by the addition of a herring, which is generally eaten by the heads of the family, the children dipping the potatoes into the sauce in which it was cooked. Illness appears to be most prevalent at those seasons of the year when water is used as the only beverage. Frequently lard with salt is boiled in water, and the potatoes dipped into this mixture, which is called *dip*.

Labourers employed by farmers, who are obliged, by the terms of their contract, to feed them, are, in many instances, better off than those who receive full money wages, and cater for themselves. Butter, eggs, milk, and even meat, are occasionally furnished them; but if left to his own resources, the labourer rarely tastes animal food. Porridge, composed of oatmeal boiled in water, with salt and pepper, is a frequent substitute for potatoes.

There is little doubt that the pernicious custom of whisky-drinking has hitherto abridged the domestic comforts, by tending to deteriorate the quality of the food used by the families of the peasantry. It would be premature to reason upon the future effects likely to be produced by the reformation in this respect lately introduced; but from inquiries which I am constantly making at the village shops, where groceries as well as spirits are sold, I find that there is an increase in the sale of the former, more than in the ratio to the decrease of the latter, and that tea, coffee, and bread, are now purchased by the poor for consumption in their cabins, and public coffee-shops are established in most of the towns.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to state here, that there is also a remarkable improvement in the dress of those who were formerly addicted to drunkenness; and this, in conjunction with the fact stated above, affords a proof that the poor generally are beginning to appreciate those comforts which an abstinence from intoxicating liquors has now placed within their reach.

The number of meals eaten during the day by the labouring class is very generally regulated by the following circumstances, namely, the season of the year, the locality, the supply of fuel, and the supply of food. In the short days in the months of November, December, and January, in manufacturing towns, and at times when turf is scarce and dear, the supply of potatoes falling short, and employment scarce, supper is frequently omitted; but at other times, and under different circumstances, particularly where hard labour has to be performed, a third meal is partaken of.

The quantity of food consumed by able-bodied women is almost invariably less than that consumed by able-bodied men, but in quality it is precisely similar. Males up to sixty years of age consume fully as much as young men in the prime of life, and those above sixty very little less. The same proportional consumption of food is also observable in women. There is more difficulty in obtaining any correct data as to the relative consumption of food by children of all ages; but from the best information I can obtain, I am led to suppose that those upwards of ten years of age require fully as much as a full-grown woman to sustain them, at the period of life when muscular expansion and a rapid digestion require equivalent support." Mr Hawley here adds a table, showing the quantity and nature of the food consumed by individuals in various parts of the country. It appears from this, that in most places the breakfast of an able-bodied man is about four and a-half pounds of potatoes; dinner the same, but herrings or lard are substituted when milk is scarce; supper is seldom taken. Women eat about one pound less of potatoes daily. Rarely is bread or oatmeal used. It may be said, with the trifling exceptions to which Mr Hawley alludes, the universal diet consists of from eight to nine pounds of potatoes, and two and a-half pints of skimmed or buttermilk daily. The weight is calculated with the potatoes raw; there is a loss of two ounces in every pound in boiling. In jails, hospitals, and houses of industry, from six to eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge are in many instances substituted for the potatoes at breakfast; and sometimes a kind of potato soup is given for dinner. There is, therefore, reason to believe, that hitherto the diet afforded in jails and hospitals has been superior to the ordinary food enjoyed by the humbler orders out of these establishments.

We now come to Mr Hall's report, which consists of suggestions for the adoption of the guardians in the Dublin unions. "The essential principle to be attended to," he proceeds to observe, "in framing a dietary for a workhouse, appears to be, that the food a pauper, maintained at the public cost, should not

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be more abundant or better than that of the poor man maintaining himself in independence by his industry. In England it has been found very difficult to preserve this principle; it was almost impossible, in many districts, to prescribe a diet less abundant, and of inferior quality, than that of the majority of the labouring classes, and at the same time sufficient to keep the inmates of the workhouse, belonging to the same classes, in health and strength. It is well known to all who have accurately inquired into the matter, that the diet ordered or allowed by the poor-law commissioners for the English workhouses, is in many, not to say in most instances, superior in quality, and more nutritious than the ordinary diet of the poor; a fact attested by the improvement generally observable in the condition of the inmates, within a short period after their admission into the workhouse.

Such being the case in England, it must be expected that the difficulty of regulating the dietary of the paupers, so as not to hold out the additional inducement of superior food to those who may be already disposed, by the prospect of shelter and clothing, to seek relief from the union, instead of working for a livelihood, will be even greater in Ireland. And yet, exactly in proportion to the difficulty of adjusting the diet according to this principle, is the necessity of being careful to do so; because, where subsistence is precarious, scanty, and unwholesome, and, such as it is, not to be obtained without severe exertion, a supply of food, even of tolerable quality and in moderate quantity, yet provided regularly and without fail, becomes almost irresistibly attractive to the poor. Where such is the case, there is great danger of those tests becoming ineffectual, whereby some security is given that none but the actually destitute are relieved; and when once pauperism becomes on the whole, and in the estimation of a large portion of the poorer classes, more eligible than independence, evils which cannot be contemplated without dread are sure to follow.

It is matter of notoriety that meat is rarely, if ever, tasted by the Irish peasant; and the fact of its being almost universally excluded from the dietaries of public institutions, shows that the change in his habits and circumstances in life that a man undergoes when he becomes an inmate of any of them, does not render a change of diet necessary for his well-being. This almost general rule may be proved by the few exceptions that occur. Your assistant commissioner, Mr Phelan, whose medical knowledge and professional experience add great weight to his opinion, when discussing this point in a report on dietaries, writes as follows:—'The dietaries of prisons are of three descriptions—bread diet, mixed diet, and vegetable diet. Each consists of only two meals. The first, for various reasons, is in most use: but, from no inconsiderable acquaintance with prison discipline, I am satisfied that the third is the best—that which would keep the prisoners in better health. This consists of stirabout and new milk for breakfast, and potatoes and skimmed milk for dinner.' And again, in another part of the same report, he says, 'Whether meat or broth should be allowed in our workhouses is a matter of doubt with me, as those who are likely to become the inmates but rarely obtain either at their own residences, or at their own expense, except perhaps about three or four times a-year. If meat be at all allowed, it should be extremely well boiled, so that the soup or vegetable porridge prepared with it may be used at dinner instead of milk, and that the meat itself will be considered as of less value than such soup or porridge. I have come to this conclusion from having frequently found, to my very great annoyance, that more serious affections of the bowels occurred within the twenty-four hours after meat and broth had been used in the Clonmel House of Industry, than during the remainder of the week.'"

Mr Hall having submitted the subject to the consideration of the guardians of the South Dublin Union, a committee of the body reported in complete agreement with the views above expressed, and proceeded to suggest that therefore two meals a-day would be sufficient for the paupers in the workhouse, namely, a breakfast and dinner. "They advise," says the report, "that on two days of the week the dinner should consist of broth made of ox-heads and shins, and other coarse pieces of beef, together with potatoes, to be mashed up therein; the allowance for each adult pauper to be four pounds of potatoes, weighed before cooking; on the other five days potatoes and buttermilk, the allowance for each adult being four pounds of potatoes (weighed raw), and one pint of buttermilk. They advise that the breakfast every day should consist of oatmeal boiled into stirabout, and new milk; the allowance for each adult pauper being seven ounces of meal, and half-a-pint, imperial measure, of milk." Finally, they advise "that food of the same kind, but in less quantities, with a portion of bread, be provided for the children; and that the sick and infirm be dieted according to the directions of the medical officer."

It thus appears, that, in organising the workhouse system in Ireland, the same anxiety has been felt as in England to keep the diet on a level with that usually enjoyed by the independent labourer out of doors. To the feelings of people living in this country, the two meals and no supper allowed to the Irish paupor, is no pleasant subject of reflection; but no one can dispute that, to make the diet superior within to what it is without doors, would be deeply injurious. Here, as in many other cases, one must to a certain extent make general principles yield to what is locally expedient. At the same time, it is not to be overlooked that the Irish diet, even where it consists only of two meals, is one of far superior aggregate weight to any other diet which has ever been statistically ascertained. The diet of the working people of Britain in general is about twenty-four ounces of solids per day, chiefly meal, and only in small part animal food. Against this, nine pounds of potatoes, watery as the root is, makes a good appearance. We must own, indeed, that we are a good deal surprised at learning the aggregate weight of the Irish peasant's daily diet. In weight it is immense, and we suspect that, though unvaried, and attended by little relish or relief, it must be, upon the whole, where there is open-air exercise along with it, healthy and sustaining.

VISIT TO A SUGAR HOUSE.

A short time ago curiosity led us to visit an establishment for the refining of sugar, and we were equally pleased and surprised to observe the extraordinary improvements which in latter times have taken place in that branch of manufacture. What with improved modes of clarifying and boiling, the art of sugar refining has been almost entirely altered in character within the last twenty or thirty years.

Sugar, as is generally known, arrives from the place of its produce in a brown or raw mass, which is a concretion of the juice of the sugar-cane, divested of its molasses or uncrystallisable syrup. This coarse material, on being brought to the establishment of the refiner, is in the first place put into a vessel with water, and subjected to a process of purification; but this early stage of the manufacture possesses little interest, and we therefore pass on to the second, which consists in draining the partially cleansed liquid through a bed of bone charcoal. The manner in which the draining is performed is not always the same, there being constantly improvements and alterations upon it; it may, however, be described as follows. A black granulated substance, bearing an exact resemblance to gunpowder, and made by braying charred bones, is purchased in large quantities by sugar refiners from the manufacturers of the article. As much as perhaps a ton of this substance is placed in a large chest lined with lead, and having outlets at the bottom for the escape of the liquid. Upon the bed of charcoal so prepared, there is sent a flow of syrup for the purpose of filtration, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the blackness of the powder, the liquor is found to run from it very nearly pure and light in colour. Much of the brown colouring property of the sugar is thus deposited in the charcoal, which, after a certain length of time, requires to be washed away, when the substance is again charred in retorts and again applied to this exceedingly useful process of filtration. The employment of charred bones for this object is of comparatively modern date, and was the discovery of a Frenchman. It has greatly lessened the expense and simplified the process of refining.

The syrup, having now undergone all its preliminary purifications, is removed to pans in which it is to be boiled, that being necessary to cause it to granulate or crystallise. It is at this point that we see the most remarkable improvement in the art of refining. Formerly, the boiling was effected in large open pans heated beneath by a fire. Neither open pans nor fire are now used. The boiling is effected in closed copper vessels by means of steam. It may here be mentioned, that little or no fire is now employed in any branch of refining, all the heating that is desirable at the various stages in the process being now accomplished by steam, conducted in iron tubes from large boilers kept constantly in operation. Thus we find heating vessels at all parts of the establishment, and on wooden floors, from the garret to the cellar. A steam engine is at the same time kept at work, performing a variety of offices, including the raising up of huge casks from the ground to the higher floors of the house.

When it was the practice to boil the syrup in open pans, the liquid, as a matter of course, was exposed to the pressure of the atmosphere, which prevented it from arriving at the vaporific or boiling point till it reached a temperature of 220 degrees—a pitch of heat which impaired the quality of the sugar, while the vaporisation carried off a portion of what was really valuable. There are few liquid articles of food, those of vegetable product in particular, which are not injured by being boiled at a temperature of 212 degrees, but, to boil them at a less heat, it would be necessary to remove the atmospheric pressure from their surface, and this would be attended with a considerable degree of trouble and expense to the operator. The magnitude of the scale on which sugar is prepared, has permitted this to be effectually done. The syrup is poured through a pipe into a pan made of copper, which is a flattened sphere in form, measuring six feet in diameter, and from four to five feet deep at the middle. On the top of this flattened round vessel there is a raised part, resembling a kettle with a lid, into which the vapour rises, and to which an air-pump is attached. The steam for heating is conducted from a boiler to a vacant space between the outer and inner shell of the lower part of the pan. The vessel is thus kept quite close, and impervious to the outer air. All things being prepared for boiling, the air-pump, wrought by a steam-engine, begins to work, and draws off the air in the pan, as well as the vapour which arises in the ebullition. By particular arrangements in the process, all that is valuable in the withdrawn vapour is condensed and saved as it passes out, so that nothing is lost to the manufacturer. Except for the care taken in this respect, the loss incurred by pumping off the saccharine vapour would be immense. The withdrawal of the atmospheric pressure from the surface of the liquid, allows it to boil at a temperature of about 150 degrees, at which the good qualities of the sugar are no way deteriorated. Having boiled the proper length of time, the contents of the pan are allowed to escape by opening a plug beneath, and fall into an open vessel for their reception on the floor below. The vessel employed in this office was in former times called the cooler, because in it the liquid was cooled down from 220 to 180 degrees, the latter being the temperature at which crystallisation may best be effected. In the present day, the cooler has become a heater, for with the aid of steam enclosed round its sides, it is now used for elevating the temperature of the liquid from 150 to 180 degrees. The thick and viscous syrup being now fully prepared, is transferred from the heater, in copper ladles, to the moulds in which it is to cool and become firm. These moulds are of unglazed brown earthenware, and conical in form. They are of different sizes, according to the size of the loaf which is required, or from about twelve to twenty inches in depth. They are supported in rows on the floor, or in a frame with the broad open end uppermost; in the narrow pointed tip below, there is an orifice which is at first closed by a bit of twisted paper, but afterwards opened to allow a drainage of the coarser particles. The inverted cones are now left to cool, the temperature of the air around being gradually lowered, to assist and modify the process of crystallisation. At one time it was customary to place layers of pipeclay, in a liquid state, on the surface of the cooled mass in the cones, for the purpose of pressing down the refuse liquid; the more improved practice now consists of substituting for the clay certain quantities of refined sugar liquor, which runs through the loaf, and draws off the coloured molassy matter by the inferior orifice. This matter, as in the case of all droppings throughout the process, is carefully preserved, and forms one of the varieties of the saccharine product. Being thoroughly drained, the loaves are taken from the cones, and dried or baked in an oven raised to a temperature of from 130 to 140 degrees, by means of steam. Formerly, the baking was effected by a stove, and hence the danger of fire in the old sugar-baking establishments. After being baked, the loaves may be said to be ready for market, and are individually tied up in blue paper, as we see them in the shops of the grocers.

Such is a rough sketch of the modern process of sugar refining, in which, for the sake of intelligibility, we have avoided saying any thing of the different qualities of the article which are prepared. It must be understood, however, that the original raw sugar, in the course of its refinement, produces at least four kinds of material—double refined loaves, usually of about ten pounds in weight each; coarser loaves of four or five times that weight, called *lumps*, which are largely used by confectioners, &c.; a very coarse brown sugar called *bastards*, which is used only by the humblest classes; and, lastly, treacle or molasses. The produce of a hundredweight of raw sugar, in former times, was estimated at about sixty-four pounds of double and single refined lumps, fourteen pounds of bastards, twenty-eight of treacle, with six of trash or deficiency. In consequence of improvements in the manufacture, but chiefly by the use of the vacuum pans, a greater proportion of refined lumps is now produced from the same quantity of the article, to the benefit both of the maker and consumer. An idea of the great value of the vacuum pans may be had from the fact, that the inventor, near the expiry of his patent, realised, in all probability, not less than L.40,000 a-year for liberty to use it; some manufacturers paid L.2000 annually for this important privilege. The patent being expired, any one may now freely use the vacuum pans.

The quantity of refined sugar made from any given quantity of the raw material, depends not only on these improved processes, but on the original quality of the sugar employed. In this respect sugars differ very considerably, some being coarse and brown in quality, and others more pure and light. I was made very sensible of this, on being conducted into the store of the sugar-house after having seen the various operative departments of the concern. On a table there lay spread out a number of samples of raw sugar ready for the inspection of customers; and having observed that these were generally of a coarse appearance, the manufacturer took from a drawer a small packet containing a quantity of sugar of a much finer quality. "This," I remarked, "will of course be a much dearer sugar." "No such thing," he answered, "that sugar is much cheaper, but we cannot offer it for sale." "For what reason?" I inquired. "Because that fine sample is sugar from Brazil, and it is not allowed to

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be introduced into this country except at such a heavy duty as amounts almost to a prohibition. We can buy it for 22s. 6d. per hundredweight, but being loaded with 63s. of duty, we are compelled to purchase that West India sugar which you see on the table, at 54s. 3d., which, with 25s. 3d. of duty, is raised to 79s. 6d."

In the compass of a few words, here was delivered one of the most striking lectures on political economy which it had ever been my fortune to hear. A single instant had served to explain that very incomprehensible affair, the high price of sugar, of which Mrs Balderstone had latterly been making such doleful complainings. This high price, it seems, had arisen from *no general scarcity of the article*; there had been only a shortcoming in the West India colonies, and the people of Great Britain had been such extraordinary simpletons as to continue buying bad sugar in limited quantities from that quarter, at 54s. per hundredweight, rather than buy a better article from Brazil, or any where else, at 22s. 6d. Did ever any one hear of such a piece of absurdity!

Before leaving the establishment, my friend enlightened me with a few more details respecting the sugar trade. It was a subject I had never before known any thing of, and therefore the information had all the effect of novelty. Perhaps the reader may allow me to retail a few particulars for his advantage.

Up till the year 1839, there was no material reduction in the quantity of sugar imported from the West Indies, East Indies, and Mauritius, but in that year quite a new state of things arose; there was a falling off in the imports from thence to the extent of from 8000 to 9000 tons; the usual imports of 210,000 tons having fallen to 201,900 in one year. We are at the same time informed that there will be a much greater deficiency this present year. Fortunately, while there has been a decrease in the production of West India sugar, there has been an increase in that of Siam, Java, and the Phillipine Islands, where the culture is carried on by free labourers. Lately, there were 10,000 tons of this sugar lying in bond in London; but being foreign, and not from a British colony, it could not be bought, except, as above mentioned, at a prohibitive duty. Foreign grown sugars, whether raised by free or compulsory labour, being thus practically excluded from the home market, while the scarcity of colonial sugars continues to increase, the result is that we are voluntarily paying more than double price for all the sugar we use. In other words, if the people thought proper to buy and consume foreign sugar, paying upon it the same duty as is laid upon the West India product, they would have it for 47s. 9d. per hundredweight, instead of 85s. 6d.—in plain terms, every poor man might have for 7d. that for which he now pays 1s. It appears that by this our fancy for buying from a dear instead of a cheap shop, we are absolutely giving away about L.4,000,000—some say L.5,000,000—annually. We are assured that if the present self-imposed dearth continues, the loss will not be less than L.6,000,000.

This magnificent self-denial on the part of John Bull is only equalled by his generosity to other nations. Though he will not buy cheap foreign sugar for his own use, he has no objection whatever to supply others with it to their heart's content. Foreign sugars—the produce of free or compulsory labour, it is all the same which—are imported in large quantities to be manufactured into refined loaves in bonded warehouses. London is the great seat of this trade. The sugar is brought in ships up the Thames, landed on wharfs which are secluded by lock and key from the public, and, after being refined by those processes of art which I have already described, is again put on board ship, and sent abroad to any country which will buy it. By this arrangement, fine lump sugar, such as we are buying here for 112s. per hundredweight, or 1s. per pound, is exported to the continent or elsewhere at 37s. or 38s., or something like 4s. or 5s. below what we are paying for common treacle!!!

These things appear so inconsistent with ordinary principles of action, that the mind can hardly be brought to that point of credulity to believe them. Unfortunately, they are but too true, as the excessive dearth of an important article of daily food, not to speak of other evidence, amply testifies. As a question of legislation, we have no wish to intrude either an opinion or observation on the subject. We only take the liberty of laying before our readers a few facts intimately connected with their domestic expenditure and comforts. It has been observed as a feature in social life, that the state of civilisation and physical comfort of a people are generally proportionate to their use of sugar; the condition, at least, of most European nations, might be guessed with tolerable accuracy from this fact in statistics. Should there be any truth in the remark, we are brought to the melancholy conclusion that the condition of the people of this country is suffering a deterioration. Although the population increases 1¼ per cent. annually, the quantity of sugar consumed remains the same, or, strictly speaking, is falling of. The mass of the population evidently cannot keep up to the sugar pitch of domestic comfort—they fall back upon food less pleasing to the palate, and, we fear, less nourishing to the system. While the allowance of sugar is gradually diminishing to the less opulent class of persons in England, it is increasing in a greater ratio in almost every other European country. As is generally known, the cultivation of the beet-root has received a great impulse during the last few years in France, and other parts of the continent. In the year 1838, in France alone, the quantity of sugar yielded from this source was 80,000 tons, and since then, establishments in this branch of industry have grown up in various districts of Prussia and central Germany. The effect of this augmented supply among our neighbours has been to check British exports, and to reduce the price of sugar on the continent to much below what it is in England. We believe, that in most European countries, the best lump sugar is now to be obtained at 4d. per pound, exclusive of any duty which may be chargeable upon it. As the people of Great Britain, from a regard for their colonies, will neither cultivate beet-root sugar, nor import sugar of any kind from foreign countries for home consumption, they accordingly must endure the pecuniary loss and privations which such acts of self-denial impose upon them.

RECENT PROCEEDINGS IN AND RESPECTING NEW ZEALAND.

THE public at large have probably a very vague and imperfect idea of the recent proceedings in and respecting New Zealand. We shall endeavour to bring together such particulars of these proceedings as may form an historical outline of what we cannot but consider as among the most important transactions in the way of colonial settlement that have taken place in our time.

It may be mentioned, in the first place, that the *New Zealand Association*, of whose designs we gave some account in the Journal for December 9, 1837, ceased to have a distinct existence soon after that period. That association, as well as an earlier one called the *New Zealand Company*, and a private copartnery named the *New Zealand Colonisation Company*, which was established in August 1838, may be said to have merged in a "NEW ZEALAND COMPANY," which was organised in May 1839, and is now the most conspicuous association of individuals for promoting emigration to that part of the world.

When this company started into existence sixteen months ago, the minds of many individuals of all orders were ripe for affording it encouragement; and to this circumstance, in some measure, we may attribute the remarkable success it met with. From the Colonisation Company, merged in it, it inherited an extensive territory adjoining the Kaipara and Hokianga harbours in the northern island; which territory had been recently purchased by the Colonisation Company, but not surveyed. While as yet the new company had formed no other connexion whatever with New Zealand, but entirely upon the faith of being able to purchase land and effect settlements, it issued proposals to sell, to intending colonists, what it might be said as yet not to possess, namely, 990 sections of land in what was to be the principal settlement of the company, wherever that might be pitched, each section to consist of 100 acres of country land, and one acre of town land; 110 similar sections being reserved for the use of native settlers. Thus, the first principal settlement was to consist of 1100 sections in all, or 111,100 acres. Let the reader mark, these sections had as yet no geographical situation; the whole settlement was as yet, we might say, in the clouds. Nevertheless, within seven weeks from the issue of the proposals, purchasers had come forward for all the disposable sections, and the company had in its treasury, as the purchase-money, L.99,990. Of this sum, however, they professed to have a right to only a fourth part. The remainder, L.74,992, 10s., was reserved to be employed in carrying out labourers to the settlement, according to what we may call the *Wakefield plan of colonisation*, already followed in South Australia. It is important to add, that priority in the choice of sections was determined by lot.

This company has had to contend at its outset with one great difficulty. The British government refused to afford its plan of settlement any countenance, so that no provision for maintaining order in the new colony could be had, besides what was afforded by a gentleman who possessed an old commission as a justice of peace in New Zealand, derived from General Macquarie, governor of New South Wales. The company, nevertheless, proceeded with their scheme, and the government soon after found it advisable to send out a Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, whose proceedings we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.

The whole procedure of the company, and of those dealing with it, forms a singular and striking example of that confidence between parties which is only to be expected in even its simplest forms amidst a community considerably advanced in civilisation. Not only was the ground of the first settlement *paid for* before it had a cognisable existence, but, before its existence was yet known in Britain, *nine ships, containing* 1125 *emigrants*, had been dispatched to it. There was first the Tory, of 382 tons, which sailed on the 5th of May 1839, with only six emigrants, but containing Colonel Wakefield, the company's principal agent for the arrangement of settlements, and a great store of articles designed to be employed in bartering for land with the native chiefs. Colonel Wakefield, it may be remarked, had distinguished himself in the Spanish service, and is brother of the author of the well-known plan of colonisation followed on this occasion. On August 1st, followed the Cuba of 373 tons, with eight first-class emigrants, and twenty-two labourers, and containing also the surveying staff, under Captain W. M. Smith of the royal artillery. In the middle of September, the Oriental, Aurora, and Adelaide, respectively of 506, 550, and 640 tons, proceeded on the same voyage, with a large body of emigrants of both classes. All of these were from London. On October 5th, the Duke of Roxburghe sailed from Plymouth with 167 settlers. Three other vessels, one of which was from Glasgow, and two from London, sailed before the end of the year. Besides these, there were three ships containing stores, designed to guard against the possibility of any deficiency of necessaries being felt during the early days of the settlement.

Behold, then, nine vessels proceeding on their voyage to this distant clime, the last ignorant of the fate of the first, and all of them unknowing of a particular destination—the rudiments of a new state all afloat at once in search of ground on which it might be set up! The voyage of the Tory was prosperous, and uncommonly quick. In ninety-six days from Plymouth, namely, on the 16th of August, she hove in sight of Cape Farewell, the northern point of the Southern Island, and which forms one side of the opening, named Cook's Straits, between the two islands. She lost no time in standing through the Straits, and on the 18th she anchored in Ship Cove, as nearly as possible in the same spot that Captain Cook occupied in his three visits to the island. Colonel Wakefield, in his journal, describes the Southern Island as forbidding in its appearance at a distance—"a succession of apparently barren mountains stretching away from the coast till they reach those covered with snow in the interior." But, "on nearing the land, you find that the whole is covered to the very highest points with timber and brushwood, which not till then betray their perpetual verdure." Ship Cove, in the northern island, was a beautiful place. "The water, tranquil as an inland lake, has ten fathoms' depth within a ship's length of the shore, which is covered to the water's edge with an evergreen forest, consisting of every variety of indigenous tree and shrub, so thick as to be scarcely penetrable, and presenting to the eye an undulating carpet of verdure reaching to the summit of the surrounding mountains, the highest of which is from 1200 to 1500 feet. The birds, as in the time of the immortal English navigator, fill the air with their notes, the mingling of which he has aptly likened to the tinkling of small bells; and the sea teems with fish, of which we caught enough with hooks and lines for the whole ship, before we dropped anchor. These consisted of hake, cole-fish, spotted dog-fish, gurnet, flounder, and joe-fish, all of which are eatable. * * *

It being Sunday, after the ship was moored and the decks cleared, I dismissed the natives, with a request that they would come early to-morrow with what they had for sale, and went on shore with the naturalist and other gentlemen of the expedition. The little beach, with its springs and rivulets, retains, at the distance of nearly seventy years, vestiges of Cook's visits, in the timber cut down but not used by him, the wild radishes and cabbages, and the space cleared for his forge and workshop.

The wood is almost impenetrable on the sides of the hills from the web of supplejacks and creepers; but for a hundred yards from the beach there is a swampy flat, through which run three rivulets of delicious water, which, flowing from the heights, here assume a shape before mixing with the water of the bay.

The soil here and on the hills is very rich, being, in fact, the decayed vegetation of centuries, and in the flat producing a thick carpet of weeds and herbage; but even were the land cleared higher up, which would be a work of time, it is doubtful whether the great acclivity would not prevent cultivation for the purposes of husbandry, though there can be little doubt that the vine and Indian corn might be grown up to the summit."

It was at this time winter in New Zealand; and the thermometer ranged between 40 and 56 in the shade. "The climate," says Wakefield, "very much resembles that of the north of Portugal; the most lovely days bursting out in the middle of winter." Cook's Straits, where the Tory now was, lies chiefly between the 40th and 41st parallels of latitude.

Colonel Wakefield found no difficulty in communicating with the native chiefs; but it was not so easy to acquire lands, not owing to any disinclination of the natives to sell them at a moderate price, but because it was difficult to ascertain who were the proper owners, or the owners who could convey a sound title. The general feeling of the natives is in favour of British settlements. They have tasted the benefits of civilisation sufficiently, to be very anxious for increased intercourse with the English, and for this

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reason they appeared to Colonel Wakefield as if they would have willingly allowed the soil to be appropriated to a large extent, without looking for any remuneration. But the company was anxious that a reasonable, and, considering the circumstances, a liberal price, should be given for lands; and the main difficulty, as just stated, was to discover the parties who were entitled to part with the soil. An immense quantity of land had already been appropriated by private persons or by the missionary societies, without much ceremony.

Colonel Wakefield sent home a journal brought down to the 2d of September, and not long after, he dispatched another section of it, containing not less interesting intelligence. The second section of his journal commences on the 6th of September with a description of the trade carried on in Queen Charlotte's Sound, and other bays connected with Cook's Straits. He describes whalers in the pay of Sydney capitalists as being the chief followers of this hazardous but profitable commerce. It is estimated that the whale-fishery produces 1200 tons of oil per annum, and that the number of British who compose "shore-parties" in Cook's Straits and the stations on Banks's Peninsula, are about 500. They are a lawless set of people, quarrelling with the natives and among themselves. There are, however, some respectable persons among them.

On the 6th of September, Colonel Wakefield started with a small party on an expedition to explore the river Oyeroi or Pelorus, where he found the mountain forest scenery magnificent, but was not tempted to purchase land, finding it less fertile than it had been represented. Returning on the 11th, after a very difficult navigation, the party disembarked on Guard's Island, where they found a native settlement, with "excellent houses, and stores of pigs, potatoes, and flax," and where the people appeared "more independent, free from alarm, and happier" than any natives the party had yet seen.

Learning that the church missionaries were endeavouring to frustrate their views respecting Port Nicholson, a fine harbour and country in the Northern Island, about the centre of Cook's Straits, Colonel Wakefield now made haste thither. He met with a very hearty reception from the chiefs. "Epuri, an old chief, eagerly inquired the motives of our visit, and betrayed the most lively satisfaction at being informed that we wished to buy the place, and bring white men to it. He was followed by Wareperi, his nephew, who is about thirty-five years old, and has for some years superseded the older chiefs in influence, by his prowess in war and skill in the rude arts cultivated by these people. He also in fine words expressed his desire to see white people here, and his willingness to sell the land, which was solemnly made over to him by the natives of this place five years ago, when the greater portion of them emigrated to one of the Chatham Islands in an English vessel, whose master they partly obliged to carry them.

The two chiefs remained on board at night. They informed us that the schooner had left some native missionaries here, who were instructed to have houses and chapels built by the time Mr W—— was expected, with which orders they had complied. In discussing the merits of the missionary labours as opposed to the former practices of the natives, namely, those of war and cannibalism, they deprecated the constant occupation of praying and singing, which took people off from their potato-grounds and their canoes; the younger one declaring that the incessant worship had nearly driven him mad, whilst they at the same time warmly denounced any further fighting. 'What we want,' they said, 'is to live in peace, and to have white people come amongst us. We are growing old,' alluding to the numerous aged chiefs on shore, 'and want our children to have protectors in Europeans; but we do not wish for the missionaries from the north. They are natives. We have been long told of vessels coming from Europe. One has at length arrived; and we will sell our land and harbour, and live with the white people when they come to us.'"

Colonel Wakefield ascended the principal river which falls into the bay, and was well satisfied with the capabilities of the district. The soil is a rich black loam; the timber excellent in quality and of various descriptions; and the navigation of the river, which was obstructed by heaps of stones and trees thrown across, susceptible of great improvement at slight expense.

Colonel Wakefield determined to fix upon this part of the island for the first and principal settlement of the company; and he lost no time in coming to terms with the natives. A very amusing and graphic account is given of the debates, in a sort of ambulatory parliament of the different tribes owning the territory, on the question of sale or no sale. There was an opposition, but not a formidable one; and after a large majority had agreed to sell the land, the minority was acquiescent. Colonel Wakefield thus describes his purchase:—

"I found a territory of forty or fifty miles in length by twenty-five or thirty in breadth, containing a noble harbour, accessible at all times, and in the very highway between New Holland and the Western world, and land exceeding in fertility any I have seen in these islands, and equalling that of an English garden. I found a race of people of warlike habits, and but little used to intercourse with Europeans, just emerging from their barbarism, and inclined to cultivate the arts and intimacy of Great Britain; appreciating the protection from their hostile and still savage enemies that British settlers would afford, and anxiously desiring to assist them in their first labours in a new country. I found that these people, mustering, upon the slightest call, three hundred armed men, and quite capable, as they have repeatedly proved themselves, of retaining their possessions, and never having parted with a single acre of land in their district, by sale or otherwise, now, for the first time, disposed to make over their country to me, as the representative of a body of my countrymen, in consideration of the promises of remuneration and advantage I had held out to them. Under these circumstances, and following out the spirit of my instructions, I determined to act in the most liberal manner in the transaction. Moreover, I was most anxious to distinguish this bargain from all others that have been made in New Zealand, that none of the haggling and petty trading which usually take place between the Europeans and natives of this country should enter into any operations between the latter and the company's agents; and that the value of this property should not be regulated by what has hitherto been considered the standard of exchange in similar transactions."

The amount paid, of course, is not published; but the natives were highly pleased with their bargain, and eager to sell more of their land. The chiefs carefully examined the articles given in barter, and then signed a formal deed, alienating the land for ever. The war-dance, the hoisting of the New Zealand flag, and the formal ceremony of taking possession of the territory, are vividly described. Colonel Wakefield left a person in charge of his newly-acquired territory.

"I had brought with me a person from Queen Charlotte's Sound, a trustworthy man, well qualified, by his knowledge of the language and habits of the people, for the purpose. I left with him saws, tools, garden seeds, and various articles of trade, in which to pay for native labour, and to supply himself with food. Warepori undertook to put him up in a new house at his village, and render him every assistance. I had landed also a sow which had littered on our voyage from England, and her progeny, the goats, and the poultry. I left Mr S—— ample instructions to encourage the natives to build temporary houses at Thorndon, to plant potatoes, and to keep their pigs for their expected visiters; and supplied him with boards to place on the most prominent spots, on which is painted 'New Zealand Land Company.'"

This important business being settled, the Tory proceeded along the coast of the Northern Island towards the north, and on the 16th October came to an anchor off Kapiti, near Evans's Island. A smart battle had just then taken place between the two chief tribes in those parts, the Ngatirocowas and Ngatiawas, the latter of whom, a comparatively civilised and pacific race, had acted on the defensive, and been victorious. Colonel Wakefield had some intercourse with Raupero, a corrupt chief of the Kafia tribe, who had aided and instigated the Ngatirocowas, and with Hiho, an amiable young chief of the Ngatiawas; and, after some deliberations, and one somewhat wild scene, purchased the extensive tracts of land on both sides of Cook's Straits, forming "the commanding portions of the two islands." The goods given in exchange were upon the same liberal scale as in the case of Port Nicholson, and ultimately all the natives expressed themselves as quite satisfied. With regard to some portions of the ground purchased, it was known that there were other tribes, now dispossessed, who had claims upon them; but from these parties Colonel Wakefield apprehended no trouble of any consequence. In all cases he took care to have deeds of cession formally executed on the spot—a precaution the more necessary, as already speculators were sending emissaries from Sydney to buy up land in New Zealand, on a supposition of its soon acquiring a marketable value. For the next two or three weeks, Colonel Wakefield employed himself in sailing to different points in Cook's Straits, in order to buy up the claims of as many parties as possible. In concluding his survey of both sides of these straits, he gives a table of the native population of the principal districts, which he estimates as amounting in all to 6650.

Colonel Wakefield now proceeded to Hokianga, a deep inlet near the farther extremity of the Northern Island, leaving Mr Barrett, a whaling merchant, to arrange with the natives for the purchase of the lands more immediately to the north of Cook's Straits. He reached Hokianga on the 2d December, and entered into negotiations for the purchase of lands there and in the Bay of Islands, on the opposite or east side of the country. Private settlers are here numerous, some of them possessed of considerable tracts of land. Amongst others is a Baron Thierry, a Frenchman, whose right, however, to the land he professed to have bought, was disputed. The natives are not here so fine a people, physically or morally, as in the south, and not so ready to cede their lands. Colonel Wakefield obtained possession of a tract at Herd's Point, being the land purchased by Captain Herd in 1826, for the old company—reserved by the natives since that time—and now scrupulously made over to their successors. This done, he left Hokianga on the 13th December for Kaipara, another important inlet, a little farther to the south. At this point, he completed his third dispatch.

According to subsequent dispatches, the Tory struck upon a (supposed) newly-formed sand-bank in going into Kaipara bay or harbour, and, though got off in twenty-four hours, sustained such damage that Colonel Wakefield judged it prudent to leave her for repairs, and proceed with his land-buying operations. Having therefore secured all important papers, he walked across the continent to the Bay of Islands, and there chartered a small brig to go to Kaipara, to take charge of the cargo and passengers. He likewise engaged another small vessel to take him to Port Hardy in D'Urville's Island (Cook's Straits), the place of rendezvous for the emigrant ships. He reached Port Hardy on the 11th January; but finding none of the emigrant vessels arrived, he judged it best to cross the straits to Port Nicholson, which he did in a whale boat, leaving an Englishman to direct these vessels to follow him thither. Port Nicholson was the place of all others which he thought suitable for the first settlement, and he was now anxious to prepare matters as far as possible for the arrival of the settlers. It is gratifying to state, that all the vessels dispatched last year had reached the port in safety before the 7th of last March.

Meanwhile the government had deemed it necessary to take some step regarding the colonisation of New Zealand. In August 1839, it dispatched Captain Hobson, R. N., as Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand. He arrived at the Bay of Islands on the 30th of January, and on that day issued a proclamation, intimating that the queen did not deem it expedient for the interests either of her British subjects resorting to New Zealand, or for those of the native tribes, to recognise as valid any titles to land not derived from or confirmed by her majesty, but yet, "to dispel any apprehension that it was designed to dispossess the owners of land acquired on equitable conditions, and not in extent or otherwise prejudicial to the present or prospective interests of the community," declaring "that her majesty had been pleased to direct that a commission should be appointed, with certain powers to be derived from a Governor and Legislative Council of New South Wales, to inquire into and to report on all claims to such lands," and further intimating that "purchases of land in any part of New Zealand which may be made from any of the chiefs or native tribes after the date of these presents [January 30, 1840], will be considered as null and void, and will not be confirmed, or in any way recognised, by her majesty."

In terms of this proclamation, it will be necessary for all who have purchased land in New Zealand to prove their rights before the commission. Captain Hobson left the Bay of Islands on the 17th February, declaring it an unfit place to be the seat of government for New Zealand, being distant from the more fertile parts of the country, and cut off from all easy communication with the southward. He had previously had some conferences with the native chiefs relative to the acquisitions of land by the missionaries. But unfortunately the proceedings of this officer were brought to a sudden and unexpected stand on the 1st of March, by his having sustained a paralytic shock when on board H.M.S. Herald, at Waimate. In consequence of this calamity, he at first proposed to resign his duty; but when the last accounts left New Zealand, he had resumed his functions, and was nearly recovered. He had appointed magistrates of the districts, and fixed on the shores of the River and Bay of Waitemata as the seat of his future government; while the surveying department were engaged in selecting the fittest site for the capital of the colony.

Other companies besides that represented by Colonel Wakefield have in the mean time been taking steps for promoting the colonisation of New Zealand. One of these, the *Plymouth Company of New Zealand*, advertised on the 18th July that it had secured an extensive purchase of land, and had sent out orders for the selection of a settlement. A thousand sections of town and rural land were in the way of being engaged, on the understanding that, out of the L.70 of purchase-money of each section, L.40 was to be expended in carrying out labourers. The *New Zealand Manakau and Waitemata Company* acquired valuable tracts on those harbours (in Northern Island) in 1838, and sent out a clever young officer, Captain W. C. Symonds, H.M.S., to survey the same and report, before taking any further step. A report from Captain Symonds, dated in February last, and of a highly favourable nature, was received in July, and the company then proceeded to receive applications for 200 sections, of 1 town acre and 100 country acres each, at L.101 each, 65 per cent. of the purchase-money to be expended in taking out labourers. In last July, the *Paisley New Zealand Emigration Society* was formed in connexion with the London company, for the purpose of promoting an extensive emigration of hand-loom weavers from the west of Scotland to New Zealand. This scheme is creditable to the parties concerned, as it is certainly time that hand-loom labour were deserted. We heartily wish that the scheme may meet with that encouragement from the government and the wealthy part of the community, which appears to be necessary for its success. It is at the same time worthy of remark, that symptoms have appeared of an extensive emigration from South Australia to New Zealand.

While these proceedings have been going on on the part of the British, a French expedition has sailed for the same country, designing to appropriate land for a settlement, but chiefly to all appearance with a view to the whale-fishery. Penal settlements by both France

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and England have been spoken of, but, we would hope, without the least chance of any such monstrosity being accomplished. Disputes between France and England respecting the sovereignty of New Zealand, have also been foreboded; but we have no fear that any thing of the kind, to an extent at all troublesome, will take place.

We have only to add, that our sole purpose in preparing this article is to present a connected and comprehensive view of the late proceedings respecting the colonisation of New Zealand, and this solely upon a consideration that these proceedings are of a generally interesting character. As to the eligibility of New Zealand as a place of settlement for individuals desirous of emigrating from their own country, we are totally unprepared to say one word; and therefore not one word shall be said.

"THE PARIS SKETCH-BOOK."*

THE "Paris Sketch-Book," as its author Mr Titmarsh has chosen to name it, is a dashing, off-hand work, consisting of a variety of sketches of French manners and character, which, we dare say, come pretty near the truth. Papers on such personages as Robert Macaire, Cartouche, and George Sand, are intermingled with accounts of the French school of painting, Napoleon and his system, the drama, and other matters of lesser importance. A considerable portion of the volumes, we understand, has already appeared in periodical works. A few scraps which we select will convey an idea of the author's style of treating subjects.

A traveller's first impression of the streets of Paris is conveyed in the following passage:—"But, behold us at Paris! The diligence has reached a rude-looking gate, or *grille*, flanked by two lodges; the French kings of old made their entry by this gate; some of the hottest battles of the late revolution were fought before it. At present it is blocked by carts and peasants, and a busy crowd of men, in green, examining the packages before they enter, probing the straw with long needles. It is the Barrier of St Denis, and the green men are the customs' men of the city of Paris. If you are a countryman, who would introduce a cow into the metropolis, the city demands twenty-four francs for such a privilege: if you have a hundredweight of tallow candles, you must previously disburse three francs: if a drove of hogs, nine francs per whole hog. In the present instance, after a momentary pause, one of the men in green mounts by the side of the conductor, and the ponderous vehicle pursues its journey. The street which we enter, that of the Faubourg St Denis, presents a strange contrast to the dark uniformity of a London street, where every thing, in the dingy and smoky atmosphere, looks as though it were painted in India-ink—black houses, black passengers, and black sky. Here, on the contrary, is a thousand times more life and colour. Before you, shining in the sun, is a long glistening line of *gutter*—not a very pleasing object in a city, but in a picture invaluable. On each side are houses of all dimensions and hues; some but of one storey; some as high as the Tower of Babel. From these the haberdashers (and this is their favourite street) flaunt long strips of gaudy calicoes, which give a strange air of rude gaiety to the looks. Milkwomen, with a little crowd of gossips round each, are, at this early hour of the morning, selling the chief material of the Parisian *café-au-lait*. Gay wine-shops, painted red, and smartly decorated with vines and gilded railings, are filled with workmen taking their morning's draught. That gloomy looking prison on your right is a prison for women; once it was a convent for Lazarists: a thousand unfortunate individuals of the softer sex now occupy that mansion: they bake, as we find in the guide-books, the bread of all the other prisons; they mend and wash the shirts and stockings of all the other prisoners; they make hooks and eyes, and phosphorus boxes, and they attend chapel every Sunday—if occupation can help them, sure they have enough of it. * * But we have passed the prison long ago, and are at the Porte St Denis itself. Passing *round* the gate, and not under it (after the general custom, in respect of triumphal arches), you cross the Boulevard, which gives a glimpse of trees and sunshine, and gleaming white buildings; then, dashing down the Rue de Bourbon Villeneuve, a dirty street, which seems interminable, and the Rue St Eustache, the conductor gives a last blast on his horn, and the great vehicle clatters into the court-yard, where its journey is destined to conclude."

With respect to the French mode of representing the English and English manners on the stage, we have the following graphic picture. "I don't know whether the great Dumas has passed any time in England, but his plays show any thing but an intimate knowledge of our habits. Thus, in the play styled 'Kean,' the stage-manager is made to come forward and address the pit, with a speech beginning, '*My lords and gentlemen*;' and a company of English women are introduced, and *they* all wear *pinafores*; as if British females were in the invariable habit of wearing this outer garment, or slobbering their gowns without it. There was another celebrated piece, enacted some years since, upon the subject of Queen Caroline, where our late sovereign, George, was made to play a most despicable part; and where Signor Bergami fought a duel with Lord Londonderry. In the last act of this play, the House of Lords was represented, and *Sir Brougham* made an eloquent speech in the queen's favour. Presently the shouts of the mob were heard without; from shouting they proceed to pelting; and pasteboard-brickbats and cabbages came flying among the representatives of our hereditary legislature. At this unpleasant juncture, *Sir Hardinge*, the Secretary-at-War, rises and calls in the military; the act ends in a general row, and the ignominious fall of Lord Liverpool, laid low by a brickbat from the mob! The description of these scenes is, of course, quite incapable of conveying any notion of their general effect. You must have the solemnity of the actors, as *they mess* and *milor* one another, and the perfect gravity and good faith with which the audience listen to them. Our stage Frenchman is the old marquis, with sword and pig-tail, and spangled court coat. The Englishman of the French theatre has invariably a red wig, and almost always leather gaiters, and a long white upper Benjamin; he remains as he was represented in the old caricatures, after the peace. And to conclude this catalogue of blunders: in the famous piece of the 'Shipwreck of the Meduse,' the first act is laid on board an English ship-of-war, all the officers of which appeared in light blue or green coats (the lamp-light prevented our distinguishing the colour accurately), in little blue coats, and TOP BOOTS!"

All this is certainly very ridiculous, but how, it may be asked, are Frenchman represented on the stage in England? They are made to appear as thin shivering old men, or in some other guise equally unlike the reality.

The author does not like to travel by railways, because the rate of speed destroys all romance, a reason too fanciful and poetic to be worth combating. Of the journey from the French capital to Versailles, now performed by steam, he observes:—"This little journey, then, from Paris to Versailles, that used to be so merry of old, has lost its pleasures since the disappearance of the cuckoos; and I would as lief have for companions the statues that lately took a coach from the bridge opposite the Chamber of Deputies, and stepped out in the court of Versailles, as the most part of the people who now travel on the railroad. The stone figures are not a whit more cold and silent than these persons, who used to be, in the old cuckoos, so talkative and merry. The prattling grisette, and her swain from the Ecole de Droit; the huge Alsatian carabinier, grim smiling under his sandy moustaches, and glittering brazen helmet; the jolly nurse, in red calico, who had been to Paris, to show mamma her darling Lolo, or Guguste; what merry companions one used to find squeezed into the crazy old vehicles that formerly performed the journey!

The town is certainly the most moral of towns. You pass, from the railroad station, through a long, lonely suburb, with dusty rows of stunted trees on either side, and some few miserable beggars, idle boys, and ragged old women, under them. Behind the trees are gaunt, mouldy houses, palaces once, where the cheap defence of nations gambled, ogled, swindled, intrigued; whence mighty princes rolled away, in gilt carèches, hot for the honour of lighting his majesty to bed, or of presenting his stockings when he rose, or of holding his napkin when he dined. Tailors, chandlers, tinmen, wretched hucksters, and greengrocers, are now established in the mansions of the old peers; small children are yelling at the doors, with mouths besmeared with bread and treacle; damp rags are hanging out of every one of the windows, steaming in the sun; oyster-shells, cabbage-stalks, broken crockery, old papers, lie basking in the same cheerful light. A solitary water-cart goes jingling down the wide pavement, and spirts a feeble refreshment over the dusty thirsty stones."

Louis XIV. expended a thousand million of francs in the erection of Versailles. "In the year 1681, then, the great king, with bag and baggage, with guards, cooks, chamberlains, jesuits, gentlemen, lackeys, Fenelons, Molières, Laxuns, Bossuets, Villars, Villeroys, Louvois, Colberts, transported himself to his new palace; the old one being left for James of England, and Jaquette his wife, when their time should come. And when the time did come, and James sought his brother's kingdom, it is on record that Louis hastened to receive and console him, and promised to restore, incontinently, those islands from which the *canaille* had turned him. Between brothers such a gift was a trifle.

Out of the window the king's august head was one day thrust, when old Condé was painfully toiling up the steps of the court below. 'Don't hurry yourself, my cousin,' cries magnanimity; 'one who has to carry so many laurels cannot walk fast.' At which all the courtiers, lackeys, chamberlains, jesuits, and scullions, clasp their hands, and burst into tears. Men are affected by the tale to this very day. For a century and three-quarters, have not all the books that speak of Versailles, or Louis Quatorze, told the story!—'Don't hurry yourself, my cousin!' Oh, admirable king and christian! what a pitch of condescension is here, that the greatest king of all the world should go for to say any thing so kind, and really tell a tottering old gentleman, worn out with gout, age, and wounds, not to walk too fast! What a proper fund of slavishness is there in the composition of mankind, that histories like these should be found to interest and awe them!"

Passing on to some gossip about a later period of French history, the author proceeds:—"If any man is curious, and can get permission, he may mount to the roofs of the palace, and see where Louis XVI. used, royally, to amuse himself, by gazing upon the doings of all the town's-people below with a telescope. Louis is said to have been such a smart journeyman blacksmith, that he might, if Fate had not perversely placed a crown on his head, have earned a couple of louis every week, by the making of locks and keys. Those who will, may see the workshop, where he employed many useful hours; Madame Elizabeth was at prayers; meanwhile, the queen was making pleasant parties with her ladies; monsieur, the Count d'Artois, was learning to dance on the tight-rope; and Monsieur de Provence was cultivating *l'eloquence du billet*, and studying his favourite Horace. It is said that each member of the august family succeeded remarkably well in his or her pursuits; big monsieur's little notes are still cited. At a minuet, or sillabub, poor Antoinette was unrivalled; and Charles, on the tight-rope, was so graceful and so *gentil*, that Madame Saqui might envy him. The time only was out of joint."

* "The Paris Sketch-Book," by Mr Titmarsh. London: John Macrone. Two vols., with engravings. 1840.

M'CULLOCH, THE MECHANICIAN.

IN the Scots Magazine for May 1789, there is a report by Captain Philip d'Auvergne, of the Narcissus frigate, on the practical utility of Kenneth M'Culloch's sea compasses. The captain, after an eighteen months' trial of their merits, compared with those of all the other kinds in use at the time, describes them as immensely superior, and earnestly recommends to the admiralty their general introduction into the navy. In passing, on one occasion, through the Race of Alderney in the winter of 1787, there broke out a frightful storm, and so violent was the opposition of the wind and tide, that while his vessel was sailing at the rate of eleven miles on the surface, she was making scarce any headway by the land. The sea rose tremendously—at once short, high, and irregular; and the motions of the vessel were so fearfully abrupt and violent, that scarce a seaman aboard could stand on deck. At a time so critical, when none of the compasses supplied from his majesty's stores *would stand*, but vacillated more than three points on each side of the pole, "it commanded," says the captain, "the admiration of the whole crew, winning the confidence of even the most timorous, to see how quickly and readily M'Culloch's steering compass recovered the vacillations communicated to it by the motion of the ship and the shocks of the sea, and how truly, in every brief interval of rest, it pointed to the pole." It is further added, that on the captain's recommendation these compasses were tried on board the Andromeda, commanded at the time by Prince William Henry, our late king; and so satisfied was the prince of the utility of the invention, that he too became a strenuous advocate for their general introduction, and testified his regard for the ingenious inventor, by appointing him his compass-maker. M'Culloch, however, did not long survive the honour, dying a few years after, and we have been unable to trace with any degree of certainty the further history of his improved compasses. But though only imperfectly informed regarding his various inventions—and they are said to have been many, and singularly practical—we are tolerably well acquainted with the story of his early life; and as it furnishes a striking illustration of that instinct of genius, if we may so express ourselves, which leads the possessor to exactly the place in which his services may be of most value to the community, by rendering him useless and unhappy in every other, we think we cannot do better than communicate it to the reader.

There stood, about forty years ago, on the northern side of the parish of Cromarty, an old farm-house—one of those low, long, dark-looking erections of turf and stone, which still survive in the remoter districts of Scotland, as if to show how little man may sometimes improve, in even a civilised country, on the first rude shelter which his necessities owed to his ingenuity. Such was the farm-house of Woodside, in which Kenneth M'Culloch, the son of the farmer, was born some time in the early half of the last century. The family from which he sprung—a race of honest, plodding tenants—had held the place from the proprietor of Cromarty for more than a hundred years before, and it was deemed quite a matter of course that Kenneth, the eldest son, should succeed his father in the farm. Never was there a time, in at least this part of the country, in which agriculture stood more in need of the services of original and inventive minds. There was not a wheeled cart in the parish, nor a plough constructed on the modern principle. There was no changing of seed to suit the varieties of soil, no green cropping, no rotatory system of production; and it seemed as if the main object of the farmer had been to raise the least possible amount of grain at the greatest possible expense of labour. There was the single-stilted plough, that did little more than scratch the surface; the wooden-toothed harrow, that did hardly so much; the cumbrous sledge—no inconsiderable load of itself—for carrying home the corn in harvest; and the basket-woven conical cart, with its rollers of wood, for bearing out the manure in spring. And yet, now that a singularly inventive mind had come into existence

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on this very farm, and though its attentions had been directed, as far as external influence could direct them, to the various employments of the farmer, the interests of husbandry were to be in no degree improved by the circumstance. Nature, in the midst of her wisdom, seems to cherish a dash of the eccentric. The ingenuity of the farmer's son was to be employed, not in facilitating the labours of the farmer, but in inventing binnacle lamps, which would yield an undiminished light amidst the agitations of a tempest, and in constructing mariners' compasses on a new principle.

Kenneth's first employment was the tending of a flock of sheep, the property of his father, and wretchedly did he acquit himself of the charge. The farm is bounded on the eastern side by a deep bosky ravine, through the bottom of which a scanty runnel rather trickles than flows; and when it was discovered on any occasion that Kenneth's flock had been left to take care of themselves, and of his father's corn to boot—and such occasions were wofully frequent—Kenneth himself was almost invariably to be found in this ravine. He would sit for hours among the bushes engaged with his knife in carving uncouth faces on the heads of walking-sticks, or in constructing little water-mills, or in making Lilliputian pumps of the dried stalks of the larger hemlock, and in raising the waters of the runnel to basins dug in the sides of the hollow. Sometimes he quitted his charge altogether, and set out for a meal-mill about a quarter of a mile from the farm, where he would linger for half a day at a time watching the motion of the wheels. His father complained that he could make nothing of him. "The boy," he said, "seemed to have nearly as much sense as other boys of his years, and yet, for any one useful purpose, he was nothing better than an idiot." His mother, who was an easy, kind-hearted woman, had better hopes of him. Kenneth, she affirmed, was only a little peculiar, and would turn out well after all. He was growing up, however, without improving in the slightest, and when he became tall enough for the plough, he made a dead stand. He would go and be a tradesman, he said—a mason, or smith, or house-carpenter—any thing his friends chose to make him; but a farmer he would not be. His father, after a fruitless struggle to overcome his obstinacy, carried him with him to an acquaintance in Cromarty, an ingenious cabinet-maker, named Donald Sandison; and after candidly confessing that he was of no manner of use at home, and would, he was afraid, be of little use any where, he bound him by indenture to the mechanic for four years.

Kenneth's new master was one of the best workmen in his profession in the north of Scotland. He was an intelligent man, too, as well as a superior mechanic. With all his general intelligence, however, and all his skill, he failed to discover the latent capabilities of his apprentice. Kenneth was dull and absent, and had no heart to his work; and though he seemed to understand the principles on which his master's various tools were used and the articles of his trade constructed, as well at least as any workman in the shop, there were none among them who used the tools so awkwardly, or constructed the articles so ill. An old botching carpenter who wrought in a little shop at the other end of the town, was known to the boys of the place by the humorous appellation of "Spul-(or spoil) the-wood," and Kenneth came to be regarded as a sort of second of the same name—as a fashioner of ricketty tables, ill-fitted drawers, and chairs that, when sat upon, creaked like badly-tuned organs. Such, in short, were his deficiencies as a mechanic, that in the third year of his apprenticeship his master advised his father to take him home with him and set him to the plough—an advice, however, on which the farmer, warned by his previous experience, sturdily refused to act.

It was remarked that Kenneth acquired more in the last year of his apprenticeship than in all the others. His skill as a workman still ranked a little below the average ability; but then it was only a little below it: he seemed, too, to enjoy more, and become less bashful and awkward. His master on one occasion brought him aboard a vessel in the harbour, to repair some injury which her bulwarks had sustained in a storm; and Kenneth, for the first time in his life, was introduced to the mariner's compass. The master in after days, when his apprentice had become a great man, used to relate the circumstance with much complacency, and compare him, as he bent over the instrument in wonder and admiration, to a negro of the Kanga tribe worshipping the elephant's tooth. On the close of his apprenticeship, he left this part of the country for London, accompanied by his master's eldest son, a lad of a rather thoughtless disposition, but, like his father, a first-rate workman.

Kenneth soon began to experience the straits and hardships of the inferior mechanic. His companion found little difficulty in procuring employment, and none at all in retaining it when once procured. Kenneth, on the contrary, was tossed about from shop to shop, and from one establishment to another; and for a full twelvemonth, during the half of which he was wholly unemployed, he did not work for more than a fortnight together with any one master. It would have fared worse with him than it did, were it not for his companion, Willie Sandison, who generously shared his earnings with him every time he stood in need of his assistance. In about a year after they had gone to London, however, Willie, an honest and warm-hearted but thoughtless lad, was inveigled into a disreputable marriage, and lost in consequence his wonted ability to assist his companion. We have seen one of Kenneth's letters to his old master, written about this time, in which he bewails Willie's mishap, and dwells gloomily on his own prospects. How these first began to brighten we are unable to say, for there occurs about this period a wide gap in his story, which all our inquiries regarding him have not enabled us to fill up; but in a second letter to his mother, now before us, which bears date 1772, just ten years after the other, there are the proofs of a surprising improvement in his circumstances and condition.

He writes in high spirits. Just before sitting down to his desk he had heard from his old friend Willie, who had gone out to one of the colonies, where he was thriving in spite of his wife. He had heard, too, by the same post from his mother, who had been so kind to him during his luckless boyhood; and the old woman was well. He had, besides, been enabled to remove from his former lodging to a fine airy house in Duke's Court, opposite St Martin's Church, for which he had engaged, he said, to pay a rent of forty-two pounds per annum—a very considerable sum sixty-eight years ago; and he had entered into an advantageous contract with Catherine of Russia for furnishing all the philosophical instruments of a new college then erecting in Petersburg—a contract which promised to secure about two years' profitable employment to himself and seven workmen. In the ten years which had intervened between the dates of his two letters, Kenneth M'Culloch had become one of the most skilful and inventive mechanicians in London, perhaps in the world. He rose gradually into affluence and celebrity, and for a considerable period before his death, his gains were estimated at about a thousand a-year.—*Abridged from the Witness (Edinburgh newspaper).*

THE CLOUDS.

[BY MELLEN, AN AMERICAN WRITER.]

Oh clouds! ye ancient messengers,
Old couriers of the sky,
Treading, as in primeval years,
Yon still immensity!
In march how wildly beautiful
Along the deep ye tower,
Begirt, as when from chaos dull
Ye loomed in pride and power,
To crown creation's morning hour.

Ye perish not, ye passing clouds!
But, with the speed of time,
Ye flit your shadowy shapes, like shrouds,
O'er each emerging clime;
And thus on broad and furiless wings
Ye float in light along,
Where every jewell'd planet sings
Its clear eternal song,
Over the path our friends have gone!

Against that deep and peerless blue
Ye hold your journeying—
That silent birth-place of the dew,
Where life and lustre spring.
And then, how goldenly ye shine
On your immortal way,
Sailing through realms so near divine,
Under the fount of day!
O'er ye concenter'd glories play.

Ye posters of the wakeless air!
How silently ye glide
Down the unfathom'd atmosphere,
That deep—deep, azure tide!
And thus in giant pomp ye go,
On high and reachless range,
Above earth's gladness and its wo,
Through centuries of change.
Your destiny how lone and strange

Ye bear the bow of beauty—flung
On your triumphal path,
Splendid as first in joy it hung
O'er God's retiring wrath.
The promise and the covenant
Are written on your brow—
The mercy to the sinful sent
Is bending o'er them now.
Ye bear the memory of the vow.

Ye linger with the silver stars,
Ye pass before the sun—
Ye marshal elements to wars,
And when the roar is done,
Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
And wave them to the world,
Like victory flags o'er scatter'd fight,
Brave banners all unfurl'd—
Still there, though rent and tempest-hurl'd

Ye bear the living thunder out,
Ye pageants of the sky!
Answering with trumpets' brattling shout
The lightning's scorching eye.
Pale faces cluster under ye,
Beneath your withering look,
And shaking hearts bow fearfully
At your sublime rebuke.
Has man his mockery forsook?

And then, in still and summer hours,
When men sit weary down,
Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
With shadowy pinions on—
Ye hover where the fervent earth
A sadden'd silence fills,
And, mourning o'er its stricken'd mirth,
Ye weep along the hills.
Then how the wakening landscape thrills!

And thus ye circle countless spheres,
Old spirits of the skies!
The same through nature's smiles and tears,
Ye rose on paradise.
I hear a voice from out your shrouds,
That tells me of decay—
For though ye stay not, hurtling clouds!
Till the last gathering day,
Ye pass like life's dim dreams away.

MERINO SHEEP INTRODUCED INTO RUSSIA.

One of the most successful as well as interesting speculations in southern Russia, has been in merinos; and the commencement was attended with such difficulty and chance, as to make it rather romantic. M. Rouvier, a French merchant at Malaga, on becoming bankrupt in 1802, resolved to try fortune anew in Russia. He embarked in a vessel bound to the Euxine, and landed at Sevastopol. Thence, traversing the country to Nicolaef, he was struck with the extent and fertility of the steppes; and reverting to the grazing lands in Spain, thought that merinos would thrive on them. His fortune then consisted, it might be said, in a piece of paper and a pencil. He drew out a memoir, in which he described the condition and expense of merinos in Spain, and pointed out the advantage of introducing the breed into a country where pasturage was unlimited and unowned. This was sent to the minister of the interior. The author demanded a grant of 10,000 *dieatines* of land, and a loan of 100,000 roubles without interest: he offered to return to Spain to purchase rams; and proposed that a government agent should accompany him if deemed requisite. He engaged to have 10,000 merinos on his land at the end of twelve years, and to have repaid half of the loan. The government agreed to these terms. A vessel was freighted for M. Rouvier, who sailed for Spain, provided with letters for the Russian embassy at Madrid. On arriving at Malaga, the hitherto successful adventurer caught the yellow fever, and there lost three months between sickness and quarantine. This delay nearly caused the complete failure of the enterprise; for when he at length reached Madrid, the Russian ambassador had just quarrelled with Godoy, and therefore no assistance was forthcoming in that quarter. In those days the exportation of merinos was prohibited, and only granted occasionally as a special favour. After dancing attendance for two months, and exhausting all the ante-chamber modes of obtaining his suit indirectly, Rouvier solicited an audience of the Prince of Peace, with the determination to throw himself at his feet, if necessary, in order to gain leave to export a few rams. Godoy said to him, "If you had addressed yourself to me in the first place, I would have granted your request; but as you chose to make the Russian ambassador your mediator, you may return: you shall not have one sheep." Rouvier accordingly left Madrid, and returned to Malaga in despair; for the issue of the negotiation was to make his fortune, or leave him a beggar. He was about to re-embark for Russia, when an hidalgo came to him mysteriously, and said, "I know your object: I will dispose of one hundred rams to you; name the breed you prefer, and you shall have them." Rouvier of course accepted the unexpected offer, and willingly agreed to the enormous price demanded. It was settled between them that he should ship a slight cargo for the Crimea, to avert suspicion; then sail, and after dark alter his course for a certain cove to the westward of Malaga. If his signal-light should be answered, he was to send his boat on shore for the sheep, with the money. All turned out as desired; and, Jason-like, he sailed away triumphantly with the golden fleece. At the Dardanelles he was detained two months by a foul wind. He arrived at Sevastopol at length with eighty sheep remaining out of the hundred, and there experienced another delay by quarantine. That being terminated, the ship was weighing anchor to move into the harbour, half a mile distant, when Rouvier, struck by a presentiment of danger, entreated the captain to land him and his flock at the lazaretto. The captain ridiculed his fears, and naturally objected to lose time in order to gratify a whim. Nevertheless, he yielded to the nearly frantic solicitations of his passenger, and set him on shore with his sheep. Scarcely was he landed, and the vessel under sail, when a squall took her between the reefs which form the entrance of Sevastopol harbour, and threw her on the rocks, where she bilged and went to pieces. M. Rouvier led his charge to Theodosia. He gave twenty rams to the minister of the interior, twenty to the president of the council, and with forty commenced operations on his own account. He crossed with sheep of the country, and four years afterwards obtained as important addition to his stock from Saxony. He fully realised his promises, and left a large fortune amongst his three daughters, one of whom had married his partner, Mr Wassel.—*Slade's Travels in Germany and Russia, just published.*

MRS SOMERVILLE.

Even in the lowest class of rustic geniuses there is some stimulus of ambition and companionship; boys applaud and encourage one another; a girl usually hides her occupations. Ferguson was nothing to Mrs Somerville. Imagine a pretty young woman, the darling of a family, addicted to the gay life usual to idle people in a large city, liked as well as admired by every one, only chidden sometimes by her relations for reading too much, and told how unamiable it was to be a blue-stocking—stealing away into her solitary chamber, to pore unaided over the difficulties of geometry and algebra, and commune with the stars. How deep, and generous, and beautiful, was the enthusiasm of that young mind! How clear and ardent the spirit that would "scorn delights and live laborious days," for no reward, but the pleasure of exercising its strong energies! How lofty that pure ambition which was content with victory, and required not applause!—*Thoughts on the Ladies of the Aristocracy.*

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

WINCHESTER—ST CROSS.

My last two articles referred to the Isle of Wight. The reader will recollect that I finished my tour of the island at the pretty town of Ryde, at its eastern extremity; and as it chanced to be Saturday evening when I had accomplished the excursion, I resolved to betake myself to the ancient city of Winchester to spend the succeeding day. Geographically speaking, Winchester is placed at a respectful distance in Hampshire from Ryde, and any one who may be pleased to glance at the map, will naturally suppose that a day would be required to travel from the one to the other. The railway, however, has knocked all these old calculations on the head. The steamer shoots up alongside the jetty—we are on our way across the Solent—Southampton in an hour—train just going to start—two places to Winchester—there—take seats—off—in forty minutes we are sitting quietly at tea in an old-fashioned parlour of the George, in the heart of one of the oldest cities in England. "This is an old established inn!" I remarked, as a little dapper waiter arrayed the materials of comfort on the table. "Yes, sir, we've been here since the twelfth century." I leave the Tabbard in the Borough, or any other house in England, to match that—if it can.

Winchester is situated in the bottom of a rich grassy vale, through which, in its eastern environs, flows the small river Itchin, whose entire duty consists in turning several mills, and irrigating in its lazy course a considerable expanse of green meadow all the way down to Southampton, a distance of about twelve miles. High downs bound the vale on the east, while on the west are spreading uplands, disposed as arable fields; and through this quarter, by a moderately deep cutting, the railway from London has been carried. As the train sweeps up abreast of the town, we perceive below us a wide extended mass of old brick houses, grey church towers, and red-tiled roofs, with immediately in front, on the brow of the descending eminence, a huge square edifice, now answering as a barrack for soldiers, but formerly a royal residence of various members of the Stuart family, as well as of the protector Richard Cromwell.

The interior of Winchester, on closer inspection, exhibits a cluster of commonplace streets and alleys, possessing few symptoms of modern improvement, but rendered striking here and there by some decided mark of antiquity, the most prominent of which is a Norman cross, in good preservation in a by corner of the market-place. The objects of greatest curiosity, however, are the cathedral, the college, and, at a short distance, the establishment of St Cross, any one of which is worth travelling at least a hundred miles, even by stage coaches, to see. Winchester, in fact, by possessing these things in an unimpaired condition, may be described as one of the most interesting places in England. It would now be impossible to tell why the spot on which the city stands, and which, as we have seen, is far from convenient, should have been chosen, in early times, for the seat of a capital, yet such was the fact. There was a town here before the Christian era, and it afterwards became the principal city of the Danish, Saxon, and Norman dynasties. It only finally lost its character of capital of England, as London arose in eminence and wealth. Till the Revolution, it continued a chief place of residence of the royal family. Winchester was the scene of Alfred and Canute's glories, and here, with innumerable distinguished princes, abbots, and bishops, they are entombed. During the reign of Edgar, in the tenth century, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, built a cathedral on the site of a former and very ancient church, and which he dedicated to St Swithin. A century later, the city became the favourite place of residence of William of Normandy, and afterwards of his son William Rufus, who was entombed here a few days after his death in the New Forest. Here also resided Stephen, and his successor, Henry; and here Richard Cœur de Lion received the homage of his nobility, and was crowned with unusual magnificence. Passing over the reigns of several succeeding monarchs, we come to that of Edward III., in whose time Winchester became the episcopal see of the celebrated William of Wykeham. (1366.)

Let us pause a moment over the memory of this great man, who shone out a brilliant star in the midst of an age of darkness. Born of humble parents in the neighbouring town of Wykeham, from which he took his name, and educated and bred to the priestly office, he ultimately rose to the highest dignities. He was chiefly distinguished for his knowledge of the refined arts, particularly architecture, and was hence appointed surveyor of works to Edward III., in which capacity he executed divers buildings at Dover, Windsor, and other places. Latterly, he was appointed secretary of state, keeper of the privy seal, chancellor of the kingdom, and bishop of Winchester. He founded New College, at Oxford, which was finished in 1386, and in the following year he began to erect the college or preparatory school at Winchester, in reference to his Oxford institution. He new-modelled nearly the whole of the west end of the cathedral, in the manner in which it exists at present. In 1404, he concluded a life of eminent usefulness, and was buried in the nave of the cathedral which he had so lately embellished.

With these snatches of bygone history, we may proceed to the edifice which William of Wykeham preserved for our gratification. It is a delightful Sunday morning in June—the service, which takes place at ten o'clock, is about to commence—and the hour is rung as we pass along the avenue of tall leafy trees, which stretches diagonally across the churchyard from the houses of the town to the door of the cathedral. What a stupendous mass of beautiful Gothic architecture is the western gable, with its airy pinnacles and deep groined doorways, through one of which we pass into the wide, long, and open nave! How exquisite the tall shafts which support the lofty roof! What reflections pass through the mind as we pace over the inscribed flagstones, beneath each of which sleeps a bishop, monk, soldier, or prince! But our eyes are attracted from these lesser details to the resting-place of Wykeham, a chantry or small chapel of open work, occupying the space between two pillars on the south side. The whole, externally and internally, is of beautiful construction, with a number of niches, and a place on which once stood an altar. In the centre, on an elevated sarcophagus, lies the figure of Wykeham, in white marble, and represented in full costume, with his mitre, crosier, and other episcopal ornaments worn at the period. On a pillar supported by two angels rests the head; and three figures of friars are kneeling at the feet in the attitude of prayer. This beautiful monument, which probably is without its equal in Britain, has, at different periods, been much damaged. Nearly thirty statues, as well as the altar, have been destroyed; and the enclosed escutcheons, bearing the prelate's arms and devices, are rent off. A Latin inscription in black letter, inlaid in brass, has been permitted to remain, and surrounds the marble slab on which the figure rests. The inscription narrates the name and good deeds of the worthy bishop, and concludes with the pious request, that "those who behold this tomb cease not to pray that William of Wykeham may enjoy everlasting rest."

Proceeding onward from this elegant mausoleum, we observe several others, of similar but less elaborate workmanship, the principal ones being those of Cardinal Beaufort; Bishop Fox, the patron of Wolsey; and Bishop Waynflete. The tranquil repose of these ancient monumental erections is finely enhanced by the adjoining scene and objects. There is a clear, cold expanse, perfectly appropriate to the solemn character of the building; the walls, pillars, and roof, are of a pale stone hue, possessing no appearance of damp, and the large windows are composed of painted glass of an extreme antiquity. Passing to the extremity of the nave, we arrive at the steps and screen of the choir, or enclosed space in the centre and east end of the building, which is appropriated for divine service. Latterly, the whole of this part has been fitted up in a style exactly conformable to the general character of the architecture, the bald Grecian ornaments with which Inigo Jones and others had loaded it having been entirely removed. I do not know whose taste has thus been employed in restoring the cathedral to the pure Anglo-Gothic; but, whoever he may be, he deserves very great credit for his design and skilful adjustment of parts. The whole is equal to any thing in York Minster.

We are now beneath the central tower, or in that part of the edifice which was constructed by Ethelwold, and cannot fail to be struck with the appearance of the Saxon arches, blending with others of a later date in the Norman style, and showing the rudiments of what we now call the Gothic, or pointed order. This part of the building contains the mausoles of numerous distinguished persons. We have before us on the floor near the communion-table, a slab of dark marble which covers the tomb of William Rufus; while on each side, and elevated on the top of the screen-work of the choir, are several chests or mortuaries, which contain the remains of various Saxon kings and princes—the Edreds, Edmunds, Kenulphs, and others. On each is a Latin inscription denoting the contents. One may be translated as follows:—"King Edred died in the year of our Lord 955: in this tomb rests pious King Edred, who nobly governed this land of Britain." An inscription on another imports, that "in this and the other chest opposite are the remaining bones of Canute and Rufus, kings; of Emma, queen; and of Wina and Alevin, bishops." The most ancient of the royal relics are those of King Kinegils, the first Christian king of the West Saxons, who died in the year 641. From these singular objects, our attention is directed to the superb and elaborate altar-screen, erected by Cardinal Beaufort, and now renovated and cleaned. But to describe this and the surrounding curiosities of art, would far exceed the limits of this slight sketch, and it is enough to say that the whole interior of the cathedral abounds in objects of deep interest to the architect, historian, and antiquary. A number of my observations were made during the service, for in a place of such novelty it was impossible to restrain the vagrant glances of the eye, as they sought out and fixed upon old carvings, monuments, and inscriptions, the whole lighted up by the beautifully coloured sunbeams, which shone like streams of glory from the lofty Norman windows of the choir. The exterior of the building, which afterwards repeatedly engaged my attention from the open churchyard, has an old grey appearance; it is solid rather than elegant in its masonry, except at the western extremity; and its central tower being cut

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off abruptly, a short way above the roof, it has nothing imposing in its altitude. The entire length of the structure from east to west is 545 feet. Many parts of the fine old wall are in a state of great decay, from the effects of time or the weather, and it is to be hoped that the dean and chapter will spare a trifle to restore them.

From the snug and sunny recesses of the cathedral close, we wander through a labyrinthine alley and by-street to the college of William of Wykeham, which is perhaps the more interesting of the two. The college, it is necessary to premise, is only a school of a high order for Latin and Greek; and being endowed for the benefit of "seventy poor scholars," is now very properly devoted to the education of young gentlemen, preparatory for the university. Having served as a model for the schools of Westminster and Eton, and lasted upwards of four centuries unimpaired, the institution is unquestionably the oldest of the kind in England. If we wish to know what was the nature of school-instruction in the middle ages, here we may see it in full operation. The buildings and grounds are situated on the verge of the green vale of the Itchin, in the lower environs of the town, and cover a number of acres, the whole being enclosed with sheltering walls. In front, close upon the street, are the principal buildings, all of an old Gothic character, with a spacious gateway, through which we are admitted to a court, and from that we penetrate to an inner court, where the splendid old chapel and antique hall are before us. Having inspected the chapel, with its exquisite furnishings of stalls and benches of black oak, and its elegantly painted windows, we pass on to the refectory or mess-room, which we reach by a flight of steps. Here the scholars dine in the style which was in fashion five hundred years since. The tables being covered, we observed that, instead of plates of stoneware or metal, each boy was provided with a small square piece of wood without a ledge, from which he had to eat his food. This punctual adherence to minute and trifling regulations, while great purposes are apt to be neglected, is quite of a piece with the whole system of the old educational establishments in England. How puerile the conceit that there is any virtue in eating off a wooden board instead of a Delft trencher!

From the dining-hall, we proceed to a court-yard, the third in the series, in which is the school of the institution, and adjoining it the most antique part of the whole fabric—namely, the cloisters, or covered walks, enclosing a spacious quadrangle, and consisting of old Gothic buildings. In the centre of this secluded grassy square, stands a small, I should say a miniature, chapel of ancient architecture, which now forms the library of the institution. I entered this interesting place, and found that the books were all in the dead languages, bound chiefly in vellum, and therefore quite appropriate to the scene.

Before leaving the institution, the visiter is conducted into an outer room adjoining the college kitchen, to view an odd kind of painting on the wall, commonly called "The Trusty Servant." The object represented is an ideal being resembling an ancient serving man, but having the head of a pig, with a padlock on the mouth, the ears of an ass, and the feet of a deer; in the left hand are held a shovel, pitch-fork, curry-comb, and broom. Beneath are some quaint Latin rhymes, which are thus rendered in English—the hint, it will be perceived, is a pretty good admonition:—

> "A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
> This emblematic figure well survey.
> The porter's snout, not nice in diet shows;
> The padlock shut, no secret he'll disclose;
> Patient the ass, his master's rage will bear;
> Swiftness in errand, the stag's feet declare;
> Loaded his left hand, apt to labour saith;
> The rest, his neatness; open hand, his faith.
> Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
> Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

Wykeham's college contains, besides the scholars on the foundation, a certain number of young men named "commoners," who are educated under the care of the head master, on the terms of a boarding-school. The institution is subject to the regulation and annual visitation of the warden and fellows of New College, Oxford, of which, in fact, it is the elementary branch. I can say nothing of the routine of instruction. The scholars and masters are dressed in black caps and gowns, in the style of Oxonians, and are subject to similar rules of discipline. The singing boys of the cathedral act as fags for the establishment. On departing from the college of the pious Wykeham, I could not but acknowledge that it formed a rare and valuable object of antiquity, which I should lament to see impaired or injured; but I at the same time felt the full force of the error of so splendid and extensive an establishment doing so little as boarding and educating only seventy "poor scholars" of questionable poverty. This, however, is trenching on a topic which we may shortly have an opportunity of discussing on its own proper merits.

From the college of Wykeham we are offered a remarkably pleasant walk to the hilly grounds on the east, or, if we prefer it, a stroll down the meadow to the Hospital of St Cross. At Winchester, one so often hears of St Cross, that there is no resisting the desire to see the hospital so named, which is only a mile to the southward. I selected the best of all times for the excursion, namely, the hour of mid-day meal. The day, also, was one of the finest of the season, and well suited for making a loitering pilgrimage among blossoming hedge-rows, and down cool alleys of trees environed by green paddocks of luxuriant-looking pasture, to the secluded spot.

Conceive us, at length, brought up in front of the old grey pile of buildings, with its huge gateway, out-houses, and other buildings, the whole forming an old monastery, only that lay paupers instead of monks are the inhabitants. The Hospital of St Cross was first founded and endowed in the year 1136, by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. The founder's charter of institution required that thirteen poor decayed men, past their strength, so that without assistance they could not maintain themselves, should have continual residence in the hospital, and be provided with proper clothing and other necessaries, and a daily allowance of good wheaten bread and small beer. Besides these thirteen indigent brethren, the charter required that one hundred others, the poorest that could be found in Winchester, should be provided every day with a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and two messes for their dinner, in a hall appointed for the purpose. On the anniversary of the founder's decease, August 9th, several hundreds of poor persons were also to be entertained, in addition to the ordinary number. It appears that shortly after its institution, the hospital property was greatly dilapidated by the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, and was not effectually rescued from the fangs of these and other intruders till Wykeham took charge of the patrimony, and restored the privileges of the establishment. In 1444, Cardinal Beaufort added to the wealth of the endowment, and almost entirely rebuilt the structure as we now see it. To the house, so renovated and strengthened, he gave the title of the Alms-house of Noble Poverty. Again, after Beaufort's time, during the struggles of the rival factions of York and Lancaster, St Cross was fleeced of its revenues and possessions by the former of these parties; and as no one afterwards thought fit to make good its losses, we find the Alms-house of Noble Poverty in the enjoyment of only a scrap of its ancient possessions. This scrap, however, affords a tolerable picking; it is enough to maintain a master, steward, chaplain, and a few subordinate functionaries, along with thirteen brethren, whose support is the ostensible object of the charity. These brethren are men in the decline of life, and, excepting that they wear the badge of pauperism, there seems nothing to lament in their condition: each is dressed in a black woollen gown, on the left breast of which is attached a cross of silver, and in this guise they may be observed lingering about the roadsides in the neighbourhood.

It is one of the ancient and peculiar usages of St Cross, that when any stranger presents himself at the porter's lodge, and requests the bounty of the establishment, a small tray is put before him, on which is a dole of bread and a horn of beer. The piece of bread, to be sure, is very small, and the beer of the poorest possible brewage, still the custom is kept up much in the form it has been since the days of King Stephen. "You must have a good number of visiters in the course of a day," I observed to the old grey-haired porter, as he leant over his wicket, and presented the accustomed offering. "Yes," he replied, "we've a-many at this season; all the trampers of the country come this way; but, by the master's orders, we never give away more than two loaves of bread and two gallons of beer daily—bless you, sir, there's hardly a great family in the country that has not, some time or other, tasted the hospitality of St Cross."

On passing from the archway in which is the porter's domicile, we enter an open and spacious quadrangle, bounded on our left with an ancient edifice, having in its front a cloister or covered walk, where exercise may be taken to a limited extent in bad weather; at the further extremity, on the same side, is the church, and beyond it, the meadows dotted over with massive trees, which close the view in this direction. On the other two sides are ranged the neat stone buildings of the hospital, two storeys in height, and ornamented with fig-trees and vines loaded with young fruit, and expanded in full leaf to the brilliant sun. Turning to the right to inspect this department of the institution, in which is the house of the steward and domiciles of the brethren, we arrive in the first place at an old stone porch, which projects over a few steps that lead to the kitchen and dining hall. Having ascended to this latter apartment, we find it to be a very perfect specimen of the monastic refectories of former days, and that it possesses much to excite interest. The lofty roof is of old oak; over the doorway is a gallery of the same material, where, anciently, the benediction was sung, and whence, also, on particular festivals, the sound of minstrelsy enlivened the banquet. On the wall, at the opposite end of the apartment, there is attached a wooden case resembling a cupboard, and the two leaves or doors which enclose it being reverently opened by the portress, we have before us a travelling altar-piece of extreme antiquity. The painting, which represents the Virgin and Child, and some other figures, is of the Albert Durer style of delineation, and such has been the care bestowed on its preservation, that the colours are as clear and brilliant in effect as they were centuries ago. Before leaving the hall, we were shown a number of antique vessels still in use, including two leathern stoups or black jacks for ale, which we were assured were three centuries old. The hall is at present used only in allotting and distributing the food of the inmates, who now enjoy the privilege of carrying their doles to their respective lodgings. This concession to modern habits is of importance to the married men who receive the bounty of the establishment. At the period of my visit, the brethren were engaged in the agreeable duty of carrying off their dinner, with bread and beer, and the whole place wore the appearance of joyous comfort. Each inmate has three chambers for his use, either on the ground or upper floor, also a patch of garden behind for cultivation or amusement; and, besides his daily allowance, he receives about half-a-crown weekly, and a share of the fines on the renewal of the hospital lands. At Christmas, Easter, the obit of the founder, and one or two other occasions annually, they enjoy a festival of more than usual hilarity, and, upon the whole, I should consider that they lead as easy and useless a life as any monk who ever wore cowl, and loitered away existence in a cloister.

Having thus disposed of the brethren in their snug vine-clad domiciles, like so many bees in their well-stocked hives, we step across the green turf of the court-yard to the tall old church, which next invites our attention. To antiquaries, the ecclesiastical structure will seem the most interesting of all parts of St Cross's establishment. It was founded and partly built by Henry de Blois, brother, as we have said, of King Stephen, and finished by the pious Wykeham. To a superficial observer, it will appear only a damp, cold, and plainly fitted-up church, in the usual form of cross aisles; but those who are desirous of studying the early efforts of the architect to realise what afterwards became the pure Anglo-Gothic style, will be delighted with various points in the structure. We observe, in the lofty central chain, a similar blending of the round and lance-shaped arches which distinguish the older portion of the cathedral, and embody varied specimens of the Saxon, Norman, and Pointed style. Here, likewise, we behold every ornament appertaining to this early period of architecture—the chevron, the billet, the hatch, the pellet, the fret, the nebulé, down to the wavy, all executed in the best style of art. From these antique architectural devices overhead and on the lower walls, we direct our eyes to the pavement, which is in many places composed of ancient tiles of mixed colours, and the art of making which appears to be lost. On some are inscribed the words "Have mynde," an admonition probably intended to remind the brethren to pray for the souls of their deceased benefactors. The church also contains several sepulchral inscriptions on brass; one, placed under the central tower, is that of John de Campden, master of St Cross

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in 1383. There is, however, a monumental inscription of a still earlier era, being that commemorative of a master named Peters, and bearing the date 1295. Near this tomb, in the open aisle fronting the entrance, is placed a baptismal font, which is supposed originally to have belonged to the church of St Faith, a structure which was taken down in the sixteenth century, when its parochial institutions were annexed to the church of St Cross.

In pity to the reader, I must now draw this idle gossip about things of the olden time to a conclusion. I will not tell him how I sauntered for an hour round the precincts of St Cross, inspecting the exterior of the buildings which contained the living, and the burying-ground which afforded a place of repose to the dead. It is enough to say that I viewed the whole as an object of the deepest interest, from its antiquity, and as a singular monument of the benevolence and piety of former times, suffered to remain in an almost unaltered condition to the present day.

THE GRATEFUL GYPSY.

A STORY.*

One pleasant morning in the end of October, about the beginning of the present century, whilst Eliza Wilson was enjoying herself plucking the ripe brambles which grew in the wood near to her father's residence of Linnfern, she was suddenly joined by a trio of ragged children, two boys and a girl, the last of the group apparently about five years of age. Eliza was herself but a child, though her years doubled those of the stranger. She was very timid, and ran instantly towards her excellent governess, Miss Anderson, who was seated at the foot of a tree, and had been engaged reading during the time that her youthful pupil was amusing herself according to the ever-varying fancy of childhood. When Miss Anderson approached, she at once recognised the intruders to be the offspring of the gypsy tribe, a race of wanderers who very frequently pitched their tent at the entrance to this forest belonging to Eliza's father; and the worthy gentleman never gainsaid their title to a temporary residence on his property.

"How many of your people are here just now?" inquired Miss Anderson of one of the boys.

"There are two camps," he replied.

By this description my readers are to understand two carts, which serve as travelling conveyances to this strange, migratory race, and whenever they halt, during their course of perpetual travel, this vehicle, supported in a horizontal form, and hung round with blankets, is the shelter whither they retire for the night. Under these carts whole families repose, the cold earth being their pillow. Miss Anderson observed that the little girl's worn-out habiliments were so much in tatters that she was almost totally naked.

"Why does that child's mother suffer her to be so ill clothed?" she inquired of the oldest boy.

"She has no father or mother," he replied.

"What! has she no relation in your camp?" resumed Miss Anderson.

"No relation," continued the gypsy narrator; "she has followed our people from Yorkshire, where her own folks all died a year a-gone."

"Poor child!" said Miss Anderson, and she kindly stroked the cheek of the forlorn and destitute being before her, exclaiming, at the same time, in a half audible voice, "Oh that I were rich!"

The girl, apparently unused to tenderness, looked gratefully in the face of the lady now mentioned, and also clung to her gown, whilst her infantine countenance was lighted up with a glow of frolic which neither want nor suffering had altogether subdued.

"What is your name?" asked Eliza Wilson, handing her a biscuit as she spoke.

"Moggie," answered the child, leaping for joy as she eagerly devoured the young lady's gift.

"Moggie Ruthven," said one of the boys, "and Moggie is Margaret in print books, folk say."

"Oh, Miss Anderson," said her youthful pupil, "if papa would allow Moggie to sit by our kitchen fire; and Peggie would teach her to spin, and let her sleep in her bed at night, and then, you know, I could give her some of my clothes, and I could give her lessons, too, the lessons you have taught me. Oh, dear Miss Anderson, come and let us ask papa."

This trait of affectionate feeling on the part of her protegée, delighted the benevolent mind of Eliza's governess, and she expressed herself pleased at her pupil's kindness of heart, now evinced in anxiety to provide for the stranger. "You know, my love," said she, "that all that you have is your papa's property, and you have no right to bestow either the dress which he has given you, or to promise accommodation in his house, without his permission. However, we shall hear what he will say to your proposal."

Miss Anderson and her pupil accordingly proceeded to the house of Linnfern, where Mr Wilson was seated in his old wainscoted dining-room. Eliza was his only child, the child of his old age, for his years were now seventy in number. Very dear was she to her father, and more so, on account of this painful circumstance connected with her birth—the death of her excellent mother. Mr and Mrs Wilson had been twenty years married, during which period they remained childless. And when, at the end of the period now mentioned, they hailed with joy and gratitude the birth of a daughter, one week served to convince all around of the mutability of earthly enjoyments, for Mrs Wilson's presence had ceased to bless either husband or child only eight days after the latter first drew breath. Mr Wilson felt long and deeply the loss of his beloved wife, and not being able to separate himself from Eliza, he engaged the services of a lady to take charge of her education at home. Miss Anderson well supplied a mother's place, and had lived at Linnfern for the last six years. But to return to our narrative.

While walking from the wood, where Eliza first saw the gypsies, to the house, Moggie followed her kind friends apparently in great glee, one minute laughing in their faces, the next dancing to her own wild music, now leaping over stones and bushes, and, at last, when Miss Anderson and Eliza stood before Mr Wilson, little Fibbertigibbet was jumping in a gay and lively manner, like a bird hopping from spray to spray. Eliza ran forwards to her papa, sprang upon his knee, and straightway her arm was round his neck, and his cheek and forehead were stroked by her tiny hand, and, in the most coaxing accents which artless childhood had hitherto taught her to use, she besought him to allow Moggie to become an inmate of their house. "Papa," said she, "Moggie has no parents or relations." "Well, my dear," replied Mr Wilson, "let the lassie remain here for the night, and send her down to the camp i' the morning, to be off wi' her ain folk." Eliza was obliged in the mean time to content herself with this answer.

On the following day, one of the farm-servants, who lived in a cottage hard by, was desired to convey the little stranger to the gypsy encampment, when, to the surprise of the whole household of Linnfern, it was found that the gypsy band had fled, leaving the child to the care of the family. Eliza had no feeling of aristocratic pride, and the thought of having a child to play with her was delightful to her juvenile perceptions. She danced about the room, and Moggie, whose extreme liveliness made her feel quite at her ease, followed her example. Eliza, according to her formerly expressed intention, commenced to instruct her playfellow in reading. However, the employment of teaching was too serious a one for her volatile years, so that the task fell to the lot of Miss Anderson. This lady found her new pupil possessed of a quickness of capacity she had never seen equalled. Little Moggie's talents seemed only to be rivalled by her affectionate disposition, and willingness to oblige all who lived in the house with her. When the look of famine and misery vanished from her cheek and eye, she became a beautiful child. Miss Anderson possessed a heart of the most enlightened philanthropy, and in her estimation high rank, and all its pomp of circumstance, when compared with the nobility of nature, seemed but "trifles light as air." The thought entered into her mind of imparting to her little gypsy protegée the knowledge by which she had been enabled hitherto to maintain herself in most respectable circumstances.

In this sketch of domestic life, we now pass over a period of eleven years, and present the characters considerably altered by time. We shall only speak at present of what the revolution of years had done for the junior branches of the happy household of Linnfern. Miss Wilson was now a grown-up young lady, both amiable and handsome, and being of an ancient, though not of a rich family, she had doubtless many suitors. Regarding the expert of our touches, the gypsy—whom we shall cease to call Moggie, as that name reminds us of her tattered garments and penury, and shall henceforth designate Margaret, or Miss Ruthven—she had now arrived at the age of sixteen. Her complexion was rather dark, but this was not unsuitable with the brilliancy of her black eyes, the exquisite whiteness of her teeth, and those delicate aquiline features which at once indicate a high style of beauty. Her figure was slender and sylph-like, yet finely rounded, and graceful as that of a Nautch girl of Hindostan. But let us inquire how these charms were regarded by those who visited at Linnfern. By too many, alas! she was treated with distance, and some even evinced contempt for one who was worse than nobody, that is, inferior to the daughter of a poor man or a low man, for she owed her birth to a lawless race of vagrants.

The only sister of Mr Wilson married an English gentleman, by name Colonel Vincent. She had been some time dead, when her youngest son for the first time paid a visit to his uncle and cousin. He told them that he could only be their guest during one month, as he had been recently appointed to a cadetship in the service of the East India Company, and must therefore quickly join his regiment in Bengal. The young soldier was only seventeen; he was frank, open-hearted, and intelligent beyond his years. Eliza Wilson was delighted with Arthur Vincent. Notwithstanding that he was her junior, she found his conversation instructive as well as entertaining, for he had seen much more of the world than she had done, her duty to her aged father requiring her to be constantly at home, and in the country. He was, besides, more polished in manners than any young man she had hitherto met with, so that Eliza felt great pleasure in the society of her cousin. But it was not love that she experienced. It is not usual, nor at all natural, for a young woman of one-and-twenty to fall in love with a lad of seventeen, although he may be superior to most of his contemporaries. Arthur Vincent, on his part, loved Miss Wilson with the most sincere friendship, but for Margaret Ruthven he entertained an enthusiastic attachment. He was completely captivated with the attractions of this lovely young creature, and he made his friend Eliza the confidant of his feelings on the subject.

"My dear Arthur," said his cousin, "consider how the aristocratic prejudices of your father would be outraged by the thought of such an union. He is himself descended from one of the most ancient families in Derbyshire, and what he considers respectable birth in the marriages of his children, will ever be regarded by him as indispensable. Besides, remember your extreme youth, and strive to resist the sin of disobedience to your parent. If, after the expiration of four years, you find that neither time nor absence has had power to annihilate your affection for my young friend, then you can, with a better grace, implore the consent of Colonel Vincent before marriage, and if denied, his forgiveness after it. Nevertheless, I pray that at present you make no attempt to gain the affections of Margaret, who is possessed of acute sensibility; and your first professing regard for her, and then neglecting her, might prove destructive to the health, may, perhaps even to the life, of the unhappy girl."

The young man promised that, until he should be of age, he would defer his union with Miss Ruthven, but, at the same time, he would not engage to be silent to Margaret herself regarding his attachment.

Our heroine was flattered by the attentions which she received from the handsome nephew of Mr Wilson. He pulled the fairest flowers for her, he wandered from hill to hill in search of the finest scenes for her pencil. She was already an artist of no mean pretensions, and her taste in painting was so excursive, that there was hardly an object in nature or art but what the imitative power of her genius enabled her to produce a surprising resemblance of. The time of Vincent's departure approached, and in a solitary field he found Margaret when he came to bid her farewell. He could not resist disclosing to her his secret sentiments, in the hope that his love would meet with a favourable reception. But, in an instant, surprise and sorrow blanched the cheek of poor Arthur, when the only girl he had loved, and one whom he loved most tenderly, told him, with an expression of subdued mildness, with very grateful acknowledgments, but at the same time in a decided manner, that she could never accept the offer of his hand. With some difficulty he gave utterance to the following words:—

"And, at my return from India, must I find you the wife of another?"

"The wife of no one will you ever find me, dear Mr Vincent," replied the girl; "but reasons which I cannot disclose to you, occasion my choice of a single life."

"Farewell, then," said he. "I shall not utterly despair of gaining your affections after you have had proof of many years fidelity on my part. Farewell! and may every blessing attend you."

Arthur departed, to the great regret of all at Linnfern, and soon afterwards took leave of Old England.

Vincent was the only gentleman who had ever treated Margaret Ruthven with peculiar and devoted attention, and she could not be indifferent to his striking preference of her, especially when contrasted with the cold, heartless civilities, which were the utmost she received from the neighbouring gentry.

The joyous feelings of early youth, though for a season clouded, soon look forth again from amidst temporary shadows, clad in the sunny radiance of their own brightness. Such was the state of our heroine's mind a few months after the departure of her lover, and her happiness at this time was greatly increased by the anticipated event of Miss Wilson's marriage, thus proving that her conjectures were unfounded as to Eliza's love for Vincent.

The gentleman to whom Miss Wilson was about to give her hand, with the entire approbation of her now aged parent, belonged to the mercantile profession, and resided in Edinburgh. Mr Allan was not rich, that is to say, he had not realised a fortune; but his business as a general merchant was lucrative, and his prospects at this time were as good as those of other young men who had chosen the same line of life. A numerous bridal party was assembled at Linnfern, on which occasion Margaret Ruthven was honoured as the officiating bridesmaid to her benefactress. And now, Mrs Allan left her father's house, amidst the tears of the affectionate old man, while, at the same time, it may be well believed that the parting of the bride herself with him was a sorrowful one, when she considered that she could no longer be constantly present to soothe her father's advanced years. However, this dutiful daughter, before she would consent to leave her early home, had prevailed on Miss Anderson to be a constant inmate at Linnfern during the remainder of Mr Wilson's life. This gentleman felt grateful to the excellent person who had discharged the duties both of mother and governess to his child, and in his will he bequeathed to her an annuity, to be paid from the rental of his estate, immediately after his decease. He did still more; knowing Miss Anderson's partiality for Linnfern, he caused a handsome little cottage to be erected in a pleasant field, where there were a few straggling trees. Its walls were whitewashed, jessamine and honeysuckle also covering the front of it; and a pretty little garden surrounded it behind and before. This was intended as the future residence of Miss Anderson, in the event of Mr Wilson's death, and he felt pleased to contemplate, that whenever that should occur, her finances were such as to enable her to maintain herself without further toil, as long as she remained an inhabitant of this world.

The time now approached when Margaret Ruthven should leave the hospitable mansion of her kind benefactor, and provide for her own wants by laudable industry. When she had attained the age of seventeen, her friend Mrs Allan procured for her a situation in the metropolis of Scotland.

Miss Ruthven was received with much kindness into the family of Mr Alison, a writer to the signet, and she became the preceptress of this gentleman's two daughters.

The children very soon loved their governess exceedingly, and the progress they made under her tuition, rendered her a most valuable person in the eyes of their doting parents, who in a short time increased her salary to L.50 per annum, at that time considered a handsome allowance for a young person situated as she was. Margaret had not been many months absent from Linnfern, when her friend Mrs Allan had to mourn the death of her venerable old father; and it may be well supposed that our heroine shed many tears over the grave of her

* We extract the above story, with some slight abridgments, from a volume which we should have brought under the notice of our readers some time ago: it is entitled "The Decameron of the West" (Edinburgh—1838), and consists of a series of narrative pieces, strung together after the manner of Miss Lee's Canterbury Tales. The work is the composition of a lady of modest merit, and possessing no small share of literary acquirements.

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benefactor, whose dissolution, though long expected, was nevertheless a great bereavement to those who had for so many years assembled round his hospitable fireside. His daughter was the sole heiress of Mr Wilson's estate, which was burdened merely with a small annuity to Miss Anderson, who now retired to her woodland cottage.

From the date of Mrs Allan's marriage five years had passed rapidly away, and, with the exception of her father's death, no shade of misfortune had in the slightest degree blighted the happiness she enjoyed as the wife of Mr Allan. During this period she had become the mother of three fine children, a boy and two girls. But, alas! earthly prosperity is often fleeting as a summer cloud, which the noonday sun quickly dissipates. The mercantile house in which Mr Allan was a partner, being involved by the failure of several eminent merchants in London, was now declared insolvent. Mrs Allan's landed property was not entailed, nor settled in such a manner as to exclude the right of her husband's creditors to the possession of it. Linnfern was seized by the latter, and quickly advertised for sale. Poor Miss Anderson was now obliged to leave the premises, to lose her annuity, and, what was still more unfortunate, the total savings of her past life, which were in the hands of Mr Allan. The melancholy intelligence of the failure was the occasion of such intense grief to our heroine as to cause a fever, with strong delirium. However, after recovering health and strength, her mental energy resumed its power, and she was not long in designing a plan wherewith to aid both her benefactresses. She thought it but a light matter that all her salary should be transmitted to them, and that for a great length of time she should purchase no new clothes. The profits resulting from the labours of her pencil were now put in requisition for behoof of those she loved.

The creditors of Mr Allan allowed him what was sufficient to preserve his wife and children from beggary; yet Margaret Ruthven well knew that this lady had been all her life accustomed to many indulgences, which habit had converted into necessaries; and also that Mrs Allan had at present not the means of procuring those comforts. All that our heroine conveyed either to the Allans or Miss Anderson, was done in such a way that the donor could not be detected, lest the industrious earnings of the poor girl should have been declined. Margaret's quondam governess being rather too far advanced in life to render her situation agreeable by entering into the house of strangers in that capacity, chose, in preference, to have a small school for girls; and for this purpose she hired a cheap lodging in the southern part of Edinburgh. The number of her scholars was not considerable, and the pittance she derived from their tuition was inadequate for her maintenance. She would not beg, and must have starved, had it not been for her former pupil, once the little ragged gypsy.

At this time Margaret Ruthven rose with the lark, and never permitted the morning sun to surprise her with closed eyes. Soon after dawn she would start from her pillow, dress herself hurriedly, and prepare her colours, waiting only for sufficient light to commence her labours. Her works sold well, and great was her delight when she found that by this means she could in some degree contribute to the comfort and maintenance of those who had protected her orphan childhood.

Linnfern was two years in the market before a purchaser appeared for it. At last Mr Alison, in whose family Margaret Ruthven lived, was commissioned to buy the estate for a gentleman who at that time was residing abroad.

It may be supposed that the former inmates of Linnfern were anxious to know to whom their quondam habitation now belonged; but their curiosity was fruitless, as the name of the present possessor was kept secret by his man of business, who in this respect acted according to the wishes of his client.

About five years subsequent to the failure of Mr Allan, that gentleman became a second time successful in trade, and his family were now independent of all aid but what he could himself procure for them. Our heroine's affectionate heart being consequently satisfied as to the comfort of the Allans, she still prosecuted her painting, with the view of realising a competence for Miss Anderson, in order that this lady might be able to retire to the country, and relinquish the toil of teaching during the remainder of her life.

One morning, when Margaret went to the shop of the carver and gilder where she frequently disposed of her pictures, she observed a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed from his attitude to be intently examining one of her landscapes. His back was towards her, and, from the bent and rather elderly aspect of the figure, he seemed about forty. However, when he turned round, she observed that he was young, though much emaciated, and apparently in very delicate health. The stranger's eye was scarcely for a moment diverted from his contemplation of the picture. Our heroine felt inclined to remain till after his departure, that she might learn the name of this admirer of her painting. However, a sense of modesty caused her to withdraw, lest she should be afterwards introduced to him as the fair artist. On returning home, Mrs Alison told Margaret that her husband expected a client to dine with him, a gentleman who had just returned from abroad.

On entering the drawing-room before dinner, Margaret was surprised to behold the person whom she had seen some hours previously gazing at her landscape. Mrs Alison politely introduced her young friend to the stranger. He bestowed but a momentary glance at her, when immediately he seized her hand, clasped her in his arms, then burst into a flood of tears. With difficulty he at last exclaimed, "Margaret!"

The voice fell upon her ear like an electric shock. She in her turn looked attentively in the gentleman's countenance, and it was a little while before even love could recognise, in the shattered appearance of Major Vincent, what was once the youthful form of her beloved Arthur. We shall now suppose the drawing-room of Mr Alison's house emptied of all its inmates save the lovers, eager to hear each other's tale.

Major Vincent's history was one of war, repeated wounds, and broken health, with here and there the pleasant interludes of the captures of Indian towns, and abundance of treasure found. The allowance of the latter which had fallen to his share enabled him now to retire from military service; and his physicians entertained hopes that a short residence in a European climate would at his early age recruit his strength. He told Margaret that he had never been inconstant in his regard for her, but that, knowing his father's disapprobation of the match, he could not during the lifetime of his parent unite his fate with hers; and a sense of filial duty also forbade him even to correspond with her, lest such should be discovered by Colonel Vincent. That gentleman being now no more, Arthur Vincent knew no further obstacle to prevent his union with one whom he had so long loved.

Arthur was hitherto the unknown proprietor of Linnfern, and the cause of his name being concealed was an unwillingness that Margaret should hear the mention of it, as long as the thought of him must be allied with the idea of inconstancy; and while his father lived, he could make no disclosure concerning the continuance of his regard for her. Major Vincent told our heroine that he had in the morning purchased a landscape, "drawn surely," said he, "by a first-rate artist;" and he mentioned that the scene was one which he had formerly pointed out to her as a fit subject for her pencil. She smiled, but dared not tell that she had failed to recognise her lover when in the attitude of contemplating the picture now alluded to.

Margaret told Major Vincent that the idea of his cousin's attachment to him, was the sole cause which in her early youth prevented the engagement of her hand to him. She had soon found, she added, that her opinion in this respect was erroneous; nevertheless, Arthur was assured by her that one condition must be submitted to on his part, ere Margaret's consent could be obtained to be his wife.

"I am, indeed, willing to make a great sacrifice for your sake," he replied; "tell me quickly what you wish."

"I wish," said she, with firmness of manner, "that you restore to Mrs Allan the abode of her ancestors, the inheritance she has lost from the misfortunes of her husband. Give back to your cousin the estate of Linnfern without recompence or reward, and let it be settled upon herself and children, so that no creditor of Mr Allan's can ever lay claim to it; let it be burdened only with the liferent of Miss Anderson's cottage, and with the annuity which your uncle bequeathed to that lady. After this matter is legally settled, then, and not till then, can the poor and low-born Margaret Ruthven become the wife of the well-descended and rich Major Vincent."

The fortune of Arthur was so ample, that the loss of four hundred a-year was to him inconsiderable; yet he was grieved and disappointed in consequence of this request, for he desired ardently to conduct his beautiful bride through those woods and meadows where he had formerly walked with her, when she viewed herself a dependant, and which he fondly hoped she would now behold as her own. But her purpose was taken, and nothing could overcome a resolution strong as hers was. She could make any sacrifice for those she loved, and the love that could not in turn make sacrifices for her, appeared too questionable to be accepted of. At last her wishes were gratified, her friends reinstated in their former habitation, and Mrs Vincent's marriage-jaunt was to Linnfern, the restored residence of Mrs Allan.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CLUB-HOUSES FOR WORKMEN.

In the western or fashionable parts of London, there are a number of large and particularly splendid buildings called Club-Houses. These establishments are individually the property of a body of subscribers or members, each paying a certain sum at entry, and afterwards annually, to liquidate the general expenses of the concern. The members are admitted to the society by ballot; and a committee undertakes the management, the appointment of servants, &c. These club-houses combine the character of a hotel for day-boarding, and a reading-room. Nobody sleeps in the houses at night. Members are alone permitted to resort to any part of the establishment. This species of institution holds out two advantages to its members—an exclusive society, and the means of enjoying all kinds of food, drink, literary recreation, and other comforts, at cost price. The price of every article served is charged according to a low fixed scale, nearly corresponding to its original cost in the market. Thus, the members of club-houses pay no profit on anything they consume, while they enjoy the additional benefit of having all their commodities purchased in large quantities, and at the lowest wholesale price. It remains to be explained, that the members of these institutions belong almost entirely to the higher orders, such as the nobility, landed gentry, members of the House of Commons, and officers of the army and navy. The middle classes, having little time to spare, and being more inclined to spend that little time at home, in the bosom of their families, than in places of public resort, have never fallen into the way of setting up club-houses, and probably never will.

Our object in mentioning these fashionable establishments, is to suggest the propriety of copying them, to a certain extent and under certain restrictions, in the humbler walks of life. They would not by any means answer in places with a small population; but in all large towns, where there is a considerable aggregation of the working classes, they might be set up with the best prospects of success. At present, as is universally allowed, the houses of vast numbers of workmen are very limited in size, poorly furnished, and any thing but comfortable. In such towns as London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, there are thousands of young operatives who are unmarried, and rent a very small apartment wherein they sleep. It is of no use to tell these men to go home after their day's labour is over, and sitting down comfortably by the fire, peruse some good or entertaining work. They have neither a parlour to sit in nor a book to amuse them; perhaps one-half of them cannot even read, or at any rate cannot read with fluency and satisfaction. We know that such is the case. Lecturers on temperance, science, and other subjects, when they recommend their auditors to spend their leisure hours in reading at home, are sometimes told by the operatives that they should be very glad to follow the advice, provided, in the first place, they had fit homes to go to; and in the second, that they could read when they got there. The recommendation, therefore, though well meant, is of little practical value. For those who have commodious homes and the means of making them attractive and comfortable, no club-houses of any description are wanted, and, consequently, to them our observations do not apply. We refer only to that large mass of very imperfectly educated, paid, and lodged working men, with which some of our great seats of population abound. Let these, then, we say, imitate the economic principle on which the London club-house system is founded. Club or unite a small portion of your weekly earnings, so as to raise a sum sufficiently large to purchase or rent a commodious set of premises. The house should contain a large sitting apartment, fitted up with tables and benches like a coffeeroom, be well heated, and supplied with newspapers, books, and periodical publications; a separate room, in which a person could read aloud to those who felt disinclined to peruse a paper themselves; a person of respectable character to be appointed as housekeeper and director, who could undertake to supply certain articles of food at a low fixed charge; house to be open from five in the morning till nine in the evening; tea, coffee, or any other liquid not of an intoxicating quality, to be only allowable within the premises.

We present this as a rough sketch of the plan and organisation of a club-house for the working classes, and of which one might be established in every district of a large town, according to circumstances. With such an institution, every operative would have it in his power to command a permanent fund of comfort at the minimum of expense. He would eat at least a portion of his food at a trifling advance on the wholesale market price; and he would have a place in which he could spend his leisure hours with advantage, or in harmless and improving recreation. One thing only strikes us as a possible drawback. If married men were to be drawn from the midst of their families to spend their time in such houses, the scheme would be so far injurious. Possibly, there might be such restrictions as to obviate this consequence. At the same time, we are not to consider even the case of the married men as one in which there is home on the one side and a club-house on the other: it *is* in a great measure a question between the besotting public-house and the temperate reading-room. The institution would be a kind of temperance coffeeroom, only sustained by the men themselves, and furnished with every thing at cost-price.

It will be observed that the plan which we suggest differs from that of mechanics' institutions, schools of arts, and similar establishments, only in so far as the principle is confined to objects of a less aspiring nature. Mechanics' institutions have, generally speaking, failed in their design, as respects the mental cultivation of the working classes. It is discovered that but a small proportion of the members are mechanics; the greater number being in reality shopkeepers and young persons of a miscellaneous order, who embrace the opportunity of procuring scientific education at a cheap rate. Such a result might have been foreseen; the bulk of the operative classes, when released from their daily toil, have no relish for abstract studies. They require to be amused and cheered; and as nothing in the form of harmless amusement falls in their way, they adjourn, as a matter of course, to the public-house, or loiter away their time idly in the open street. A proposal has lately been made to grant public assistance to mechanics' institutions and schools of arts; and to this there can be no reasonable objection, only let it be understood that it is not the working classes who will be benefited. An institution, to be serviceable to the mass of this order of men—we speak more particularly of the masses in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire—would require to be of that simple and unpretending character to which we have above alluded; in fact, an establishment which proposed to give a degree of *bodily comfort*, independently of any kind of literary recreation, and at such a cheap cost that it would be available by all.

CURE OF SQUINTING.

A person in London, who favours us with his name and address, mentions, that in consequence of the account given in the Journal (No 423) of the mode of curing squinting by a surgical operation, he had been induced to submit himself to the hands of a skilful surgeon in the metropolis, who, by an operation on the eye, of only a few minutes' duration, effectually remedied a squint which he had possessed since youth. In little more than ten days, he observes, the slight wound was completely healed, and he now looks perfectly straight, with a greater range of vision than formerly. This is a very gratifying announcement.

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It appears that squinting now falls within the scope of the surgeon's art, the same as any other superficial defect or injury in the bodily frame; and, therefore, any one who continues to endure the perpetual annoyance of obliquity of vision, has in a great measure himself to blame. We believe that surgeons are to be found in every large town capable of performing the operation.

INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

HIGH SCHOOL OF GLASGOW.

On a former occasion we gave a short sketch of some interesting improvements which had been introduced in the High School of Glasgow, with the view of increasing its range of usefulness, and bringing it into conformity with the more extended views of education which now prevail. Previous to 1834, this great school was strictly a classical seminary. Nothing was taught there but Latin and Greek, and writing and book-keeping. There was one teacher only for the latter branches, on which one, or at most two hours daily were spent; while there were four or five classical teachers, who occupied the pupils' time five or six hours daily. In 1834, the classical department was cut down to two masters, and three (now two) hours daily; and teachers were introduced for the English language and literature—arithmetic, geography, and mathematics—modern languages—and drawing. Able teachers of these very important branches being appointed, and the public becoming more alive to the necessity of giving their children full instruction in these newly introduced departments, the change was attended with great success. The school, which was previously declining, revived, and the English and mathematical departments are now absolutely crowded; each teacher requiring the aid of an assistant to get through the duties which his loaded benches impose upon him. The teacher in the English department is Mr A. J. D. D'Orsey, a gentleman whose professional abilities are of the first order, and to whose enterprise and perseverance, in the face of formidable obstacles, much of the reputation of this department in the institution is doubtless to be ascribed. It may be added, that no small praise is also due to Mr Connel, who has, with great success, conducted the mathematical department of the school, as well as to all the other teachers.

But though these changes alone were exceedingly important, and conferred no small boon on the citizens and youth of Glasgow, we cannot but consider another department, which has lately sprung up in this school, as equally entitled to consideration on account of its utility, while its novelty gives it a still more particular claim. We refer to the PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENT. This section, from small beginnings, has gradually become a branch of great importance. It commenced with a short course on natural philosophy by the mathematical teacher. A course on chemistry was afterwards introduced. These, given only once or twice a-week, for one hour at a time, could not convey much solid information to the pupil, and gave a degree of trouble to the teacher disproportionate to the remuneration.

Accordingly, it was suggested to the Town-Council (the patrons of the school) by Mr Reid, then the teacher of the chemical class, to create a philosophical department, under one teacher, and embracing the three great branches of physical science—natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history; and to assign a separate class-room for the teaching of these branches. Thus, the master would be enabled, by meeting the pupils frequently, to give a substantial body of instruction in these sciences, taking them through a full and satisfactory course, extending over several years—at once conveying efficient information on a number of useful subjects, and forming an admirable system of mental discipline. To this the council agreed; a "philosophical department" was created, and a separate class-room assigned to it. This was the first institution of the kind in Scotland;* and, as it holds out an example we would desire to see imitated in every public school, we believe a few observations on the subject will not be inappropriate at the present time.

If we inquire what are the objects of education, we shall find that there are few studies that tend more to promote these objects than the physical sciences; and we shall be disposed to congratulate ourselves on living in an age when these sciences have acquired such an extent and systematic form, that they are capable of being thrown into a plain course for the instruction of youth—such a relation to the works of nature and art, that they constitute a course of study at once useful and delightful. We are somewhat too much apt to smile and wonder at our ancestors, and dispute their wisdom in causing their children to spend so much time in studying the dead languages. But what could they do? They were sensible, as well as we are, of the advantages of education and mental training, and keeping the time of the young always occupied. But they had no other knowledge to offer them but Greek and Latin. There was no natural philosophy, no chemistry, no botany, no zoology, no mineralogy, no geology, scarcely astronomy; no travels or geography, little history, excepting that of the Greeks and Romans; and scarcely an English literature. In short, there was no knowledge but that of languages and ancient history; and our forefathers made ample provision for having their children instructed in the knowledge that the times afforded.

But we are better provided. The book of nature has, to a certain extent, been laid open to our view. More knowledge, really useful knowledge, has been accumulated within the last one hundred and fifty years than the whole stock then possessed by mankind. Numbers of substances previously quite unknown have been discovered, their properties examined, and applied to useful purposes. An immense mass of curious and interesting facts have been brought to light. We now have what Locke complains of the want of—"a comprehensive, scientific, and satisfactory knowledge of the works of nature." Our knowledge is positive, not speculative; systematic, though not complete. The contrast between the knowledge of Locke's time and that of ours, is like that between midnight and noon. Let us not, then, shut our eyes to the light. Let us make use of the ample stores of knowledge which have been laid up. Let education take advantage of the extension of science, and adapt it to the understandings of the young. Let us, now that we have the means, cultivate the faculties of youth by imparting knowledge, which, being somewhat congenial to their tastes, will awaken, stimulate, and interest them—at once a tool whereby to sharpen their intellects, and a material of value in itself.

Independently of religious and moral instruction, there are *three* great objects to be attained by the education of youth.

1. To communicate information which shall be useful professionally, and in fitting the individual for intercourse with society, and furnishing agreeable and rational resources for leisure hours.
2. To train and exercise the intellectual faculties.
3. To occupy the time.

Our limits prevent us entering on any exposition of how admirably the physical sciences are adapted for these ends, except what is hinted in the following sketch, extracted from the prospectus published when the philosophical department was established in the Glasgow High School, which will convey some idea of the ends proposed to be attained:—

"To familiarise the pupils with the appearances of the various products of nature and art, apparatus, and philosophical instruments, and teach them how to distinguish them from each other.

To teach them the composition of bodies, their properties, the phenomena arising from their mutual action, their uses, and how and where procured.

To instruct them in the principles of natural philosophy and chemistry, on which the useful arts depend; a knowledge of which is now found to be essential in so many different pursuits, while all find it difficult to acquire that knowledge unless the first encounter of the study be made in youth, when there is time for it, when the mind is pliant and flexible, easily takes up new ideas, and is in the habit of learning.

By directing attention to the interesting phenomena of nature and art, and the truths of science, to implant early a taste for, and furnish the means of, agreeable, harmless, and rational occupation for leisure hours in after life.

To communicate that information regarding the nature of the various bodies and powers which surround us on all sides, and are continually acting on us, and influencing our condition (as air, water, attraction, heat, &c.), which is now necessary to qualify for general intercourse in society.

To communicate that information, that sense of the importance of the applications of science, which will enable those who will be our future magistrates and councillors, directors of public trusts, merchants and manufacturers, to appreciate and assist in forwarding those improvements which the advance of science is daily suggesting.

The striking nature of the phenomena of the physical sciences—the hidden properties which they disclose—their applications in explaining the great phenomena of nature and the interesting processes of art, admirably adapt them to excite the interest of the young, and give them a pleasure in learning—to call their mental powers into action—stimulate and give a right turn to that disposition to observe and inquire which is so characteristic of boys—train them to habits of observing accurately—prevent that too great confidence in their preconceived notions, which they are apt to entertain, and lead them to penetrate beneath the surface of things, and reflect upon the causes of what comes before them. The varied properties and relations of bodies, the different modes of action which nature employs, and the peculiar principles, methods of inquiry, and modes of reasoning in each science, form an admirable basis for mental exercise. Such studies correct and invigorate the judgment by the analysis which they present of reasoning in all its varieties, and increase the mental resources by enriching the memory with stores from every quarter. A course of logic, the concluding and most valuable part of a general education, cannot be regarded as complete, unless it embrace an analysis of the several kinds of evidence on which the truths of science rest. These differ, both in degree and kind, from moral evidence and from each other. For sharpening and invigorating the intellectual powers, there is no exercise like the analysis of evidence; and the more varied the subjects of exercise the better. It is now allowed that men would be much better qualified for the business of life and the exercise of the liberal professions, were they carried through a preliminary course of discipline in the various sciences; and the sciences are now far enough advanced, and their principles sufficiently settled, to admit of their being applied to this end."

In conclusion, we have to observe, that the fear sometimes expressed of youth being unfit for the study of science is totally groundless. From what we have witnessed, we feel perfectly assured that boys of from ten to fourteen years of age are capable—if it be properly set about and time allowed—of acquiring much more of the *principles* as well as *facts* of the sciences than is generally supposed. The sciences are like most other branches of knowledge, such as grammar, composed chiefly of *facts*; and we consider that youth are much more capable of understanding the laws of philosophy than the principles of language and grammar, while their minds may be at the same time as effectually trained to pursue a course of exact reasoning as if schooled in the abstractions of classical literature. In a correct scientific education, indeed, the degree of mental discipline it imposes is not the least of its recommendations.

Our object in thus bringing a sketch of what has been done to improve the course of instruction in the High School of Glasgow, before the extensive circle of our readers, has simply been to incite other institutions to pursue a similar line of policy. With extremely few exceptions, our provincial grammar-schools are daily falling behind in this age of advancement. Latin—Latin—Latin—scarcely any branch of a superior order but Latin, is taught at these seminaries, while the bulk of the boys instructed in them are designed for common mercantile and trading professions. Much of this evil is of course owing to the ignorance of parents; but much more is due to the *want of the proper kind of seminaries*. Let us hope that what has been above stated in reference to Glasgow, will be the means of remedying this remarkable deficiency.

* Preceded in Great Britain only by the philosophical class established in the new Liverpool High School.

THE OLD IRISH HARPERS.

THE harp appears to have been the national musical instrument of Ireland from a period beyond the range of authentic history. It continued, from the days of antiquity down to the end of the eighteenth century, to be practised by a body of men, generally blind, often of good families and respectable acquirements, who travelled about the country, receiving and giving entertainment in the houses of persons of condition. In those days, blindness was a comparatively common calamity in all ranks; the Irish gentry, of whatever extraction, were also more given to keeping up the national usages and amusements of Ireland: hence there were the more harpers and the more entertainment for them. Many of the harpers were composers of airs; and to their genius we must be considered as chiefly indebted for those exquisite melodies, which a refined musician and a refined poet of the present age have caused to be diffused wherever beautiful music is appreciated in the civilised world.

The last survivors of this musical fraternity had a meeting at Belfast in 1792, when they played over their best airs, in the presence of a distinguished audience, and received money prizes apportioned to their respective degrees of skill. On this occasion, there was present a young man named Edward Bunting, who felt, in a peculiar manner, the charms of the music, and the interest of the whole scene. He has given us the following account of the personal appearance of the men. "They were in general clad in a comfortable homely manner, in drab-coloured or grey cloth, of coarse manufacture. A few of them made an attempt at splendour, by wearing silver buttons on their coats, particularly O'Higgins and O'Neill; the former had his buttons decorated with his initials only, but O'Neill had his initials, surmounted by the crest of the O'Neills, engraved on buttons the size of half-a-crown. Some had horses and guides when travelling through the country; others their attendants only, who carried their harps. They seemed perfectly happy and contented with their lot, and all appeared convinced of the excellence of the genuine *old Irish music*, which they said had existed for centuries, and, from its delightful melody, would continue to exist for centuries to come. The editor [Mr Bunting] well remembers the anguish with which O'Neill contemplated the extinction of the old strains, which he said had been the delight of the Irish nation for so many years; he called them, with tears coursing down his aged cheeks, 'The dear, dear, sweet old Irish tunes!'" Mr Bunting immediately set about collecting the harp music of Ireland. He travelled into the counties of Derry and Tyrone, and into the province of Connaught, taking down the airs from the country people, and from the surviving harpers. He was largely indebted to Denis Hempson, a harper above a hundred years of age, whom he found bedrid, but who still had his harp beside him, keeping it literally in his arms, under the bed-clothes. From him, also, Mr Bunting learned the ancient mode of fingering the harp, which was not done with the fleshy part at the end of the finger, as in the Italian harp, but by the space between the flesh and nail, the nail being for this purpose kept long and crooked. It was with difficulty

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that this aged man could be induced to play the more ancient music. He regarded it with a superstitious veneration, and shrunk from presenting it to modern, and perhaps unsympathising, ears. When asked to play these airs, he uniformly replied, "There was no use in doing so; they were too hard to learn; they revived painful recollections."

The consequence of Mr Bunting's exertions was the publication of sixty-six airs in 1796, and the addition of seventy-five in a second volume given to the world in 1809. These two volumes furnished the materials of the "Irish Melodies," as harmonised by Sir John Stevenson, and married to *brilliant* verse by Mr Moore. In the present year, nearly half a century after his attention was first attracted to the subject, Mr Bunting has given us a third volume,* containing a hundred and fifty-one airs, of which one hundred and twenty were never before published. These are arranged for the piano, and accompanied by a practical digest of ancient Irish musical science, and by much historical and traditionary matter respecting both harping and harpers. Mr Bunting has thus performed a most eminent service to the world, for which the thanks of all persons of taste and feeling are due: he has been *the* preserver of the old Irish music. "While forming," he says, "these collections, he had an opportunity, never perhaps enjoyed by any other musical compiler, of rendering himself thoroughly acquainted with the genius and habits of the old native people of the country. His plan would have been imperfect, had he not resorted to the artless modulations of the aged heads of families, and of females taught by their parents to sing to children on the breast, or at the milking of the cow—an occupation in which the native Irish took particular delight. In these excursions, particularly in the remote parts of Tyrone and Derry in Ulster, and of Sligo and Mayo in Connaught, he has had the satisfaction of procuring old music, and experiencing ancient hospitality, at the same time, among *people of manners so primitive and sincere*, as could leave no doubt on any mind of the perfect genuineness of every thing about them. Had he gained nothing else on these occasions but *a knowledge of the worth and warm-heartedness of his poor countrymen*—a knowledge so little sought after by those who might turn it to the best account—he would have been well repaid for all his toil."

Mr Bunting's notices of the Irish harpers go back to the end of the sixteenth century, when there flourished two brothers, John and Harry Scott, eminent performers and composers from the county of Westmeath; Gerald O'Daly, the supposed author of Aileen-a-Roon (Robin Adair); and Roderick O'Cahan (pronounced O'Keene), otherwise called Rory Dall, that is, Blind Roderick, who was a chief person among the O'Cahans of the O'Cahan country, and entitled to large estates there. Tradition represents Rory Dall as travelling into Scotland, not long before the accession of James VI. to the English throne. He was attended by a retinue befitting a gentleman of figure. He is said to have called at Eglintoune Castle, where the lady, not apprehending his real character, affronted him by asking a tune in a peremptory manner. "O'Cahan refused and left the castle. Her ladyship afterwards, understanding who he was, sought a reconciliation, which was readily effected. This incident gave occasion to the composition, by O'Cahan, of the appropriate tune of 'Da mihi manum,' or 'Give me your hand,' the fame of which afterwards spread through Scotland, and, reaching the ear of the king, induced him to send for the composer. O'Cahan accordingly attended at the Scottish court, and so delighted the royal circle with his performance, that James walked towards him, and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder. One of the courtiers present remarking on the honour thus conferred on him, Rory observed, 'A greater than King James has laid his hand on my shoulder.' 'Who was that, man?' cried the king. 'O'Neill, sire,' replied Rory, standing up." This was O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, the leading Irish chief of his day, and who about this time, in a rebellion against Elizabeth, had brought nearly the whole country to his feet.

Rory spent much of his time in Scotland, travelling about amongst the nobility and gentry. He composed *Ports* or harp lessons in honour of his entertainers, and bearing their names—for example, Port Lennox, Port Gordon, and Port Athole. One of his best known pieces is called *Lade's Supper*, having been composed on a visit to the house of Robertson of Lude. He died in Skye, while on a visit at the house of Macdonald of Sleat, in which family his silver harp-key, adorned with precious stones, and worth seventy or eighty pounds in intrinsic value, was retained till 1773, when Lord Macdonald presented it to another harping visitor. The writer of this notice has heard the late Mr Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, describe, with his characteristic enthusiasm, a pilgrimage he once made to the grave of Rory Dall, somewhere in the West Highlands.

The reign of Charles II. introduces us to Thomas Connallon, a native of the county of Sligo, some of whose airs, marked by great beauty, are preserved in Mr Bunting's new volume. He also travelled into Scotland, carrying with him, it is said, the air of "Lochaber," which is here stated to have been the composition of a harper named Miles O'Reilly, of Killincarra in the county of Cavan. The latter days of Connallon brought him an honour, the last we should have expected to accrue to a "great harper:" he became a bailie in the city of Edinburgh, where he died. At a somewhat later time, flourished one Murphy, a first-rate performer, who travelled into France, and was admitted to play before the Grand Monarch. We have now come to the age of Carolan; but, having already given a life of this child of genius in our Journal, we shall here pass him over with the single remark, that a portrait of him, in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, represents one of the most beautiful artistic heads we have ever beheld, while the countenance, sightless as it is, beams with the rapt expression of high genius. One of the most eminent of his contemporaries was Cornelius Lyons, harper to the Earl of Antrim, and composer of certain graceful variations to Aileen-a-Roon, Coolin, and other tunes, which Mr Bunting preserves. Lyons was a person of good manners and attainments, insomuch that Lord Antrim himself delighted in his conversation. Our editor quotes, from a manuscript *memoir by Arthur O'Neill*, an anecdote which serves to show how peculiar the style of playing of some of these old harpers must have been. "His lordship was both a wit and a poet, and delighted in equality where vulgarity was not too gross. At one time, he and Lyons, in London, went to the house of a famous Irish harper, named Heffernan, who kept a tavern there; but, beforehand, they formed the following plan: 'I will call you Cousin Burke,' said his lordship; 'you may either call me Cousin Randall or my lord, as you please.' After regaling for some time, Heffernan was called up, who was, by this time, well aware of the dignity of his guests from the conversation and livery of his lordship's servants. When Heffernan came into the room, he was desired to bring his harp and sit down, which he did, and played a good many tunes in a grand style. His lordship then called upon his Cousin Burke to play a tune. The supposed cousin, after many apologies, at length took up the harp and played some of his best airs. Heffernan, after listening a little while, started up and exclaimed, 'My lord, you may call him Cousin Burke, or what you please, but, *dar dieh*, he plays upon Lyons' fingers.' What is very extraordinary, Heffernan had never seen Lyons before. His lordship then retired, leaving the minstrels to indulge in Bacchanalian rivalry, which O'Neill assures us they did 'like bards of old.'"

Jerome Duigenan, a Leitrim harper, who lived with a Colonel Jones of Drumshambo, was born about the year 1710. O'Neill related an anecdote of him, which it is not easy to believe, yet looks after all characteristic. "The colonel, being in Dublin at the meeting of the parliament (in which he sat for Leitrim county), met with an English nobleman, who had brought over a Welsh harper. When the Welshman had played some tunes before the colonel, which he did very well, the nobleman asked him had he ever heard so sweet a finger. 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'and that by a man who never wears either linen or woollen.' 'I'll bet you a hundred guineas,' says the nobleman, 'you can't produce any one to excel my Welshman.' The bet was accordingly made, and Duigenan was written to, to come immediately to Dublin, and bring his harp and dress of *Cauthach* with him; that is, a dress made of beaten rushes, with something like a caddy or plaid of the same stuff. On Duigenan's arrival in Dublin, the colonel acquainted the members with the nature of his bet, and they requested that it might be decided *in the House of Commons*, before business commenced. The two harpers performed before all the members accordingly; and it was unanimously decided in favour of Duigenan, who wore his full *Cauthach* dress, and a cap of the same stuff, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with many tassels; he was a tall handsome man, and looked very well in it."

Dominic Mungan, a native of Tyrone, and blind from his birth, regularly accompanied the bar on the north-west circuit. He was a prudent man, and giving his sons a good education, one of them became an eminent physician, and the other Bishop of Limerick in the established church. Echlin Kane, born at Drogheda, was an opposite character. "His love of adventure early led him to Rome, where he played before the Pretender, then resident there. He afterwards travelled into France and Spain, where the fetish, of whom there was at that time a great number residing in Madrid, patronised him very liberally, and introduced him to the notice of his Catholic Majesty, who is said to have contemplated settling a pension on him, in compliment to his countryman. Kane's preferment, however, was marred by his *own indiscretions*; and after exhausting the patronage of his countrymen at the Spanish court, he was obliged to set out for Bilboa, on his way home, on foot, and carrying his harp on his back. He is described as a very strong, tall, athletic man, and is asserted to have outstripped the post on his journey, which may appear the less extraordinary when the state of the roads in Spain at the time is considered." He was afterwards a great part of his time in Scotland, whose Lord Macdonald presented him with the harp-key of Rory Dall; an unlucky proceeding, for the profligate soon after converted it into money, to supply his extravagances. Kane died about 1790.

Let not the reader suppose that these were men of little musical accomplishment, whom no modern ears could patiently listen to. The performances of all who have been named were of a very high character. Mungan excelled in piano passages, which he would give so soft and low, that to hear them it was necessary to bring the ear close to his instrument. "In their greatest degree of softness, they resembled rather the sympathetic tones than those brought out by the instrument. These janglings of the strings, so general among ordinary practitioners, were never heard from the harp in his hands." He was conversant with the best music of his day, that of Corelli, Handel, and Geminiani, select *adagios* from which he often played. Similar excellence marked the playing of Denis Hempson, the man to whom Mr Bunting was indebted for many of the airs in his collections. "His fingers lay over the strings in such a manner that, when he struck them with one finger, the other was instantly ready to stop the vibration, so that the *staccato* passages were heard in full perfection. * * His *staccato* and *legato* passages, double slurs, shakes, turns, graces, &c., comprised as great a range of execution as has ever been devised by the most modern improvers." The shake, which is so difficult on every species of harp, was performed by Arthur O'Neill with the greatest ease, and with such success, as Mr Seybold, a celebrated performer on the pedal harp, declared he should in vain endeavour to rival.

Hempson died in 1807, at the extraordinary age of 112, having been born in 1695. From a portrait of him in Mr Bunting's second volume, he seems to have been a tall meagre-faced man, with long grey hair, the very *beau-ideal* of the ancient minstrel. Having become blind at three years of age, he began at twelve to learn the harp under Bridget O'Cahan, for in these days women as well as men taught the instrument. The harp which two friendly gentlemen then bought for him, he retained to the close of his long life, calling it endearingly the Queen of Music. Hempson chiefly played the old music of Ireland; but, in later days, when he knew it to be little regarded, he shrunk, as already stated, from exposing it to common ears. In his younger days he had travelled through both Ireland and Scotland, and he used to relate anecdotes of his adventures. There was a certain Sir J. Campbell of Auchinbreck, who, having spent too freely, was at length reduced to live on a small weekly allowance. Hempson, hearing of this, and not liking to trouble a gentleman under such circumstances, passed his house without calling. The spirit of the old Highland gentleman rose at the indignity; a servant was dispatched to go after the harper, and bring him back. Sir James asked Hempson why he had not called, adding, "Sir, there never was a harper but yourself that passed the door of my father's house." To which Hempson answered, "that he had heard in the neighbourhood his honour was not often at home;" with which delicate evasion the baronet was satisfied. Hempson stated, "that this was the stoutest and highest-bred man he ever knew; if he were putting on a pair of new gloves, and one of them dropped on the floor (though over so clean), he would order the servant to bring another pair."

Being in Edinburgh in 1745, Hempson was introduced at the court of Holyrood, by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon and Sir Thomas Sheridan. He was called into the great hall to play; at first, he was alone; afterwards four fiddlers joined. The tune called for was "The king shall enjoy his own again." In rehearsing the anecdote, he used to sing a part of the words:—

"I hope to see the day,
When the Whigs shall run away,
And the king shall enjoy his own again."

A clergyman named Simpson visited Hempson in 1806, when he was one hundred and ten years old, at his cabin, where he lived with a cooper who had married his daughter. "I found him lying on his back in bed, near the fire; his family employed in the usual way; his harp under the bed-clothes, which also covered his face. When he heard my name, he started up (being already dressed), and seemed rejoiced to hear the sound of my voice, which, he said, he began to recollect. He asked for my children, whom I had brought to see him, and he felt them over and over; then, with tones of great affection, he blessed God that he had *seen* four generations of the name, and ended by giving the children his blessing. He then tuned his old time-beaten harp, his cronies and bedfellow, and played with astonishing justness and good taste. The tunes he played were his favourites; and he, with an elegance of manner, said, at the same time, 'I remember you have a fondness for music, and the tunes you need to ask for I have not forgotten,' which were Coolin, The dawning of the day, Aileen-a-Roon, &c." The only trace of mental debility which this gentleman found in the old harper, was a notion that *he* was the supporter of the family, and that his son-in-law, the cooper, was a spendthrift; both circumstances being the reverse of the fact. "As to his body, he has no inconvenience but that arising from a chronic disorder. His habits have ever been sober; his favourite drink, once beer, now milk and water; his diet chiefly potatoes." His last days were "made comfortable by the Rev. Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, from whose hand he was often literally fed. The day before his death, upon hearing that this gentleman had come to his cabin, he desired to be raised up in his bed, and the harp placed in his hands. Having struck some notes of a favourite strain, he sunk back, unable to proceed, taking his last adieu of an instrument which had been a companion, even in his sleeping hours, and was his

* The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Piano-Forte. To which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harp and Harpers; including an account of the old Melodies of Ireland. By Edward Bunting. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1840. 4to.

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hourly solace through a life protracted to the longest span. His harp is preserved in Sir Henry's mansion, at Downhill, as a relic of its interesting owner."

We regret to learn from Mr Bunting, that, in the latter days, a considerable number of the harpers partook of the dissolute character of Eshlin Kane. Of this sort was Owen Keenan, who, notwithstanding his being blind, performed some rather singular frolics. At Killymoon, the residence of a Mr Stewart, he was detected, Romeo-like, mounting on a ladder to woo a French governess, and committed to Omagh jail. To pursue the story in the words of Mr Bunting: "There was at that time a very good harper, also blind, called Higgins, who was of a respectable family in Tyrawley, county Mayo, and who travelled in better style than most others of the fraternity; he, hearing of Keenan's mishap, posted down to Omagh, where his appearance and retinue readily procured him admission to the jail. The jailer was from home; his wife loved music and cordials; these harpers, too, knew how to humour the amiable weakness of one who had once been a beauty. The result may be imagined. The blind men stole the keys out of her pocket, while oppressed with love and music, made the turnkeys drunk, and, while Higgins stayed behind, like another Orpheus charming Cerberus with his lyre, Keenan 'marched out by moonlight merrily,' with Higgins's boy on his back, to guide him over a ford of the Strule, by which he took his route direct to Killymoon again, scaled the walls once more, and, finally, after another commitment for the 'ladder business,' as O'Neill calls it, carried off his Juliet, and married her."

The harp has not been allowed to decline in Ireland without various efforts being made to keep it alive. A Mr Dungan, resident in Copenhagen, conceived the idea of annual meetings, where prizes should be distributed; and such a meeting, accompanied by a ball, took place in 1781, in Mr Dungan's native town of Granard, in the county of Longford. Seven good harpers attended, and there were five hundred persons at the ball, which was held in the market-house. Perhaps one of the most characteristic circumstances was, that a Mr Burrowes, one of the stewards, and a good judge of music, was so angry at the decision of the premiums, that he *thrust his cane through one of the windows*. Two other meetings took place; but they then terminated in consequence of private jealousies. In 1792, another meeting of harpers was held at Belfast, when ten attended. This was the last. In 1807, the *Belfast Irish Harp Society* was established by private subscription, for the support of a teacher, and the tuition of a number of blind boys. The office of preceptor was conferred on Arthur O'Neill, who may be called the last of the old order, being a polite and well-informed person, as well as a very delightful performer: he died in 1818, at the age of eighty-five. The society fell to the ground for want of funds, after an existence of only four years. In 1819, another society was instituted, chiefly through the liberal subscriptions of Irish gentlemen in India, and a teacher was found in one Rainey, described as a nephew of the Scotch poet Burns, and a very good performer. At this time, there existed no harpers in Ireland who had not been pupils of O'Neill in the Belfast academy, so completely had the instrument ceased to be national. Few more years this last society has been in a declining state, and we are led by Mr Bunting to understand that it is now extinct. It has been found that the young men educated to the harp can only earn their livelihood by playing in hotels, which is apt to have a bad effect on their character; and the supporters of the society have adopted the notion that their money could be more usefully laid out on other charities. We feel most reluctant to accord with this view of the subject. If we could judge at all from one instance, we would say that an Irish harper may yet be a respectable person. A worthy representative of the fraternity, Mr Patrick Byrne, a pupil of the Belfast Academy, makes a livelihood by playing to parties at Leamington. He is a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, of perfectly virtuous habits, as well as a delightful performer on his instrument. We had the great pleasure of hearing him about three years ago in Edinburgh, where he attended private parties for a moderate fee, and was generally esteemed. Why may not other blind youths be reared to the same walk in life, and conduct themselves with equal propriety? Any thing rather than that so beautiful an instrument should perish from the face of the earth.

Let it not be supposed that the Irish music may nevertheless be preserved and played on other instruments. No one who has heard the Irish harp could imagine such a thing. When we hear Sir John Stevenson's Irish Melodies played by a young lady on the piano-forte, or even on the pedal harp, we do not hear the same music which O'Cahan, Carolan, and Hempson played. It is as much altered as Homer in the translation of Pope. For the true presentment of this music to modern ears, we require the old sets as preserved in the volumes of Bunting, and the Irish harp played by an Irish harper. This instrument, it must be remembered, is of peculiar structure. It contains about thirty brass wires, the twang of which give the music a striking metallic brilliancy. The high notes are given with the left hand, reserving the more powerful member for the deep chords of the bass. There is moreover—at least so we found it in Mr Byrne's playing—a certain national accent, like the tone in speech, given to the music by the Irish performer, which every one must recognise as extremely interesting, both from its real beauty and from association.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend Mr Bunting's new work to general favour. To it must every one resort who would wish to become acquainted with "the dear, dear, sweet old Irish tunes."

THE EXQUISITE AT COVER.

[We copy the following *jeu d'esprit* from an article in the New York Mirror, November 23, 1839, purporting to be extracted from a forthcoming work, called "Hark-away, or Random of Flood and Field." We do not know whether the work has yet been issued, and therefore are unable to say who is the author or publisher.]

The impatient sportsmen, with palpitating hearts, surrounded the cover, holding tightened reins upon their ardent horses. All were watching for the glorious "break," with "Tally-ho!" ready to burst from every lunging tongue. The horses, with pricked ears and glaring eye-balls, pawed the ground and champed their bits with anticipation of delight.

The personification of tailors', hatters', and perfumers' advertisements, Mr Charles Olivier, seeing his friend Colonel Scourfield within a few yards, cantered his graceful galloway towards him.

"Ah! my dear colonel, how de doo?" inquired Mr Olivier, checking his curbing nag. "I never saw this animal called a fox. By what means shall I be enabled to distinguish it?"

"By his brush," briefly responded the colonel, with a smile.

"Brush! pray what *is* a brush?"

"A *tail*, my dear fellow—a tail resembling your well-trimmed whiskers round a broom-handle."

"How very odd!"

"You cannot mistake him; but surely you have no intention of following the hunt in that gear?" said the colonel, laughing.

"Gracious! No. The truth is, I was obliged to say last night that I had never seen a thing of this kind. It appeared Goth-like, and so I determined to venture this morning, and examine what is called, I believe, the *throw-off*; but *I've* no intention of being thrown off. Dear me! No. I abominate danger in all shapes," replied Mr Olivier, elegantly kissing his white glove to his friend, and cantering away. He had proceeded but a few yards, when he returned, and said, "If I should see the animal, what shall I say, colonel?"

"Not a word, if in cover."

"And if the creature comes out?"

"Halloo 'Tally-ho!' as loud as you can," replied the colonel, turning his horse's head away from Mr Olivier, leaving him alone to ponder upon his instructed duties.

The dress of Mr Olivier had any thing but the appearance of a fox-hunter's; a superfine black coat and prunella pumps not being generally donned for the casualties of the dashing chase. His steed was slight-limbed, showy, and high-spirited, but suited only to carry a lady—*or* Mr Charles Olivier, who was unaccustomed to flying gates, or scrambles through prickly hedges.

The hounds continued to drive the fox from one corner of the cover to the other, without effecting the desired *exit*. Reynard had no inclination to quit his quarters, although his enemies were in such unenviable proximity. Every now and then he would come to the verge of the wood and take a survey; but, disliking the appearance of the surrounding pink coats, in he popped again, much to the annoyance of many who flattered themselves that now "break" he must, and the view-hallos ready to escape died into a grumble of suppressed disappointment.

Every hound now pressed close to the fox, and it was certain that out he must come, or submit to the degrading fate of being "chopped"—killed upon his own hearth, without a meritorious struggle for life.

"Tilly-hoo-oo-oo, Tilly-hoe-oo-oo-oo!" to the astonishment of all, came evidently for a broad "Tally-ho!" from some novice with the view halloo.

"Fo'ard, fo'ard, fo'ard!" shouted the huntsman, galloping towards the spot, with a few of the hounds, from whence the sound came.

"Come away, come away!" bawled the whipper-in, cracking his whip for the remainder to leave the cover and join the huntsman.

The horn winded a cheering "Hark-forward!"—horses reared and danced with delight. "Hold hard," every body said; "let them get at it."

"Now for luck, and no checks," said one.

"He'll go for Sydenham earths," said another.

"Not he. The wind's wrong," suggested a third.

"A cool hundred that he makes for Ealing," a fourth offered to bet.

The huntsman arrived at the place where "Tilly-hoe-oo" proceeded from, and there sat Mr Charles Olivier, perseveringly chanting "Tilly-hoe." An observation about "a poet sometimes points out the road," undoubtedly came from the lips of the old huntsman as he saw the source from whence it came. Rising in his stirrups, he took off his cap and cheered the hounds to pick up the scent.

Wagging their tails, they snuffed the earth with distended nostrils, but no response was given. They ran to and fro, each endeavouring "to snatch the track, and lead the willing pack," but all to no purpose.

"Where did he break, sir?" inquired the huntsman, puzzled by the hounds being at fault.

"Gracious me! Close where you stand, the animal jumped out," replied Mr Charles Olivier, with a confidential air.

Again the hounds were tried, but in vain. No scent could be found.

"Point out the exact spot, Olivier," said Colonel Scourfield.

"Gracious me! Why, there the creature is *now*."

"Where—where—where?" was shouted in every direction.

Mr Charles Olivier placed his glass quietly to his right eye, and, pointing to the topmost branch of a lofty elm, said,

"There it is—I knew him by his tail."

Who shall describe the horror, the astonishment, and disgust of all, upon obeying the direction of the pointed finger, at seeing a squirrel, with his bushy tail curled over his head, peeping at the scene below with indubitable pleasure "at being above all danger."

Laughs, groans, and hisses, proceeded from every quarter. Mr Charles Olivier began to suspect that he had committed some mistake; but, conceiving it politic to appear cool and collected under any accidents or awkwardness, he, with admirable *sang froid*, continued to look at the "animal," and occasionally observe that he recognised him by his tail.

"Flog him off!" "Duck him in a horse-pond!" "Go home!" "Get your nurse to come with you next time!" Such were the various little pleasant suggestions from the enraged sportsmen, at being subjected to the grievous disappointment occasioned by Mr Charles Olivier's ignorance of natural history.

With fears, which were very excusable under the circumstances, the mistaken innocent felt that he was one too many. If in carving a goose the ill-shaped bird had glided into the lap of the fairest creature in the world, Mr Charles Olivier could have imitated that refined personage who said, upon an occasion of the kind, "Madam, I'll trouble you for that goose." He could even have added, "Pray, don't apologise; such trifles *will* occur." However collected he would have been under such a trying ordeal, Mr Olivier could not appear so comfortable under the present. "Flogging" and "horse-pond" possessed so much of the nerve-agitating system, that, with chattering teeth, he looked beseechingly, and requested "to be heard."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried the majority, laughing.

"No, no! Duck him—duck him!" shouted others, among whom the huntsman's voice was the loudest.

As the reporters say, after a noisy squabble in the house, "order was restored," and Mr Olivier then commenced:—

"Gentlemen, I certainly have mistaken an animal which I learn to be a squirrel, *for* a fox. I asked my friend, Colonel Scourfield, how I should know the fox—that is, by what feature—and he said" ——

"What did I say?" sharply interrupted his friend, disliking the appeal.

"By his tail, my dear colonel, you certainly said," replied Mr Olivier, with praiseworthy decision.

Bursts of laughter.

"*As if* a fox had a tail," said the old huntsman.

"I presume, by that observation, that the animal is without a tail. That is no fault of mine. I was informed by the colonel that the creature had a brush. The colonel also stated that I could not but know the animal, although I informed him that I had no idea of the creature's form; for his brush or tail, which appear to be synonymous, have a strong resemblance to one's whiskers round a broom-handle" ——

Roars of continued laughter.

"Now, gentlemen, you must admit a strong resemblance exists between that little creature's bushy tail and my whiskers, both in shape and colour," said Mr Charles Olivier with a triumphant smile, pointing to the exalted squirrel.

After loud mirth for some minutes, it was unanimously decided that the speaker had satisfactorily justified himself. The sportsmen good-humouredly shook Mr Olivier by the hand, rather too roughly, perhaps, for his delicate fingers, and some said with courtesy that they'd "back him against the parson for an argument."

"Try-back, try-back," hallooed the huntsman, and away the hounds went to pick up the lost scent. "Hark! back, Musical—hark back, I tell ye!"—off galloped the old favourite leader to obey the mandate. In a few moments "Tally-ho" rang from a corner of the cover, from which burst a splendid fox, closely followed by the crying Musical.

"Fo'ard, hark fo'ard—hark to Musical!" shouted the huntsman. The horn was blown; the whipper-in hurried on with the tail hounds, and, in an instant, on rushed the panting and pursued—the many for sport, the one for life.

"Gracious me! Be quiet," said Mr Charles Olivier to his courser, as the animal caught some of the enthusiasm of the sport. "I certainly—shall—not be able to hold him." Our hero was correct in this opinion; for his horse pulled upon his hands, unused to exertion, so violently that, after a few useless struggles, he followed his own inclination by galloping after the others, to the great discomfiture of his rider.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do? He surely will not attempt to leap that wall!" exclaimed Charles Olivier, as they neared one of tolerable altitude. Still the resolute horse approached it with a determined manner. "Heavens! I certainly shall be off!" said the rider, clinging to the pommel of the saddle with pertinacity; "I certainly shall!" They were within

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a few strides of the wall, when the horse's ideas corresponded with his master's, that he should not attempt it. Throwing himself suddenly upon his hocks, the careful animal succeeded in preventing any accident to himself by stopping on the right side of the barrier. This quick decision, however, did not hinder Mr Charles Olivier from enjoying a leap. The impetus had the effect of sending him in a straight line over the horse's ears—clean over the wall, like the stick of a rocket, head-foremost into a duck-pond on the opposite side.

Crash, splash, went the luckless horseman—quack, quack, quack, screamed the ducks. "Gracious me!" bubbled from the lips of Mr Charles Olivier, as he crawled from the water and the mire; "I—I—I never will see another fox-hunt as long as I breathe."

STEAM-CARRIAGES OF M. DIETZ.

THE attempts to run steam-carriages on common roads in this country have generally failed in practice, chiefly, we believe, from the injury caused to the machinery by jolting over the ordinary rough materials of which our thoroughfares are composed, and the great expense for fuel. Lately, as we understand from the newspapers, a steam-carriage, the invention of Colonel Macerone, has been successfully run in experimental trips in the neighbourhood of London; and, according to the French press, similar success has attended the running of steam-carriages, the invention of a M. Dietz, in the neighbourhood of Paris. While attention is directed to this subject, it may be useful to offer a few particulars respecting M. Deitz's carriages, from the Reports of the Academy of Sciences and Academy of Industry.

M. Dietz's carriage has eight wheels, two of which are larger than the other six, and give the impulsion. The six smaller wheels rise and fall according to the irregularity of the ground, and at the same time assist in bearing the weight of the carriage, and in equalising its pressure, &c. The wheels, instead of having iron tires, are bound with wood, under which there is a lining of cork, in order still further to deaden the noise and prevent shocks which would otherwise derange the mechanism of the carriage. This wooden binding is secured by an iron circle, which does not touch the ground, and is so contrived as to be exceedingly durable. Another improvement of M. Dietz is a mechanism by which all the carriages of the train which are drawn by the engine (for he does not propose to carry either goods or passengers in the steam-carriage itself) are made to follow in the precise line of the wheels of the steam-carriage, which is so regulated by the six smaller or flexible wheels, acted upon by an endless pulley chain, that they describe any curve at the will of the conductor. Of the moving power of the engine, the report of the Academy of Industry says, "According to Colonel Macerone, whose calculations are not far from the truth, it appears certain, 1st, that to draw a weight along an iron railway, in a horizontal line, requires a force equal to a two hundred and fortieth part of the weight to be moved; 2dly, that to move this weight along a horizontal line, the force of traction must be carried to a twelfth of this weight; 3dly, that to move this weight upon a common road, with a rise of one foot in twelve, or eight degrees, which appears to be the greatest ascent accomplished by any of the diligences in France, the force of traction, whether on an iron railway or on common roads, must be augmented by one-twelfth of the total weight beyond what would be necessary on a horizontal line. It results, therefore, that it is not necessary on common roads to do more than double the power of traction for an elevation of eight degrees on common roads, whereas on a railway we must not merely double the primitive force, but add to it a power equivalent to a twelfth of the weight which is to be set in action. To fulfil the first condition, M. Dietz, proposing to draw only from thirty to forty thousand pounds, has made his engine of thirty horse power, calculating the power of traction of the horse at one hundred and fifty pounds at a speed of two hundred feet per minute; consequently, he has a force capable of surmounting every obstacle, and is at the same time able in case of necessity to double the power by a simple combination of pulleys."

The report then goes on to enumerate the arrangements made by the inventor for the regular supply of steam by the conductor, so as to increase or diminish it instantaneously, according to the nature of the ground, and for checking the engine at its greatest speed without shock or danger. In this description, however, there is little new to the English reader who has turned his attention to the construction of steam-carriages on common roads in England. The great merit of the invention of M. Dietz is avoiding the expensive repairs which have hitherto been the greatest obstacle to the use of steam-carriages on the common roads in England. A commission from each academy accompanied M. Dietz in one of his experimental journeys from Paris to St Germain, and report that it was performed at the rate of ten miles an hour, and that the hill between the Pecq and St Germain, which is one of the steepest within twenty miles of Paris, was ascended in less time than is occupied by the diligence. They state, also, that when the steam-carriage was compelled to deviate from the paved road to the unpaved sides, the return was accomplished without difficulty or danger, by the ingenious contrivance of the extra wheels, which kept the engine in the equilibrium. This principle does not indeed apply to the carriages of the train; but as they are so constructed as to present little danger of upsetting, the deficiency is of no importance; and if it were found to be so, it would be very easy to extend the principle to the whole of them. The power of returning without danger from the sides of the road to the pavement, is one of great value in France, for nine accidents out of ten which happen in the ordinary coach-travelling, arise from the difficulty of regaining the *pavé*, without losing the equilibrium. On many roads the *pavé* is too narrow for two diligences to run abreast, and when they meet each other, one of the two, if not both, must deviate a little from the centre. The *pavé* is very much rounded for the purpose of keeping it dry; and in winter the sides of the road are loose and rotten, so that the wheels sink several inches below the edge of the paved portion of the road. The danger, therefore, in regaining it is very great. If M. Dietz had not obviated it by his ingenious contrivance, not only would his machinery be subject to shocks, which would render frequent repairs necessary, but the engine itself would be very liable to upset.

All the evidence, as far as it goes, appears favourable to the invention of M. Dietz; but the proof of its utility, as in all such cases, is still to be given by carrying the invention into *practical* and *daily* operation.

THE RETURN.

[BY MRS HEMANS.]

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind.
"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whispered my native streams,
"Doth the spirit reared amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"
"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,
From the old ancestral walls.
"Has thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"
Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answered—"Oh, ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!
I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
Oh, bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early, glorious dreams!
And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!
But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And, oh, ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own."

—*Works of Mrs Hemans.*

ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure, is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough to repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to reconcile them.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

ORIGINALITY OF THE JOURNAL.

WE lately received a letter from Newcastle, containing, first, the general inquiry whether the articles at the beginning of the various numbers of the Journal were generally our own, and contained our own opinions, or were copied, and, next, the special inquiry (supposing we did not choose to answer the first), if the article at the beginning of No. 445 were original. Could there be any doubt more mortifying to a poor labourer in the field of letters than what is here expressed? For eight years and upwards we have been leading a life of incessant toil, composing literary articles of various kinds, some of them descriptive, in a novel style, of society and manners in the middle ranks, others philosophical and scientific, the very least important being careful compilations, often from not very accessible sources; and, after all, "a reader," a person who has perhaps seen every number of the work as yet published, is not sure but that our very best, or at least most elaborate, papers are taken without acknowledgment from some other work. The results of a lifetime spent chiefly in study, and in industrious observation of human character, have been diffused throughout the 450 numbers of this work, not to speak of the many articles arising from the special labour of the time when they were composed; and, after all, it is surmised that the whole work is as much a compilation as a school collection. Three individuals spend nearly their whole time in preparing the work, and there are occasional contributions by others; many single papers requiring, for the collection of information, the composition, and the correction, three, four, and five days; and, when all this pains is taken by so many persons to produce a work sold far beneath any former standard of price, the reader languidly asks if we ever give anything original! If we were of the stuff to be disheartened by anything, we might certainly be so on thus learning that our labours are only remunerative in a business point of view, but do nothing in the way of creating confidence or respect, so that merely because we publish in a limited quantity at a limited price, we are supposed capable of, week after week, and year after year, holding forth selected matter with the usual appearances of that which is original.

It is not of course likely that *all* our readers are under the very disrespectful impression which seems to affect our Newcastle correspondent. But, from other revelations made to us, we fear that it is the belief of a great number, or at least that many are habitually doubtful of the originality of many of the articles presented without marks of quotation in the Journal. For instance, we were lately asked by a lady in London, who reads our Journal regularly, "from what book of Mrs Hall's it was that we extracted her very pretty tales;" and she was very much surprised to be told that the tales were original, being written expressly for our work, and paid for accordingly. It now therefore becomes necessary to reiterate a statement more than once made, that all the articles of the Journal are really and truly original composition, excepting in the comparatively rare instances where it is otherwise expressed—in other words, *every article is original which is not marked as extracted or selected matter.* A little reflection on the very extensive circulation of the work (72,000) should banish the false notion that, because the Journal is cheap, it cannot be composed in any part of original matter: it ought to be seen that its cheapness, leading to such an extraordinary sale, is, above all other things, the reason for its containing original matter, and that of the best kind which money can procure in the country.

We trust that no one will do us the further injustice to suppose, from what is here said, that we are unduly anxious on the score of literary reputation. We might point to the whole history of this work, its being scarcely ever advertised, its rare allusions to its editors or writers, the anonymity of all its articles, and its unswerving adherence to its original plan, for proof that this has been a matter to which little attention has been paid. At the same time it could not but appear to us extremely hard, if a labour which, more than any other, exhausts the human energies, and which, to be pursued in an efficient manner, calls for nearly a complete denial of all those social pleasures which the humblest enjoy, were to pass for a long series of years altogether unappreciated by those who may be presumed to profit by it.

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CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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"THE WORLD."

THERE is a great number of charges of old standing against the world, from which each accuser regularly excepts himself. For instance, it is *a very censorious world*. So you will find your friend Mrs Thompson calling it every day in her life, seeing that she is a widow upon whom many set eyes of watchfulness, lest some day she should steal unperceived into a second matrimonial engagement. Mrs Thompson does not recollect that she occasionally takes observations of the goings on of the Misses Smith, a band of young milliners, who live in a third floor opposite to her. Were you to call upon these same Misses Smith, you would probably find them also complaining that it is a censorious world—meaning that they feel themselves exposed to Mrs Thompson's observation, but altogether unconscious that they talk nothing but scandal for at least three hours every day. So also Mrs Thompson speaks of it as *an evil-thinking world*, the worst construction being put by it upon every thing that is not quite as clear as daylight. She means that she has heard of her attentions to Mrs Johnson, who has so many fine young sons, being misunderstood. She does not say anything of her having conjectured that her maid Sukey was keeping improper company, in consequence of seeing her walking one day with a young man, who proved to be her brother, a sailor newly returned from a long voyage.

The world is also *a cold and heartless world*. Every one becomes convinced of this, when, falling into a few trifling difficulties, he goes about making an endeavour to borrow a hundred pounds. Mr Peregrine Harmnone was in these circumstances, and thought he had nothing more to do than to call on his friends Wilson and Jackson for the amount. But his friends had no money to spare. He forthwith declaimed against the heartlessness of the world, altogether forgetting that, when poor Robson applied to him last year for a like favour, he found himself unfortunately very low in account with his banker. So also, when Mr Abraham Sandy, merchant in Liverpool, failed in business, and applied to a few houses with which he used to be on very good terms, for renewed credit, he found himself rather coolly received, and his orders civilly declined. Remembering how friendly the partners in all those cases had once been, he began to talk of the heartlessness of the world, never once adverting to the fact that, not six months before, he had declined being a security for a credit to his own brother-in-law. Mr Sandy's daughters, finding he was unable to recommence business, very properly resolved to be no burden to him; but a year had not elapsed before they also began to talk of the coldness and heartlessness of the world, having found that, as family instructresses amongst strangers, they were not objects of so flattering a regard as they had been when they were thought to be young ladies of fortune, and dispensed the hospitalities of their father's elegant home. It quite escaped the recollection of these young ladies that, when an orphan cousin of theirs came a few years before to live with them, they had not been more than sufficiently kind to her, always taking care to let gentlemen know that she was only a person whom their father had been pleased to take into his house, because she had been left without a penny, and also taking specially good care that she never accompanied them to the balls at which they showed off amongst the gayest of the gay. Mr Sandy now lived in a poor lodging, where he was never visited by any of the friends who used to be delighted to wait upon him at his handsome villa two miles out of town. The world, he sighed to think, was but a summer friend. All was well so long as he could give good entertainments. He was then a man of some account. It was a matter of pride to most to have it to say that they had been at his parties. But now where were all those swallow-like friends!—all gone! Alas, what is friendship! he thought—

> "A shade that follows wealth and fame,
> But leaves the wretch to weep."

Mr Sandy did not remember that, after his friend Major Tomkins lost nearly all his Indian fortune by the failure of a Calcutta bank, and ceased to give dinners, he almost forgot that there was such a person in the world, although the major had oftener than once insinuated how happy he should be to see him and his daughters over a quiet game at whist.

The world is *a very deceitful world*. Mrs Higgins became deeply impressed with this idea, when she discovered that Miss Tims, who had come about her as a friend for several years, and seemed sincerely attached to her, made a practice of telling all her secrets and ridiculing her in every point. Mrs Higgins forgot that she had not a single friend about whose faults she did not speak quite candidly, on all occasions when they were not themselves present. *The world is also very envious*. Mr Dobson, of the —— Custom-house, found it so, when he ascended to the dignity of comptroller, forgetting that he had himself envied his predecessor in the office for the better part of twenty years. The same sentiment was deeply impressed on Mrs Dobson, when she heard that her new gown of gros-de-Naples had been spitefully spoken of by her old friend Mrs Pyne; Mrs Dobson being totally oblivious that, during the days of her humbler fortune, she had never seen a single dress of superior elegance at church, which she did not think would be far more suitable on herself than on the person who wore it. Amongst all the bad qualities, however, that attach to the world, in the eyes of all but the speakers, there is none so much spoken of as its *ingratitude*. This is one of the most notorious of its alleged failings. Instances are here out of the question. Ask any one if he ever finds any gratitude on earth, and he will answer in the negative, making only a mental exception in favour of himself, whom he believes to be wholly incapable of so black an offence as that of forgetting or wilfully overlooking a kind turn or benefaction from a neighbour.

There surely is some strange falsity at the bottom of these common forms of speech. It is not, of course, to be denied that censoriousness, evil thinking, deceitfulness, envy, and other such bad things, exist, and that to a considerable extent. It is also by no means uncommon to see reduced merchants sink in credit, and impoverished families cease to be so much courted as they were in the days of their prosperity. But the vices of censoriousness, deceitfulness, envy, &c., are faults which beset human nature in general; the impoverished decline into the condition of those who were always poor, by an irresistible tendency in our social system; and if there is not much gratitude in the world, may it not be owing to this—that when favours are conferred, there is usually an expectation of future deference, against which some principle common to all obliged parties hastens to rebel, and which is therefore never to be satisfied? Such faults, as far as they are faults, attach to all. Let almost any human being be in the circumstances proper for bringing them out, and out they will come. They are sentiments and acts liable to occur when human beings are in a certain relation to each other, and which no one can hope altogether to avoid. How strange, then, for any one person to speak of them as things attaching to all besides himself!

There are some other ways of talking of the world, which seem not quite free from similar absurdity. One often hears of its being difficult to "get on in the world." Now, the world is a common good, of which every person gets a share proportioned to his abilities, industry, the judgment he may have exercised in selecting a branch of employment, and the accidents of fortune to which he, like all other persons, is liable. If any individual, therefore, finds more than the usual difficulty, it must be from some inconsistency between these things and the extent of his wishes. He has had the same chance as the rest; his woes and weals, his fortunes and misfortunes, are exactly such as would have befallen any other person in precisely the same circumstances, and with precisely the same qualities as himself. He has therefore no right cause to find fault with the world, though it may be quite possible that, if he were carefully to inquire, he might find some in the history of his own actings with regard to circumstances, or his expectations and desires, as contrasted with what his abilities and fortune have brought to him. Again, it is not uncommon, when some instance of over-reaching is mentioned, to hear the remark, "Ay, it is the way of the world." There is here either a very loose observation of human nature, great prejudice, or an indifference to moral actions, for such things are only the way of a part of the world, and that but a small part, in most enlightened countries. Every one must have remarked how different minds consider the spirit of the world in various lights, according to the bent of their own nature. The ardent divine deems it a spirit indifferent to religion. The indifferent think it fanatical and bigoted. Morose and reserved persons consider it as given up to gaiety and frivolity. The gay are perpetually complaining that it is dull and stupid. The refined and unselfish think it sordid. No one of these suppositions is entirely true; they are only true in some part. They would never be affirmed as wholly true, were it not for certain habitual feelings in the minds of those who affirm them. The human mind is a cluster of various faculties, each of which seeks in the world for its appropriate gratification; and the employments of men are still more various than their faculties. Amidst such a bewildering variety of thoughts, desires, and actions, how can any one say that the spirit of the world is of any one special character whatever? Yet, attributing general characteristics to the world is a thing of daily occurrence. We lately read somewhere, that if Walter Scott had not had the ambition to be a great man "of the world's kind," he might have ended his life more happily. What can be the meaning of this? How could any one be what is called great, without having the praises of a pretty large section (at least) of the world. If it were said that the great novelist aimed too exclusively at being a man of wealth and title, the remark would be just, for such certainly was a fatal ambition in Scott. But if this is what is meant by being a great man after the world's fashion, we would deny the justice of the remark. The admiration or greatness which Scott acquired by literature was so much more than any he could gain by merely being a baronet and the owner of an estate, that the two are not worthy of being spoken of in the same day. For one that would have admired the greatness of a Roxburghshire country gentleman, there must have been thousands to admire the unprecedented novelist. We would therefore deny that it was the world's kind of greatness which he aimed at, but only that of a limited class in a limited district.

Upon the whole, there is extremely little rationality in sweeping charges, or depreciatory expressions,

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respecting the world. Were the speaker a stamped supernatural, addressing others privileged like himself, it might be proper for him to comment in this way on the natural, for then we should suppose him to have a pedestal apart from the globe, and eyes gifted to see, and an understanding fitted to estimate, the errors of the poor creatures who crawl over it. But for one of these very creatures to stand up amidst the congregation of his equals, and pretend to affix characters upon them from which he presumes himself to be the only one who is exempt—every one present having as good a right to do so as himself—strikes us as a conceit of the most inordinate kind. It might be very amusingly burlesqued by supposing a single letter of the alphabet falling into a contempt for the rest—A, for instance, complaining of all besides himself as a set of censorious, hard-hearted, envious, or ungrateful wretches; B next complaining of A, C, D, &c.; then C complaining of A, B, D, E, &c.; so that, in the long run, all would have been complainers, and all complained against by the rest. Or we might suppose a jail-full of sheep-stealers, all equally guilty, where each in turn took another aside, and remarked, in a confidential whisper, that really it was a sad set of scamps they had fallen amongst. The absurdity is in the attempt to suppose two things, a judge and something to be judged, where in reality no judging power exists, but all are criminals alike. Surely nothing but the self-love which is at the bottom of this and so many other errors, could lead a human being into such a ridiculous position.

The position is perhaps not ridiculous only. A practice of thinking and speaking of the world external to ourselves as being in any way bad, must necessarily prevent us from seeing our own faults, and addressing ourselves to the all-important business of correcting them. It may also tend to engender and support a contempt of our fellow-creatures, than which there is scarcely any state of mind more opposed to true goodness. On the other hand, in candidly attributing such faults to human nature at large, and thus including ourselves, we may be presumed to be in the way of feeling our own fallibility and unworthiness, and, feeling it, to aspire after our improvement, at the same time that, conscious of our own liability to blame, we learn to touch gently and tenderly on the special faults of our neighbours.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON COMMERCIAL ECONOMY.

NATURE OF COMMERCE.

Man has been defined by some naturalists as an *exchanging animal*—an animal who buys and sells, that being a thing performed by no other living creature, and therefore suitable as a distinction in character, though others, much more exalted, might readily be found. The practice of exchanging one commodity for another is doubtless coeval with the first herding of mankind together. No man, even in the rudest savage state, and who lives in the society of neighbours, can rest satisfied with such objects as he can procure or fashion by his own labour. He must depend on others for assistance, while he assists them in return. The cultivator of the ground would exchange some of its produce for an animal from the flocks of his neighbour; and both would be glad to give a portion of their wealth for the clothing or weapons made by a third party. Thus, *exchanging* becomes a matter of convenience between two parties, each of whom is anxious to obtain a share of the other's goods for a share of his own, and a mutual advantage is the result. Such desires and practices must have been displayed in the very earliest stages of society. No nation of African or Indian savages is ever found without a strong inclination to exchange the rude products of their country for the articles possessed by the traveller; an ox or sheep being perhaps eagerly offered by them for a single needle, a nail, or a small toy looking-glass.

As mankind advance in their social condition, the practice of exchanging increases; the desires and necessities become more urgent; each person finds it more profitable and agreeable to adopt and hold by one fixed employment, and to sell the produce of his labour for a variety of articles made by others, than to attempt to make every thing for himself; and, finally, for the sake of convenience, a class of persons are engaged to conduct the exchanges from one hand to another. In this improved condition, the production of articles of general consumption is called *manufacturing;* while that department of industry in which the exchanging is transacted is called *trade* or *commerce*. For still further convenience, the business of exchanging is committed to several orders of traders—the wholesale merchants, who in the first instance purchase large quantities of goods from the producers; the retail dealers, who have been supplied in smaller quantities from the merchants, and sell individual articles or minute portions to the public; and to these sometimes an intermediate dealer is added. In this manner the transfer from the workshop of the manufacturer to the house of the actual consumer is interrupted by several distinct processes of exchange, in which each seller obtains a certain profit at the expense of the person who has ultimately to buy and use the article. It is a principle of trade, that the fewer hands through which any article is made to pass, the better for the consumer, because the article can be brought with the least burden of profits, or at the lowest price, into general use. But this principle, sound as it is in the abstract, is counteracted by another which must on no account be lost sight of. This is the principle of *convenience*. A manufacturer engaged deeply in his own pursuits finds it more profitable and agreeable to sell his articles in large than small quantities. The maker of millions of yards of cloth has no time to spend in selling single yards. If he were compelled to sell by retail, he would have no time to conduct his affairs; he could manufacture only a small quantity, and, therefore, being limited in his amount of produce and sales, he must take larger profits. Thus, upon the whole, it is much better for all concerned to allow the manufacturer to pursue his own way in selling only very large quantities to wholesale merchants. To these traders the same rule may be applied. They seek out the seats of manufacture; and, purchasing a large variety of goods, they send them to the towns and places where they are required by the public, and there the articles can be had individually from a shop. It is evident that if any man wish to buy a handkerchief, he may procure it much more cheaply from any shop in which such things are sold at an advance upon the original cost, than if he were to travel perhaps hundreds of miles to the house of the manufacturer, and there make the purchase. The use of an intermediate class to conduct exchanges is thus very conspicuous; and any attempt to revert, generally, to the original practice of causing the maker to deal with the consumer, would be entirely incompatible with an enlarged system of trade between different countries, or even between different places in the same country. We say generally, because there are instances in which makers may, with advantage to themselves and the community, sell their produce in small quantities or single articles to the public; but these are exceptions to a common rule.

Convenience, it is evident, forms a guiding principle of trade, and requires the same consideration as the actual value of an article. This, however, has been recognised only in very recent times. At one period there were laws to prevent farmers from selling their grain in a large quantity or by the lump, without exposing it in an open market. Such laws were manifestly unjust. They interfered with the liberty of the farmer, who in his capacity of manufacturer had surely a right to sell his produce in whichever way he felt it to be most for his advantage. It would be the same kind of injustice, if the law were to prevent a manufacturer of handkerchiefs from selling them at his own workshop to wholesale dealers, and causing him to take them many miles to a certain street in a certain town, and there expose them for sale in small lots to the public. It is of the greatest importance in matters of trade and commerce *never to interfere in any shape to prevent men from dealing in whatever manner appears most beneficial and convenient to themselves, provided it be conformable with strict justice*. By being left to consult their own inclinations, the public in the end, though probably in a way not easily recognisable by an unreflecting mind, reaps the advantage.

Commerce, by which we comprehend traffic carried on at home or with foreign countries, is of great antiquity, and, both in the earliest times and in our own day, has been one of the principal engines of civilisation. Among the industrious nations which at a remote period of history were planted on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, it became a means of spreading knowledge in the interior of Asia, and many parts of Africa and Europe. Unfortunately, the intelligence which was so disseminated was afterwards obliterated by the overruling powers of barbarous and warlike nations; but the efficacy of commerce in modern times is likely to be permanent wherever its influence is extended, seeing that the greatest manufacturing and mercantile people are at the same time the most powerful and most capable of offering protection to those who sustain a commercial intercourse with them. It is exceedingly pleasing thus to reflect on what commerce is capable of effecting, independent of the actual comfort which it produces, wherever it is fairly introduced. By its appeals to the selfishness, the vanity, and other passions, good and bad, of mankind, it appears to be the best of all forerunners to the efforts of the schoolmaster and the missionary. Its influence in this respect has been remarkably exemplified in the boundless regions of Hindostan, which, by the efforts of a company of merchants, have been laid open to the settlement of enlightened men from Europe, who, though by slow degrees, will ultimately spread the blessings of education, and the decencies of social life, among many millions of human beings. In the remote islands in the Pacific Ocean, the influence of commerce has been recently of marked utility. The introduction of articles of a fanciful nature, both for the ornamenting and covering of the person, has induced a desire of following European manners and customs; and as these commodities cannot be procured but by the exchange of native commodities, a spirit of industry has consequently been produced, which cannot fail to be of both moral and physical advantage to the natives. It is always thus with the intercourse which commerce necessarily involves. New tastes are created, and to be gratified, industry must be exerted. But to witness the extraordinary influence of commerce in producing civilised and refined habits, we need not look beyond our own country. Commerce, in this its chosen seat, has caused roads every where to be cut, canals to be opened, railways to be formed, expeditious modes of travelling by sea and land to be effected; all of which great accessories to our comfort have tended in the most wonderful manner to introduce not only useful commodities and personal luxuries, but highly cultivated sentiments, literature, and the arts, into districts which at no distant period lay in a comparatively primitive condition. The intercourse which commerce in this manner requires, is the grand lever which, it is apparent, must in the first place be employed to lift the load of ignorance from off the natives of Africa; and when this lever is properly insinuated, the way will soon be prepared for the introduction of those measures of melioration which philanthropists so anxiously design.

It is obvious that this scheme of mutual interchange among nations of the commodities which they respectively produce, is agreeable to every rational principle, and must have been designed by a wise Providence for the universal benefit of his creatures. In order that manufactures may be produced, and commerce brought in to disseminate them both at home and abroad where they are wanted, no species of legislative enactment is requisite either to encourage or direct. The law which governs production and consumption is a law of nature—it is the overruling principle of *self-interest*, by which only that quantity of manufactures is produced which can be advantageously disposed of, and only those commodities purchased and consumed which the wants of individuals require. And it is very certain that this principle of self-interest, if allowed free scope, is uniformly and sufficiently competent to regulate both the production and consumption of commodities, to a degree more nice and satisfactory than could be attained by the best-devised statutes which the wisest legislators could enact. The grand principle, therefore, which can alone regulate commerce and manufactures, is found in the natural passion for gain; and the sole essential requisite for the successful advancement of mercantile and manufacturing industry and wealth among the people, is for the people to be let alone.

Evident as these principles must be to all who have any knowledge of social life, they have, either from ignorance or some other cause, been generally lost sight of. To such an extent have regulating and restrictive laws been carried in some countries, that they have nearly annihilated both manufactures and legitimate commerce, and in all cases they greatly impede them. It is, for instance, customary to impose duties on goods imported from foreign countries, with the view of protecting the manufacturers of such articles in the country to which they are brought; but this only benefits a class, or a few persons, at the expense of the whole community. Let us suppose a case. There is a country called A, in which shoes may be bought for five shillings a-pair, and another country called B, in which they cost ten shillings a-pair. The people of B would in this case be glad to buy their shoes for five shillings a-pair from the shoemakers of A, but the shoemakers of B interfere, and say—"No, you shall continue to buy our shoes at ten shillings a-pair, and no others;" and to make sure, they get a protective law passed, by which all shoes coming from A to B shall be loaded with five shillings a-pair of duty. After this, the people of B give themselves no trouble to import shoes from A; they go on paying double the value for all the shoes they wear, and all to please the small set of persons who are engaged in the trade. By being thus stripped of five shillings in the acquisition of every pair of shoes, the purchaser, it will be observed, is in reality deprived of a large share of his earnings, and is thereby prevented from buying many other things that he requires for himself and family. It is quite possible, that the shoemakers of B will argue in justification of the monopoly, that they themselves are compelled to pay high duties on all the articles they consume, and that therefore they require protection. But this is only pleading the existence of error as an excuse for committing another error. The crime by being universal is not the less a crime—it is a crime perpetrated against those laws of nature which have from the beginning designed that each country should produce in perfection, or in the best manner, certain articles, and that, by means of an unrestricted process of industry and exchange, these articles should be universally enjoyed.

Such is the character of restrictions on free trade, when placed in a moral and social point of view; but in a public point of view they will be found not less important.

It is argued by a shallow set of reasoners, that if a country allows free importation, without stipulating for a corresponding exportation, the said importing country will speedily be ruined by the loss of all its money. But this is a most unsound argument, for if payments in money be made, exports must also be made in order to get the money; in other words, there will necessarily be a preliminary trade in getting money to send away. "There is (observes Mr M'Culloch) no jugglery in commerce. Whether it be carried on between individuals of the same country, or of different countries, it is in all cases bottomed on a fair principle of reciprocity. Those who will not buy need not expect to sell, and conversely. It is impossible to export without making a corresponding importation. We get nothing from the foreigner gratuitously; and hence, when we prevent the importation of produce from abroad, we prevent, by the very same act, the exportation of an equal amount of British produce. All that the exclusion of foreign commodities ever effects, is the substitution of one sort of demand for another. It has been said, that 'when we drink beer and porter we consume the produce of English industry, whereas, when we drink port or claret we consume the produce of the industry of the Portuguese and French, to the obvious advantage of the latter, and the prejudice of our countrymen!' But how paradoxical soever the as-

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sertion may at first sight appear, there is not at bottom any real distinction between the two cases. What is it that induces foreigners to supply us with port and claret? The answer is obvious:—We either send directly to Portugal and France *an equivalent in British produce*, or we send such equivalent, in the first place, to South America for bullion, and then send that bullion to the Continent to pay for the wine. And hence it is as clear as the sun at noonday, that the Englishman who drinks only French wine, who eats only bread made of Polish wheat, and who wears only Saxon cloth, gives, by occasioning the exportation of a corresponding amount of British cotton, hardware, leather, or other produce, the same encouragement to the industry of his countrymen, that he would were he to consume nothing not immediately produced at home. A quantity of port-wine and a quantity of Birmingham goods are respectively of the same value; so that, whether we directly consume the hardware, or having exchanged it for the wine, consume the latter, in so far as the employment of British labour is concerned, it is altogether indifferent."*

From these explanations, it will be observed that it is immaterial what is given in exchange for imported goods—whether money or native produce. At the same time, it must be understood that if money is given, there must exist some active industry in the country by which the money is realised. As a general question in commerce, it is of no consequence what is the nature of the industry by which the money is produced. It may consist in the raising of superabundant crops, or other raw produce for exportation, or of manufacturing raw and comparatively valueless materials into articles of value and demand, or of carrying goods from one country to another. Unless a country possess one or more of these branches of industry, it is without the means of paying for imported articles, and must retire from the field of general commerce. England is not of sufficiently large dimensions to export superabundant crops of grain, but it possesses in an extraordinary degree the means of manufacturing mineral and other substances into articles for exchange, and it derives no inconsiderable profit from the carrying of commodities. Its manufactured goods, therefore, pay for imports of foreign articles, including bullion or the raw material of money, and these again, in a manufactured state, are a fund for the payment of still farther imports. Thus the wealth of our country has increased.

* Dictionary of Commerce.

THE MAN ON THE MAST.

[We extract the following interesting narrative (abridged) from the Dublin University Magazine, a periodical of rising celebrity.]

The little fishing village of —— is placed on a flat neck of land, which unites a small rocky promontory with the sandy district of Fingal, and forms the point of junction of two sweeping bays that take a long curve inwards at both sides, leaving it standing far into the sea, so as to present from the distant heights the appearance of being built upon, or rather in, the water. On this rocky promontory, a small ruined chapel stands, bleak and unsheltered, to buffet as it may the force of the waves, which are occasionally swept, in long white lines of spray, completely over the roofless walls into the streets of the hamlet behind it. On the northern shore of the promontory, a small and rude pier has been constructed, and forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the few wherries, by the assistance of which the village contrives to exist, and pay the landlord for the use of the patch of barren land on which it stands.

One autumn afternoon, in the year ——, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, whilst the third stood a little in advance, and, with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather, than the hardy race of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, imparting a thoughtful cast to those of the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea-line with his eye, and threw it up for an instant, nearly closed, to the sky.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest of the party, turning to his companions, after a long and intent gaze to the eastward. "As for that cockle-shell, the Kittywake, with the young gantleman in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have hove in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their offing, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the daylight go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one; and should they miss the harbour, and the ebb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Bucker Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can tell the schooner-rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Rooney, what's she just loomed out from behind the island yonder, nor'ward of the Coffin Rocks? Picking for the water-dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, any how, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her, too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and, now I look again, she's running a point or two too much to the westward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel-head."

The signs of coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had lulled altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the little harbour. The day had been cloudless; but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with a lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually onwards towards the land, tinging the sea with a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as if touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far-off sails of some of the fishing-boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

At last, something seemed to flit past so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea-bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build, had shot to the westward of all the other boats, under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the back-water at the bottom of the harbour. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out of her into the water, and taking her under the thwarts, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the beach towards the sailors.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signal from one of the party, and took charge of the boat. The amateurs were dressed in loose white shirts and trousers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement, and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and heightened the colour on their sunburnt cheeks, it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success, and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a topic for conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Alas! how different the lot of many a hardy youth who surmounted the same peril, with the same relish for enjoyment.

We will follow the party which had just landed to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly-looking personages, with ruddy faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of everything else.

[While engaged in the festivities of the dining-hall, one of the party, a young physician, was called suddenly away, and, following him, we arrive at a very different scene.]

The night was fearfully tempestuous, and pitchy dark; the rain swept down in torrents, and our poor Esculapius drew a hard breath between his teeth, and shuddered to his toes, as, wrapped in a muffler and dreadnought coat, he found himself in the open air, hurrying forward, led by a strange man, and totally unable to see anything but the false glare of light which remained at the back of his eyes after their long gaze at the dining-room fire. It was not until he had ascertained that all his mufflings were adjusted, and his coat-collar brought as near his hat as was consistent with leaving any of his face out, that he thought of asking the particulars relative to the nature of the call upon him beyond the "Where is it?" of the first moment. The answer to his query was gruff enough.

"Only some bodies cast ashore; we don't know from what ship, and one of them, the officer says, has a bit of life in it yet. A decent looking woman, too, and young enough to be worth saving."

The doctor hurried on, stumbling and splashing at every step. Their way lay at first through the avenue of the demesne; but, on passing the gate, the guide, who was a fisherman of the neighbourhood, and in his capacity of smuggler—a profession very commonly found united to the former—knew the by-ways at least as well as the high-ways, struck into the fields; and, as the disciple of Galen began to regain his sight, he could just distinguish that his course was directed towards that side of the promontory of the Chapel-head which lay farthest from the village of ——.

[At length, arriving upon the shore, the doctor was ushered into the midst of a party of the coast-guard, commanded by an officer.]

"Ah, doctor! a little too late, I fear. I knew those young fellows would have you up at —— house, so I got a hand to go for you—with some difficulty, I assure you. My own men I could not send off duty, and the rest, you see, expect to come in for share of what's going; and, I believe, they'd suffer their grandmother to drown by inches, ere they'd allow a bale of goods thrown up by one wave to be swallowed by the next, without a scramble for it. They've landed their cargo from some vessel sooner than they expected, poor devils; and here we are collected to take charge of it, without their leave. All drowned, I fear, doctor. A body or two already ashore. One woman is up there at the lime-kiln, and you shall have a look at her, for I think there's a spark left."

So saying, he gave his load into the hands of his men, and strode on before the physician, towards the building which the latter had seen, and which proved to be another of the deserted lime-kilns frequent in the neighbourhood, and which was not more than a score of yards off the spot he had reached.

"Come, my lads," exclaimed the officer, as he entered among them; "make room for the doctor. He's in for the inquest at all events. Make way, and fetch over a light."

In an instant the physician was on his knees beside a sort of litter made of coats, while a man held over his head a brand taken up from the fire, and which, as it flickered and flashed, showed the apparently lifeless form of a woman. Some of her dripping clothes had been removed; coats, &c., had been wrapped round her; she had been chafed, and a drop or two of spirits applied to her lips, but hitherto with no effect.

"She must be removed at once to a house," said the physician, after examining her attentively for a few moments. "Nothing can be done till that is accomplished;" and he rose from his knees.

"We cannot leave our duty, sir," they replied; "and there is no one else here but this fisherman. The folks below have something else to think of, and the nearest cabin is half a mile off, at the least."

"Well, this man and I can take her there between us. It is the only chance for her life."

He set at once about devising as convenient a way of removing her as possible. The promise of a reward out of his own pocket bought the services of the greedy peasant; and they were, in a short time, once again travelling in company, though with a cumbersome addition to their party. Hard they worked that night, the volunteer and the mercenary, bearing their senseless burden through the swampy fields, and over the slippery fosses in the storm: and late it was when their loud knocking at the door roused the peasant and his family from their labour-rooked slumbers.

It is needless to detail the alarm at first; the surprise, and then the ardent compassion of these poor cottagers. By those who know the superstitious timidity, and the boundless hospitality of the lower classes of the Irish, the succession of these feelings is understood at once; to those who do not, a description sufficiently concise for the present purpose would scarcely be satisfactory.

The *body*, as it may be called, was deposited on the only bed, warm from the occupation of the family; the few turf ashes were blown up, and replenished with fresh fuel, and all the additional bedding of the house (scanty enough, to be sure) collected and heated to envelope the limbs of the stranger. The poor woman herself, with that peculiar alertness and shrewdness of management commonly met with amongst the peasantry of that secluded and primitive district, set herself to strip the clinging habiliments from the cold and senseless form on the bed, and to chafe and dry it ere she re-involved it in the coarse but well-aired garments she had collected for the purpose. Life not being extinct, these efforts, under the judicious superintendence of the physician, produced at last their effect, and it was with real pleasure he saw the lids unclose from the eyes of an interesting looking female, apparently under the middle age, and in appearance somewhat above the common class. [By the use of proper remedies, this unfortunate being continued gradually to recover strength and consciousness.]

In the morning, meantime, a considerable assemblage of persons had been collected on the shore, consisting (besides the coast-guard) principally of the country people, although two or three of the nearer gentry, to whose ears tidings of the wreck had already reached, were of the number. The morning was clear and bright; the sun was fast ascending towards the horizon; but the weight of the north-easter was still rushing in, might and main, marking the surface of the water with white foam, and throwing the breakers upon the shore with tremendous fury.

Farther still, and just beyond the curl of the shoaling water, it was evident a vessel had sunk in the night, for there were two masts, by this time perfectly discernible, standing up almost perpendicularly, immersed about as far as the tops, as they are technically termed; that is, the broad framework which affords footing at the junction of the mast and top-mast. Of these, the foretops, being lower than the other, were rather below the level of the sea, but the maintops were above it, and on these the outlines of *four* human figures could be seen with tolerable distinctness by a spectator on the beach, standing out against the moving stay, although so little raised above the water as to be partially immersed by every wave as it swept past.

As soon as ever this had been ascertained by those on land, there had been a cry for a boat. The three sailors already mentioned were the first to volunteer their services; and it was with a view to completing their crew that two of them had gone to Lynch's cabin, while the third went northward across a neck of land to the little pier of ——, close to which their yawl lay high and dry. The greater part of the gazers from the top of the cliff had followed in the direction of the projected launch; but the officer of the coast-guard, an experienced seaman, remained with his men at their original station, occasionally raising his glass to his eye, and taking a narrow survey of the mast and those clinging to it; but when spoken to about the boat, and the chance of getting them off, he only shook his head, and looked up sagaciously to windward, without saying a word.

He had just shut up his glass, and slung it once more in its leathern case behind him, when the unhappy creature he had assisted to save the night before, came running wildly up, her hair floating behind her, her face ashy pale, and all the intenseness of fearful inquiry in its expression. Breathless and agitated, she could not at first say a word, but looked frenziedly back and forward along the horizon, the rapidity of her gaze preventing her from catching the object she was in search of. At last she

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gained utterance, and cried, "Oh, sir; where are they? Where are they? Show me them, for God's sake! Oh, show me them!" and she clasped her hands before him.

"Look over that black rock there, about a quarter of a mile off shore, and you'll see the masts. I doubt whether you can make out what's on them, though."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and ran her glance more slowly in the direction pointed out, and at length screamed, "Yes, yes, that's our ship; there she is, and people on the mast. Oh, who are they? For God's sake tell me, sir, is *he* there?"

"Don't know, ma'am, indeed. Can't well see yet who's there. Besides, I don't know the person you speak of that I'm aware of. Not likely he and I should be acquainted."

"Oh! look, look, sir! take the glass, or give it me. He's tall, sunburnt, with blue jacket. Oh, you can't mistake him!"

"Here, my lads," said the officer to his men, "unstrap this spy-glass and hand it to me."

They unbuckled it from the back of their superior, where it had been slung; and when he had received it at their hands, he commenced leisurely to place it at its focus, while the poor woman continued to watch him with agonised impatience.

"Oh, look! for the love of heaven, sir, look, and tell me what you see!"

"Why, ma'am, as well as I can see, there are four men holding on, and a boy, I think, besides, on the other mast; but of this I can't be altogether certain, for the sea washes over him, and it's only now and then I catch a glimpse of him. By George, there's one of the men off! Ha!" he continued, looking through his glass, "I caught him that moment on the top of a wave. He is close to the other mast. No doubt he will make for it, if he has strength, now that he has been swept off the mainmast; but he will hardly have so good a berth of it there, I expect, as the tops are below water. He's at it, by Jove—no, gone again; and the boy's off, too. My God, they'll not hold out much longer, any of them!"

"Oh, don't say so!" cried the woman. "What are the men on the mast like? Look, sir, look, and tell me, I beseech of you! What colour is their dress?"

"They're not down yet, though," continued the officer, without heeding her, and still looking. "There they were both together on a wave that time—a strong fellow that, to stand against such a sea—by Jove, he has hold of the boy; and, as I'm a living man, it was to save him he quitted the mainmast; and there he is now swimming back to it! Now that there's more light, I can see that he's a stout young fellow, and the biggest of them all."

"That's he, that's he, I knew it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "my generous, noble Henry; who is there to save him? who will go out to him? Oh, sir, is there no boat here? I'll go out myself with any one!" and the distracted woman caught the arms of the officer.

"Why, ma'am, they're gone off already to launch one for trying the thing; but I've my doubts if they'll get through the surf—however, they'll try."

[One of the fishermen's boats was launched, and manned by four intrepid men, but on approaching the *bar* off the promontory, it was capsized by a dreadful wave and dashed in pieces, the men barely escaping with their lives.]

This event, discouraging in itself, was fraught with fateful consequences to others. Five human beings there were—alone in the midst of the winds and waves, and unconscious of what had been attempted—whose only earthly chance for deliverance seemed cut off for ever by that accident.

At the lime-kiln, the chief officer of the coast-guard was joined in the meantime by several individuals, whose curiosity had got the better of their chilliness.

As the tide rose, each hour saw the mast lightened of its human burden. One soul more was swept into eternity—body after body was washed ashore, and the wretched creature, who had returned to the cliff, and now watched them drifted successively in, was still satisfied that each, though well known, was not that of her beloved. The day, as it advanced, enabled her to see him distinctly—to mark his effort to preserve himself and his companions—his lashing the boy to the mast by a piece of loose rope, suspended to which, however, he expired early—his apparent sufferings from cold—his anxious and imploring looks towards the shore, and more than once the tokens of his supplications in the lifting of his hands to heaven. Much of this she could see herself from the station she had resumed at the lime-kiln, and much of it she gained by report from the officer, whose glass seemed the interpreter of her destinies.

She had not long been placed thus, when a dog, of the French poodle breed, was seen struggling up the steep cliff, occasionally stopping to shake the water from its long curly hair; and as soon as it had reached the top, it ran directly to where the woman was sitting, and began to jump upon her with the most extravagant marks of delight. She sprung up, seized the little animal in her arms, and covered it with caresses, and at length burst into an agony of tears. It had evidently called her mistress, and had probably floated ashore on some piece of the wreck without being observed by the persons on shore, and now rejoiced one of its owners with its safety. But the force of instinct told the animal that in its rejoicing it had a duty to perform; and no sooner did its mistress put it down from her arms, than it began to jump round her, to pull at her dress, to run to the brink of the cliff and look out to sea, and then run back with a greater show of eagerness, and go through the same energetic dumb-show again.

She had watched the struggles and agony of the shipwrecked man himself, and retained some possession of herself in the midst of her despair; but this was too much for her. She rushed frantically towards the precipitous pathway which led to the beach, and would in all probability have hurried down and plunged into the breakers in her frenzy, had she not been laid hold of by the bystanders and forced back to her old place, and the dog secured in the hands of one of the coast-guard.

Before mid-day, but one human being remained on the mast; and that was he to whom her existence clung. He appeared nearly worn out, the rising tide immersed him still more frequently and fearfully beneath the waves, and it was plain to see that he could not hold out much longer.

[The young gentlemen from —— house, unknown to their friends, now pushed off in their small boat from the pier, in the direction of the mast.]

A shout, lengthened and renewed, showed that the common people were ready to do justice to the generous heroism of their superiors. Who, indeed, could withhold at such a moment his tribute of heartfelt admiration at the conduct of those noble young spirits, who, when the stoutest heart quailed, and the strongest boat was deemed insufficient, had manned their slight and fragile craft, and braved in her the fate which the more experienced fishermen had so nearly met in the morning! They had *succeeded*, moreover, for the great danger was passed, the *bar* having been surmounted before they came into view, and they had now only the long swell of the deep sea to encounter. There they were, the four slender forms straining steadily and gracefully over their oars, their white shirts bright in the sun, while the youngest of the three sailors of the preceding evening, although one of those who had so narrowly escaped in the morning, sat in her stern. They had drawn off from the crowd, it was supposed, according to a preconcerted arrangement, as soon as ever the officer's opinion had been pronounced, and had hastened unperceived away to launch their boat out of reach of the officious interference of the multitude.

The only question now was, whether the solitary being on the mast had strength to hold out till they should arrive there; and it was a fearful interest that was now experienced by the whole assembly of spectators, as they saw the straining of the crew in the distance, and observed at the same time that the poor man was growing weaker and weaker, and, besides, did not see the succour that was so near him.

The distance of the Kitty-wake from the spectators was at first too great to allow of much more being distinguished than that it was *she*, and that she was manned in the manner described. The steersman showed his judgment by keeping well out to sea, and as close as possible to the wind, so that they might not only ride drier and easier, but be able to drop down alongside of the mast, rather than have to strain up to it. In this way they would find it easier to render assistance to the man upon it, and be themselves less exhausted in any exertion they would have to make in doing so. The object of their endeavonrs was every moment in a more critical situation. The gradual rising of the tide, and, as was supposed, the settling down of the vessel, had brought the sea up so as to cover the secure footing in the tops entirely, and he was now forced to depend for his whole support upon the rope which still adhered to the top-mast, and even so, every wave which happened to rise above the rest, swept over his head. As each subsided, the eyes of the people on shore confidently looked to see the mast relieved from the grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore, would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colours of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff, which had pushed boldly out to seaward, had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look round in the direction of the sound. He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him!

"Yes!" cried the agonised woman, "he sees them! Look, there he attempts to wave his hand over his head! God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—there—another wave has washed over him! Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men!—*his* life, *our* lives, depend on you!"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers, were to be heard on all sides—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless, and the good owner of —— house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a few boats' length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamour and confusion, become gradually stiller and more still. As they come up, every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side, for the purpose of grappling the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over the top of it, sweeping back the boat some yards; and when it receded, and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immoveable. Another moment, and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat.

"Hurra! hurra!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr ——, of —— house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waved his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank, and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbour beach again, ready to receive the triumphant adventurers, at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land, and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground. The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—*dead!*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LADIES' DRESS.

Only a few out of the great number of ladies one chances to see in the street, seem to dress with any regard to a correct standard of taste. First, as to the colours of their attire, they appear to have no idea of a harmony or agreeable assemblage of tints. You will observe a lady, for example, dressed in a blue silk bonnet garnished with a red flower, a scarlet shawl daubed with green spots, and gown of some neutral tint, but marked strongly with pink and purple streaks. The object in dressing in this guise, would seem to be the bringing together as many staring colours as possible—a bit of blue, red, green, yellow, pink, orange, or any thing else which will make a dash and look pretty. *Pretty* is the only standard; a pretty bonnet, a pretty shawl, a pretty gown, &c.; let it be only pretty, and that is quite enough. Thus, when things are bought separately, although each may look tolerably well by itself, the whole will probably make up a most fantastic assemblage of colours, and really render the wearer ridiculous. If we should be permitted to offer an advice upon the very delicate matter of a lady's dress, we should, by all means, recommend the adoption of simple, not flashy, colours. A high-toned colour is always dangerous: it may be quite at variance with the complexion, and at least cannot easily be suited to other parts of the attire. Ladies of a swarthy complexion should on no account attempt blues, lavenders, or any other violent colours; the most suitable or *becoming* for them, are whites, or any of the broken light tints. Sky-blue and pea-green are the most trying colours which can be worn. We have been told by manufacturers that they prepare dresses of certain colours for certain towns. In one place there is a demand for high-coloured goods, and in another these goods could scarcely find a purchaser, but the demand would be nearly all for neutral tints; in other words, the ladies, in one, exercise a coarse indiscriminate taste, and in the other, they are more refined in judgment.

The next point worth hinting at, though, after all, it is not of the least use, is the very small degree of taste exercised in making the dress suitable to the figure. The standard followed in this department is mere fashion. It is quite amusing to see how this ideal standard of perfection is worshipped, and how it drags its poor worshippers after it. Be a lady tall or short, lean or dumpy, she must dress herself exactly like her neighbours, no matter what be their stature or figure. A short woman, of course, should dress in such a manner as would seemingly add to her height, and not wear flounces, which only help to make her look more short. But if it be fashionable to surround the gown with flounces, then flounces the poor little dumpy woman must of course put on in all their plenitude. If, on the other hand, the lady be somewhat too tall, and would wish to shorten her appearance, she finds her case equally irremediable, in consequence of a peculiarity in the fashion for the time being. The lady who is already too broad across the shoulders, must make herself still more broad, by means of a pair of huge sleeves, which project like a pair of balloons. But if the fashion suddenly change, and a narrow-shouldered lady wish to keep up the reign of broad sleeves, she is compelled to retrench their exuberance, and submit to the new order of things. Again, a leader of fashion, with the view of covering a pair of bad ankles, sets the fashion of long gowns trailing in the mud, and all ladies at once lengthen their skirts, and trail their gowns in the mud also. No matter how absurd is the taste set by this ideal being, the leader of fashion; it is sure to be followed with all convenient speed. One or two cunning London milliners, in conjunction with a lady of ton—generally a young lady of some consequence just come out—have it in their power, by a magic whisk of their needle, to set any fashion they please. To the command of these nameless and mercenary female traders, the lady population of the united kingdom yield a ready and expensive obedience. Whether the order be to lengthen or shorten, to widen or narrow, the attire, it is punctually obeyed. A few may grumble at the change, but the change *is* made. Oh, ladies, ladies, how much your fate is to be commiserated!

NEW METHOD OF HANGING BELL-WIRES.

For some years there has been a practice of hanging bell-wires in houses, which seems to be known in few parts of the country, for we have seen it only in Edinburgh, and one or two other places. Instead of

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causing the wires to go along beneath the cornices and cross partitions, and passages, till they reach the bells which they are designed to pull, a plan is followed by which not a single wire is seen in any of the rooms in the house. From the top of the bell-pull in each apartment, the wire is carried straight upward in a small tin tube, sunk in the plaster, to the vacancy below the slates: here the wires from the whole house meet, and in a body descend in a tube to their respective bells. By this means, each wire has only two cranks, or at most three, in its entire course; all boring of partitions is avoided; and the appearance of rooms is considerably improved. This is one of the most useful of recent improvements in house architecture.

JAMES SMITH AND HIS WRITINGS.

"Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, of the late James Smith, Esq., one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' edited [in two volumes] by his brother Horace Smith,"* enable us to say something of one of the most admired humorous writers of the immediately past age. We presume that a large portion of our readers are acquainted with "the Rejected Addresses," so happy as a series of imitations of the principal writers of thirty years back, and are aware that it was written by the two brothers James and Horace Smith, the former of whom, deceased last year, is the subject of the work under our notice. The other writings of Mr Smith were entirely fugitive: he contributed to periodical works, helped theatrical friends with *jeux d'esprit*, and so forth; and it was therefore right that his surviving brother should have collected the best of these, together with a selection of his letters, into a pair of light volumes, prefaced by a memoir of the author.

Mr Smith, the eldest son of an eminent solicitor in London, was born in that city in 1775. He received the greater part of his education in the Rev. Mr Burford's school at Chigwell, where his taste for literary reading was first awakened by an accidentally found copy of Hoole's Ariosto. In mature life, he often visited Chigwell, and wandered "over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. The whole of the surrounding scenery, every picturesque view, 'each alley green and bosky bourne,' nay, every individual field and tree, remained so firmly pictured upon his mind, that he could immediately detect the smallest alteration that had taken place since his first arrival at the school. Not even the many and growing infirmities of his later years were suffered to interfere with these visits. To the spots whither a horse or a carriage could not carry him he hobbled upon crutches, and thus contrived to reach the secluded nook, or the sequestered stream, where he had read or bathed upwards of fifty years before."

Reared by his father to his own profession, he succeeded him in business, and in the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance; but he was too much a natural-born son of the comic muse, to allow himself to be at any time absorbed in professional pursuits. His earliest pieces in prose and verse were contributions to a newspaper, started in 1802, under the name of the Pic-Nic. Here, amongst his associates, were Mr Croker, Mr Cumberland, and Sir James Bland Burgess. The editor was Mr Coombe, the eccentric author of "Dr Syntax," who resided at this time, and had done so for many years, in the rules of the King's Bench. We are told that "to accommodate the latter gentleman, the weekly meetings at Hatchard's did not take place till night, which afforded the indispensable protection of darkness to the worthy editor." In the Pic-Nic, Mr Smith wrote satirical poems on Bonaparte, colloquies discussing modern plays, and a series of light playful papers descriptive of society and manners, under the title of "Endymion the Exile." For Mr Cumberland, Mr Smith afterwards contributed to the London Review, and helped to write prefaces for a collection of plays which appeared under the name of the veteran dramatist. He also wrote for the "Monthly Mirror," which then belonged to Mr Thomas Hill, still a well-known enjoyer of life in the metropolis. Here appeared the imitations by himself and brother, which afterwards took the form of a volume entitled "Horace in London."

This brings us to the year 1812, in October of which year the new Drury Lane Theatre was to be opened. Six weeks before the event, a casual hint from Mr Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the two witty brothers the composition of "The Rejected Addresses," or a series of humorous addresses for the opening of the house, professedly composed by the principal writers of the day, and offered in competition for the prize held out by the directors. The two wits immediately arranged what writers they were respectively to imitate: Horace went to Cheltenham, executed his portion of the task, and returned to town a few days before the opening, when each submitted his papers to the other for any erasures or improvements that might appear requisite. The little volume in which they were published had an unexampled success, having run through sixteen editions in seven years. Mr Murray, to whom the copyright had been at first offered for twenty pounds, bought it after the sixteenth edition for £131. We find that some of our favourite pieces were written by James, as for instance the imitations of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Byron, and Cobbett. Was ever ordinary language put so easily or fluently into verse as in the first of these articles, where little Miss Lake describes the consequences of her revenge on Brother Jack's top?—

> "Aunt Sarah heard the window break,
> And cried, 'Ah, naughty Nancy Lake,
> Thus to distress your aunt!
> No Drury Lane for you to-day:'
> And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'
> Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'
>
> My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
> Came in at six to black the shoes,
> (I always talk to Sam)," &c.

We find, by the way, that James indulged in an idea that every family in the united kingdom has an aunt Sarah, whom they are sure to send for "when there is any misery afloat, but are sadly apt to overlook when matters go on smooth." It might have been supposed that the great sale of the Addresses would have made both the book and its authors very celebrated: but no—"James would humorously illustrate the limited and ephemeral nature of fame by an incident that happened to himself in a Brighton coach. An old lady, struck with his extraordinary familiarity with things and people, at length burst forth, 'And pray, sir, you who seem to know every body, pray, may I ask who you are?' 'James Smith, ma'am.' This evidently conveying nothing to her mind, a fellow-passenger added, 'One of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.' The old lady stared at them by turns, and then quietly said, 'I never heard of the gentleman or the book before.'"

The friends of Mr Smith entertained a high sense of his general abilities. Lady Blessington remarked that, if he had not been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation. It was the opinion of those who saw him nearly, that his better powers remained unemployed, in consequence of his succeeding so easily as a writer of "comic miscellanies," and his thereby gaining that place in society which suited his gentlemanly tastes and good-humoured social character. After this period, therefore, he made no decisive effort in any literary walk. What he afterwards wrote was only on the spur of the moment, and to gratify individuals who solicited his aid. Amongst these was the late Mr Mathews, for whom he composed the entertainments styled the *Country Cousins*, the *Trip to France*, *Air Ballooning*, and the *Trip to America*. Mathews, who was a liberal and generous man, gave the author a thousand pounds, to which circumstance the latter rarely alluded without shrugging up his shoulders, and saying, "A thousand pounds for nonsense!" But it was nonsense which gave pleasure and relief to vast numbers of minds, and perhaps was not unworthy of its price. In Mathews's opinion, "Smith was the only man who could write clever nonsense." He also contributed pretty abundantly to the New Monthly Magazine: the series in that work entitled "Grimm's Ghost," and a great number of lively lyrics, were from his pen. "A cheerful, pleasant, effervescing spirit" animates all these compositions.

The ordinary life of Smith, notwithstanding his being engaged in business, was much that of "a gentleman about town." He was fond of theatrical amusements, and a regular haunter of green-rooms and rehearsals. He enjoyed an extensive circle of acquaintance, "including many of his contemporaries the most distinguished for virtues, talents, and rank." In that society he was a first-rate favourite, on account of his lively and entertaining conversation, and his benignant character. He had other engaging qualifications—"a dignified and manly figure, much beauty and animation of countenance, singularly fascinating manners, the charm of a comic vocalist, and a merry laugh that would extort a sympathising echo from the most phlegmatic hearer." He never entered into argument, and never lost his temper. His conversation comprehended the droll anecdote, the apt illustration, the shrewd remark, as well as the pun and witticism. "His was not the sly, sneering, sarcastic humour, that finds most pleasure in the *bon-mot* that gives the most pain to others; nor was it of that dry, quiet character which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good nature; by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank hearty cachinnation that showed his own enjoyment of them." He was thoroughly a Londoner. Though sometimes he would go into the country to visit, yet London was the home of his heart. He used to observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter. He concurred with Dr Mosely that in the country "one is always maddened with the noise of nothing." He used to relate with great glee a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library, at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements."

Smith had been all his life a temperate man; yet he sunk at length into a miserably gouty state, losing the use and even the form of his limbs. He bore the evil with exemplary fortitude, and, having always disliked people who made their sorrows obtrusive on others, he took care that no one should be annoyed by his; so he shut himself up with his old faithful housekeeper, and died without troubling anybody. In his last years, he formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr Torre Holme and his wife, who reside at Sheere near Guilford, and to this amiable pair he wrote frequently. The letters form a very delightful portion of the present work, full of his usual lively prattle, and at the same time presenting reflections befitting the old man who "knew that he must die." One or two select bits may be extracted here.

"Should the greatest of calamities befall you—the loss of one of your children (which Heaven avert)—I would, at the summons of you or your husband, visit you in your affliction; not to assuage your grief (a vain effort), but to alleviate by partaking of it. Such would have been my conduct, had I known you when deprived of Florence. I know that the hackneyed topics of consolation—viz. 'Time only can alleviate, impious to murmur, gone to a better place,' &c.—only add fuel to the fire. My course would be the direct reverse. I should dwell with melancholy pleasure on the merits of the departed, and agree with you that the affair was altogether beyond consolation.

> 'As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
> To make the cure complete.'

What wonders time achieves! There was a period when you would have received as an insult an intimation that you could ever, after that bereavement, feel a moment of happiness; and notwithstanding our experience of his emollient powers, we continue to think that if certain calamities should now befall us, we should never more taste of felicity. Charles Fox was said to be a man of expanded benevolence. His love, like gold beaten by the limner, covered a large number, and thus clothed no individual cordially. Which of the extremes is best?—that adopted by him, or the concentration of our affections upon one? I should say the latter, but it is a fearful experiment."

"I dined yesterday with ——, at Ivy Cottage, Fulham, a beautiful retreat in the Swiss fashion. B—— and I went together. During our journey, he communicated to me the following strange story. A young, talented, and handsome married woman, whom he would only designate as Camilla, called upon him relative to an engagement on the stage. She had every requisite. B—— strongly advised her against it, telling her that its various horrors would be insuperable to a gentlewoman. She had, it appeared, a brute of a husband, from whom she had separated herself. She one day called upon B——, and seeing on the mantelpiece a phial marked 'poison,' asked him if he could help her to some slow poison. She appeared learned upon that head, mentioning a slow poison known ages ago as *toffonia*, and alluding to Madame Brinvilliers, who had destroyed several persons by that mode. He of course said that he could not accommodate her. Being, upon reflection, prevailed upon to forego her design of going upon the stage, she was induced to return to her husband. Her last letter to B—— was written at the bedside of her husband, who, she said, was suffering under a *slow* and consuming illness. Not long ago, an elderly lady in black called upon B——, calling herself the mother of Camilla, and earnestly requesting to know whether he was acquainted with the place of her daughter's retreat; adding that her husband had died, and that Camilla had thereupon suddenly absconded! B—— assured her (with truth) that he was quite ignorant upon the subject. Is not this a strange narrative! and does it not appear very probable that Camilla had administered *toffonia*, and, frightened at what she had done, had made a rapid retreat into obscurity!"

In a series entitled "Kit Kat Sketches," we have been much amused by a paper condemnatory of old heads upon young shoulders, and particularly by one illustration of the monstrosity, which we shall here take leave to extract, although it has been published before.

"The mental exception is one Smedley Jones, lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game on his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philonomic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simpers; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone: criticises the new law courts; wears lead-coloured gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence when the Court of Exchequer pronounces a judgment, by way of encouraging the three puisne barons; and carries his pantaloons to his tailor's in a blue bag, that they may pass for briefs. There is a lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Consol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is, that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property appertaining to certain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact, that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones, upon his toes in walking—waltzes with every thick-ankled girl that would otherwise be a wallflower for the whole evening—looks benevolently downward upon his own cheeks—sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club—he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Plutus through the temple of Hymen.

* Colburn, London.

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It is quite edifying to meet Smedley Jones at a dinner-party. The first thing he does, on entering the drawing-room, is to take up a book with an air of no common sagacity. If it happen to be Woodstock, he smiles with an aspect of compassionate disdain, and informs the bystander that he objects to historical novels, and that he prefers going to the fountain-head, as Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Upon the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, he takes a seat by her on the sofa; but so near to its edge, that the slightest backward movement of that article of furniture would seat him where he ought to be. He smoothes down the sand-coloured hair of the matron's accompanying offspring with an air of ineffable interest; inquires after dear Charles; hopes to see sweet little Emma; and ejaculates, 'Oh, pray now,' when mamma expresses a doubt as to her appearance. He then talks of the sea as beneficial to children, and recommends Worthing, because it has no cliff.

When dinner is announced, Smedley Jones looks sharply round for some female whose spine rather swerves from the perpendicular, aware that heiresses are seldom straight-backed, tucks her lean arm under his, and manœuvres to sit next to her at table. Whilst in the act of descending the stairs, our proprietor of an old head upon young shoulders takes due care that the tongue which vibrates in the mouth of it shall ejaculate, 'What a capital house this is!" in accents sufficiently loud to be overheard by the master or mistress of the mansion. He dilutes his wine with water, to adapt it to his conversation; and enlarges upon the folly of the maxim, 'a reformed rake makes the best husband.' I have heard him tell, nineteen times over, the anecdote of his uncle Major Flush, who, thirty years back, at a dinner with Sir Phelim O'Four-bottle, poured his claret into his boots, aware that they would stand a soaking better than the coats of his stomach. This gives Mr Smedley Jones an opportunity of observing how different things are at present; with an addition, that one glass of wine at dinner, and two after it, should never be exceeded by any man who wishes to render himself acceptable to the ladies.

Mr Jones belongs to a society for converting Captain Parry's Esquimaux, at the North Pole, from the errors of their ways. I have this fact from his own mouth, having had the misfortune to sit next but one to him at dinner, at old Spinsuit's, the Chancery barrister. The intervening individual was Miss Creek, of Upper Clapton, a white-visaged personage, whom the above-mentioned lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Office has introduced to his acquaintance. I rather think Spinsuit has been instructed to peruse and settle their marriage articles. Miss Creek having retired with the rest of the ladies, my left flank was cruelly exposed. The old headsman accordingly brought his juvenile left shoulder forward, and occupied the vacant seat. He asked me if I did not think the Esquimaux at the North Pole 'dark heathens:' I answered, not entirely so, because their whale blubber supplied them with oil for lamps. Mr Smedley Jones stared at this, and added, that his meaning was that they were poor unenlightened wanderers. I rejoined, 'True, but that's Apollo's fault!'

Finding that he had a neighbour who was not to be dealt with metaphorically, Mr Smedley Jones changed his course, and began to dilate upon his family affairs, and informed me that his brother George was a clerk in the Post-Office, whose he expressed a hope that Mr Freeling would push him. Finding, upon inquiry, that his brother George lodged at the last house in Cecil Street, which overlooks the sand-bank of the river Thames, I answered, 'I hope he will.' I was then informed that Mr Smedley Jones's brother Richard was a clerk in the brewhouse of Sweetwort and Company; the junior partner of which establishment, 'sitting under the same minister' at Hoxton, had promised to push him. Finding that Sweetwort and Company were celebrated for their large vat, I again said, 'I hope they will,' which procured for me one of those amiable chin-dropping bows which I have already depicted.

'For myself,' continued my juvenile companion with the antique bust, 'I have a clerk who is a cousin to one of the judges, who goes the home circuit next assizes; he knows something of the high sheriff, and that kind-hearted and noble personage (Mr Smedley Jones is not sparing of adjectives to benefactors in esse or in posse) has promised to push me'—'Neck and heels out of court into the High Street,' thought I, 'or his javelin-man will not be of my mind.'

A Captain Smithers, with a dull eye and a drawling voice, now offered his snuff-box to Mr Smedley Jones; this the latter declined, with another of those amiable bows to which I have faintly endeavoured to do justice; and turning to me, observed that snuff-taking was a bad habit for a young man. 'At all events,' answered I, 'he should wear a bad habit, or Scotch rappee will make it one.' 'Not but what I carry a box myself,' continued Mr Smedley Jones, with a look that he meant for arch; 'here it is:' so saying, he pulled out of his coat-pocket an oblong box, with an amber lid. 'May I perish,' thought I, 'if it does not come from Geneva! We shall now be pestered with a regular orthodox series of quadrille tunes.'

When this machine had interrupted conversation for the usual period, and had 'said its say,' I was in hopes that we had done with it: 'But soft! by regular approach—not yet.' It was again wound up, and again set a-going, to gratify little Theobald Spinsuit, who had bolted into the dining-room in quest of an orange. These little attentions gratify mothers, and are apt to procure the perpetrator a second invitation to dinner.

There now ensued a regular struggle between Mr Smedley Jones's tongue and my taciturnity. He is one of those civil young men who must speak to their neighbours, whether they have any thing to communicate or not. I was accordingly asked what I thought of the Catholic Question. I had entertained no thoughts upon the subject. 'Indeed!' was the reply. The next interrogatory to which I was subjected, was, 'Who was the author of Junius?' I protested that I had never given the matter a moment's reflection. This, however, did not stop the subject; and I was condemned to listen to the usual harangue, with the words 'Sir Philip Francis,' 'Lord Chatham,' 'Lord Shelburn,' 'bound copy at bankers,' and 'tall man at letter-box,' all which topics were by me, jointly and severally, returned *ignoramus*.

Mr Smedley Jones's battery here suffered a momentary pause: whereupon 'thinks I to myself,' now for my turn! 'Since nature has clapped an old head upon his young shoulders, art shall insert a young head between my old ones. Fifty-one shall start the topics which twenty-one ought to have discussed.' Accordingly, I asked Mr Smedley Jones, to his no small dismay, what he thought of Mrs Humby's Cherry Ripe and the Lover's Mistake! I took it for granted that he had seen Paul Pry on horseback at Astley's amphitheatre. I animadverted upon Madame Pasta's Medea: was sorry that Signora Garcia had picked up a Yankee husband: wondered why Potier came to the French theatre in Tottenham Street; and asked him if he could tell me what had become of Delia.

It is thus that extremes produce each other. If twenty-one monopolises all the sense at the dinner-table, fifty-one must take to the nonsense, or hold its tongue. 'Sir,' said the moralist of Bolt-court, upon an occasion somewhat similar, 'he talked of the origin of evil, whereupon I withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb.'

I fear that Smedley Jones has by this time become almost as wearisome to the reader at second-hand as he was originally to the writer. I shall therefore conclude with this observation:—All monsters ought to be smothered; and wherever nature puts an old head upon young shoulders, the sooner the one is knocked off the other the better."

A SPECIMEN OF NATIONAL SELF-COMPLACENCY.

Amongst the people of Scotland there is a very general opinion that their mode of managing the poor is the best possible, and, in particular, vastly superior to that followed in England, where the expenditure is supposed by our countrymen to be monstrous in amount, and most pernicious to the poor themselves, as tending to take from them all motive for self-exertion. In reality, the Scottish system has but one feature—that *of giving as little as possible, and to as few poor as possible*. A parish will boast to the passing stranger that it has no poor whatever, or next to none, and that the way to bring about this result is to give the poor no encouragement. Those who make this boast do not mention that they only banish the poor into less stingy districts, where three years' residence gives them a settlement. Practically, the case is simply this, that the poor of Scotland, as far as they get any public or recognised support at all, get it in a few places, chiefly the large towns. It is amusing to observe in Scotland the horror entertained of the so-called extravagant system pursued in England, at the very time when one-half of the English newspapers are full of railings against commissioners and guardians for starving the poor. The people of Scotland appear to be in a perfect delusion upon this subject.

Two facts that have lately come to our knowledge, may be allowed to speak for themselves with the generous natures south of the Tweed. An old female servant residing in Edinburgh, totally unable to work, and who has no other dependence whatever but on the occasional kindness of one former mistress, gets from the West Church parish an out-door allowance of 2s. 6d. *monthly!* A widow, lately left as such with four children, in a parish in Peeblesshire, *where there is not one enrolled pauper*, was offered the sum of 10s. quarterly under the direction of the minister, as all that was necessary for her support!

The memoranda which follow were taken down after a conversation with an individual who had been for above forty years the schoolmaster and almoner of a pastoral parish in the south of Scotland, and who consequently speaks from an uncommonly large experience. We believe that the most perfect confidence may be placed on every particular here stated:—

"E—— is a rural parish, with a considerable village—no manufactures—population, 636. The expenditure on the poor is about L.80, partly raised by assessment. There are about twenty poor, almost all of whom have been rural labourers. The lowest sum given, and this to a single person who is able to labour a little, is 5s. in six weeks. Persons in the next degree of destitution get 7s. 6d. in six weeks. A paralytic man, in middle life, with four young children, and a wife (who, however, can work during summer at field labour, and thereby earn 10d. per day without victuals), gets at present 12s. 6d. in six weeks. The sums given are confessedly inadequate for the support of the paupers, whose lives, accordingly, are of the most comfortless kind. Generally, they are after all much indebted to private benevolence. They haunt farmers' houses, especially those where they have had any sort of connexion, and get meal, potatoes, &c., in small quantities, to help out the parish pittance.

Mr —— attributes much of the evil to the small wages of the farm-labourers. They get about L.8 or L.10 a-year, besides meal, potatoes, coal, and sometimes a cow's grass, the whole not exceeding L.25 a-year.* Their extreme poverty, and the burden of their families, which make the want of a place an evil not to be encountered, place them much at the mercy of the farmers—who, having always a free market, without competition, and being therefore much united in interest, possess great power over the destinies of any troublesome servant, no one receiving a man whom another has found any fault with. The servants are thus no better than slaves, for, though they have nominally the power to change masters, they cannot exercise it. Pinched down to wages which barely afford the most scanty means of subsistence, they can save nothing for the future. Indeed, they are so ill supplied with the means of current subsistence, that pilfering is distressingly common amongst them; and the wives of several have actually confessed to Mr ——, that, *without that resource, they could not exist*. By and bye, they become feeble, and, if they continue to live, and have not children in a condition to support them, they cannot avoid coming upon the parish."

Our informant adds that, in former times, the farm-servants had no better wages, but rather worse; but fashions were different then; and no luxury of any kind, excepting a little tobacco, was known. In these days, there was more providence perhaps; but the question may still remain, if we are entitled to expect human beings to spare from such slender resources. Now, at any rate, they know of luxuries, such as tea; consequently, there is the temptation to use them. The force of the imitative principle is proverbially strong: we cannot, then, wonder greatly at their giving way in some measure to such prevailing fashions. Mr —— remarks, that, of persons in like circumstances, some are much more liable to come to parish relief than others. There is a class who are more reflecting, steady, and self-denying than others; and these, he remarks, are also those who have the most earnest religious character.

The latter remark is worthy of some attention. In such persons, of course, the moral nature is apt to be the strongest, and this may show itself in provident habits as well as in devout feelings. But we are not assured by these circumstances, that the physical support with which such persons are content, is sufficient for them. We only know too well that the physical laws operate independently of the moral, and that the best feelings in the world will not ensure any one against the consequences of imperfect diet, or the want of the many little comforts which go to contribute to a healthy existence. Discussion, however, upon this point seems needless. Is it to be expected of any man, in a country like this, that, with an income of about L.25 per annum, he can both support a family and lay by for old age?

The sympathies of the British nation are even yet in strong action respecting the West India negroes. They little reflect that, in their own land, there is a vastly greater number of unprotected poor men, with as little of real freedom as the slaves of the Caribbean islands ever enjoyed, and who are not by one-half so well supplied with the grosser comforts of life. How ready are we to kindle at the slave-holding Carolinian and Virginian! We do not remember—for it would be to our own disadvantage—that these gentlemen at least take care that their labourers, whether in their days of strength or their days of weakness, shall want for nothing which nature requires.

* In some parishes the money wages are larger, but the cow's grass is not then given.

ANECDOTE FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

In the reign of Dom Pedro, the justice-lover, king of Portugal (says the compiler of the Causes Celebres), a prelate of high rank and standing in the kingdom chanced to take offence at some expression used towards him by a shoemaker, and caused the poor man to be assassinated. This punishment, so grievously disproportioned to the offence, was formally complained of in the ecclesiastical courts by the son of the victim; but, as might have been expected, the judges favoured their wealthy and powerful brother, and bestowed on him no heavier penalty than that of interdicting him from *saying mass* for the space of a year. The son, feeling even more aggrieved by this sentence, went to the foot of the throne, and there laid his complaint before Dom Pedro. The king was touched by compassion, and expressed that sentiment, as well as his sense of the injustice of the decision alluded to, in a way so peculiar, that the young man was encouraged to act in a most remarkable manner in consequence.

On an early day afterwards, the prelate took part in a public procession. He was clad in his full pontifical robes, and little dreamed of the fate which awaited him. The son of the murdered shoemaker had taken up his station at a point which was overlooked by the king, who, with all his court, viewed the procession from the palace windows. When the

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prelate reached the proper spot, the young man darted forward, and, with two blows of a poignard well applied, slew the priest ere any man could interpose to stop the action. Such violence, committed on an ecclesiastic of high station, caused an extraordinary sensation. The assassin was at once seized and carried before Dom Pedro, by orders of the monarch himself. As soon as the young man appeared, the king demanded how he dared to commit such a deed? "How dared that unworthy prelate to murder my father?" was the reply. "I sought justice, and it was refused to me. I believed then that it was my duty to take vengeance into my own hands." The friends of the prelate replied, that the youth had received justice, and that the prelate had been condemned to cease performance of the mass for a whole year. The king listened in silence, and then turned to the young man. "What is thy trade?" "A shoemaker," was the answer. "I then *interdict thee from making shoes for a year*, and in the interval thou shalt receive fit maintenance from the prelate's funds. This is my decree."

NEW DISCOVERIES RESPECTING THE HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mr P. F. Tytler, after distinguishing himself by various biographical works, exhibiting great research and a sweet and fluent style, commenced the publication of a history of Scotland about twelve years ago. The seventh volume, which has appeared within the last few weeks, and embraces the period between 1565 and 1574 (being the second last of the book), contains some new facts of considerable interest respecting the life of Queen Mary. These Mr Tytler has derived from documents hitherto buried in the State Paper Office.

The character of the affair of Riccio's death is now made considerably clearer than before. It sprung from two plots which had coalesced, their purpose being common; the one arose from Darnley's personal jealousy, the other from the dread which the Protestant party entertained of Riccio's influence in behalf of Romanism, and in effecting the forfeiture of the Earl of Murray and other Protestant lords, who had lately been driven as rebels from the kingdom. The parliament was to meet early in March (1566) to enact this forfeiture. About the middle of February, the murder of Riccio was arranged. The public will now learn with surprise that Queen Elizabeth was duly apprised of it, as an act favourable to her interests. More surprising still, the preachers John Knox and John Craig were amongst the actual conspirators. For this Mr Tytler does not adduce the original of the bond which the conspirators signed, but he brings forward, what is scarcely less to be trusted, a list which had been transcribed by the English ambassador and sent to Elizabeth. And not only did these men agree to the murder, but, to favour it, they appointed a general fast and humiliation to be held in the city during the week on which it was to take place, the solemnities of that occasion forming a pretext for the gathering of the partisans of the conspirators. "Directions for prayers and sermons, to be used during this week, were drawn up by Knox and the ministers, and the subjects chosen were calculated to prepare the public mind for the destructive scene about to ensue. They were selected from the Old Testament alone, and included, amongst other examples, the slaying of Oreb and Zeb, the cutting off the Benjamites, the fast of Esther, the hanging of Haman, inculcating the duty of inflicting swift and summary vengeance on all who persecuted the people of God." After the murder, when the queen unexpectedly retained her authority, Knox fled to Ayrshire, and lived there for a twelvemonth: his reasons for this act, formerly very obscure, are now made clear. What a strange impression do we receive of the age, when we find two personages otherwise so estimable as Elizabeth and Knox, concerned in so atrocious a murder as that of poor Riccio was in all its features!

Darnley's desertion of his associates, so as to leave them exposed to vengeance, was what led to his own death. These men seem to have determined that he should not escape their vengeance. It was only an accident that it also suited the convenience of the Earl of Bothwell to have Darnley destroyed. Here also the assassination was coolly covenanted. A bond was entered into, at which were the names of Bothwell, Lethington, Argyle, Huntly, and others, agreeing to stand by each other in this deed, and against its consequences. Morton was made privy to it, and it was also known to Murray, though he had the prudence to keep apart from all concern in it. Upon the whole, Mr Tytler's narrative makes it more likely than it ever seemed before to us, that Mary was aware of what was going on. She appears to have by this time contracted a passion for Bothwell—one of those infatuated attachments which human beings sometimes, though rarely, form for each other, in spite of not only the most obvious prudence but the most sacred principles. If privy to the design, the part she acted was one of most depraved hypocrisy: she must then be considered as having led the unfortunate young man like a lamb to the slaughter. One cannot but relent and pity the miserable youth, on learning that he dreaded her blandishments, but told his friend that he would go with her, "though she should murder me." On the fatal night, soon after being left by her, he retired to his bed-chamber. "Since his illness," says Mr Tytler, "there appeared to have been a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say, that he knew he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with; but from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion, and it was remarked that on this night, his last in the world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted, and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house; the page was also strangled; and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall, where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side." The wretches then blew up the house, by means of the gunpowder which they had deposited in one of the lower rooms.

The open efforts to screen Bothwell from justice, and Mary's disgraceful marriage to him, ruined her in the estimation of her subjects, as well as of the other sovereigns of Europe. At the same time, one cannot but feel equal indignation at the conduct of some of those great chiefs who now rose against her, thinking it a good opportunity to get quit of her government. These were the very men who had joined in the bond for the murder. They were as guilty as they represented her to be; but they were on the popular side in religion, and knew they were pretty safe in a hostile demonstration against objects so generally odious as Bothwell and the queen. To meet these "associated lords" she had about 4000 men. Mary and Bothwell advanced from East Lothian with 2000, and intrenched their troops in some old works on the crest of Carberry Hill. The transactions of the day were of that kind which makes history sometimes rise to the tone of the purest tragedy. We must here make a brief extract from Mr Tytler's volume.

Monsieur de Croc, the French ambassador, carried a message from her to Morton and Glencairn, "assuring them of their sovereign's disposition to pardon the past, on condition that they returned to their duty. 'We have not come here,' said Glencairn, when he heard this proposal, 'to solicit pardon for ourselves, but rather to give it to those who have offended.' 'We are in arms,' added Morton, 'not against our queen, but the Duke of Orkney [lately Earl of Bothwell], the murderer of her husband. Let him be delivered up, or let her majesty remove him from her company, and we shall yield her obedience.'

It was evident from this reply that there was little hope of peace, and the confederate lords were the more determined, as an indisposition to fight was beginning to be apparent in the royal troops, some men at that moment stealing over to the enemy. Observing this, Bothwell, who was never deficient in personal courage, rode forward, and, by a herald, sent his defiance to any one that dared arraign him of the king's murder. His gage was accepted by James Murray of Tullibardin, but Bothwell refused to enter the lists with one who was not his peer, and singled out Morton, who readily answered, that he would fight him instantly on foot and with two-handed swords. Upon this, Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, interfered. The combat, he contended, belonged of right to him, as the relative of the murdered king, and he implored the associate lords by the services he had done, and still hoped to do, that they would grant him the courtesy to meet the duke in this quarrel. It was deemed proper to humour Lindsay, and Morton presented him with his own sword, a weapon well known and highly valued, as having been once wielded by his renowned ancestor, Archibald Bell the Cat. Lindsay then proceeded to arm himself, and, kneeling down before the ranks, audibly implored God to strengthen his arm to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. Bothwell, too, seemed eager to fight; but at this critical juncture Mary interfered, and resolutely forbade the encounter.

By this time it was evident that desertion was spreading rapidly in her army, nor had her remonstrances the least effect: she implored them to advance, assured them of victory, taunted them with cowardice—but all to so little purpose, that when Grange at the head of his troops began to wheel round the hill, so as to turn their flank, the panic became general, and the queen and Bothwell were left with only sixty gentlemen and the band of hackbutters. It was the design of Grange to throw himself between Dunbar and this little force, thus cutting off Bothwell's escape, but Mary perceived it, and sent the laird of Ormiston to demand a parley. This was immediately granted; and when Grange rode forward, he assured his sovereign of their readiness to obey her, if that man who now stood beside her, and was guilty of the king's murder, were dismissed. To this she replied, that if the lords promised to return to their allegiance, she would leave the duke, and put herself in their hands. He carried this message to his brethren, and came back with a solemn assurance that on such conditions they were ready to receive and obey her as their sovereign. Hearing this, the queen, ever too credulous and apt to act on the impulse of the moment, held a moment's conversation aside with Bothwell. What passed can only be conjectured: he appeared to waver and remonstrate; but when she gave him her hand, he took farewell, turned his horse's head, and rode off the field, none of the confederates offering the least impediment. It was the last time they ever met."

A striking passage follows. Soon finding herself by no means a free agent, she broke out into reproaches, and bitterly repented her precipitation. "She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. 'By the hand,' said she, 'which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this.' Unfortunate princess! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Riccio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself."

The subsequent events are related with great spirit, and many new facts of importance are introduced. This is no proper place in which to make extensive extracts from a historical work. But one of Mr Tytler's new facts is of a nature to excite much surprise in Scotland—namely, that while the queen was confined in Lochleven, the Hamiltons, who have hitherto been looked upon as her constant friends, actually proposed to her more conspicuous enemies to have her assassinated. But, indeed, murder is the leading feature of this period of our history. There is not any character of the age so pure as not to have been in some way concerned in deliberate murder. The most politic sovereigns and ministers, the most vehement reformers of the national church, the most magnificent nobles—all are ready to shed blood, or to favour its being shed, privately, when it suited their ends to do so. It almost seems strange that so much pains should have been taken to make out Mary either innocent or guilty. When Elizabeth is found foreknowing of Riccio's murder, when Leicester is found openly counselling the killing of Mary at the Council Board of England, when every man and woman of any note in that age is found tainted with blood, it seems extremely likely that Mary was privy to Darnley's slaughter, but it is scarcely just to make her character rest on a point which, with regard to her contemporaries, is generally treated as a matter of indifference.

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE INSANE.

There is something very striking in the following description of the employments followed by the insane in the Glasgow Asylum, especially when we mentally contrast it with the accounts of *bedlams* given by the fictitious writers of the last century. Similar modes of engaging the attention of the insane are now followed with advantage at many other asylums throughout Britain, besides the excellent one at Glasgow. The following is extracted from the report of the directors for 1839, during which year the average amount of patients was 159:—

"One of the most beneficial means in the treatment of the insane, is daily occupation. This not only tends to prevent the mind from dwelling on its delusions, and thereby to lessen their intensity, but frequently puts an end to that restlessness, both of mind and body, which attends many forms of the disease. Of all the modes of employing patients so affected, bodily labour is the most advantageous, inasmuch as it not only produces the beneficial effects now adverted to, but contributes to bring the body into that state of health which is necessary for the due performance of all mental operations. It must always, however, be borne in mind, that to secure the advantages resulting from it, the patient must be free from any high excitation, or, at least, that any excitability which may exist, is only to such an extent as to admit of its being completely exhausted or subdued by labour. In the treatment of our patients we have always recognised these principles, and availed ourselves of them as far as circumstances would permit. The additional plans for the employment of our patients, as alluded to in last report, have been completed; and we have now the satisfaction to state, that we have ample means of affording work to our inmates of all classes who can in any way be thereby benefited.

In our capacious workshops, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and saddlers, may be seen diligently pursuing their avocations; while in the workrooms, laundry, and washing-house, the various operations of sewing, knitting, carding, spinning, winding, shoe-binding, washing, and dressing, are carried on with cheerfulness and alacrity. The convalescent ladies are employed not only in ornamental work, but in the benevolent occupation of making articles of dress for patients of the poorer classes. In addition to the kindly feeling thus fostered, and the benefit which full employment secures to the individuals themselves, the profits derived from the labours of all classes, may, in addition to other advantages, enable us very beneficially to augment our present library, without trenching on the funds of the institution. Among all classes of our patients who are in a calm or convalescent state, we find books in great demand; and the promise of the perusal of the works of a favourite author, frequently operates as the strongest

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inducement to submit to that bodily exercise in which it is always our object to engage our patients.

It has been objected to the employment of the insane in workshops, that it is not so beneficial as exercise in the open air. This we readily admit. But the question lies between occupation and idleness. The weather is not at all times propitious for out-of-door labour, and even when it is, there are patients who cannot be induced to engage in it. In these circumstances, large well-ventilated workshops are of the utmost advantage. In corroboration of this, we may mention, that some of our patients who could not be induced to work in the garden, have become industrious weavers; and so anxious are they for employment, that they will work one-half of the day in the open air to be allowed to spend the other in the weaving-room. Nor, because we have workshops, do we force or induce all to engage themselves continually in them. On the contrary, we make it a rule, that when the weather permits, every one shall be engaged for a certain time daily in the garden or airing-grounds.

Besides the patients of the lower classes who are employed in out-door occupations, those of superior rank have been induced to betake themselves to the healthful exercise of manual labour in the open air, and by their exertions, some of the grounds have been laid down anew. Thus, one disadvantage under which patients of the better classes have in other establishments been allowed to remain, has been obviated.

The various means by which this was effected, it would be too tedious to mention here. Suffice it to say, that by the force of example, by holding out motives likely to operate on the character of the individual, nay, even in some cases by a simple appeal to their reason, the task has been accomplished, and the effect has been most beneficial.

The means of mental improvement, through the medium of rational and harmless amusements, have also been increased, while, at the same time, we have taken care that they be as much as possible suited to the rank and taste of each class of patients. Books, journals, and newspapers, have been amply supplied; and in the evening, after the labour and exercises of the day, the patients may be seen in the well-lighted parlours, billiard-room, and galleries, cheerfully employed in reading, playing backgammon, cards, or billiards, or solacing themselves and their companions with the flute, the violin, or the piano-forte.

This is no exaggerated account, drawn up to please the imagination or gratify the feelings of the philanthropist. The facts now stated, may be daily and nightly seen in the asylum; and we have only to appeal to those who, in their official capacity, have seen the institution lighted up in the evening, and call on them to declare, whether it did not appear a scene of peaceful pleasure, rather than the abode of those afflicted with the most distressing of all human calamities."

DRUG-TAKING.

Unhealthy people depend far too much on the druggist's shop. This perhaps would not be if it were recollected, as it ought to be, that the pain and disagreeableness of ill-health result from our perceptions of these things, and not from the things themselves. Those who go into battles know that in the heat of conflict men receive the most serious and painful wounds, which they do not so much as find out until the hurry and excitement of the fight are over. Now, one-half of the ill-health which annoys people in the atmosphere of London, and with London habits, is just of that kind from the *perception* of which they might escape. I am no *doctor* in the pulse-feeling and tongue-inspecting signification of the word; but I have reason to believe that the most intelligent among my very esteemed friends who practise the healing art are very well aware of the great importance of turning away the *attention* of the patient from his or her malady, be it real or only imagined. Medical folks who understand mankind morally as well as physically, are, I believe, far less solicitous than some people think to make out positively and certainly whether such or such a disease does really exist, or only the imagination of it. In the first place (I speak, however, with the utmost deference to more erudite judgment), it is in very many of the cases which come before medical men absolutely impossible to tell what is really the matter *physically*. Some diseases there are of which the symptoms are quite decisive, and not to be mistaken; but of by far the greater number of cases of ill-health, the physical cause must remain in considerable doubt. The chief good which we then derive from the doctor is a moral good: we submit ourselves to authority and to discipline; we feel that we are taking rational steps towards ridding us of the evil which oppresses us; and we are, for the most part, inspired with hope, not to say confidence, by the sensible and encouraging words which the physician speaks. But there are thousands upon thousands who do not think themselves quite ill enough to call in the doctor, and yet go on from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, continually ailing, and continually sending to the elegant shop with plate-glass windows filled with glass jars of various coloured physic (especially crimson), as if sick people were as silly as mackerel, and very liable to be taken with the same colour of bait. Now, it is for these people that I would presume to prescribe. What they want is not so much physic as diversion. How many are there who, while they are at home moping about with dull companions, or no companions at all, feel pains in the shoulders and in the back and in the chest, have dizziness in the head, black things floating before the eyes, sudden startings and twinges, and so on; how many are there tormented thus, who, when some brisk, lively, and intelligent friend appears, capable of rousing the attention and setting the spirits in a glow, actually forget their complaints, and feel that, for that evening or morning, as the case may be, they are uncommonly well? Now, these persons, instead of taking "black draught," as they very commonly do (for the pretty colours in the druggist's front window are by no means common to his nauseous stock), should take some far less melancholy medicine. It should not be material physic, but a wholesome, cheerful philosophy.—*The Table-Talker, or Brief Essays on Society and Literature.* 1840.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

In a late newspaper we find the following droll poetic effusion in dog Latin, with a translation into English. The Latin is an Address to the Sea, and the English an Address to Mary.

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O Mare, sva si forme,
Forme ure tonitru,
Iambecum as amandum,
Olet Hymen promptu!
Mihi his vetas an ne se,
As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
Or Eta, Beta, Pi.

Alas! plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure arte is base;
Tolerat me urebo.
Ah me! ve ara scilicet,
To laudu vimen tuus;
Hiatu as arandum sex,
Illuc Ionicus.

Heu! sed heu! vexen imago,
Mi misss, mare sta;
O cantu redit in mihi!
Hibernus arida.
A veri vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu,
Totius olet Hymen cum,
Accepta tonitru.

TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.

Oh, Mary, heave a sigh for me,
For me, your Tony true;
I am become as a man dumb—
O let Hymen prompt you!
My eye is vet as any sea,
As you may know hereby;
O let me come, Mary, to tea,
Or eat a bit o' pie.

Alas! play no more merry tricks,
My ardour vell you know;
In fear I am your heart is base;
Tolerate me, your beau.
Ah me! ve are a silly set,
To laud you vimen thus;
I hate you as a random sex,
Ill luck I only curse.

You said, you vixen, I may go,
My missus Mary, stay;
O, can't you read it my eye?
I burn as arid hay.
A very vafer, here I sigh,
My eye resolves in dew.
To tie us, oh let Hymen come!
Accept a Tony true.

HOW TO ENTER UPON A SCIENTIFIC PURSUIT.

In entering upon any scientific pursuit, one of the student's first endeavours ought to be to prepare his mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least loosening his hold on, all such crude and hastily-adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine, as may tend to embarrass or mislead him; and to strengthen himself by something of an effort and a resolve, for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—*Sir John Herschel.*

PROGRESS OF MODERN TRAVELLING.

Our fathers were—and that within the memory of men—contented to convey their goods from town to town on pack-horses. Narrow roads, which barely admitted a string of these beasts, burdened with the needs of many towns, ran on over hill and dale, and often were found worn deep between steep banks, by the persevering traffic of ages, and overhung by trees which had spontaneously sprung and grown over them, rendering them cool and pleasant. But the affairs of our worthy ancestors became sensibly on the increase. The string of pack-horses slowly progressing over the wolds and through forests, were found not equal to the demands of commercial exchange and speed; and they set their wits to work, and lo! Pickford's and Pettifor's waggons, and others, their contemporaries, appeared, piled up in ponderous stateliness, and drawn by horses in bulk next to elephants. For their convenience, the old roads were deserted as too narrow, or filled up as too slumberously profound. New roads of an airy width were laid down; and Mr M'Adam showed himself, with his necromantic hammer and pebble-gauge in his hand, and coaches came galloping after him at ten miles' speed per hour, loaded with eager and still impatient negotiants; roads of granite or of limestone, however smooth, or however wide, or however covered with waggons, coaches, mails, horsemen, and the infinite variety of carriages of pleasure, travel, and parade, which now appeared on them, were found too few; and canals were cut; locks—wonderful things in those days—were invented; and heavy boats and light barges hastened to convey their freights of living things, and things for the living—market goods and market people—to the places where they were wanted, or where they wanted to be. Well done, Englishmen! Things were come to a pretty good pass, it was thought. People said, wondering to one another, "If our grandfathers could but rise from their graves and see all this, how they would stare!" But it was soon found that the population and the needs of the country had outgrown even these accommodations. There was a cry for more conveyance and more speed. Some talked of balloons, some of velocipedes, and some of perpetual motion. The old and the orthodox said—"Let well be. Things move fast enough. There is no rest, no repose, no steadiness, in this generation—all is hurry, hurry, hurry. It is perfectly distracting!" They even looked back to the old hollow roads and string of pack-horses with affectionate yearnings. Nevertheless, a set of pig-headed fellows were busy with their brains, and began to utter strange speeches about the powers of steam. It was a thing which was to work our mines and mills, impel our ships, and convey us, with the velocity of a comet, from one place to another. Old men, and wise men too, laughed at such Quixotic vapourings; yet, spite of their laughter, there were heard great hammerings, and filings, and fizzings, in the workshops of Watt and Boulton; and presently that mighty monster, a steam engine, was seen pulling up buckets of water and heaps of ore out of the earth, and turning a thousand spindles in our factories. It has become locomotive, has mounted the roads and the ships prepared for it, and is now flying from town to town, and country to country, with us and our concerns, in a manner so wonderful, that we shall soon find ourselves past wondering at any thing. Do we not ride at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and grumble at such a snail's space—step over to America in ten days, and think it about five too long—and hear news from the East Indies in little more than a month! Well done, Englishmen! as our fathers said, so say we—that is pretty well for another fit.—*William Howitt.*

FIRST PRACTICAL DISCOVERY OF STEAM.

In the year 1605, Florence Rivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri IV., and the preceptor of Louis XIII., discovered that an iron ball, or bomb, with very thick walls, and filled with water, exploded sooner or later when thrown into the fire, if the steam generated were prevented from escaping. The power of steam was here demonstrated by a precise proof, which, to a certain point, was susceptible of numerical appreciation, whilst, at the same time, it revealed itself as a dreadful means of destruction.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Paragraphs of this nature, relative to various discoveries in the arts, are very common in newspapers. Nobody doubts that the power of steam was understood by thousands of persons before it was ultimately known for any effective purpose, and therefore no credit whatever is due to such persons as M. Rivault. In our opinion, no merit can justly be given to discoverers, unless they can make their discovery to be of some practical use to mankind, or at least bring its value distinctly before the public.

EQUALITY OF HAPPINESS.

Nor is it to be imagined that the happiness of the individuals who are subjected to despotic government, is necessarily sacrificed during the effort of nature to throw off the load which oppresses it. The same improvidence and disregard of the future, which is the immediate cause of the growth of a redundant population, afford sources of enjoyment to the individual unknown in civilised life, and soften the stroke of suffering to a degree which can hardly be conceived in more prosperous states. It is by supposing the subjects of such governments actuated with our feelings, desires, and habits, that their condition appears so unhappy. We forget that nature has accommodated the human mind to all the circumstances in which mankind can be placed, under the varied physical and political circumstances of the species, and that instincts and gratifications to us unknown, compensate to them for the want of those enjoyments which to us appear indispensable. The country of Europe where distress appears in its more aggravated form is Ireland; and Persia is the dynasty of the east where desolation and misrule have longest prevailed: yet every person who has visited the former country, has observed the uniform cheerfulness and joyous habits of the peasantry; a very competent observer has expressed a doubt, whether the people of Persia do not enjoy life as much as in the more civilised and laborious states of Europe; and the able author, who has demonstrated that it is in the purity of domestic life, and simplicity of manners in the east, that the real antidote to the whole political evils to which they have so long been subjected is to be found, has confidently asserted the opinion, that the average amount of human happiness and virtue is not less in the east than the west. The French peasantry danced and sung in the midst of the political evils which led to the revolution; and even under the horrors of the West Indian slavery, the evening assemblies of the negroes present a specimen of temporary felicity rarely witnessed amidst the freedom or luxury of their oppressors. The freedom from anxiety, the sweetness of momentary gratification, the relaxations from labour which result from the prevalence of habits of improvidence, frequently compensate to the individual for the dear-bought comforts of prosperous life, while suffering loses half its bitterness by never being foreseen, and misfortune half its severity by being speedily forgot. "In peace of mind, and ease of body," says Mr Smith, "all ranks of men are nearly upon a level; and the beggar who suns himself by the highway possesses the security that kings are fighting for."—*Alison's Principles of Population.* 1840.

BEGINNING OF ROAD-MAKING.

The infancy of road-making, like that of navigation, must be sought in the infancy of nations. A canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, was the beginning of ship-building; and an Indian's trail, by which an untutored tribe wend their way, in single files, through forest or grassy glade of boundless extent, is the first germ of a road. Conveyance by a quadruped, which rendered necessary the widening of the trail into a sort of bridle-path, formed most likely the second step in the improvement of itinerancy. Next came the use of carriages; a sledge perhaps first; after that, the cart, or sledge, raised on two wheels, connected by an axle. Then came the double cart, or waggon of four wheels, by which two parallel and transverse axles were connected by a fixed longitudinal one. In principle, no improvement beyond this has been made in the construction of carriages, save the moveable joint, which at once, by the facilities it afforded for turning curved lines, dispensed with the necessity of rectilinear roads for large vehicles.—*Wade's British History.*

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THE FLITTING.

As Mrs Weston, accompanied by her waiting-maid, was travelling through a remote part of Ireland, her jaded horses, which, for the last four miles, had with difficulty been prevailed on to proceed, on coming to a hill high and steep enough to have alarmed more vigorous steeds, made a dead stop, and neither the blows nor vociferations of the driver could induce them to move a step farther. As this is an event neither rare nor unexpected in Ireland, the lady was but slightly discomposed by it. Having dispatched the driver to the next town to procure fresh horses, she quietly looked round for some house or cabin where she might remain till his return. Seeing a decent-looking cottage at a little distance from the road, she alighted, and, in the full assurance of meeting with hospitality, proceeded towards it; but her steps were arrested by the assaults of a host of cabin curs, that seemed to resent with peculiar asperity the unlooked-for intrusion of a well-dressed stranger. Their barking at length brought out the mistress of the house, who, to Mrs Weston's great surprise, proved to be an old acquaintance, for whom, since the lady's return from England, she had been eagerly inquiring, but of whose fate she had not hitherto been able to procure any certain tidings.

"Do I dream?" said she, "or is it possible that I see Nancy Gallagher settled down here amongst the wilds of Connaught?"

"Oh, dear ma'am, and is it you? The heavens be praised that I see one sight of you again," said Nancy, kissing the lady's hand, and then her cloak, in the ardour of her joy.

"Let me come in, dear Nancy, to this nice cottage, which I hope I am right in considering as yours?"

"Then it is mine, and I wish it were a castle for your sake. Come in, dear, and a thousand welcomes! Wasn't I beside myself to keep you here standing in the cold? but it's all the perfect joy. Come in, dear, and I'll bring in your things."

"No, no; let them remain in the chaise, my maid will take care of them," said the lady, seating herself on a low stool beside the fire. "And now, Nancy, sit down and tell me all, for I am dying with curiosity. What has brought about this wonderful change in your situation?"

"Sure you'll take a chair, ma'am."

"Let us have done with ceremony now, dear Nancy; we have no time to spare for it. There—that will do—the fire is very good. Begin and tell me *out to the face*, as you used to say, all your history, and how you happened to leave Rathkeel."

"Why, then, I will, ma'am," said Nancy, smiling through the tears which the mention of Rathkeel brought to her eyes.

"But first," said Mrs Weston, "tell me where Jenny is. I do not see Jenny. She is well, I hope?"

"She is well and happy, I thank you kindly, ma'am; but she is not with me at present, as you shall hear. It wasn't passing two months after you left us, ma'am, that all the leases in the whole town, I may say, fell in to my lord. Well, my husband, thinking, to be sure, it would be as in the old times, puts in a proposal for his own little concern; when lo and behold you, down comes the agent, and, says he, 'You must *out* every one of you, for the lands are promised to a man of substance, that can show them justice, and will pay the rent duly.'

'That's hard upon me, please your honour,' says my husband, 'after me and mine living on the land these hundred years and better, to be turned out at last.'

'Mere shame for you and yours,' says the agent, 'not to have made a better hand of it. Sure your father held it for a song, I may say.'

'It's true for your honour,' says Christy; 'but then you know it was *ris* to fifty shillings when I got it.'

'And what are fifty shillings for such fine land? and why did not your father lay by a capital for you when he had it so cheap? Sure you know well you can't pay the arrear that's on it. Isn't my lord too good to forgive it you? and what a state the land is in—all racked and out of heart—not a fence that would keep in a beast. Why, it will take years to bring it into any condition again.'"

"And was this the real state of the case?" said Mrs Weston.

"Where's the use of denying it, ma'am?" said Nancy. "It was out of heart sure enough, for, though we did well with the good prices during the war, the last bad years left us down in the world. So away he went, and left us with heavy hearts that night, as you may believe; but where was the use of complaining, especially as we saw our neighbours just as badly off as ourselves, for there were better than forty families put out that same time. My husband had a brother that kept mostly in Dublin, and he gave the greatest account at all of it. 'Don't you see,' he'd say, 'how comfortable I live, with good clothes on my back, and my fill to eat. Not all as one as you and your family, slaving yourselves late and early—scarce able to keep a rag to cover you, or a bit of bacon in the pot, on a Sunday even. I'll get you work,' says he, 'at the foundry where I stop myself; and you will do well, and the children will get a little smartness into them.'

Well, he said so much, sure, that my husband inclined more and more to his advice, especially as we couldn't get ever a cabin in the neighbourhood, except one that had neither window nor chimney, things we were always used to; and, besides, the rain came into it at all parts, and for that same we should pay forty shillings. As for myself, I'd prefer staying in my own country, though it was in a hut built in the back of a ditch; and Jenny wanted us to put all together, and go off to America, for the books she used to be reading gave great accounts of it, and how industrious striving people like us might get on there; but the world wouldn't get me to cross the sea, so it was settled to Dublin we were to go—and a sorrowful day it was when we came to leave our little place, where we had lived many a long year, happy enough (for all our brother Paddy could say), to go to a strange town, and take up new ways.

Our neighbour, Tom Connor, was very kind entirely, and lent us his horse and dray for the journey. We were three days about it, and wet and weary we were the evening we got into Dublin, for it rained desperately all that day; and then, my dear life, I thought we'd never make our way to the lodging that Paddy had taken for us. Such turnings and windings through streets and lanes; and the boy we had with us not used to driving in such throng places. It was well ever we came safe, and that the dray was not smashed to pieces. At last, when we did make it out, all the stairs we had to mount; it was, for all the world, like going up the tower in the old castle of Rathkeel. Jenny, who was always for making the best of things when there was no remedy, said it was all for the better—that we should have fine air up so high; but as for air, myself thought I never got my breath rightly, from the time I went in it till I left it again. We had but two rooms—one of them you could scarce turn in, it was so small; and yet we had six pounds to pay for the two. My husband didn't get into work so ready as we expected, but he did at last. As for me, when I had finished settling our little matters, I felt as queer and lonesome as anything, for want of the cow, and the pig, and even the little chickens I used to be minding at home. Jenny put me up to go spin. There was no call that time for the kind I was used to.

So, 'Mother,' said she, 'why not try the tow for sacking. Suppose we make but twopence a-day, isn't better than nothing?—and it will serve to pass away the time.' Well, to it I went, though it came strange enough to me, that never was used to less than three hanks in my life before. We sent the children to school, to keep them out of mischief in the streets. My brother-in-law dieted with us, and he liked to live high, so we often had meat and tea; yet, with all that, I missed the sup of milk, and thought the children throve better when they had the churn to run to.

Well, things passed on in this way for about a year, when home comes my husband one night, with the news that all was upside down at the foundry—ever so many men discharged, and himself and his brother amongst the rest. It was well they got their week's wages even, the money was so scarce there. His brother said they might pick up a pretty penny by doing odd jobs about town; but what was that to keep up a family, especially as Paddy wouldn't hear of our giving up the bit of meat, though Jenny pressed it greatly, for she was mighty considerate entirely, and had more thought about every thing than myself, God help me! though she was such a young slip. Another thing that vexed her greatly, was the noticing the smell of spirits now and again upon her father, especially since he fell out of regular work. Sometimes he'd be even stupid like when he'd come home. She went down on her two knees to him, to beg him to quit Dublin, and he didn't say much against it; but her uncle called her a saucy jade for advising her elders, and brought Christy round to the mind to stay where he was. Well, I did my best, sure, to be saving; but it wasn't as in the country, where we had the potato ridge at our back. Every thing was so dear, and I not used to Dublin ways. Our little stock that we brought with us was getting less and less, till at last it was all gone; and, what was worse, the men got the fashion of not bringing home their wages regular.

One day we were low enough, and had nothing but a few dry potatoes in the house, when in comes Jenny—

'Mother,' says she, 'I have good news for you this evening.'

'Ah, what is it then, Jenny?' says I, 'for I'm sure it's much awanting.'

'I can get work at Mr Glennan's cotton factory, a little way out of town,' says she, 'and the wages will be a great help to us.'

'No, Jenny,' says I, 'I can never give in to that; it's too dangerous for a girl like you to be going and coming late and early'——

'Mother,' said she, 'I don't find any thing happens to those that have a mind to take care of themselves; and, with the blessing of Heaven, I will never do any thing to disgrace my family—so we had best take the offer; if we don't, we may be sorry for it.'

Well, at last she prevailed, and engaged herself for the next week at eightpence a-day. I thought she'd soon tire of it; but late and early, in the heat of summer and depth of winter, there would she be as regular as the work-bell. I used to be afraid that the town sparks would be following her as she was coming home late in the evening."

"I don't wonder you were afraid," said Mrs Weston, "if she grew up as handsome as she promised."

"Ma'am, you wouldn't believe how she improved:

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it isn't I that said it, but every one. She was as likely a girl as you'd see of a summer's day—tall, slender; her skin as white as an egg, with a fine blush in her cheeks, and her eyes shining like two diamonds; and then such a smile, such a sweet smile, that high and low were taken with it—and many's the bachelor she might have had at the factory, only she was so distant in herself—and for all she looked so mild, had a way with her that none dared take the least freedom with her. Another thing of Jenny was, that she always went mighty plain, and instead of buying fine gowns or shawls, like other girls, she'd bring her money duly of a Saturday night, and throw it into my lap, saying—'There, mother, there's for the house;' and, indeed, we'd have been badly off but for it, for things were getting worse and worse with us; and we were forced to take the boys from school, which fretted Jenny greatly.

'What can I do,' says I, 'when I can't pay for them?' 'Can't you send them to the free school?' says she. 'Is it to a charity school?' says I—'that's where none of their family went yet; and I won't be the first to have my children taxed with it.' 'Wouldn't it be better, mother,' said she, 'than to have them taxed with being thieves and liars, as they surely will, if they keep company with the little vagabonds in the streets?' Then she began to tell me of ever so many people that got their education in such places, and came to riches and grandeur by means of their learning. 'And do you think, mother,' said she, 'they would have thanked their parents if they had kept them back from honour and advancement, out of false pride?' Well, she said so much, sure, that in the end she brought me over to her notion, and the boys were sent to the free school.

The winter was now coming on, and that was always the hardest time with us, on account of being obliged to keep up the spark of fire constant, and the coals so dear, and I not used to manage them—when one evening, as Jenny was coming home from the factory, she noticed a young man tracking her on purpose, as it were; so thinking to give him the slip, she turned into the house of an acquaintance in Thomas Street, and stayed there a few minutes, thinking, to be sure, the boy would be gone; but when she came out again, who should be lurking about the door but the very man? So, thinking it useless to wait longer, home she comes—he following every foot of the way, till she rapped at the door. Then he stopped too, and told the girl who opened it that he had business with the mistress. Jenny came up, and was just after telling me about the man, and how he startled her, when who should appear at our door but himself, and the landlady with him?

'Here is a young man,' said she, 'that is in search of a lodging. I haven't a hole fit to put a Christian in, but I think you could spare that little room there, for all the use you make of it, and that will help to pay the rent that you're always murmuring about.'

Jenny gave me a look, as if she suspected something, and I the same to her; so, as civil as I could, I gave him a denial. 'But,' says he, 'I see where your objection lies, madam; you are cautious about admitting a stranger; but if I bring a note from your priest, Father Ryan, recommending me as a sober, orderly person, perhaps you may change your mind; so I'll call again when Mr Gallagher is at home, and then we can talk further on the subject.' With that he made a bow as respectful as if we were two ladies, and departed. Well, in about an hour, back again he comes with the priest's note, recommending Mr Blake (that was his name) as a sober, industrious man, likely to prove a good tenant. My husband and Paddy, who were within, were proud to get one to take some of the heavy rent off us; so, the next morning, home comes Blake with his little furniture, a bed, a table, crockery ware, and the like, and, sitting down, he tells us how it came into his head to fix himself with us. He said he was lodging for a while near the factory, and used to see Jenny as she'd be coming and going; and noticing what a discreet look she had, he asked the overseer about her, who gave her the best of characters for being sedate and industrious, and said he was sure she came of a decent stock, and had got a good education, for her manners and behaviour showed it. So, when Mr Blake found the lodging he was in getting too dear for him, he considered he might get a cheaper one with her people, and, consulting with the priest, who, it seems, was an acquaintance of his, his reverence said sure that we were poor honest simple country folk, and that he'd be safe in dealing with us. From this time he wasn't easy till it was settled. Mr Blake mentioned that he was in good work at the factory, but never let fall a word as to what side he came from, and we noticed that his speech wasn't just like our own, but a little queer and foreign like. However, he was very kind and cordial, and would come in and sit with us of an evening when my poor husband and Paddy would be out, as they often were latterly. Well, it chanced one evening as we were sitting this way, in comes Paddy a little hearty or so, and, says he, in a joking way, as he used when he was in good humour, 'Jenny, girl, you mustn't be always moping this way; you must take a little diversion like another. Sure, you never so much as take a walk into the country, you that used to be so fond of it.'

'True for you,' said I; 'I'm always at her to take a walk instead of poring over those books.'

'Oh, it's a better thing than a walk I propose for her now,' said Paddy; 'what would you think of a nice dance, Jenny; you that used to be so fond of it in the country? There's Mrs Strypes, the milliner, that you saw here the other day, going to give a genteel party, and she has been so civil as to invite you.' 'I am sure I am obliged to her, and to you too,' said Jenny, 'but you don't consider that I've no clothes fit to appear in at such a place.' 'Wouldn't the pink cotton do,' said I. 'Oh, mother dear,' said she, 'you have no notion how they dress here—as fine as ladies.' 'Well,' said Paddy, 'I was thinking you might make that objection, so see what I've provided, that you might have nothing to say against doing as I'd have you.' With that he pulls a bundle from under his coat, and opens it, and there, my dear life, was the making of a beautiful white muslin frock, and a pair of white stockings, half of them silk, no less, I assure you. 'Well, what makes you look so *wonderful*, both of you?' said he; 'Mrs Strypes has promised to cut out the frock for you, Jenny, according to the tip-top fashion, and you are a good hand to make it for yourself.' 'It's joking you must be, dear uncle,' said Jenny; 'you did not really buy these things for me?' 'Joking,' said he, 'why would I be joking? Why wouldn't I make you a present when I'm able? Sure it's the first time.'

Well, Jenny and I looked at one another, and couldn't understand it at all, for it was true for him, it was the first time; he had never so much as proffered her a ribbon before. 'That was a good thought, wasn't it?' said he at last, finding we did not answer. Then says Jenny, 'I ought to be greatly obliged to you, and so I am; but I can't but think, dear uncle, when you laid out your money on such finery for me, that you forgot how low we are in the world, and how many things we are in want of at this present, and shall be in want of before the winter be over.' Paddy had little heed of what poor Jenny said; and, to cut a long story short, he got her to promise to dress herself for the party, and to the party she went. She didn't come home till very late, and a great account she gave of how fine every one was. Herself was the plainest amongst them; but by what Mrs Strypes told us afterwards, none became their dress like her. There were ever so many bachelors, clerks, and 'prentices, mostly all as smart as could be. You'd take them for gentlemen, Jenny said, only for the voice and speech.

The next morning, as I was getting the breakfast, who should come in but our poor lodger, with his arm all fractured: it was only the small bone of it, however, as the surgeon said. So, after it was set, he could go about with it in a sling, but not a hand's turn could he do at the factory for the present; so he kept in his own little room with his books and his papers. One evening he called me in, and, says he,

'I am out of work now, as you see, and no man can foresee what may happen to him; so here is the rent for the quarter; it is better for you to have it secure.'

'Sure, it's time enough to pay it when it comes due,' said I; 'maybe you might have occasion for the money, now you are disabled.'

'Never mind that,' said he; 'I know how to want as well as any body.'

And, indeed, from that time we noticed that it's little victuals he used, barring the bit of bread and the cup of coffee. He'd never willingly be without the coffee.

The next Saturday, just when Jenny had returned from the factory, in comes a messenger from Mrs Strypes, wanting her over in all haste. Well, she went, sure; and in about half an hour back she comes, quite red and scared like.

'Mother,' said she, 'I don't know what to make of Mrs Strypes. Would you believe it? there she had a beautiful new bonnet, trimmed and all, and a shawl worth a guinea, at the very least, ready for me to wear to-morrow going to chapel. It was all I could do to get away without her forcing them on me; and who do you think paid for them?—why, that very gentleman who danced with me the other night.' 'And why would he be buying such things for you?' said I, all amazed. 'Indeed, mother,' said she, 'that is more than I can tell; Mrs Strypes says it was only out of civility and good nature, and that he often does such things when he hears of a well-behaved industrious poor girl. But for all that, I don't like it, and on no account would I accept of a thing when I was not sure of the intention it was offered with.' 'You are quite right there, Jenny,' says I; 'better go in rags all the days of your life, than have it in people's power to tax you with taking presents from gentlemen; but if he be a gentleman, what business had he there, dancing with the like of you?' 'Mrs Strypes says gentlemen often do such things for diversion,' said Jenny. 'Any way it's queer, isn't it?' said I, turning to Mr Blake, who was sitting by the fire. 'Not so very queer neither, Mrs Gallagher,' says he, smiling; 'you would not find many young gentlemen, I fancy, who would object to dance with the like of her. I should say more on this subject, only that I see your daughter is so well guarded by prudence and modesty, that all warnings are needless.'

All this while we were getting lower and lower in the world, and it was my wonder that Paddy, who was so ready with his money when no one was asking for it, should never offer us a penny now in our distress, and the rent coming upon us along with every thing else. I believe I mentioned that our lodger had paid the quarter before it came due; so, as Jenny was always at me to be saving, I gave her the note to keep; but when our landlady came bagging at us about the rent, I said, 'Hand over that pound, Jenny, it will help to keep her quiet for a while.' With that she fetches it out, and gives it to her father. 'Never mind going down with it now,' says Paddy, 'keep it till to-morrow, and I will make it thirty shillings.' You may be sure we weren't sorry to hear that; so Christy put the note in his pocket for the night. I called to them as they were going out in the morning not to forget the rent. 'Never fear,' said Paddy, 'we'll settle it.'

Well, it might be about five in the evening, and Jenny not yet come back from the factory, when in comes Paddy, out of breath, and looking quite wild like. 'W'ere's Jenny?' says he; 'here's fine work, and if she can't explain it, we are all ruined.' 'For the love of mercy,' says I, 'what is the matter at all, or what do you mean?' 'Matter enough,' says he; 'there's Christy going to be taken up for passing a forged note.' With that I gave a great screech, and it was well but I fell out of my standing.' 'Ay, indeed,' said Paddy; 'and it was from Jenny he got that same note, and that's the reason I want to see her.' Just as he spoke, there comes a tap at the door, and in walks Mrs Strypes. 'Here's the lady,' says Paddy, 'to whom Christy gave the note, along with my ten shillings, in exchange for a thirty-shilling Bank of Ireland, because our landlady is scrupulesome of taking any other these times.' 'Well,' said Mrs Strypes, speaking very easy like, 'what does Miss Jenny say to this business? She can explain it, I hope?' 'She's not come in as yet,' said Paddy: then turning to me—'Hadn't you best step out, and see is there any sign of her.'

Well, out I goes as fast as my poor trembling feet could carry me, and before I had gone half-way down the street, I met Jenny. I stopped her, and told her all: she grew as pale as death, and—'Mother,' said she, 'sure it is not possible Mr Blake could play us such a trick.' Home she runs as for the bare life, and I as fast as I could after her. When I came in, Mrs Strypes was pulling the note out of her pocket to show it to Jenny. But the minute the girl cast her eyes on it—'This is not the note you got from my father,' said she. 'Indeed but it is, miss,' said the woman; 'I have witnesses who were present when he gave it, who can prove it; and besides, I made him put his mark upon it, for it seems he can't write.' 'Oh, then, this is not the note I gave him,' said Jenny, 'I could swear to that, for I put my own private mark upon it. Oh, what shall I do? What can I do?' 'I'll tell you what, Miss Jenny,' says Mrs Strypes, 'I don't know how it is between you and your father, but I'd be sorry to hurt either of you, for I have a great regard for you, though you didn't seem to take my kindness in good part. But as to this affair, I'm willing to let the matter drop, upon condition that you make me a reasonable compliment in return.' 'And what compliment can I make you, ma'am?' says Jenny. 'Four or five pounds will do,' says she. 'Four or five pounds, Mrs Strypes!' says Jenny. 'Why, ma'am, you must be laughing at me. You know, as well as I do, that you might as well ask me for five hundred.' 'Not if you will be guided by me, miss,' says she. 'There is a check for twenty pounds drawn in your favour, now lying in my house, and you can have the money to-morrow, if you choose to present it.' 'In my favour, Mrs Strypes!' said Jenny; 'what can you mean?' 'Why, I mean that the gentleman you treated so unsivilly, in return for his kindness, understanding you were in distress, left it for your benefit, and that of your family.' 'And how am I to repay him? By selling myself? Oh, I see it all now. But that I will never do—no, never.' 'Just as you like, miss,' said Mrs Strypes; but, in the mean time, your father must go to jail before night, unless you can clear him and acknowledge the note, and then it's you must be accountable.'

'Well,' said Jenny, 'I know what I'll do—I'll ask Mr Blake's advice.' So she goes and taps at Blake's door, when, to Paddy's surprise, it was opened, and Jenny begins to tell her story—'But,' says Blake, 'you needn't, Miss Jenny, for I know all about it, and more, perhaps, than you do yourself.'

Then in he comes, as proud and as stern as you please, and walks up to Mrs Strypes, and—'Madam,' says he, 'perhaps you are not aware that I heard every word of the conversation you held with that person there (pointing to Paddy) during Mrs Gallagher's absence, and am acquainted with your infamous plot to criminate an innocent man, and delude a virtuous girl; to all which I am ready to make oath in any court of justice. As to you, sir, you are, to the best of my belief, guilty of a felony; but, on account of your connexion with this family, I am unwilling to expose you, and I am satisfied to let the matter drop, provided your brother's innocence be distinctly acknowledged, and the good note returned.'

Well, you never in all your life saw two people look so confounded as Paddy and Mrs Strypes did at this speech: at last she plucked up courage, and, said she, 'I'd be glad to know what business you have to meddle in this affair? or who would mind the word of a vagabond, come from the Lord knows where?' 'Madam,' says he, 'I am a foreigner, it is true, but I am known to people of respectability in town, and have a character that, I will venture to say, will bear the strictest investigation. You know best whether you can say the same for yourself. I am ready to go with you, and the poor man whom you have detained upon false pretences, before a magistrate this minute.' Upon this she quailed a little, and, says she, 'There must be some mistake in the business. That gentleman there (pointing to Paddy) must explain it. I am no ways accountable; but as I find Mr Gallagher is completely cleared, I'll go back and have him discharged immediately.' 'And I will take the liberty of accompanying you, to see it done,' says Blake.

So away they went, leaving myself and Jenny so amazed at what had passed, that we didn't know rightly whether we were dreaming or no. In about half an hour, back comes Mr Blake, bringing my poor husband along with him.

With the joy of getting him safe again, we couldn't keep from crying; and if we didn't bless and pray for our lodger, it's a wonder, though how he came to manage it so clever, and he a stranger, we couldn't make out. Then he informed us that, sitting quite quiet with his books and papers, he could not but hear what Paddy and Mrs Strypes said when I was out, they all the time supposing him not at home, because he had locked his door and taken the key out, that the children might not disturb him. He heard Mrs Strypes ask Paddy how he contrived to change the one note for the other, when Paddy told her he had watched till Christy was asleep, and then did it. 'It is clear he is a villain—begging your pardon for saying so of a relation,' says Blake; 'and I would recommend you never again to let him enter your door.' We were ready enough to agree to this; but he had done for my poor husband already. Christy took to his bed that night, saying that, what with the fright, and what with the ungrateful behaviour of his brother, his heart was quite broke.

Mr Blake saw he had taken the fever, and said we must have a doctor for him. 'But how do you think,' says I, 'that I can pay a doctor, when sorrow a pound I have but that's to go for the rent?' 'Don't distress yourself about that,' said he, opening his hand and showing

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me a note in it; 'here is a ten-pound note I got from the owner of the factory for a little invention of mine—a new way of stamping linen. That's what I used to be poring over in my little room. This will pay for the doctor.' So he brought one to see my poor Christy; but it was all to no good, for he sank daily, and soon died, telling me with his last breath that God would yet raise up friends for me. And that was true of Blake, for he both paid the doctor and got poor Christy buried. I could not but wonder, sure, at his goodness, and he a stranger; but mistrusted in my own mind it was not all on my account.

The very day after her father was buried, Jenny said, 'Mother, I must not be indulging my grief; I must go back to my work, and strive to support the family, for now we have no other dependence.' And back she went, though she was so weak she could hardly crawl. I did my best with the spinnin'; and with the sale of some of our little furniture, we contrived to weather it out till spring.

In the mean time, however, Mr Sunkins, a young man at the factory, made an offer to marry Jenny, but this she would on no account hear of. 'Oh Jenny,' says I, 'what's this for?' Are you going to be a trouble to me now for the first time in your life? But I see how it is—you are hankering after them that's not able to maintain you.' 'Mother,' said she, 'I'll never deny it; Mr Blake has gained my good will, and I am sure he did enough to deserve it. In my mind, one who earns his bread by honest industry, and never spends his earnings in vice or folly; who, if any accident should reduce him to poverty, would rather live on bread and water than get into debt, and be the cause of loss to others; who, when fortune or his own ingenuity throws a little matter in his way, instead of spending it on his own pleasures, is ready to share it with his friends in their distress; and above all, one who attends strictly to his religious duties, and has the good word and regard of his clergy—this is what I call a person worth caring for, and is what our lodger has proved himself to be.'

'And what do you know against the other?' said I. 'Why, mother,' said she, 'it's but a bad return for the young man's partiality to me to seek out faults in him; but I must just remind you that though he does not get downright drunk, I believe he seldom goes to bed perfectly sober. If I married him for the sake of his salary, I might be in a bad way after all, for I am sure we have seen enough of the consequences of drinking.'

Well, this was always the way with Jenny and me; she had so much to say, and so sensible seemingly, that I did not know what to answer her; but, says I, at last, 'You don't consider, Jenny, that this Blake is a stranger. We neither know what he is nor where he came from. He might pass any thing upon us.'

'He couldn't pass himself for honest and sober if he were not so,' said she; 'we should have found him out before now. As to the rest, I will make him give an account of himself this very evening, if you will please to hear him.' And, indeed, just as we had finished our supper, he tape at the door. 'Mrs Gallagher,' says he, sitting down by the fire, 'I suppose Jenny has told you what my wishes are—may I hope for your approbation and consent? I am informed that your daughter has had more advantageous offers, but she has been kind enough to give me hopes that the strength and sincerity of my attachment may prevail. What I want in wealth I will strive to make up by industry; and until my powers of body and mind fail, she shall never know want.' 'I'm entirely obliged to you, Mr Blake,' says I; 'and I never can forget your goodness to us in our distress. But you are from foreign parts, sir, and how do I know where you would be taking my poor girl to?' 'Your doubts are very natural, madam,' said he, 'and I will satisfy you immediately by relating my history, of which I have no reason to be ashamed.'

Then he begins and tells a long story. Myself can't repeat the half of it; but this was the sense of it at any rate:—

His father lived in Cork, where he used to be carrying on a little dealing. Then he took it in his head to go to a place they call Portugal, where he married a woman of the country that had some money, and was doing mighty well, still keeping business going; at last his wife died, leaving him with but one child, and that was our lodger. He never married again; but he and his son lived together quiet and easy, till a new king came in that country. Myself doesn't know what sort of a queer king he was at all, at all; he'd be putting the people in jail, not for any bad thing they would do, robbing or murdering, or the like, but just because he'd mislike the colour of their clothes, and because one that had a spite against Mr Blake (that is the father of our lodger) went and reported that he saw him in a white hat, or coat; then was the poor fellow clapped up in prison before you could look about you; and along with that, they took his little property from him, making out he was plotting *again* the king.

When the father was taken up, he sent a message privately to the son, bidding him make off with all speed to England, to some friends he had there, to get them to speak for him to the king, or his people, to let him out; but the son wasn't passing a week in London, when news came that, what with the vexation and the bad usage he got, the poor father had died in the prison. The son was like one distracted when he heard it. He took sick with the grief; and the sickness, and the living in that dear place, wasted his little substance. Then he bethought him that there was a merchant living in Dublin that owed his father some money, and that if he could recover it, it would be a great thing. So over he comes; but, as ill luck would have it, the merchant was not at home; he had gone on a voyage some place, but was expected back soon; so the poor boy kept on from month to month, still on the look-out for him, till his money getting scarcer and scarcer, he was fain to take up his lodging in our poor place.

When he had finished his history, he said, 'I don't want you to take all this on my word: that would not be reasonable; but Father Ryan will certify the truth of my story, and give you his opinion as to whether I am a fit person to be trusted with your daughter or not.'

Well, the next day, sure, I went to the priest and asked his advice in regard to Jenny.

'My advice to you, Mrs Gallagher,' said he, 'is, that you put no obstacle in the way of this marriage. The young people love one another; Blake is sober and honest. I will be responsible for the truth of his story; and it is my firm opinion that you will never have reason to repent of bestowing your daughter upon him.'

'I will never go past your reverence's word,' said I; 'I'll not be their hinderance.'

'From that time, our lodger gave us no peace till the day was fixed for the wedding. When Jenny was getting ready to go to the chapel, I got out the white frock for her, thinking she'd wear it.'

'Put it up, mother,' said she, 'for Antonio (that is Blake's name, and a queer name it is) can't abide the sight of it.'

So it was in the old cotton she was married. Well, I couldn't but fret, sure, in my own mind, to think of the poor place and poor entertainment I had for my son-in-law. It poured as if the skies would fall all that morning. So, when the priest had finished, I went to the chapel door to see was there any chance of the rain getting lighter, when Blake followed me.

'Mother,' said he, 'don't go yet, there is a coach coming to take us home.'

Well, I was delicate, sure, in saying any thing, but I couldn't but wonder in my own mind that he'd be spending his money on a coach, and we so poor, sure enough; however, up drives a hackney-coach, and in he makes us go, myself and Jenny, and our landlady's daughter, who was bridesmaid. Myself, not being used to the coach, didn't mind what way it was going, and Jenny was too confused to take notice; but, says the girl, popping her head out of the window, 'We are going wrong, Mr Blake.'

'Never mind,' says he, 'we shall come right at last.'

Well, what does the hackney man do at last, but draw up at the door of a respectable-looking house. Blake opens the coach door, and out he jumps, and makes us all alight, and go into a snug little parlour. Then he goes over to Jenny and kisses her, bidding her welcome to her new lodging, and the same to us all. Jenny and I looked at him, not knowing what to make of it, but thought, sure, it was some joke. 'I see you are all amazed,' said he, 'and think me half mad; but I hope to convince you that I am in my sober senses; that is,' said he, smiling, 'as far as a man can be, who is so much in love.'

'When I told you my history, I told you nothing but the truth, but I did not tell you the whole truth. That I reserved for the present moment. About a month ago, a letter arrived from Portugal, from a dear friend of my father's, who had been with him in the prison, and who was only just then released. This gentleman informed me that my father called him to his bedside a little before he died, and told him, as a great secret, that the king had not got all his property, as was supposed, for that some months before he was taken up, suspecting how things might turn out, he had exchanged the half of his property for gold, and when the troubles came, he had buried it in a private place in his garden, keeping it a secret from me, because he knew, by the love I bore him, I would have given up every thing to procure his release. Then my father gave directions how to find the treasure; and the first thing the gentleman did when he got out, was to seek for it, and get it remitted to England, and not till it was safe did he tell me a word about it; and then, I must own, I was glad to keep the secret, that I might prove to my friends (for as to myself I had no doubts) that my Jenny preferred me for my own sake, and not for that of my wealth.'

Then Blake told us that the money amounted to seven thousand pounds—no less, I assure you. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard such a sum mentioned. As for Jenny, I really believe she thought more of the compliment he paid her in choosing her, than of the money itself. I asked him how he came to think of one so much beneath him.

'Except in regard to fortune, which is no great matter in my mind,' said he, 'Jenny is in no respect beneath me. Though my father got on so well in the world, he was nothing more than the son of a man who kept a little shop in a back lane in Cork. Jenny is descended from an honest and respectable farmer's family; and as to education, if I had not seen something in her superior to the generality of girls in her station, I should never have attached myself to her, notwithstanding her beauty, which was, I own, what first attracted me. I observed such sweetness and modesty in her look, and such remarkable propriety in her manner and behaviour, that I was led to observe her more closely. After I came to lodge with you, I saw her well tried, and had the best opportunities of judging of her sense, temper, and discretion; so I thought I should be happy if I could obtain such a girl for a wife. My father's opinion, too, had great weight with me, for he always said that no country could exceed Ireland for the correct behaviour of the women.'

Well, I couldn't sleep that night for the joy and wonder at all I heard. The next day, Antonio told me that his plan was to settle himself at Cork, where there was a friend of his father's in a very safe way of business, who would be glad to have him for a partner, on account that he had such insight into the ways of foreigners, for it was with that same Portugal the man would be dealing.

'As to yourself, mother,' said he, 'I'll tell you what Jenny and I have settled, if it be agreeable to you. I believe you will not be sorry to quit Dublin. Father Ryan, our priest, has some land in a quiet retired part of Connaught, and he has promised to let you have a few acres at a reasonable rent; there is a cottage and out-houses on the land; and as both your father and husband were farmers, I think you must have sufficient knowledge to manage a small concern, particularly as the priest's father, who lives in the neighbourhood, and who is a skilful farmer, will give you his advice, and will plough your ground for you for a reasonable allowance.'

'Sure it's the thing in the world would please me best,' said I; 'wouldn't I be happy to be out of this wicked town, that was the death of my husband! The only thing that *cows* me is the fear of a bad crop, and that I mightn't be able to pay the rent, now that I have no one to back me.'

'Don't let that give you any uneasiness,' said he, 'for I intend to take the rent upon myself for your life. Is it not the least that I can do for my mother? and when your son is old enough, he can take more land on his own account.'

Well, if you'll believe me, I couldn't say one word to thank him, my heart was so full; but he saw it all in my face, I believe.

He wouldn't let us flit till the month of May, and then he paid the expenses of our journey here. We found the house repaired, and a fine chimney and windows, and a brick floor, just as you see it, ma'am. But when I went out to the yard, there, my dear life, was a beautiful cow in the byre, a pig in the stye, and all as snug, or rather a great deal snugger, than ever our own place at Rathkeel was; for there, to be sure, the walls were only propped up, and the roof but middling. Then I had my four acres of land, fenced and ditched as nice as a gentleman's place, and part of it ready set with potatoes and oats.

Well, if I didn't bless and pray for my son-in-law that night, it's a wonder.

We hadn't been settled here passing three months, when there comes a letter from Jenny from Cork, pressing me to go and see her, and bidding me bring George (that's my second little boy) with me, as she was determined to keep him and send him to school, as he was always apt and inclined for his book; and she said, if he turned out well, her husband would be the making of him.

You may believe I was proud and happy to see my girl in her own house, sitting in her own parlour, and every thing clean and genteel about her, and yet not a bit set up, but as humble as ever; for her husband told me how she hindered him to get a jaunting car for her, though many had it that couldn't so well afford it, saying, it was wholesomer and better for her to walk as she had been used to do, and that it would be wise for them to lay up some of their income for fear of any trouble coming. It was she that was happy to have me in her own house, and to make much of me.

'Mother,' said she, 'how can I ever be thankful enough to Heaven for all the blessings I enjoy! The having you so comfortably settled is one of my greatest causes of happiness.'

Well, I stayed a fortnight with her, and then came back to my own place, where Tommy, and little Kitty, and myself, live as snug and cosy as you could wish to see."

"Indeed," said Mrs Weston, when Nancy had finished her long story, "I am heartily rejoiced at the happy termination of your troubles, which is more peculiarly gratifying to me, because I think it may be in a great measure ascribed to the good conduct of my favourite and pupil, Jenny. Virtue does not often meet with the reward of so much temporal prosperity; but the favour of Heaven, and that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away, it is ever sure of obtaining."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

M. THIERS.

M. Thiers, the present Prime Minister of France, like many other great and estimable individuals, has the merit of having raised himself from an humble origin to the eminence which he now enjoys. On coming into the world, as has been observed by a French writer, M. Thiers was not cradled on the knees of a duchess. On the contrary, he was ushered into existence in the humble abode of a locksmith, who was his father, in the city of Marseilles, on the 16th of April 1797. His mother belonged to an old commercial family, which, in the vicissitudes of the time, had fallen into extreme poverty. The events of a career which could raise the young Louis-Adolphe, in his 39th year, to the highest station in his native country, might be expected to be remarkable, and yet, for the purposes of the biographer, they are sufficiently ordinary. The causes of so rapid an advancement lie more in those commanding and very rare qualities which fit a man for a great party leader, than in striking or even tangible facts. Still the circumstances enabling him to develop those qualities must, it may be supposed, have many instructive if not romantic features, and such as they are, we shall endeavour to describe them.

In early boyhood, the relatives of M. Thiers's mother procured him a bursary in the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles, where he received all the early part of his education. He is reported to have achieved many victories over his young competitors before the year 1815, when he proceeded to Aix for the purpose of pursuing the study of the law. There he met another youth of such parentage as his own, who had recently emerged from the Lyceum of Avignon, with whom he formed an intimacy, which, being founded on those mental sympathies calculated for endurance, has, to the honour and advantage of both parties, continued unabated to the present time. We allude to M. Mignet, whose name is celebrated as a more concise historian of the same great event which has exercised M. Thiers's talents. It would appear that the two friends, giving themselves up with ardour to the study of literature, philosophy, and history, treasured up little more of the Digest and the Civil Code than enabled them to pass their examinations. But Thiers, already evincing an impetuous and aspiring spirit, was likewise the leader of a party amongst his fellow-students, and provoked the frowns of the professors by his tirades against the government of the Restora-

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tion. At this time an incident, sufficiently expressive of his position and capacity, occurred, which is worthy to be recorded.

A prize being announced for competition, M. Thiers resolved to enter the lists, and accordingly sent in his manuscript. The essay was found incomparably superior to any other, but unhappily the name of the author had transpired, or was suspected; and rather than adjudge the palm to the young Jacobin, as he was deemed, the learned heads of the institution abruptly postponed the competition till the following year. At the appointed period, the manuscript of M. Thiers again made its appearance; but in the interval a production of such surpassing merit had arrived from Paris, that the dilemma of the judges was obviated, and they eagerly crowned the metropolitan essay, awarding the second prize, however, to M. Thiers. Considerable was the horror felt by the Senatus Academicus, when, unsealing the packet wherein the name of the Parisian laureate was enveloped, it divulged none other than that of the hateful Thiers himself, who had adroitly contrived this deception on the solemn functionaries of his university.

Having taken his degree as advocate, M. Thiers entered upon the practice of his profession at Aix; but soon growing disgusted with so narrow a sphere, choked up, moreover, by high aristocratic prejudices, he set off one day, in company with his friend Mignet, to seek his fortune at Paris. The two wayfarers debouched on that immense metropolis buoyant with hopes and talents, but destitute alike of friends and money. The first months of their residence gave but little token of a brilliant future, if we may trust a writer* who thus describes their modest domicile:—

"It is now several years ago since I climbed, for the first time, the innumerable steps of a gloomy building, situated at the bottom of the obscure and uncleanly alley de Montesquieu, in one of the most densely populated and deafening quarters of Paris. It was with a lively feeling of interest that I opened, on the fourth floor, the begrimed pannels leading into a small chamber, which is worth the trouble of describing:—a low chest of drawers, a deal bed, curtains of white calico, two chairs, and a little black table, ricketty on its legs, composed the entire furnishing."

The manner in which M. Theirs raised himself from this situation of obscurity and poverty, exhibits his energy and powers in a striking light. It was at the commencement of the year 1823, when the repressive administration of Villèle was in full vigour. Manuel, the great orator, had just been violently expelled from the Chamber of Deputies, and he was, of course, the popular idol of the moment. M. Thiers saw that, to him, an ambitious plebeian, the event might prove auspicious. He went straightway to Manuel, himself a native of the south, and a man of frankness and feeling, who, appreciating the value of the talents offered him, forthwith presented Thiers to M. Lafitte, and obtained his admission amongst the contributors to the *Constitutionel*, then the predominant engine of the press. This opening he lost no time in turning to account. Eminently endowed with a capacity for literary warfare, he soon became distinguished for the vigour and hardihood of his articles; and as in France the occupation of a journalist is regarded with an estimation proportioned to its influence over society, the young contributor speedily found himself the object of high consideration. He passed into the most brilliant circles of the opposition, into the crowded saloons of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, the Count de Flahault, the Baron Louis, the great financier of the era, and even of M. de Talleyrand, who, albeit fastidious in his company, is stated to have detected with his keen glance the capabilities of the briefless advocate.

This introduction to society availed M. Thiers in facilitating the great undertaking upon which his eminence principally rests. Combining with a singular facility of composition an astonishing memory, great fluency and tact in conversation, and an admirable rapidity of comprehension, he found time to supply the exigencies of the daily press, to frequent drawing-rooms, to talk much, to hear more, and afterwards, in meditation and study, to adapt the fruit of his intercourse with actors in the grand revolutionary drama—remnants of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, the Convention, the Council of Five Hundred, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate, statesmen, generals, diplomatists, and financiers—to promote and embellish his History of the French Revolution, upon which he had been for some time engaged. At length that well-known and great work, "The History of the French Revolution," made its appearance, and at once placed its author in the highest ranks of literary celebrity.

This work has run through numerous editions, and attained a popularity far surpassing any other publication on the same subject. Its principal merits consist in the easy and flowing style of narration, the distinct and apposite portraitures of men, the allocation of the most material and striking facts and incidents, the harmonious arrangement, and the profound appreciation of events. In a history necessarily containing so much of military detail, to those readers whose acquaintance with fire is confined to the domestic hearth, as a French wit expresses it, the succinct and lucid accounts of campaigns and battles in M. Thiers are particularly grateful. Moreover, as no human monument is free from faults, it behoves us to state that many serious objections have been urged, and with some justice, against that peculiar point of view under which M. Thiers, like his friend Mignet, contemplates some of the appalling atrocities of the Jacobin faction when in the ascendant. That the dangers of France, from inner and outward foes, demanded an unexampled display of energy, none can doubt; but it is inconsistent with justice and reason to deem inevitable or legitimatised, so to speak, by irresistible fatality, those wholesale slaughters of innocent and unoffending persons, which, so far from preparing the nation for liberty, served only to demoralise it, and throw it all palpitating at the feet of a despot. At the same time, this charge has been too rancorously enforced against the work, especially by those who look with almost a kindly eye upon the remorseless vengeance of kings, when wreaked against prostrate subjects: the accusation has, as usual with party malignity, been pushed far beyond what the truth or a candid interpretation of the historian's deductions warrant. The reflections scattered through the work every reader will estimate according to their weight; but it is perhaps one of its chief recommendations that it contains but few to interrupt the full flow of narrative, or dull the sparkling mirror of incident.

The appearance of his historical compilation, its rapid progress in public esteem, and the fortunate gift of a share in the *Constitutionel*, conferred upon him by an enthusiastic admirer, raised M. Thiers to comparative affluence. Leaving his garret in the alley of Montesquieu, he emerged at once as one of the most prominent men in France, in the two paramount fields of literature and politics. Growing discontented with the somewhat antiquated tone of the *Constitutionel*, he established in 1828 a new paper, more democratic in its principles, called the *National*. In this journal an unrelenting war was waged against the Polignac administration, which, often suppressing particular numbers, and adopting other partial remedies against the galling stings of Thiers and his assistants—Armand Carrel, and some of the most talented men of the liberal party—finally took the desperate measure of the Ordinances of July. The revolution of 1830, the result thereof, is known to all.

That event materially conduced to M. Thiers's advancement. Under the new government he was named counsellor of state, and intrusted, without any title, with the functions of secretary-general to the ministry of finance under Baron Louis. The first ministry of 1830 was composed of heterogeneous materials, which were speedily decomposed. Under the Laffitte administration, formed in November 1830, Thiers received the official title of under-secretary of state in the department to which he was already attached. It may be mentioned that he had previously published a pamphlet on Law's system, which, developing sound and comprehensive views of finance, recommended him to that branch of the public service. At the same time he was elected deputy for the town of Aix, his *alma mater*, and made his first appearance in the Chamber, where he experienced an almost universally unfavourable reception.

In person, M. Thiers is almost diminutive, with an expression of countenance, though intellectual, reflective, and sarcastic, far from possessing the traits of beauty. Moreover, the face itself, small in form, as befits the body, is encumbered with a pair of spectacles so large, that, when peering over the marble edge of the long narrow pulpit, yclept the tribune, whence all speakers address the chamber, it is described as appearing suspended to the two orbs of crystal. With such an exterior, presenting something of the ludicrous, so fatal to effect, especially in volatile France, M. Thiers, full of the impassioned eloquence of his favourite revolutionary orators, essayed to impart those thrilling emotions recorded of Mirabeau. The attempt provoked derision, but only for a moment. In his new sphere, as in the others he had passed through, he soon outshone competition. Subsiding into the oratory natural to him, simple, vigorous, and rapid, he approved himself one of the most formidable of parliamentary champions. Defending the ministry of Casimir-Perier, which succeeded Laffitte's, he was held to have compromised the principles of his party, and an estrangement then occurred between him and the ultra-liberals which has not yet been wholly repaired. The accusation of political inconsistency is one to which every public man is liable, and principally the ablest, for, with more comprehensive views, and a better appreciation of signs and changes, he models his action according to the exigencies of circumstances, the truest wisdom, instead of stubbornly dogmatising on theories obviously impracticable or unsuitable. At the same time, this reproach is certainly in no ordinary degree merited by the chief politicians in France at this period, as the reader will probably conclude if he should chance to consult an article entitled "Constitution of the Chamber of Deputies in France," which appeared in No. 393 of this Journal, wherein a more ample exposition of the parties dividing France is given than our present limits will permit.

Following M. Thiers in his high political career, we find it chequered by the usual absorbing alternations of office and opposition. From the 11th October 1832, when the first Soult cabinet was constructed, he continued a minister, with one short interval, until the 25th August 1836, in various capacities—as minister of the interior, minister of commerce and public works, and minister for foreign affairs, under various chiefs, Marshals Soult, Gérard, Mortier, and Broglié, and finally under himself, nominated President of the Council on the 22d February 1836. In August of that year, he passed into opposition, where he remained until again called by Louis Philippe, in the present year 1840, to the premiership, which, while we write, he still holds.

In speaking of M. Thiers's general attainments, we shall be brief. The mere fact of his position avouches his commanding eminence. In competition with all the talents of his age, he has outstripped them all. Not that he is the first of orators, for the legitimatist Berryer bears the palm; not that he is the most profound thinker, for the doctrinaire Guizot is the more searching philosopher; not that he is the most unbending politician, for the ultra-liberal Odillon-Barrot is more stern and consistent. But Thiers comprehends his countrymen better; can adapt himself better to men and things; and though perhaps about the last man to lay down his life for a principle, his origin, his sympathies, his whole career, identify him with the great majority of the nation. Thus, with his undoubted abilities, he becomes an influential deputy and a popular minister. The very fickleness wherewith his enemies upbraid him, proves him more incontestibly a genuine son of the Gallic soil.

And now, at the summit of the social ladder, wielding the power of France, exercising a weighty influence upon the destinies of his age and country, enjoying affluence, and blessed with an accomplished wife endowed with an ample dowry, the son of the artisan of Marseilles ought, in worldly estimation, to be happy, which we devoutly hope he is.

* M. Loève-Veimar: "Statesmen of France and England."

THE WEST INDIES SINCE THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

JAMAICA—THE EMANCIPATION.

LITTLE, we believe, is accurately known respecting the condition and habits of the negro population of our West India possessions, since the period of their final emancipation from slavery two years ago; and as we think that correct information should be disseminated on the subject, we beg to offer the following to our readers. What we state may be depended on, as far as any human testimony is worthy of credit, for we draw it from official papers lately laid before the House of Commons, and now issued in a large volume, which has been printed by authority. The topic being deeply interesting, may with advantage occupy more than a single article. We shall at present confine ourselves to Jamaica, and take up the first head, which refers to the emancipation on the 1st of August 1838, and its immediate consequences.

In the year 1838, the governor of Jamaica was Sir Lionel Smith, who, to judge from his dispatches, is a person of amiable disposition, and who zealously entered into the cause of emancipation. In the month of July, he travelled through a considerable part of the island, explaining to the negroes the nature of the change which was soon to take place in their condition, and recommending them to labour for reasonable wages to the employers under whom they happened to live. The scope of these admonitions will be best understood by the following proclamation, addressed to the prædial apprentices by the governor:—

"In a few days more you will all become free labourers, the legislature of the island having relinquished the remaining two years of your apprenticeship.

The 1st of August next is the happy day when you will become free, under the same laws as other freemen, whether white, black, or coloured.

I, your governor, give you joy of this great blessing.

Remember that in freedom you will have to depend on your own exertions for your livelihood, and to maintain and bring up your families. You will work for such wages as you can agree upon with your employers.

It is their interest to treat you fairly.

It is your interest to be civil, respectful, and industrious.

Where you can agree and continue happy with your old masters, I strongly recommend you to remain on those properties on which you have been born, and where your parents are buried.

But you must not mistake, in supposing that your present houses, gardens, or provision grounds, are your own property.

They belong to the proprietors of the estates, and you will have to pay rent for them in money or labour, according as you and your employers may agree together.

Idle people, who will not take employment, but go wandering about the country, will be taken up as vagrants, and punished in the same manner as they are in England.

The ministers of religion have been kind friends to you; listen to them, they will keep you out of troubles and difficulties.

Recollect what is expected of you by the people of England, who have paid such a large price for your liberty.

They not only expect that you will behave yourselves as the queen's good subjects, by obeying the laws as I am happy to say you always have done as appren-

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tices, but that the prosperity of the island will be increased by your willing labour greatly beyond what it ever was in slavery. Be honest towards all men; be kind to your wives and children; spare your wives from heavy field-work as much as you can; make them attend to their duties at home, in bringing up your children, and in taking care of your stock; above all, make your children attend divine service and school.

If you follow this advice, you will, under God's blessing, be happy and prosperous."

The happy day of freedom from slavery at length arrived, and was observed, by proclamation, as one of thanksgiving and prayer. Good order, decorum, and gratitude, were manifested by the whole of the labouring population. Sir L. Smith, in a dispatch to Lord Glenelg, dated August 13, writes as follows:—

"Not even the irregularity of a drunken individual occurred. Though joy beamed on every countenance, it was throughout the island tempered with solemn thankfulness to God; and the churches and chapels were every where filled with these happy people, in humble offerings of praise for the great blessing he has conferred upon them.

The island has continued perfectly tranquil. The labourers have not generally returned yet to plantation work; managers are endeavouring to give as low wages as they can, and the labourers hold out for better terms. This struggle was to be expected, and will, no doubt, settle down.

At Falmouth, in Trelawney, where there has always been a hostile spirit among the planters against the missionaries, some foolish persons proposed or threatened to hang the Rev. Mr Knibb in effigy. It got abroad, and magnified into a real intention of hanging that gentleman: his congregation assembled in great numbers, armed with cutlasses and sticks, determined to defend their favourite pastor. Nothing dangerous occurred, and the people gradually dispersed. * *

I have carefully abstained from interfering on the question of wages. In St Dorothy's, which I visited last week, they were much disappointed that I would not determine what they ought to receive. At Bushy Park, an estate of 700 negroes, they finally agreed to take 1s. 8d. currency, or 1s. sterling a-day; and they have, I believe, all returned to work. I am under no uneasiness whatever for the future tranquillity of the island."

The Bishop of Jamaica concurs in "bearing testimony to the peaceable and orderly behaviour of all classes, and particularly of the negroes, on this auspicious occasion."

There was thus every reason to expect that the negro population would have settled down quietly as free labourers, on payment of a fair rate of wages by their old employers; but a most distressing cause of discontent seems to have irritated them from the moment of emancipation, and produced serious consequences both to themselves and the planters. This was an almost universal dispute respecting the right of the negroes to remain in the houses and grounds which they had previously enjoyed while slaves. The third clause of the apprenticeship abolition law gave the free labourers the use of their houses and grounds for three months; that is, they could only be ejected after a three months' notice to quit, prescribed by the act. The planters, with few exceptions, seized on this as a means of obliging the labourers to work at low wages. Instead of endeavouring to conciliate the affection of these friendless beings, by allowing them to remain in their houses at a moderate rent, they immediately issued notices to quit, or demanded rents of so exorbitant an amount, that they often exceeded the entire wages which the negroes were offered for their labour. In many cases "rent for house and grounds was charged for every individual in a family." In other cases, labour was agreed to be taken in commutation of rent; but this led to endless quarrels, for managers did not scruple to turn a family of labourers adrift in order to get rid of demands for wages incurred; and when the negroes complained, they were told to seek redress where they pleased. Stipendiary magistrate O'Reilly, in the Vere district, reports the following disgraceful conduct of the planters:—"Another mode of recovering rent was attempted, but put a stop to by our first decisions and remarks thereon. A charge of L.4 or L.5 for rent was made against a labourer, but he was only sued before the justices for 40s., or generally something under, to make it appear as if that were the entire amount; get a decision for that and costs, and next week bring up the unfortunate being, and sue him for the balance, thus saddling the defendant with two sets of costs, and obviating the necessity of taking the case before the Court of Common Pleas; and I much fear that, before we were aware of the iniquity of the proceeding, some of these unjust verdicts were given, especially as they generally brought one of the most ignorant forward, who, not understanding his own rights, thought all was just, and the rest of the people, knowing the decision, and being threatened with a similar proceeding, have paid these demands."

Take another case, reported by magistrate Walsh:—"In the leeward of St Mary's, the employers will neither rent the cottages nor grounds; and if the wife of a hard-working man should prove heavy in pregnancy, they stop 10d. per day from the husband for every day that she is sick; and if the husband dare say a word, he is driven from the estate like a dog; this they do by ejectment before two county magistrates. And the same way, if the people send their children to school, 10d. for each child is demanded from the labourer. This is taxing Christian knowledge and education. In other instances they root up and cut down provisions, or drive the stock into their gardens, and if they complain to a stipendiary magistrate, they are ejected and driven from the estates; and even for those that have complained, little or no redress can be obtained, from the obscurity of the law, and the determination of the employers to oppose by persecution anything like equal justice."

After this evidence, the following statement by magistrate Daughtry of St Elizabeth's, will not excite surprise:—"Those masters who persisted in making exorbitant demands for rent, have lost, or are fast losing, their most efficient labourers. Others who require additional hands, and pay them fairly, are placing their pens in a better state than they were in during the apprenticeship. The system of a labourrent, which was at first the favourite scheme of the masters, is yielding to the far better plan of a money payment, although I regret to say that too often the sum demanded is still greatly out of proportion to the actual cost of a negro-house, and of the land he has in cultivation. The consequence is, that the minds of the people are fixed upon the object of obtaining homes of their own, which considerable numbers have, indeed, already done; but in the exercise of a providence which is one of their conspicuous characteristics, they are keeping in connexion with present advantages, till their own little places are in order to receive them."

It appears from the documents before us, that notwithstanding a report industriously circulated to the contrary, the negroes never entertained the slightest idea that they were entitled to retain unqualified possession of their houses and grounds after the period of emancipation. This slander they publicly denied in meetings called for the purpose. The following resolutions were passed at a public meeting at Montego Bay, June 1839:—

"That so far from supposing that we had any lawful claim to the houses and grounds, we have been fully and painfully taught our dependence, by notices to quit; by enormous demands of rent from husband, wife, and every child, though residing in one house; from the anomalous and unjust demand to pay additional rent for every day we, or any portion of our family, may be absent from work, whether occasioned by sickness or any other cause; from the summary ejectments which have been inflicted upon some of us; and from the demolition of houses, and utter destruction of provision-grounds, which others of us had to endure.

That in proof no such sentiment exists, or has existed, in our minds, we have paid, either by labour or in cash, exorbitant rents for our huts and grounds, having laboured at 1s. 8d. per diem, instead of 2s. 6d., the regular wages given to us during the apprenticeship, or from our masters from whom we were hired; and at which rate, upon the oaths of the overseers, our services have been valued as apprentices, and which we have had to pay for the purchase of our apprenticeship terms; thus allowing 10d. per diem for every able member in the family capable of hard work, and an equal proportion for every inferior member, as payment for the occupancy of the houses and grounds, although many of these houses were built by ourselves, and at our own expense, and others are of such a description as to be unfit for the residence of any human being.

That the parties who have made these representations at the Colonial Office must have been influenced by the most cruel feelings and ungenerous motives towards us, the peasantry of this colony."

Such were the declarations of the negroes, and their statements are borne out by every tittle of evidence before us. Mr Abbott, a Baptist missionary, in a communication to the Marquis of Normanby, June 11, 1839, observes:—"Since the abolition of the apprenticeship system, I have visited various parts of the island, and have met not fewer than 10,000 of the apprentices, addressed them in relation to their rights, privileges, and duties as freemen, and heard the free expression of their sentiments; and I have no hesitation in saying that the charges preferred against them, as a body, have no foundation in truth.

I freely admit that the attachment of the labourers to the places of their birth, and to the burial-places of their ancestors or offspring, is so strong that they would rather make any sacrifice than leave them; and of this too many managers have taken a disreputable advantage. I admit, further, that I have met with some who have refused to pay the rent demanded of them, when that demand has been exorbitant, and who have refused to work on the terms proposed to them, when those terms have been deemed unfair, and even to work at all for those masters who, during slavery, were distinguished only for cruelty.

You, my lord, do not need to be told that similar feelings are manifested by freemen in other countries, and will be, I think, disinclined to blame the newly freed men of this for daring to maintain their rights. But while I make these admissions, I do most solemnly assure your lordship that I have not met with any who have been unwilling to pay a fair rent for their houses and grounds, or to work for those who will treat them as human beings, for equitable remuneration.

That there are amongst the recently emancipated many idle, dishonest, and unworthy members of society, I am not disposed to deny. That there is at least an equal proportion of this stamp in the other classes of the community, who have fewer excuses for their crimes, is painfully manifest; and your lordship is well aware that the same may be said not only of the peasantry and mechanics, but of the aristocracy of highly-favoured England.

With reference to the charges against the people, I have only to add, that I can confidently state, not only from personal observation, but from the testimony of humane and influential masters, that where they are treated well they behave well; and while they reasonably seek to be paid for what they do, they are willing to pay for what they get."

Notwithstanding these causes of irritation, there was no want of labour to forward the crops; and no estates suffered except "from injudicious management, or from the impatient temper of the managers, or from the want of money to pay the people." According to the reports of the stipendiary magistrates, "the conduct of the peasantry continued peaceable and orderly in the extreme."—(Daly, April 22, 1839.) Stipendiary magistrate Fishbourne (Aug. 7, 1840) writes:—"The conduct of the people in the coffee-district during the last twelve months, has, in my opinion, fully evinced their fitness for freedom; and the daily increasing spirit of industry which more and more widely exhibits itself, and which appears firmly and enduringly rooted amongst the people, encourages me to look forward to the cheering prospect of augmented agricultural prosperity, with increased civilisation and general contentment. The anniversary of the commencement of freedom was distinguished by the assembling of immense numbers of the people in the various places of worship. A great improvement in their dress and general appearance was very visible. I have not heard of a single person being drunk or disorderly; and from what I have learned, I believe the day was celebrated by the emancipated population, throughout the whole parish, in a manner worthy of the great and memorable occasion. I regret to say, that at the parish church no white persons, except the Rev. W. Lindsay, who officiated, and myself, were present. Nor did any one of any colour, class, or sex attend, who was formerly the owner of slaves or apprentices."

The only deficiency of labour was on some of the sugar estates; but this, as far as we can gather from the evidence before us, was caused by the unreasonable and perverse conduct of the managers, who seem to have done all in their power to throw odium on the system of free labour, and to make the labourers unhappy. Still, in spite of every obstacle, the condition of the newly emancipated negroes continued, and is continuing, to improve, to a very remarkable degree. We shall, however, postpone any account of this gratifying state of affairs till next article.

MR FRASER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

An excellent book of travels was given to the public some weeks since, from the pen of Mr J. Baillie Fraser, the author of various preceding works relative to eastern countries, and, among them, the peculiarly interesting romance of the "Kuzzilbash." In the present instance, Mr Fraser describes a journey (in 1834–35) through Mesopotamia, Koordistan, and other regions in Asiatic Turkey, some of them not before visited by Europeans.* The previous experience of the traveller, and his intimacy with the languages and manners of the east, where he has filled important official situations, give this publication a degree of weight rarely attached to books respecting distant countries. The true character of a people, or of individuals, and the real meaning of national customs and peculiarities, cannot be picked up at a passing glance, or solely by the medium of guides and interpreters, of whose fidelity and capabilities it is impossible to be always assured. The advantages which Mr Fraser possessed in these respects entitle his work to a high place among our authorities on oriental matters.

A journey from the city of Tabreez (or Tebris), in the north of Persia, through Asia Minor to Bagdad, and again from Bagdad to Persia, with a concluding tour homewards, by way of Constantinople, constitutes the material of the volumes before us. Perhaps the account of Bagdad is the most interesting portion of the work; but we so lately compiled from Mr Wellsted a description of that city and its peculiar situation at the very same period, that we shall at present limit our attention to the section of Mr Fraser's work relating to Tabreez and Koordistan. Tabreez was, in 1834, the abode of Mohamed Meerza, heir-apparent of the throne of Persia, and now its sovereign. The city consists of mean, mud-built, crowded houses, but is comparatively rich and thriving, as well as populous, being, indeed, the greatest trading mart in Persia. It is the entrepôt where the stream of exports and imports of central Asia meets; the gate by which European goods enter, and Asiatic goods issue. The presence of the heir of the empire, as governor of the province of Azerbijaun, of course, gave additional importance to the city, while Mr Fraser was there. He describes the prince, who was a young man of twenty-eight years of age, as in per-

* Travels in Koordistan, &c. 2 vols. R. Bentley: London.

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son extremely corpulent, and a slave to huge feeding, one of the common characteristics of the great in Persia. The indolence of body and lethargy of mind caused by the habit in question, threw the whole power and authority in the rich and extensive province over which the prince had been placed, into the hands of a minister, called the *Kaymookam*, a most remarkable man in every respect. The following description of his appearance will perhaps bring the reader in mind of a certain absolute ruler or minister of Scotland in former days, the Duke of Lauderdale. "Conceive a man of somewhat more than middle size, exceedingly heavy and corpulent, with much rotundity of paunch, coarse features, small but very prominent eyes, so short-sighted as to suggest the idea of purblindness, yet keen and bright withal; a great ugly mouth, garnished with long, irregular, prominent, yellow fangs, which an hideous, habitual, and stupid gape always exposes to view—conceive all these, and you will say that they do not compose a very promising exterior; and certainly the external attributes of the Kaymookam would be more suitable to a stupid village boor than to the first statesman of an empire." To complete the similarity alluded to, the Kaymookam was an enormous feeder. "His feats in devouring melons and cucumbers, as commonly related, seem next to incredible. I have heard of his gobbling up seven mauns, or *fifty pounds*, of melons at a sitting."

Yet this man was an able statesman, capable of transacting an extraordinary amount of business; and, in short, as regarded talents, not unfitted for the station to which he was raised, of prime minister and virtual ruler of Persia. In the diplomatic art of lying and deceit, he was a most consummate adept. His word was trusted by nobody, and he trusted nobody, transacting all affairs in person. Mr Fraser went one day to visit him by appointment, and the following scene took place:—"I sat down, and in about fifteen minutes the bustle of servants and shuffling of slippers announced the great man's approach. In the mean time, however, the court before the windows had become full of people, of all sorts and degrees, khans, begs, meollahs, meerzas, merchants, soldiers, peasants, messengers going and messengers returning, &c., all of whom had some petition to present, or some request to prefer, and to all of whom, with exemplary patience, did his excellency address some compliment or word of salutation, while, with a patience no less praiseworthy, did I stand at the window watching the progress of this comet with the great tail. At length his eye fell on me, and incontinently did there issue from his mouth a whole volley of compliments and inquiries in the Persian fashion, with many assurances that 'my place had long been empty;' that 'I had brought light to his eyes;' and that 'he had a thousand things to say to me.' He then entered the room, scattering compliments like flowers on all sides, took a chair, ordering another to be placed near his own for me—made all the world sit down; turned to me, and, taking a roll of paper from a secretary, began instantly to write upon it fast, fast, leaving me with my mouth half agape to catch the expected communication, and prepare for my reply. This farce was continued for a considerable time, when up started a fellow at the bottom of the room, with a long story about some money he had been sent to collect, but which he swore a dozen men, and more along with him, would not be able to wrest from the people. His clamour or energy, to give it no stronger name, aroused the minister's attention; up went the eye from the paper, as if awakened from a dream, and began to blink at the man; but he instantly entered on the business, heard the statement, and directed what was to be done with infinite minuteness. The spell thus broken, papers and notes without number were thrust into the hands of two attendants, who passed them with ludicrous rapidity into the great man's hand. He took them mechanically, as it seemed, and began to read them. His manner of performing this operation is most curious. From extreme short-sightedness, he cannot distinguish a letter unless the writing be within an inch of his eye; so he draws the paper backwards and forwards, or up and down the range of that organ, touching his very nose; but as his sight, when the object is within proper range, is extremely quick, the sense of a piece of writing is gathered with a celerity that seems like intuition; and the mechanical part of the business is performed so rapidly, that one would swear he was gravely rubbing his nose with a piece of paper, instead of reading a letter." This scene was carried on for a long time, partly through ostentation, and partly because the minister thought it more prudent individually to undertake such a multiplicity of affairs, than to allow any assistants to share his secrets or his power. While observing the shower of notes and petitions that fell on the minister, Mr Fraser was more amused than annoyed. He had to give, not to get, information; and, in fact, any one (he says) who might attempt to worm aught out of the Kaymeokam, would certainly "come back shorn, while seeking wool—he would surely be well pumped himself."

The Kaymookam became prime minister of Persia when the Prince, Mahomed Meerza, ascended the throne in 1835. The affairs of the country fell into great confusion under him—an inevitable consequence of his jealous habit of concentrating all business in his own hands. At length, Mahomed Meerza found the domination of the minister insupportable, and caused him to be privately strangled. The poor wretch had been so long accustomed "to bestride king, kingdom, and all, like a colossus, whom no man dare touch for fear of annihilation," that he could not believe in the reality of his sentence, and struggled violently, but in vain, against its execution.

The Kaymookam, take him all in all, is the most amusing person to whom our author introduces us in his Persian sketches. In his passage through Koordistan, he saw much of interest. The subjoined description will give an idea of the appearance of the wild mountaineers called Koords, who inhabit this country:—"On their head they wear a large shawl of striped silk, red, white, and blue, with fringed ends, which is wound in the most graceful manner round their red skull-cap. Its ample folds are confined with some sort of band, and the long fringes hang down with a rich fantastic wildness; their true Saracenic features, and bright black eyes, gleam with peculiar lustre from under this head-tire. Their body-garments consist of a sort of ample vest and gown, with magnificent wide Turkish sleeves, over which is worn a jacket, often richly embroidered and furred, according to the owner's rank. Their lower man is enveloped in ample *shulwars*, not unlike those of the Mamluca, into which, in riding, they stuff the skirts of their more flowing garments. Around their waist, instead of a shawl, they wear a girdle fastened with monstrous silver clasps, which may be ornamented, according to the owner's taste, with jewels, and in which they stick, not only their Koordish dagger, but a pair of great brass or silver-knobbed pistols. From this, too, hang sundry powder-horns and shot-cases, cartridge-boxes, &c.; and over all they cast a sort of cloak, or *abba*, of camel's hair, white or black, or striped white, brown, and black, clasped on the breast, and floating picturesquely behind. When riding, they carry a small round shield, depending from the left shoulder, and grasp in their hand a long slender spear. If in war time, and they are going on an expedition, in addition to these arms they carry a gun, and occasionally three slender javelins in a case, which they can throw with great precision to the distance of thirty yards. Then they case themselves in armour, like knights of old, either in a shirt of linked mail, with helmet and armlets, or with a suit of plate armour, called *Char-Eineh*, consisting of four plates of inlaid and Damasked steel, made to fit back, breast, and sides, and which are a defence against any thing but a ball striking them directly."

So accoutered, these Koords, who have finely made and active persons, spend their days in perpetual robbery. They are systematic plunderers, and, like the Thugs, imagine their way of life to be perfectly proper and acceptable to Heaven. Not a Koord "will mount his horse to go on a party of robbery and murder, without ejaculating *Bismillah irruhman irruheem!*—'In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God!'" Meeting an old Koord chief, in the centre of the province, Mr Fraser had a long conversation with him, in which the old robber, with the greatest pathos, lamented that the trade of his race had somewhat fallen into decay in his days. "He dwelt upon the many frays he had been in, and the plunder he had taken, with a zest and eagerness which showed how strong the devil was yet in him. He told me he had been wounded at least a dozen times, in spite of the best of armour. 'I have armour of every sort,' said he 'and I used to wear it always; but I have learned to put very little trust in it—my trust is in Heaven!' said he, with as firm and satisfied a tone as if his cause was the most righteous upon earth. He joined with others in lamenting the evil days on which the present race of Koords had fallen. 'The golden times of Koordistan are gone,' he said; 'ride over the country, and what brilliancy, what spirit will you find! All the good horsemen and stout soldiers are dead, or have fled the land, or have taken to the plough per force, to make as much money as will pay the Pasha and feed their wives and children; and what is a soldier good for when once he has touched a plough!'" We may deplore the ideas which these people have about heaven; but, in truth, in doing so, we should be merely returning the feelings with which they regard us. An Arab sheikh of Mesopotamia, who lived precisely in the Koord fashion, being greatly delighted one day with a shot fired by Mr Fraser exclaimed, "Come, come, you're a good fellow; you had better become a Mussulmaun, and live with me." "How can that be, sheikh," returned our author, "when I have a wife and family at home!" "Oh," said the Arab, "give these up; only turn Mussulmaun, and I will give you all those, and more, here." On Mr Fraser again excusing himself, the worthy bandit of the desert turned round to his friends, and, pointing to the English traveller and his companions, said, with an air of profound compassion, "What a pity, now, that these poor fellows must go to *jehannum!*" (a place not to be named.) He then continued, addressing Mr Fraser with a moving air of remonstrance, "Oh, are you not afraid of your soul! Will you not think of saving it!"

These Arab tribes occupy a great part of Asia Minor, being roving plunderers like the Koords, but living in the desert plains, and not in the mountains. They are a more wretched people than the hill-robbers, in point of social comforts. Mr Fraser travelled among many tribes of them, and describes them interestingly. We have but room for one extract, however, illustrative of their character:—"It happened that an Englishman, travelling through Khuzistan, was received and entertained in the tent of the sheikh of an Arab tribe, his entertainer, the only member of the family at home being a daughter, who acted as hostess in her father's absence. At night, the inmates of the tent, including the stranger, retired to rest; but towards morning he was awakened by shrieks, and distinguished the voice of his young hostess exclaiming that she was murdered! All rushed to the spot, where they found the unfortunate girl in the agonies of death, her breast pierced with three deep stabs of a dagger. While gazing on the dying victim, and offering vain assistance, a voice was heard from a height close by, exclaiming: 'Yes, it is I! I have done it—praise be to God, I have murdered her!' All eyes were turned to the spot, whose there was seen an old woman standing and gesticulating with vehemence. A rush was made towards her, and she either ran or was borne back to the brink of the river on which the tents were pitched, from the high bank of which she fell into the deep stream; and, whether she perished or escaped, was seen no more.

On inquiry, it appeared that this sheikh, who now had to mourn the loss of a daughter, had once had a son, who, in some former fray, had been put to death by a *pehlewan* (or champion) of another tribe—an event which called forth all the virulence of the existing feud. Some short time afterwards, a stranger entered the camp, and was received with the customary cordiality of Arab hospitality. Unfortunately, he was recognised by some of the tribe as the very pehlewan who had put to death the son of their sheikh. What was to be done? He was now their guest, and by the laws of hospitality, and by Arab customs, could not be touched. The sheikh himself was absent, and the arguments of good faith and mercy were preponderating, when the young woman now in question entered the assembly, and upbraided the men with cowardice and cold-heartedness towards their chief. 'What!' said she, 'shall the murderer of your sheikh's son be in your hands and yet escape! Never let this be said—put him instantly to death, or renounce the name of men!' Still, however, a reluctance to infringe on, in so direct a manner, the laws of host and guest, restrained the hands and weapons of the men, in spite of the wrath that was boiling in their breasts; and possibly the force of that consideration might have prevailed, when the young girl herself, maddened at the sight of her brother's murderer, and the idea of his escaping, seized a sword and smote him. The sight of blood was irresistible; in a moment every weapon was drawn, and sheathed in the body of their unfortunate guest—he was literally cut in pieces.

The sheikh returned, and, shocked at the atrocious violation of hospitality, was furious at the perpetrators; fain would he have recalled the act or repaired the injury, but that was impossible. Time passed on, and the murder, like others of the sort, was forgotten by the tribe; but not by the mother of the slain. Resolved upon revenge, she had followed the hostile camp for years, and patiently watched an opportunity, which she found not until the fatal night when the Englishman, who relates the story, was by chance a guest in the tent of the sheikh, and witness to the consummation of her savage vengeance."

INDIAN RUBBER.

THE substance called Caoutchouc, or Indian Rubber, has of late years assumed much mercantile importance, and a brief account of its history, natural and commercial, may have some general interest.

Caoutchouc was first seen in Europe about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was then brought from Cayenne (in Guiana) and other provinces on the eastern coast of South America, and, from its valuable power of cleaning paper, was called Indian *rubber*. Caoutchouc is a juice, derived from a tree or shrub called *hevee* by the South Americans, and recognised by Linnæus to be a species of the *Jatropha*. The striking elasticity and insolubility of caoutchouc, which we believe to be the aboriginal name for the juice, caused it speedily to become an object of attention to chemists and others, who imagined, not incorrectly, that the secret of dissolving it might be turned to some account. As the use of it increased in the civilised world, the substance became naturally an object of research to voyagers also, and varieties of it were found in many tropical climes, particularly in some parts of China, on the coast of Guinea, in Sumatra, and other East Indian isles and provinces. The latter regions have ever since yielded a large proportion of the caoutchouc in use. Travellers have called the shrub from which the East Indian caoutchouc is procured, a *vine*—the *elastic-gum* vine—from its origin and appearance, though the name of gum or resin, commonly applied to the juice, is altogether a mistake. The shrub is a rambling plant, which grows to an immense length and height, supporting itself upon stronger trees, and passing from one to another for a distance, occasionally, of many hundred yards. Dr Roxburgh, a distinguished naturalist, examined the plant as it is found in Sumatra, and gave it the botanical name of *urceola elastica*. The urceola bears fruit and flowers as well as foliage, but its most prominent quality, which it shares with other plants of the thirtieth natural order of Linnæus, is that of yielding, on being cut, a milky juice, commonly of a poisonous nature.

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Incisions are made in the bark of the urceola and heves to let the juice exude, which it is found to do most abundantly in the time of rain. It is at first of the exact appearance and consistence of milk, and, like that substance, soon separates into a light serous fluid and a thick coagulum. The first seems rapidly to evaporate, leaving the thicker part to assume a brown or blackish colour, and to get tough, cohesive, and elastic. Some writers say that this hardening takes place from simple exposure to the sun, while others assert that the gatherers effect it by a secret process. However this may be, the induration is quickly accomplished, and then the substance is ready for the common uses to which it is put, namely, rubbing and cleaning paper, making elastic bottles, surgical instruments, &c. It is brought to the market in the shape, for the most part, of rolled-up balls or bags, formed on brittle moulds. It is then devoid of smell, of a brown hue when cut into, and so elastic, that, on being cast on the ground, it will rebound several times. A ball weighing seven ounces, if simply dropped on hard ground from a height of fifteen feet, will rebound ten or twelve times, and, on the first occasion, to a height of seven feet. Such was the result of a simple experiment upon the elasticity of caoutchouc made by Dr Roxburgh.

It was stated that the apparent insolubility of caoutchouc by water, spirits, and other common menstruums, soon led to the belief that the discovery of some solvent of it would be a most important affair, as regarded the manufacture of water-proof articles of dress, and similar useful objects. It was known that the natives of Guiana made boots and bottles from it in a rude way. This application of the substance, however, was effected, of course, not by means of a solution, but by employing the recent and liquid juice. So early as the year 1768, we find the French Academy of Sciences attempting, but in vain, to discover a proper solvent for the dry caoutchouc. It was left for Mr Howison, a gentleman resident in the East Indies at the end of the eighteenth century,* to set an example to Europeans in this department of the useful arts, now become one of no slight consequence to the comforts of the civilised human being. Mr Howison contrived to make boots, gloves, and many of the like articles of dress, by first forming moulds of wax of the proper size and shape, and then coating them over with the liquid juice gathered for the purpose, and placed in air-tight bottles, in which it can be kept for a short time sufficiently soft. The experimenter found it necessary to apply repeated coatings, using his hand for spreading them, before the article could be brought to a sufficient thickness. In this way he made boots that were thoroughly waterproof, but he soon discovered that they lost shape, and, in short, that an article of elegant wear could never be thus made.

Mr Howison then thought of dipping in the juice an elastic cloth, in some degree corresponding with the elasticity of the caoutchouc, and into the textural interspaces of which that substance might be absorbed. He plunged Indian cotton stockings and gloves into the fluid, and hung them up to dry. The experiment was perfectly successful. The cloth quickly absorbed the juice, and when the article was dry, every fibre of the cotton had its coating, and the whole was completely waterproof, while scarcely less flexible than before. He dipped nankeens with the same result, and, in short, by giving the caoutchouc a basis of light cloth in place of using it alone, found that he could make a complete dress for himself—a dress which had the extraordinary properties of being impervious to rain, insoluble in fresh water or salt, unchangeable by the sun's rays, calculated to wear for an immense time, and not liable to be destroyed by any known insect.

Mr Howison's experiments attracted considerable attention, when communicated to the Asiatic Society, and through their publications to the world at large. Speculative minds devised a hundred important uses for the caoutchouc, besides the application of it to the waterproofing of common articles of dress. The manufacture of all the numerous instruments and articles requiring elasticity, the coating of canvass for tents and sails, the strengthening and preservation of ropes and fishing-nets, the perpetuation of paintings by means of varnishes and prepared cloth, were among the many purposes which it was proposed to accomplish by the aid of the caoutchouc, as we find from the remarks of an able writer of the year 1800, who drew up an account of Mr Howison's experiments. But the misfortune was, that neither the American nor the East Indian caoutchouc was soluble, at least in a sufficiently perfect degree, by any means known at the time; and the juice could not be conveyed to Europe in a fluid state. It dried so quickly in Mr Howison's hands, indeed, that if, in dipping his cloth, he allowed two layers to come in contact, they were thenceforth inseparable. On this account, the chemists of the day set to work most diligently, to discover a solvent for the dried caoutchouc. It was found that turpentine and empyreumatic oil were the two liquids that produced the principal effects as solvents; but there were important objections to their use, one being the great expense of the oil.

We mention these circumstances because this secret of the caoutchouc solvent was a very interesting one, and long in being discovered. Many a thoughtful and talented lover of science did not disdain to spend days and months in the pursuit of this chemical will-o'-the-wisp. We are aware of one such youthful student, now a distinguished medical professor of the Edinburgh University, who hired an attic in a mean and retired part of the city, purposely to prosecute his inquiries into the solubility of caoutchouc. It must be remembered that the accomplishment of this end was an object of peculiar interest to medical men, many of whose most important instruments are now formed partly or entirely of caoutchouc. The cause which compelled the young student alluded to to betake himself to a lonely and mean apartment for the carrying on of his experiments, deserves notice. The liquid substance which he was attempting to use for the solution of the caoutchouc, was of so strong and unpleasant an odour in its pure state, that the more refined people amongst whom he usually dwelt would not tolerate his experimenting within their bounds. His labours in the lonely attic were not fruitless. He succeeded in his object, and the solvent which he employed is now the agent in use in the manufacture of all waterproof caoutchouc articles. This agent was *spirit of tar*, or a spirituous distillation from the pitchy substance so called. We understand that the gentleman here mentioned claims the credit of having been the first to manufacture caoutchouc articles by the medium of the spirit of tar, and that he can point to an article in a scientific journal (Nicholson's, we believe), in which an account of the discovery was given by him. We are not certain whether any fellow-labourer in science can justly dispute with him the merit of priority in this respect, but we have at least seen beautiful instruments made by him from dissolved caoutchouc, long before similar articles were procurable from the common manufacturers of the present day.

Caoutchouc articles made by the solvent power of the distillation from tar, are now, it is almost needless to say, in common use in Britain. Waterproof *dresses* have been for some years manufactured by, and named after, Mr Mackintosh, a gentleman who has taken out a patent for this branch of practical science. An immense quantity of these are now made, the caoutchouc being introduced into all varieties of attire, but chiefly into cloaks, wading trousers, and other upper or outer articles of dress. With respect to the use of Indian rubber cloth, except for loose coverings, we entertain very serious objections. The closeness of texture prevents the exhalation of the insensible perspiration, and thus is apt to do a very serious injury to health. We think it our duty, therefore, to recommend that no Indian rubber garment should be used which in any way closes upon the person. As perfectly loose mantles or capes, the caoutchouc articles are inimitable, but there the merit of the invention rests. For some other purposes caoutchouc is excellent. Bottles which fill themselves by suction are made of it, and are peculiarly useful to medical men. The stomach-pump was an article little fit for use previous to that discovery, and now it is efficiently employed almost every day by police surgeons in cases of poisoning. There is a bad odour about new caoutchouc articles, but this in a short time disappears.

* Now Dr Howison of Crosburn House, Lanarkshire. An account of this gentleman's experiments was given in the Journal, No. 260.

SILVIO PELLICO'S RETURN HOME.

Silvio Pellico, an Italian gentleman, who, as most of our readers are aware, was inhumanly imprisoned for several years by the Austrian government on the charge of having committed a political offence, afterwards wrote an account of his sufferings, which has been widely circulated in most European languages.* His narrative, however, terminates rather abruptly, and to compensate this defect, he has lately prepared additional memoirs of his unfortunate history. One of the French journals gives a few chapters from the yet unissued work, and we translate a portion of these, not on account of any striking incidents contained in them, but because they seem to us to partake largely of that charm which the pure and amiable spirit of the writer throws around all the productions of his pen, and also because they depict minutely the feelings of the Italian scholar, on being restored to his family after *ten years'* imprisonment in a distant dungeon.

"My first night, after returning to my family, was spent in a state of feverish excitement, my mind being agitated by conflicting and tumultuous emotions, sometimes of a sad and sometimes of a joyful character. It was impossible for me to close my eyes. I wished to compose my thoughts, by turning them to God, and giving audible vent to words of gratitude and love; but, at every instant, the train of devotional feeling was interrupted by crowding recollections of the years of my captivity, of those who had been shut up before me, of the friends whom I had left yet in chains, of others who were absent or departed, of all my past illusions and the reflections which I had made in the hour of suffering, of the faith which divine grace had given me, and of my happiness in being released from prison, in revisiting my country, and finding my parents and my brothers once more. Each of these sources of distraction agitated me in a lively manner. To recover in part my tranquillity, I strove ever to turn my thoughts again to the Divine Being, whose sustaining hand I had felt in the most severe of my trials. But that multitude of remembrances did not cease to besiege me, and to transport my imagination more often into the midst of troubles than of consolations. In addition to this irresistible agitation of spirit, I began to experience a severe pain in the head, and such an oppression as almost prevented me from breathing. It seemed to me as if my enfeebled body could bear up no longer, and that this night was to be my last. I thanked God for having brought me alive into the house of my father, and permitting me to die there, if my hour was really come. Nevertheless, the thought of dying troubled me, and I could not suppress the wish that my days might be prolonged, to let me taste awhile the ineffable love of my family, and be a staff to my parents in their old age.

Towards morning, I breathed more easily, and enjoyed a light sleep; it was short, but did me much good. Awakening without headache, I arose quickly, though fatigued, feeling a joyful wish to assure myself that I did not dream, but was really in my paternal home. Clothing myself hastily, I passed into the next apartment, where I fell upon my knees, thinking that I could never be grateful enough for my chains being broken. The pleasing tears which fell from my eyes refreshed me greatly. I rose to my feet on hearing the steps of my mother, who came, in her solicitude, to see if I was awake, and to assure herself that I was not ill. I stept before her, my heart palpitating with filial love, and threw myself into her arms. To her anxious questions I gave encouraging answers, not distressing her by disclosing the way in which I had passed the night, but feigning, on the contrary, much more strength than I had.

The joys of that morning were not yet over. My beloved father and my good brothers entered; we again embraced one another, spoke words of hope and comfort, and talked of all that remained yet to be told between us. I felt revived and refreshed by the depth of their affection; but, after going out to hear service in the church of St Francis, my feebleness returned upon me, and I could with difficulty regain our home. My mother gave me some elixir drops, and I sat down to rest, and to talk, not only with her, but with my father and brothers, who came into the room every instant, as if to assure themselves anew of my presence. We could not satiate our eyes with the sight of one another, or forbear to ask and answer questions, in order that we might in some measure fill up the immense blank made by the ten years which I had passed far away from them. The day was thus occupied in recounting the details of my captivity to these sympathising friends, and in listening to their description of the anguish endured on my account by them. I went exhausted to bed, and again passed a night of sleepless suffering.

The same thing occurred again and again, until my mother beheld my rapidly decreasing strength, and laid upon me the injunction to preserve a rigorous silence. This was a wise step; but four months passed away ere I enjoyed nights untroubled by pain and sleeplessness. Even when I began to sleep better, one thing still harassed me. Every morning, just before dawn, the remembrance of my arrest, my trial, my condemnation to death, and the ten years of my captivity, came before me in the shape of a frightful dream, all the circumstances of which were vividly analogous to the real ones. But every day, also, I had the happy surprise of passing from the torments of a dungeon, or the terrors of death, to the joy of finding myself in the bosom of my family. While the body thus suffered, and slowly regained strength, the mind had also trials to undergo. How many beloved friends, alas! had I lost by death, in these ten years! how many others had fallen into severe distress! what errors, hates, and calumnies were abroad! The new revolutions of the day [1830] had much in them to alarm me for some young and generous spirits of Italy, who were emboldened by them to form schemes perilous to their welfare; and I felt, also, that the same circumstances would have deplorable consequences for those of my companions yet moaning in the cells of Spielberg. With the spirit of revolutionary ferment still abroad, small was their chance of liberty. One of them was a man bound to me by ties of brotherly love from the cradle. I speak of Pietro Borsieri, a person of lively and cultivated parts, belonging to a family in which I knew none but noble souls, and none but dear friends. I was bound by ties of friendship, not of so long standing, but close and enduring, to another captive, Frederic Confalonieri, a man for whom I could have died, so highly did I value his life, and with the best of reasons. I heard with pleasure of the release of Alexander Andryane, but that pleasure was mingled with sorrow, at the remembrance that Confalonieri had in him lost his dear friend, and was left in solitude within these horrible prison-walls."

[Pellico here defends himself from the charge of having ever desired revolutions at the cost of bloodshed, and proves that his opinions were moderate and mild. He then returns to the subject of his family, and the causes which led him originally to think of publishing his memoirs.]

"What comfort, meanwhile, I tasted in the bosom of my family! There my presence had given serenity to every countenance. I had been for so many years the sole object of their desires. Now these were satisfied, and they showed me that they were happy. In addition to theirs, I enjoyed the society of many dear friends, and, among others, of the Abbé Giordano, our parish pastor, a venerable man of eighty. To this

* Silvio Pellico's Imprisonments, translated into English, have been published in the "People's Editions" of the Messrs Chambers.

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good priest I recounted the history of my confinement. The result was, that he advised me to publish my prison experiences. The idea startled me at first. Political passions seemed to me yet too ardent in Italy and all over Europe, for such a publication. 'My intentions will be misinterpreted,' said I; 'enemies will deny my statements, though I speak the exact truth; and my repose will be destroyed.' 'There are two kinds of repose,' answered the good father; 'the repose of the brave man, and that of the pusillanimous. The last is unworthy of you. In this book which I counsel you to write, you will exhibit the noble support derivable in adversity from a holy trust in God, a good conscience, and a right cause. Think of it well. If you have been permitted to earn a little reputation in literature, it is, doubtless, that you may be encouraged to compose a work which will benefit your fellow-men. Avoid the sloth of pusillanimity.' The good abbé's language made me reflect on the subject. I spoke of it to my mother, who was not learned, but of sound judgment. 'I see danger in it,' said she, 'and tremble. But pray, my son—pray that your mind may be directed into the right course.' Shortly afterwards, we spoke on the subject again. 'I believe that the work will have its utility, and that it should be written.' 'To the work, then, my son,' was the reply.

I wrote with a pleased activity the first chapters of my Imprisonment, and took an opportunity, one day, of reading them to an old friend, on whose judgment I placed some value. He was alarmed for me, and counselled me to suppress the work for some ten or fifteen years, till all parties were in a state of quietude. So many friends were of the same opinion, that even when the manuscript was completed, I would probably have allowed it to lie by for some years, but for my mother. 'Obey your conscience, my son,' said she; 'act according to your sense of right, and fear nothing.'

The work was published, and, during the two following weeks, many regarded me as guilty of an act of crime, or of great folly. Some said that I had published a book disgraceful to our age of enlightenment, and that my reputation was gone; others wrote to me, to say, that every tragedy of mine, which might thenceforth be represented, would be unmercifully hissed by the partisans of philosophy. Many who knew me turned away their heads on meeting me, to avoid speaking. All this was on account of the homage rendered to religion in the work. These clamours, however, soon fell to the ground, and a great number of my adversaries, seeing my book generally well received, confined themselves to the task of warring on me in secret, and endeavouring to undermine me in the estimation of men who honoured me with their friendship. But the work was reprinted abroad. Men pardoned the extreme simplicity of the style, on account of the incontestible character of veracity stamped upon every page. I received many flattering letters on account of it from compatriots and strangers.

My good abbé rejoiced as much as I in the success of the work which he had suggested. 'You ought,' said he, 'moreover, to profit by the favour you have gained with the public, to give them a little treatise on morals. Write a discourse to youth. Animate them to noble sentiments; I promise you that it will be read.' Again I referred the suggestion to my mother, and saw that she approved of it. Her only caution was, 'This book should breathe nothing but benevolence; avoid the tone of satire which moralists are too apt to catch.' My 'Discourse upon the Duties of Man' originated in this manner, and had the same success with my narrative. Some journals abused it, but as usual, I kept a profound silence. Was this patience? No, I cannot say it was; but all explanation or remonstrance would have been fruitless with men determined to make me out a wicked man.

After having composed twelve tragedies, of which I have only published eight, I have ceased to write for the stage, not feeling myself possessed of a rich enough mental fund for the delineation of character. In my youth, I had fondly hoped to place my name beside that of Alfieri; but I have awakened from that illusion, in spite of the applause I have gained. I occupy myself still with writing verses, but chiefly odes or elegies, to express my devotional feelings. I have also laboured for some time upon two historical tales, but have, in both cases, felt my ardour cooled, on beholding the infinite distance at which I was left by pre-existing works of this nature.

In short, I write much, but it is more for my own satisfaction, than in the confidence of producing any thing of value. At last I take up my pen, and, not knowing what to do with it, begin to a History of my own Life."

MISCONCEPTION ON RAILWAYS.

It is a singular fact in the early history of locomotive carriages, that their projectors assumed the existence of a difficulty which is now known to be wholly imaginary; and resorted to sundry laborious contrivances for overcoming an obstacle that had no existence, and which Nature herself, had she been asked, would have accomplished for them. They assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron rail must necessarily be so slight, that, if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels might indeed be driven round, but that the carriage would fail to advance because of the continued *slipping* of the wheels. The remedies devised for this fancied counteraction were various. One was conceived so valuable, that a patent was taken out for it in 1811 by Mr Blenkinsop. It consisted, as the writer well remembers, of a rack placed on the outer side of the rail, into which a toothed wheel worked, and thus secured the progressive motion of the carriage. It was, however, wholly useless—it was an impediment: the simple adhesion of the wheels with the surface of the rails upon which they are moved being by an immutable law amply sufficient to secure the advance, not only of a heavy carriage, but of an enormous load dragged after it.—*Wade's British History.*

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

"In the year 1315, a rural tribe, of certain valleys begirt with high mountains, called Schwitz, revolted from its allegiance, and withheld the tribute and service due to Duke Leopold of Austria, who, being much angered, collected an army of 20,000 men.

* * * And on the day of St Othmar, Duke Leopold, endeavouring to pass into their country, was much hindered by the height and steepness of the mountain. For the knights on horseback, boiling with desire of action, and crowding into the first ranks, entirely prevented the infantry from ascending. But the Schwitzers, perceiving how much their enemy would be hampered by the difficulty of the way, went down against them from their lurking-places, and, attacking them like fish in a net, slew them without resistance."—*Vitodurani Chronicon.*

THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Why are those watchfires gleaming bright,
Morgarten, on thy beacon height?
And why are lights 'mid the evening gloom,
Flitting like spirits from tomb to tomb?
Why through the calm of each Alpine dell
Do the warlike notes of the trumpet swell?
And why is the scared flocks' mournful bleat
Drown'd in the trample of hurrying feet?
Why doth the war-whoop, wild and shrill,
Re-echo from the snow-clad hill,
And the sentry pace his lonely round,
O'er thine ancient hallow'd battle-ground?
The morn shall tell. That morning came,
Usher'd by smoke-wreath and by flame!

THE BATTLE.

The dawning sunlight beams
O'er Morgarten's hills of snow!
'Tis reflected back by a thousand streams;
But brighter yet in lurid gleams
From the valley stretch'd below.

On the mountain's hoary brow,
By the tombs of their fathers dead,
How many a Switzer's holy vow
Hath bound him to shed his life's blood now,
Where his sainted sires have bled!

Fiercely the Austrian foe
Rolls, like the coming tide—
As deep, as surely, and as slow,
His myriads o'er the plains below,
And up the mountain side.

But mark, upon the steep
Of Morgarten's loftiest height,
A dusky spot is seen to sweep
(Like darksome dreams o'er the soul of sleep)
On its snowy breast of white.

It stays its meteor course
O'er the Austrian tyrant's path;
And a distant murmur, deep and hoarse,
Tells to the foul invading force
Helvetia's gathering wrath.

Deep in Morgarten's snow
The heavy horsemen sank;
And many a gallant steed lay low,
And, struggling in his dying throe,
Broke the disorder'd rank.

'Twas then that from the height
That dark spot burst in flame—
Like thunderbolt across the night,
As swift, as deadly, and as bright,
Morgarten's heroes came!

On through the van they dash—
The pierced battalions reel!
Then, rapid as a lightning flash,
'Mid trumpet clang and weapon clash,
Upon the flanks they wheel!

Vain though the battle-cry
Rung high among the foe—
Though many a steel was glancing high,
And the flower of Switzer chivalry
Lay stretch'd upon the snow!

For far upon the plain
A dust-cloud marks the way
Of the coward hearts, whose blood should stain
The snow, where, trophies grim, remain
Their dead lord and his warrior train
Of that disastrous day.

Yet the shout of victory
Rings feebly o'er the hill,
For the patriot hearts which that morn beat high,
For vengeance and for liberty,
Chill'd in the strife of that dreadful day,
Upon the heath lie still!

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

There is a mourning o'er Morgarten's waters,
There is a wailing in her wilder'd dells;
And many a maiden of Helvetia's daughters
Her tale of anguish to the wild wind tells.

A stranger ear, amid those sounds of sadness
Which came upon the night wind heavily,
In vain had listen'd for the notes of gladness—
The triumphing which tells of victory.

Nought is heard save the death-song, sad replying
To the wind's moanings o'er that midnight wild,
Where many a maiden watch'd a loved one dying,
Or mother sorrow'd o'er her bleeding child.

Oh, war! when holiest, oh, infernal still!
Is this the ending of that death-won day,
To give a freedom to the lonely hill,
But snatch the souls which should be free away?

Too true, alas! Morgarten's wilds may tell
How many a hero sleeps beneath her snows;
For memory fails to mark the lonely dell
Which gives the victors of that day repose.

ODDS AND ENDS.

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

CHANCE DEFINITIONS.

Looks—The first billet-doux of love. *Happiness*—A fugitive and chimerical being, which every body runs after, but no one catches. *Sensibility*—A gift of heaven, to multiply the pleasures and pains of life. *Wisdom*—A shield that preserves its possessor from the perils with which his desires surround him. *Society*—A state of constant slavery, in which no one lives for himself or to himself. *Absence*—The sister of death. *Love*—An egotism, divided by two. *Military Glory*—Smoke on ruins. *Indifference*—Absence of all sentiment, or the feeling of the worthless. *Music*—An universal language, which harmoniously relates the reminiscences of the heart. *Honour*—The soul's patrimony. *Beauty*—A flower without smell when no quality of the heart accompanies it.

HUMAN WEAKNESS.

All men fear, dislike, and grieve; all men desire, hope, and rejoice; though, of course, different men feel those passions unequally. All men, however, are not susceptible of love, of hatred, of envy, or of despair. The strongest men, too, have their various weaknesses. Johnson united moral credulity to mental vigour, and he dishonoured his strength by arguing for victory rather than for truth.

READING IN CHILDHOOD.

Reading without intelligence injures the brain and stomach mechanically; reading with intelligence injures both in the less direct manner of nervous excitement; but either way, much reading and robust health are incompatible. Only let a child eager for knowledge be read to instead of allowing him to read himself, and the whole of the mechanical mischief is avoided; and again, let him be freely conversed with in a desultory manner, in the midst of active engagements and out of doors; and then, while an equal amount of information is conveyed, and in a form more readily assimilated by the mind, nearly all the mischiefs of excitement, as springing from study, are also avoided. In a word, let books in the hands, except as playthings, be as much as possible held back during the early period of education.—*Home Education.*

PEACE.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.—*Montesquieu.*

WILL YOU TAKE A PINCH?

"Will you take a pinch?" said an acquaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fishmonger. "No, I thank you," replied the latter, "I have just had *one* from a lobster."

BREVITY AND WIT.

It is said that short dumpy people are more humorous than long lank folks, on the ground that *brevity* is the soul of wit.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY WAY OF DEFINITION.

"Pray, what *is* nonsense?" asked a wight, who talked little else. "Nonsense?" replied his friend; "why, sir, it's nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot!"

CLEVER SCHOLARS.

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of *spectacles*." "Go to your seats."

THE POOR MAN.

When a poor man attempts to rise—attempts to show that there is no monopoly of genius, and that God hath given as free and noble a soul to the lowly as to the great—he is not only opposed by the class above him, but envy and scorn are but too often his portion among his fellows. They do not like to see themselves outstripped by one whom they have reckoned no better than themselves, and instead of encouraging, they damp his ardour, and grieve his heart with sneers, and cold, because envious, counsel. The next class above him love not to see a man who has nought to boast of but a noble soul, no treasures save those of mind, presuming to take his place among them, and there is one universal shout of "keep him down!" This upward struggle which the poverty-struck genius has to endure—the struggle against prejudice, and misrepresentation, and want, has daunted many a mind, and discouraged many a breast, and has kept many a man formed to be a light to the world in poverty and darkness to the end of his days. Because of this, many a noble spirit has concealed its own flame of brightness; many noble and free men, of whom the world was not worthy, have gone down into the grave, with all the wisdom of their souls untold—"have died, and made no sign."

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THE POCO.

ALL who have read Voltaire's "Candide" must have a lively recollection of a certain Monsieur Pococurante, who turns away with contempt and disgust from every thing that is presented or proposed to him; whereupon the hero of the story makes the remark, "What a great man that Monsieur Pococurante must be—nothing pleases him!" The French philosopher here touches the root of a very remarkable feature of human character. The number of those who, from an irregular self-esteem, are malcontent with almost every thing, is very great. We propose that they should be called *pococurantes*, or, for shortness, *pocos*, though, we believe, the word has a more extensive meaning amongst the people to whose language it belongs.*

The Poco is remarkable for his comments on new public buildings. He has but one principle—never to admire. Is the building a Gothic church, then it resembles a big German toy. Is it a pillar, then it is like a great candlestick or churn. Is it a Grecian church with a dome in the St Paul's style, then it is like a vast pepper-caster. There is not any one building, however large in its scale or elegant in its parts, but he has some diminutive and ridiculous object of a familiar domestic kind, whereunto to liken it, so as to make it appear mean. He is also great in showing the inappropriateness of buildings to their objects and sites, as, for instance, "How absurd to have built that Corinthian monument to Burns—the most Doric of all poets!" or, "How ridiculous to set up an obelisk in that dense part of the town, where, to a stranger approaching, it will look like a factory chimney!" One thing may be observed; he is not very consistent. If it is intended to place a building low, he predicts its effect will be lost: if, next year, another is commenced on a hill, then its effect will be to spoil the hill. On a moment's reflection, we must withdraw the last charge against him, for in both of these remarks he is quite consistent with himself—in his character as a Poco.

On the occurrence of any city spectacle or exhibition, which all the people go to, expecting to have some pleasure in it, our Poco's bile is sure to be stirred. It is curious, too—he always goes like the rest. But, to appearance, it is only to find fault. Let us suppose it is a procession—say the queen going in state to open parliament. In such a case, he by no means likes the colour of the horses in the royal carriage: George IV.'s horses were a great deal better. Then the sovereign of England was considered entitled to *have* a stud. As for the procession, he has seen a far better in Blue Beard or Aladdin. A boy rogue splashes his gaiters, and he exclaims there is no police, though they actually form a large and conspicuous portion of the crowd. You drop with him into the National Gallery; but he has long done with pictures. There is no genuine art now-a-days. All flash, and flare, and daub. In the evening, you conduct him to the opera. It is one of the best nights of the season, and a crowded house. But never was heard such singing, or seen such dancing. Besides, there is something confoundedly shabby in that plan of giving backs to only one-half of the seats. And then the whole affair is a humbug—a parcel of rascally foreigners come to pick our pockets.

It is the same with natural objects of the kind which most are glad to go a good way to see. He makes a tour of the Scottish Highlands, but finds everything greatly overpraised. Loch Lomond is nothing to the Lake of Geneva. The vale of Glencroe, so rugged and sublime, appears to him dull and sombre. He would have liked to see the mountain sides enlivened, as in Switzerland, with cottages and patches of cultivated ground—provoking you to add in despair, "and lighted with gas;" but the Poco does not understand a joke, so this passes for unsaid. His main trick is to depreciate by comparison. You hint a little approbation of Ben Lomond, which you insinuate is nearly four thousand feet high. "Oh, my dear sir, what is Ben Lomond, or any other of your Scotch hills, to Mont Blanc? Think of fifteen thousand feet of height, and a top of perpetual snow!" When you speak in like manner of the Clyde—"Oh, my dear sir, what are any of your Scotch rivers to the Thames or Severn?" Were our Poco a Swiss, and treated with some praise of Mont Blanc, it is ten to one he would cite the Himaleh range. Were the Thames or the Severn spoken of praisingly in his presence, he would, in like manner, fly to the Danube. Were he German, again, and heard the Danube approved of, he would not be content till he had told you what a trifle it is to the Amazon. And so on. What he would do were he asked to admire the Himaleh range or the Amazon, or any other *greatest known thing of its kind*, the powers above can only know; we do not. We fear such a case would distress the Poco a good deal.

The Poco's taste in literature is very sublime. He condemns the whole taste of the age, leaving it of course to be surmised that he could himself produce, or at least can imagine, far better novels, plays, poems, philosophical writings, and so forth, than any at present in vogue. Periodical literature being fashionable, he finds that men fritter away their genius in small efforts; though, of course, were it otherwise, he would ridicule their large and solid works, and point out that a light essay, or even a song or a ballad, had often done more to enlighten and reform than folios of twenty years' elaboration. The productions of the day being most run upon, he furiously bewails that the excellent writers of the last century, the Popes, Swifts, Johnsons, &c., are now neglected; though here, also, were the case the reverse, he would be sure to rail at the miserable unattractiveness of all existing authors. The clever novelist being now the crack man, he asks, "But where are your philosophical writers? Scott and Bulwer are very good as story-tellers; but we have now no Adam Smiths." Of course, were it otherwise, he would be all grumble for the want of graceful fiction. When Boz was comparatively obscure, our Poco was delighted with him. "There," he cried, "there is an original writer at last!" But since everybody began to admire Boz, his tone is quite changed. He speaks of "that practice of selecting characters from the lowest scenes of life, and the effect which it must have in taking down the public taste;" and shows that, after all, he is a writer who sees only the minutiæ of external appearance, all the fine workings within escaping him. Of course, if we could suppose Mr Dickens to have written his many clever books without public approbation, our Poco would have been quite indignant at the age for allowing so bright a genius to languish in obscurity. His favourite authors, it may be readily supposed, are not the same with other men's favourite authors. Those whom he patronises are chiefly persecuted out-of-the-way writers—persons who were perhaps killed twenty or thirty years ago by single articles in quarterly reviews, and have never been heard of by the bulk of the world since; or individuals who have never had any but a local fame. Were any of these people to get the least into vogue, they would of course be instantly given up by our Poco.

The Poco is as peculiar in his line of politics as in anything else. No contingency or crisis of public affairs ever strikes him in the same way it does other people. He is of no party, for that would be acknowledging somebody else to be as right as himself. Malcontent as he is generally, he will not even join his fellow-creatures in a discontent; no, when there is a general discontent, our Poco is then malcontent with the discontented. When a large section of the community concentrates its attention upon some grievance, which it endeavours to have redressed, our Poco is sure to discover that the real thing which galls them is something quite different—probably something of so trivial a nature that no one besides himself ever thought of it; like the old soldier in Scott's tale discovering the cause of Claverhouse's defeat at Drumclog, in "that newfangled way of slinging their carabines." Ministries of all kinds are alike to our hero. They are always mere nincompoops. When a warlike policy is pursued, he apprehends the nation must soon sink under the necessary additional taxes; when the cabinet, like Lucius, have to confess that their thoughts are turned on peace, then the nation is now-a-days allowed to be kicked about by every third-rate power—very different from the times of yore, when the British lion never allowed a single hair of his tail to be plucked with impunity. He is always found engrossed by considerations of departments of state policy, which everybody else at the time supposes to be in good enough order; for instance, while all mankind are absorbed in the question, we shall say, of free trade, our Poco is altogether occupied in considering the finances. "If the finances are kept right, sir, all will be right. Britain stands or falls by the finances. No ministry ever yet throve which meddled with the finances. That was Necker's great fault in the French Revolution." In short, he is for the finances, and nothing but the finances; you could not pass him in conversation with a gentleman on the street, but, in the moment of transit, you would hear of the finances. There is a possible exception to the rule that the Poco is of no party. Whenever any faction gets worn down to something very small, so as to cease to be of the least account with the nation at large, then our Poco perhaps allows himself to join with it. But he is a bad partisan, being as likely to throw blame upon his own people as upon any other. At all their defeats, however clearly these may be owing simply to the overwhelming force of the opposing majority, he is sure to turn round upon them, and find the source of their discomfiture in some little peculiarity or point in their conduct, which has no more to do with it than the last change of the moon. He so dearly loves to give blame and find fault, that nothing, however intimately associated with him, can be free from the exercise of his ingenuity in that way. Were the very wife of his bosom to fall and break her leg, he would find it to be her own blame, from wearing that large bonnet.

An affair like the meeting of the British Association gives great scope for his peculiar passion. It is well known that the meetings of this body have at every place occasioned a general feeling of satisfaction both to the savans and the people whom they visited. These assemblages have been in fact signalised by an overflow of kind and agreeable feeling wherever they have yet taken place. This is enough to make them objects of particular disgust to our Poco. Would *he* be pleased with what pleases so many? No: that would be to reduce him to the common herd at once. He therefore takes every opportunity of railing at

* *Pococurante* (Italian), literally *a little carer*, signifies one who is very careless in his general demeanour, as well as one who cares little for his fellow-creatures, and for what others are accustomed to respect.

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these meetings as mere vanity fairs. No science worthy of the name is brought into notice by them. Solemn grimace in the forenoon, and eating and drinking in the evening—that is the whole order of the day. How finely the natives are *done* by these quacks—for, long since, of course, all the real men of science withdrew from the affair in disgust. And a great deal more to the like purpose, all intended to show that people, instead of allowing themselves to be happy at these meetings, ought to stand sulkily aloof, as he does—though, were the example to be followed, and the British Association really to fall off in public esteem, he would for certain be the very man to stand up and rail at the world for its coldness towards the cause of science, and the little regard it pays, and has ever paid, to the men whose patient inquiries and experiments form the chief foundation of the nation's glory and happiness.

It is important to observe, that much of what the Poco says is only a profession of the moment, not the expression of a deeply-grounded feeling or opinion. For any man to be really affected by all the disgusts he seems to feel, would be a sad fate indeed, for then literally nothing *would* please him, and his ordinary sensations would be of the most painful kind. To do the Poco justice, he is a great pretender. In his privacy, he reads the proceedings of the British Association with much the same feelings as other people. All the time he is exclaiming that the country is ruined through the incapacity of its statesmen, he is buying largely in the three per cents. He may appear to have only two or three favourite authors, and those of the obscurest class, but in reality he has a well-filled library, and indulges in a wide range of miscellaneous reading. As to the scenery of his native country, we may leave our readers to judge if he can really be thought to undervalue it, when he never allows an autumn to pass without making a tour of the Cumberland or Scotch lakes, or of Wales, or some other romantic district—ay, and takes his wife and daughters along with him. We would advise you, also, not to be too easily led away by what he says of the opera, or of the street sights, for he goes to the one at least once a-week, and never misses a spectacle which other people think worth seeing. Such being his habits on these points, we may well conclude that most of the new public buildings give our Poco as much satisfaction as they give to other citizens, though, as already mentioned, he never allows himself to say one word in their praise. Here, indeed, is the hinge of the Poco's character. To praise is what he dreads, for that, he thinks, takes him down. Barring that, as our Irish friends say, he is much like other people in all sorts of respects.

The pride which forbids praise where it is due, is, however, a good deal to except. To speak seriously of it, it forms, we humbly think, by no means an amiable or estimable feature in a human being. To admire what is worthy of admiration, to express satisfaction where the best efforts have been made to secure it, is nothing more than justice, and it is what one man owes to another, the same as mutual forbearance from injury. In failing on these points, a great law is violated, and society must to some certain, though perhaps an inappreciable extent, be the worse for it. If the duty be done within moderation, and with a simple regard to justice, no one can be presumed to be degraded by it. Indeed, no one who was not under the influence of an excessive or morbid self-esteem, could presume himself to be in the least danger on this score. It is also worthy of observation, that Pocoism cannot be favourable to truth. We are so constituted, that it is not possible to affect permanently and habitually any feeling or mode of thinking, without becoming in some degree actually influenced by it. In as far, then, as any one affects to see things in a very peculiar light, or to esteem them differently from others, he is very apt to be really guilty, in some measure, of misjudging them. The very necessity of appearing consistent will force him often to act towards such things in the way he speaks of them, and thus serious error may be induced. Besides, the mere speaking of things in a particular false way, is likely to mislead many who, not having the power of judging for themselves, are ready to view every thing as they find others viewing it: to such persons the affected disdain of the Poco must appear as sound as the sober judgment of the impartial man, and his folly will lead to error accordingly.

While, in every point of view, we think Pocoism is to be condemned, we are well aware that it is not to be put down by arguments like the above. No; ridicule must be brought to bear upon it. It is for this reason that we have here applied to it a burlesque appellation, being of opinion that there may be much force in a name, and that the Poco, of all men, will be least able to stand out if he finds himself under a stigma which raises the general laugh against him. It is to be hoped that many will be cured by this paper; but, of course, more will not, and Pocoism will continue to exist till the extinction of all other human passions. Nevertheless, much good might, we think, be done by keeping alive the term in application to the fault, a very slight reference being needed after the thing has once been described and put under an easily recognisable appellation. We would therefore suggest, that, in all cases where a regard to good-breeding will allow of it, the simple word "poco" be gently breathed whenever any one is found guilty of the offence. Let the sound proceed, as it were casually, from the throat, and the offender will feel the check, without being under the necessity of resenting it. For still greater delicacy, one might hum the air, "Una voce *poco fa*," or finger it over on an adjacent piano, thus suggesting the idea by a nice process of association. The two first bars of the air, which any one might learn in as many minutes, would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.

STORY FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

Mademoiselle d'Aubray, daughter of a respectable and wealthy gentleman, who held the rank of civil-lieutenant in France, was married, in the year 1651, to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a man of rank and fortune. She brought to him a dowry of two hundred thousand livres, and he enjoyed an annual income of thirty thousand livres. The pair were thus amply provided with the means of enjoying, not only the necessaries and comforts, but also the luxuries of life; and every thing seemed to promise to them a long career of wedded happiness. The marchioness was remarkable for the sprightliness of her mind and the graces of her person. Her figure was slight, but well-formed, and her features regular and beautiful; while the mildness of her manners, and the tranquillity that sat on her brow, gave indications of a spirit unruffled by any of the stormier passions of humanity. But, as the beautiful description of the castle of Glamis, in Macbeth, with the allusion to the quiet sweetness of the air, and the peaceful labours of the "temple-haunting martlet" under the eaves, gives a more startling effect to the bloody horrors acted immediately thereafter within the walls, so did the opening promise of this woman's life contrast, in a fearfully vivid manner, with the after scenes in which she bore a part, and, indeed, in which she was the principal actor.

The Marquis de Brinvilliers was a colonel of cavalry in the regiment of Normandy, and had seen actual service in the wars. While so engaged, he had become acquainted with a captain of horse named Saint-Croix, or rather one who had assumed that name, being an illegitimate member of a noble French family. The marquis, subsequently to his marriage, met Saint-Croix, and renewed acquaintanceship with him. The captain was soon received as a domesticated visitant in the house of the marquis and marchioness, and hence flows the unhappy tale that is to be told. M. de Brinvilliers was a dissipated man, and much abroad, by which means his wife was left in the dangerous society of Saint-Croix, and formed a strong and criminal attachment to him. He was one but too ready to encourage and profit by such an aberration from rectitude, and, urged by him, the marchioness took advantage of her husband's conduct to sue for a separate maintenance, which she obtained. After this period, the connexion between her and Saint-Croix grew closer, so much so as to attract general notice. Her father M. d'Aubray, became aware of the circumstances, and perceiving the marquis to be seemingly indifferent on the subject, thought that he would best consult his daughter's good by getting Saint-Croix imprisoned. A lettre-de-cachet, or order for arrest, was a thing too easily procured in those days in France, by any one who had interest at court; and the young captain of horse was taken from the carriage of the marchioness and thrown into the Bastille.

This step had a most unfortunate and unforeseen issue. While in confinement, Saint-Croix became acquainted with an Italian named Exili, a man who followed the mystery of compounding poisons, one extensively studied in that age, and turned largely to profit and account. Exili initiated his fellow-captive into the secrets of the art, and, when both of them were liberated, at the end of a year, the diabolical instructions were continued, until the pupil became as great an adept as his teacher. On his release, Saint-Croix had not failed to renew his intercourse with the marchioness, but with so much circumspection, that even the father was deceived, and kept up a friendly footing with his daughter. When they met in private, Saint-Croix communicated to the marchioness the secrets taught him by Exili, and his lessons were not thrown away. Animated by cupidity and a desire of vengeance, this wretched and guilty pair concerted a scheme of cutting off M. d'Aubray and his whole family, the *father*, *brothers*, and *sister* of the marchioness. The horrible aspect of such a crime daunted not these two beings, rare in their wickedness, and worthy associates for one another. The object of the scheme, of course, was to put the marchioness in possession of all the property of her family; and Saint-Croix, imagining himself secure of her affections, did not doubt but that he would be master of all which owned her as mistress.

The first measures taken by Madame de Brinvilliers towards the execution of her design, are perhaps more frightful to think of than any other part of her conduct. With an inconceivable degree of coolness, this woman, young, well-educated, and seemingly of mild and gentle temperament, deliberately set about the trial of her mortal poisons upon living human beings, preparatorily to the use of them upon her own family. She introduced poison into biscuits, and gave them to poor persons, watching the effects they produced. Her experience in this way did not seem to her ample enough, however, and, according to a custom not uncommon among benevolent females in France, she went to the Hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, to administer in person her drugs, on a large scale. Though this fact afterwards came to light, the extent of the mischief done by her could not be decisively ascertained. Anxious apparently to witness still more fully the course of action of the poison, the marchioness also administered a dose to her waiting-maid, Frances Roussel, who became very ill in consequence, but ultimately recovered. Whilst working so much among these fatal drugs, the marchioness, by mistake, allowed a whole company to partake of a pigeon-pie, into which she had introduced her poisons. "Several of them died," Madame Sevigné tells us; "and the Chevalier du Guet, one of the party, lived on in agony for two or three years." The poison being slow of operation, no suspicion was aroused in these cases.

Having satisfied herself, in this fearful manner, of the kind and quantity of poison suited for her purpose, Madame de Brinvilliers committed the first of her previously purposed crimes. Her father went to his country-seat at Ossement, attended at his request by this unprincipled daughter. She put poison into a broth intended for him, and he took it. Violent vomitings and the severest pains were the consequence, and the marchioness looked on calmly, or at least with such a demeanour as prevented any shade of suspicion from lighting on her. Her father lived long enough to be carried to Paris for advice, but died shortly after arriving there, the daughter having several times repeated the dose. The two sons were next attacked, as standing between the marchioness and the inheritance of the family. The mind which had calmly compassed the crime of parricide, had no scruple in meditating fratricide. One of the brothers had succeeded his father as lieutenant-civil, and the other was a counsellor of parliament. Madame de Brinvilliers was upon friendly terms with both of them, and she took advantage of this to introduce into the service of the counsellor, who lived with his brother, a lacquey named La Chaussée, once a servant of Saint-Croix, and a fit agent for the completion of the murderous design. The fact, however, of his having served Saint-Croix was concealed. La Chaussée, for a high bribe, undertook to poison the brothers, and, soon after entering their household, he introduced poison into some wine and water to be taken by the eldest. But as soon as the latter had put it to his lips, he detected something unusual in the taste, and exclaimed, "Rascal, what have you given me! Would you have me poisoned!" This was said, however, without any idea that poison was really in the glass, and merely referred to want of cleanliness and care on the part of the servant. La Chaussée excused himself, by saying that some dregs of medicine had accidentally been in the glass, and had given it the taste complained of.

Still unsuspicious of any evil intended to them, far less anticipating it from a sister's hands, the lieutenant and counsellor kept La Chaussée in their service; and he was not long in making a new attempt, being urged to it by his impatient and unscrupulous employers. In April 1670, the brothers went to the country, and, while there, partook with some other gentlemen of a set banquet. A sweetbread pie was among the dishes, and the brothers, with one of their companions, ate freely of it. The three were immediately seized with vomiting, and suffered most severe pain, while those who had not ate of the dish felt no disorder. The unhappy brothers were of strong constitutions, and nature struggled long against the injury inflicted on it, but the issue of that poisoning was fatal to both. The lieutenant languished in torment up to the 17th of June, and then died. The counsellor survived the poisoning three months, and followed his brother to the tomb. An examination was made, respectively, of the bodies, and, in both cases, a portion of the stomach and intestines was found in an ulcerated and blackened state. The physicians did not hesitate to declare that the brothers had been poisoned, but suspicion never pointed to the true source, and indeed some unhappy accident was generally looked upon as the cause. So well had La Chaussée played his part, that the counsellor, totally unsuspicious of the man to the last, had left him a small legacy.

Three victims were thus removed. There were yet two other persons, however, who stood between the wretched authors of these crimes and the attainment of their full desires, namely, Mademoiselle d'Aubray and the Marquis de Brinvilliers. On the life of the

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latter, the marchioness, eager to remove all obstacles from the way of her union with her paramour, contrived to make several attempts; but, if we may believe Madame de Sevigné, who was a contemporary, and living on the spot at the moment, Saint-Croix himself took steps to prevent the marchioness from succeeding in this portion of her designs, being averse to a formal union with a person so dangerous as his associate in guilt. But the Marquis de Brinvilliers tasted enough of the fatal drugs to injure his health deeply. As for Mademoiselle d'Aubray, whether put on her guard by the acknowledged end of her brothers, or from natural cautiousness, she did not fall beneath the deadly attempts of her younger sister, though these were often repeated.

It is difficult to say how many crimes these wretches would yet have committed, had not a strange and striking circumstance suddenly arrested them in the mid career of their guilt. Saint-Croix, not yet contented with his proficiency in the art of poisoning, was in the habit of exercising his genius in the art of compounding new drugs of the same kind, and arrived at a degree of skill therein which proved fatal to himself. One day, while engaged in mixing some of his preparations, and standing over the fumes with a mask of glass upon his face, the protecting vizor fell off, and the vapours killed him on the spot. His death being discovered by his servants, a magistrate was called in, and the effects taken in charge, the deceased being understood to be without friends. A casket was seen, which contained an open paper, and some sealed packets. The paper, which had plainly been drawn up with a view to the possibility of such an accident, contained the most solemn injunctions to those who should find it, to carry the casket to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. "It belongs to her alone," said the paper, "and can be of use to no one else. If she be dead before me, then it is my desire that the casket be burnt, without being opened by any one. This I charge upon those who find it, as they would have peace on earth, and as they value their souls. This is my last will." The very solemnity of these instructions defeated their purpose, and caused the agents of justice to open the packet so much cared for. Poisons, and receipts for poisons, with directions to *use* them, constituted nearly the whole contents. A note from the marchioness to Saint-Croix, containing a promise of 30,000 livres, was also there, and some letters from the same party. These did not precisely disclose the truth, but were sufficient to excite strong suspicions. Meanwhile, the marchioness had heard of the decease of Saint-Croix, and came instantly to the spot. Probably aware of the existence of the paper, she demanded the casket. It was refused to her, and, in great anxiety, she endeavoured to bribe the officers. Finding all vain, she grew alarmed, went home, and, having made rapid preparations, fled towards Flanders, which she reached in safety.

A piece of matchless audacity on the part of La Chaussée, the valet, threw new light on the affair. This man came forward, and asserted that Saint-Croix had a large sum of money of his in charge, and also owed him long arrears of wages. The police were led to examine the past history of the man, and he soon broke down under the cross-examination to which he was subjected. The deaths of the D'Aubrays, while he served them, were remembered, and he was seized. His courage failed him when put to the question, and he horrified the public by disclosing the Marchioness de Brinvilliers to be the murderess of her two brothers, and the attempted assassin of her sister. La Chaussée was fully convicted, and executed. In the mean time, the retreat of the marchioness was discovered, and a body of criminal officers were sent to bring her to justice. But she was lodged in a convent of Liege, from which sanctuary it was informal to take her by force. An active officer, named Desgrais, devised a plan of overcoming this difficulty. He dressed himself as an abbé, was introduced to the convent, and formed an acquaintance with the marchioness. After a time, by pretending an affection for her and an unlimited devotion to her interests, Desgrais gained her confidence so far as to wile her beyond the convent walls, when she was at once seized, and hurried off to France.

In a casket in her possession, was found a confession, apparently intended for a priest, and containing a disclosure of all her crimes. These were more horrible than had been previously conjectured. She admitted the poisoning of her father (after several trials), her two brothers, and one of their children; and these admissions were universally credited, though she afterwards averred having written this in a state of frenzy. She also said in the paper, that, from mere childhood, she had lived a life of wickedness. On her way to Paris, she made several attempts to escape, and once endeavoured to poison herself; but she was brought to the capital, and convicted on trial, amid outcries of horror from the whole nation. Madame Sevigné describes her as the theme of universal talk during her imprisonment. After her condemnation, she retracted the professions of innocence made at her trial, and avowed her many murders, expressing great contrition for them, according to her confessor's statement. Nevertheless, she exhibited no compunction or fear at her execution, which Madame Sevigné thus describes:—"Paris, 17th July 1676. At last all is over. Brinvilliers is in the air: her miserable little body was thrown after the execution upon a great fire, and burnt to ashes. * * * * It was at six in the morning that she was led from prison in a shift, with a rope round her neck, and conveyed to Notre Dame, by way of public penance; after which she was put into a cart, and carried to execution between a priest and the executioner. She asked the priest by the way to place the executioner before her, that she might not see Desgrais, the knave (as she called him) who had seized her at Liege. The priest rebuked the sentiment. 'Ah, well, forgive me,' said she, 'and let the disagreeable sight remain.' She mounted the scaffold unaided, and died with courage."

Such was the end of this marvel of crime, who was but twenty-five years of age when she was stopped in her career. It would be charitable to suppose a tinge of insanity to have been at the foundation of her monstrous conduct; but truth compels us to say that no good grounds appear for sustaining that lenient view. The erroneous and most reprehensible practice which priests pursue, of exaggerating the natural remorse of the vilest criminals into a holy and saving penitence, had the effect, in the case of Brinvilliers, of actually making numbers of people regard her as little else than a saint at her dying hour, though the most worthless wretch who ever figured in a court of justice.

THE WEST INDIES SINCE THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

JAMAICA—THE CONSEQUENCES OF EMANCIPATION.

THE immediate effects of the emancipation of the negroes in Jamaica, as already mentioned, were of so peaceful a nature as to hold out the best hopes of future prosperity to the island. The only cause of complaint was the perverse conduct of the managers of estates, in endeavouring to maintain a thraldom over their servants by exacting enormous rents for their houses and provision-grounds. The disquietude arising from this unfortunate policy lasted for six months at least after the day of liberation, and reacted most severely on the proprietors of the sugar plantations, for, while the quarrel existed, comparatively little was done to prepare the ground for the next crop of canes, and the produce, therefore, in 1839 was about a tenth less than formerly. This circumstance partly accounts for the present dearth of sugar.

At length the odious quarrel respecting rents and wages terminated. The peasantry, as we may now call them, diligently applied themselves to their work, which, in fact, they had been willing to perform, perhaps with some few exceptions, from the very first. When things began to right themselves, it was observed that fewer labourers wrought in the fields than formerly, and that they in general wrought only five days in the week. This excited many fears, and no little clamour. It was construed into a love of idleness in a portion of the population. Those who knew better, showed that it was simply a result of freedom; it was proved that the able-bodied man who was now free, in some instances did double his former amount of labour, the excess forming a provision for the weaker beings who depended on him for support. The following is magistrate Fishbourne's report on the subject:—"During slavery and apprenticeship, one-third of the people residing on estates were considered incapable of, and were exempted from, labour. Seventy out of one hundred slaves or apprentices was considered a fair proportion. Of those seventy, probably one-third was composed of the pregnant women, or mothers of large young families, the very old or very young, sickly or ulcerated individuals, and domestics, &c., who, if deducted, would leave about one-half of the gross strength of the estate, or about fifty effective labourers. The decrease, therefore, of the number of effective *field*-servants is not so large as those not acquainted with plantation economy might imagine, on being told that not above half the people on an estate now work in the fields.

Planters are unwilling to permit families to reside on their plantations, the females of which refuse to devote themselves to agricultural labour. The object is to increase the number of constant field-labourers: the effect, I have reason to believe, will be the reverse, for many respectable people are now availing themselves of opportunities of purchasing or leasing small pieces of land, where they are preparing to place their wives and children, and where they also will retire when they can quit the estates, without sacrificing the provisions now in the ground. Within the last three months, I have been consulted by a great many as to the necessary steps to be taken so as to secure themselves from molestation hereafter in their settlements."

Other magistrates corroborate the fact that the value of manual labour has greatly increased since it became free. Mr Grant (Feb. 1839) observes—"With regard to the expenditure on properties, I am confident that cultivation can be carried on at much less expense than under the former system." Here he enters into some calculations respecting the cost of cultivation on a property which had at one time 350 slaves. The expense of free labour which it required in five months was L.240, 14s. 4d., and for the same space of time, the expense of apprenticeship, or slave contingencies, would amount to L.725, leaving a balance in favour of the expense required for free labour of L.484, 5s. 8d.; "and the late deficiency law required five people, besides the overseer, doing militia duty, to be employed at salaries, and maintained on the property. The saving effected by the change in this particular is very great. The book-keepers are now dispensed with. The supercession of a free system has been a great relief to the owners of unproductive properties. They were bound to give the prescribed allowances to their slaves, without reference to their own profits. To illustrate this position, I can point out a property on which were settled 100 slaves. The lowest estimate of expenditure on their account is L.500 a-year, and the possession, notwithstanding the high price of produce, has of late years regularly increased the owner's debt. Since 1st August to 31st December, the labour account has amounted to L.99, 4s. 2d. The usual cultivation has been carried on and improved; the pastures, hitherto neglected, are cleaned; and about thirty acres of coffee, which had grown up to the state best described by 'ruinate,' have been opened. The produce, small as it is, now secured, will pay all the expenses of the plantation, and, even in this first year of experiment, place the proprietor on a better footing than under a continuance of the previous system he ever could have hoped for."

In the report of Messrs Lyon, Dillon, and Kelly, March 1839, a similar evidence is afforded:—"With regard to the assertion that the sum paid for labour is so high as to render it impossible that the returns of sugar-planting can sustain it, it is only necessary to say that experience has proved that the expenditure varies from L.3, 10s. to L.5 per hogshead. The planter, therefore, has it in his power to compute his expenditure against his profits; and, with sugar selling in the colony at 40s. to 54s. per hundred-weight, and rum from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d. per gallon, it may, without difficulty, be shown that the result must be extremely favourable to him."

The following is excellent, from Mr E. D. Baynes, April 3, 1839:—"In the midst of so much misrepresentation, and so much real or affected despondency on the part of the planter, the confidence of the great majority of the other classes of the community in the stability and security of property, remains unabated. Land, especially in the vicinage of towns, has risen, and is increasing in value. Mr Duncan Hamilton, of Retreat, in the parish of St John, who, four years since, assured me that he did not think he could get L.3000 for his property, has, within these few weeks, disposed of it to Mr Alexander Reid Scott, a storekeeper of Kingston, for the sum of L.10,000."

Mr Ramsay, April 6, of the same year, says—"During slavery and the apprenticeship, the jobber charged from L.10 to L.12 per acre for digging, with his slaves or apprentices, an acre of land into caneholes: now, at wages of 1s. 8d. per day, an acre of cane-holes may be dug for the sum of L.2, 10s. currency; at 2s. 1d. wages, it will cost L.3, 2s. 6d.; at 2s. 6d. wages, it will cost L.4, 10s.; and at 3s. 4d., the highest rate of wages that I have heard of, it will cost only L.5, just one-half what it cost in times past. The whole estimated expense of each negro to the planter, was from L.6 to L.7 per annum."

We come now to evidence produced by the stipendiary magistrates only a few months ago. The report of Mr Grant, June 10, contains the following valuable information. "I have remarked that the persons who are loudest in proclaiming the deplorable state of the country, are the very persons who grasp most firmly the property they have in it, and, if they have the means, are most willing to purchase more. This *may* be honest. They *may* be doing this without any sinister motive. I know one of them who purchased a property about three years ago. He was lately offered nearly treble the amount he gave for it. Did he take it? No; but in the same breath he would assert that the country was ruined.

In Clarendon, matters are going on pretty well, but there are some of the properties in the mountains of that parish on which the manufacture of sugar cannot be carried on with profit adequate to the outlay of money and trouble attendant on the cultivation and on the difficulties and expenses of the embarguidiar. It is well known that, during slavery and apprenticeship, the debts due on many properties mortgaged to English merchants accumulated annually. This, although detrimental to the interest of the *proprietor*, was not so to the *merchant*. It secured to him, at an *annual loss* to the proprietor, freight for his ships, interest for his money, commissions for his trouble, and the monopoly of the estate's supplies. It was, therefore, the interest of the *merchant* to keep up the cultivation of poor and badly situated properties, though they were profitless in every respect to the absent proprietor. Now, I fancy, matters will be different. The debts of the proprietor, instead of having diminished on their first amount, having accumulated to a greater sum than the estate is worth, the property will likely be sold, and another staple resorted to, maintaining a proper relation between expenditure and profit.

We will suppose that there is one-fourth less of the population at work in producing and manufacturing the staple productions, than under the slavery or apprenticeship systems. It is well known that, to prove the impossibility of successful agriculture, persons pointed to the diminution of field-labourers immediately subsequent to the 1st of August. A sufficient period of time has elapsed since the termination of the apprenticeship to prove the fallacy of such opinion or assertions. In the first place, no comparison can be drawn between the exertions of a slave and a free man, between compulsory and voluntary labour. It has happily been even already shown that the great stimulus to exertion is self-interest, that money is

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found to be a far more powerful excitement to industry than any which has yet been had recourse to. If it is therefore proved that the result of the money stimulus has been extra exertion, it necessarily follows that fewer persons are required to carry on, under the voluntary system, cultivation to the same extent as that carried on under the compulsory."

We may close this department of the subject with the following extract from the report of Mr Lyon, July 31:—"At this period last year, while the result of free labour was a speculative matter, calculations were published by various parties on the probable expense and profit of sugar cultivation by free labour. In nearly all the data, it was presumed that no profit would be realised by those estates which made less than eighty hogsheads. The amount for contingencies inseparable from such manufacturing establishments, was computed to be nearly as great on these small estates as on larger ones. The experience of this crop has, however, shown that apprehension to have been delusory, as I have had opportunities of learning that where less than even eighty hogsheads have been made, a very considerable income has been realised. One estate in this parish, making seventy-five hogsheads, with a proportionate quantity of rum, has netted L.1000 sterling.

The capability of successfully cultivating the staples of the colony, under a free system, with judicious and economical management, having been proved by the experience of the past year, it will in future be requisite to observe and report upon the proper application of labour, and the judgment exhibited in the culture of lands, as a necessary prudence on the part of managers to ensure a permanent succession of prosperous harvests, and their own estimate of the prospects of interest which the future will realise for all existing investments of capital in colonial agriculture."

We are glad to turn to a line of evidence which, while generally testifying to the growing prosperity of Jamaica, throws much cheering light on the social progress of the peasantry. We believe we shall best please our readers by copying the extracts from the magistrates' reports from beginning to end, as they appear in the work before us:—

"The free children are, in the towns, usually sent to school; but, on the estates, the too general aversion of the managers to all steps taken to enlighten the minds or to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, has led them to resist the establishment of schools on the properties under their charge. Hence, I regret to say, the negro villages too often abound in children fast approaching to puberty, who wander about in a state of nudity, untaught to do anything for themselves or others.

Every denomination of sectarians in the island, with the exception of Presbyterians and Independents, has a place of worship in Spanish Town. There are also various schools for the education of youth. That of the Rev. James M. Phillipps, the Baptist minister, is by far the best conducted and the most numerously attended."—(E. D. Baynes, Sept. 20, 1838.)

"The good effects of compensated labour are every day becoming more apparent. During the apprenticeship, a constant source of complaint was, that the young children were kept in ignorance and in idleness. The effect of a free system is clearly discernible on this point. There are in this parish twelve schools. These have become crowded with the children of such of the labourers as are able to keep them clean and spare their labour; and it is now no uncommon thing to see a mother, whose means are less, with her four or five children, busily employed in picking coffee from morning to night, to raise the funds to support and clothe, and, at intervals, to send them to school. It may not be improper here to mention, that the desire for religious instruction increases daily. There are in this parish thirteen places of worship, with full congregations."—(Grant, Nov. 20, 1838.)

"Several candid proprietors have lately informed me that they find their produce, in all its stages, far more secure than formerly.

The superior character and behaviour of instructed negroes is forcing from some, who have heretofore given the institutions of religion but little countenance, the value and importance of 'such safeguards,' especially, they say, 'in the present very peculiar and critical state of the island.'"—(Daughtry, Jan. 1, 1839.)

"The church and schools are crowded, and the greatest desire for religious and other instruction is evinced by the entire population. They never think it too late to learn; and it is curious sometimes to see a man about forty years of age or upwards learning his letters, or spelling words of two and three syllables. The number of marriages and baptisms increases daily. There is a great change in the apparel of the mass of the peasantry; and in their general demeanour they are most respectful."—(Grant, March 18, 1839.)

"The peasantry continue not only most anxious for the increase of religious and educational impulses, but bear all the burdens of instruction with cheerfulness; in proof of which, I beg leave to state to his excellency the governor the intention of those in this district under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr Rowden, Wesleyan minister at Bath, who have agreed voluntarily to erect a new church at their own exclusive cost, and mean to convert the old chapel into a school for the education of the rising generation."—(Pryce, March 31, 1839.)

"The moral conduct of the labouring population warrants the highest commendation. Some months past, a great portion of them evinced a marked desire for religious instruction; and with a view of gratifying them in so desirable and praiseworthy an object, I applied to the Wesleyan body for one of their ministers to attend at my residence every Sabbath, which was readily acceded to; and it affords me infinite pleasure in stating that, within the last three weeks, from 100 to 150 congregate weekly: their demeanour on such occasions reflects the highest credit on them. District perfectly tranquil."—(Hamilton, June 8, 1839.)

"It is to be lamented that schools are not more numerous in this parish. There is one on this estate (Morland), and it is astonishing how far the children are advanced; some of the children, not more than four and five years of age, are able to read and spell very correctly."—(Mahon, June 12, 1839.)

"I have been present at some of their meetings, in which the warmest demonstration of loyalty to the crown, of esteem and affection for his excellency the governor, were manifested, and of their determination to obey the laws. Their meritorious conduct, I am of opinion, in a great measure is chiefly owing to the progress of education and moral influence. I have attended at the examination of one or two schools under the management of the Baptist missionaries, and have been much pleased at seeing such a vast number of children so far advanced in substantial education, and so well instructed in moral and religious duties. There are upwards of 2000 children receiving daily and weekly instruction under the superintendence of the missionaries in this parish."—(Kelly.)

In closing the present paper, we think little need be said respecting these most gratifying evidences of social advancement in the peasantry of Jamaica. Both from the official volume before us, and other testimony, we feel quite assured of the fact, that, for negroes and planters alike, the change from slavery to freedom has been highly advantageous, and its prospective benefits are unspeakable. Let it, however, be clearly understood by both parties, that it will be absolutely necessary for them to compete on a fair commercial principle only with the producers of sugar in other quarters of the world. At present the West Indies have next to a monopoly for the sale of their sugars in this country; and, as was lately shown by us, we are absolutely giving them a shilling for what can be got for sixpence elsewhere; or, to state it according to the aggregate amount of loss, the United Kingdom is paying L.5,000,000 annually, over and above the market price of sugar in other countries—all to sustain the West India interest. This is a thing so intolerable, and presses so heavily on the people of Britain, that it cannot be of much longer continuance. The West India proprietors and labourers must learn to compete in the sugar market by means of improved machinery, skill, and industry, and there is no doubt that, by these agencies alone, they will in a short time be able even to undersell the slave-owners of less favoured countries.

THE BARNACLE, OR TREE-GOOSE.

Till within the last hundred and fifty or two hundred years, there scarcely seems to have been a glimmering of common sense on any matter of natural history. There was little investigation into the actual truth of alleged facts, and to doubt popular opinion was never thought of even by the learned. Many of the notions current in those days on the subject of animal life, were exceedingly fanciful. It was supposed that bees could be generated from putrid substances; that young snakes could be raised like plants, by sowing crumbs of pounded old snakes in the ground, and occasionally watering them; that cats could see in the dark; that the eels which prevail in the marshes of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, were first planted there in consequence of the wives and children of certain recusant priests in the district being miraculously transformed into these animals; and that a particular species of geese, or barnacles, grew in shells depending from trees within reach of the tides. It has only been since men learned to reason from well ascertained facts, and not from random and traditional hear-say, that these and many other equally ridiculous chimeras have lost their hold on popular credulity. The rigid investigations of science put all such notions to flight.

The particulars of the barnacle or tree-goose delusion are worthy of noting. One of the most remarkable accounts, as well as one of the earliest and weightiest, respecting the barnacle, is that prefixed to Bellenden's Translation of Boece's Chronicles of Scotland, from which the following is an extract, with the language slightly modernised. "Next, to speak of the geese generated of the sea, named *clakis* (the old Scottish name for the barnacle). Some men believis that these clakis grow on trees by the nebs. But thair opinion is vane." From this notion entertained of it, the barnacle still bears the common name of the tree-goose. It was imagined that the young birds dropped into the water from the trees. "Howbeit these geese (continues the old writer) are bred mony sundry wayis, they are bred aye originally by nature of the seas. For all trees that are cast in the seas, in process of time appearis first worm-eaten, and in the small bores and holes thairof grows small worms. First, they show thair head and feet, and, last of all, they show thair plumis and winges. Finally, when they are comin to the just measure and quantity of geese, they flie in the air, as other fowlis do, as was notably proven in the year of God ane thousand four hundred and eighty, in sight of many people, beside the Castle of Pitaligo, when ane great tree was brocht by allusion and flux of the sea to land. This wonderful tree was brocht to the laird of the ground, who soon after gart divide it by ane saw. Appeared then ane multitude of worms, throwing themselves out of sundry holes and bores of this tree. Some of them were rude as they were but new shapin. Some had baith head, feet, and winges, but they had nae featheris. Some of them were perfect shapen fowlis." The writer then proceeds to mention other similar cases, and particularly that of the ship Christopher of Leith, the timber of which, when broken up, showed all the holes "full of geese." But the old scribe has also to produce a "notable example shawn afore our awn een." Being in the Western Isles, a companion of the writer chanced to lift from the sea-side "ane tangle hingan full of shells," and was astonished, on opening one, to find in it "na fish, but ane perfect shapen fowle. This clerk, knowing us right desirous of sic uncouth things, cam hastily with the said tangle, and openit it to us with all circumstances afore rehearsit." It is further explained, that it was from seeing "fruits that fell off the trees converted in a short time into geese," that some persons "believed thir geese to grow upon the trees;" a mistake altogether (says the writer), since it is a sea-worm, which eats into the fruit, that "grows into a goose."

Were this statement found in some single author, we might pass it by as a ridiculous mistake, or wilful falsehood, undeserving of notice. But the most learned writers of Europe, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, repeat the story, as for example, Gerard (in his Herbal), Saxo-Grammaticus, Arnoldus, and others of equal authority. It becomes, therefore, a curious question, to determine how the error arose, particularly as many writers aver having seen the strange birds alluded to. Gerard states, that what "his eyes have seen, and his hands touched, he shall declare." He then mentions a small isle on the coast of Lancashire, in which is found, on pieces of old timber, a "certain spume or froth, which in time breedeth into certain shells," like those of the muscle; and out of these shells, in due time, "come the legs of a bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it cometh to full maturity, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowl bigger than a mallard and lesser than a goose." This bird is spotted, he says, something like a magpie, and is sometimes called by the people a pie-annet, and sometimes a tree-goose. So far Gerard speaks apparently from report, but he also states that he himself found, near Dover, a shell, slightly different from the preceding, but with similar contents. He broke several, and found in some living things without shape, and "in others (says he), which were nearer come to perfection, I found living things that were very naked, in shape like a bird; in others the birds were covered with soft down, the shell half open, and the bird ready to fall out, which no doubt were the fowls called barnacles."

Another respectable eye-witness on this subject was Sir Robert Murray, a member of the privy-council of Scotland, and a member of the Royal Society at its first institution, who published in 1678 a narrative of what he saw on a visit to the Hebrides. In the "isle of East" (Uist) Sir Robert saw a dried log on the shore, with a multitude of little shells sticking to it, "having within them birds perfectly shaped, supposed to be barnacles. This bird, in every shell that I opened, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there appeared nothing wanting as to the external parts for making up a perfect sea-fowl. The little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, wings, tail and feet formed; the feathers every where perfectly shaped, and blackish-coloured; and the feet like those of other water-fowl, to my best remembrance."

It is unnecessary to quote further authorities to show the prevalence of the belief that the barnacle-goose was produced, not after the fashion of its kind, but from a tree, like a ripe apple; or was brought to light by spontaneous generation, from the scum of the sea, or in a muscle shell. Perhaps the most striking proof of the universality of this notion is given by a decision of the Sorbonne in Paris—a body comprising the most learned men of France. These gentlemen adroitly took advantage of the admittedly wonderful origin of the barnacle-goose to give themselves and all true believers a good additional dish for lent. They declared that these geese were no longer to be considered as *birds*, and that therefore their flesh might with perfect propriety be eaten at all fasting seasons. This was a capital practical inference, extracted from a popular fallacy; for such it proved to be, as may readily be imagined. It is worthy of notice, that the translator of Boece, as well as Gerard and Sir Robert Murray, all of whom imagined themselves to have got ocular proof upon the subject, can only positively assert that they saw something in a shell no bigger than a muscle's, of the *shape and appearance of a small bird*, but cannot give the authority of their own eyesight for the conversion of these into actual full-grown birds. Nor did they see any of them in the transition state. "I never (says Sir R. Murray) saw any of the little birds alive, nor met with any body that did. Only, some

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credible persons have assured me that they have seen some as big as their fist."

The venerable author of the History of Norway, Bishop Pontoppidan, who, from his having fallen into some little errors respecting krakens and sea-serpents, has long been unjustly stigmatised as a greedy swallower of the marvellous, is the first to show us by what a trifling circumstance the preceding writers, and the doctors of the Sorbonne, had been led to the conclusion that nature had departed from her ordinary course in the case of the barnacle. Speaking of the shell, the bishop says, "This peculiar creature is of about a finger's length and a half, and an inch broad, and pretty thick." It consists of two parts, the bishop tells us, the one end being composed of a soft, spongy, brown substance, attached by a hollow neck to the timber on which it usually is found, and the other end covered by a shell of two plates, smaller in size than a mussel shell. "When this shell is opened," continues the Norwegian prelate, "there is found in it the little creature reported to be a young wild-goose. Almost its whole substance, which is composed of small toughish membranes, represents some little crooked dark feathers, squeezed together, their ends running in a cluster; hence it has been supposed to be of the bird kind. At the extremity of the neck, also, there is something that looks like an extremely small bird's head; but one must take the *force of imagination* to help to make it look so; this I have constantly found on many examinations; and, in all mine inquiries, I cannot learn that any one has *ever seen any thing more*."

This is a case very like that of the three black crows. The shelled creature which yielded a lent goose for the doctors of the Sorbonne, that was neither flesh nor fowl, proves to be nothing but a part of a sea-insect of the molluscous order, and the whole foundation for the fallacy rested on such a resemblance to a feathered creature as it required a stretch of the imagination to discern. Yet sensible and learned men, going to look for the thing with the fallacy ready prepared in their heads, found no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that a marine insect was a young goose. Of the vast superstructure of writing and speculation raised upon this insignificant basis, we have given the reader a very slight outline; but more upon such a subject would be tedious. We shall quote only one other notable passage. It is from a whimsical work, entitled Franck's Northern Memoirs. Speaking of the Orkneys, the writer saith, "Now that barnicles, which are a sort of *wooden geese* (!), breed hereabouts, is *past dispute;* and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree is *questionless;* and those so fortunate as to espouse the ocean or a river, by virtue of the solar heat, are destinated to live; but all others, so unfortunate as to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity."

The molluscous animals, or class of animals, which gave rise to all this nonsense, are well known at the present day, being termed *cirripedes*, and having a strong analogy to *cuttle-fish*. The barnacle, or bernicle, is a well-known species of the goose tribe. The *anser leucopsis*, or common barnacle, has a white forehead and throat, and is abundant on the western coasts of Britain.

ABBOTSFORD.

More than one description of Abbotsford has appeared; but there is none in which it is described quite faithfully, or with the minuteness which it peculiarly calls for. I shall endeavour to supply the desideratum, to the best of my ability, and as far as a pretty careful study of the place will allow me.

The house is situated in a northern angle of Roxburghshire, at about thirty-four or thirty-five miles from Edinburgh, and a somewhat less distance from the English border, near the road southwards by Carlisle. The very laudatory style in which it has been described, usually misleads those who have not seen it, and therefore its first appearance is almost certain to be disappointing. The edifice, which is of a whitish sandstone, occupies a singularly inconvenient site on the face of a rather steep hill, which slopes in a north-westerly direction to the Tweed at its base, and forms one side of a narrow and by no means romantic vale. The front of the house is to the hill, and is almost close upon a public road, which winds along from Selkirk to Melrose, thus leaving a very circumscribed piece of ornamental ground for an approach; while the rear of the structure, so far as not shrouded by a rising plantation, has an outlook towards the valley beyond. The position is, in fact, an error, much of which is doubtless attributable to the way in which the mansion was erected, no great edifice having been originally contemplated, and every effort after the first being a struggle with unfavourable circumstances. The contriver of the place was also, no doubt, under a limitation which may be supposed to have only been *affected* by the Earl of Dunfermline (a great Scotch lawyer of two hundred years ago), when he caused to be inscribed on his very handsome house of Pinkie, that he built it "according to the measure, not of his mind, but his fortune" [*non ad animi, sed agelli, modum*]. When one sees Abbotsford, he becomes convinced that Scott did not build like a man possessing sufficient wealth to carry out his wishes.

Such as the house is, its best, or almost only good appearance, is from the opposite side of the vale, as we approach it by the road between Edinburgh and Selkirk. There the turreted outline, seen over the trees, is somewhat interesting. The approach on the other side is much less so. We find here only a common gateway, and no porter's lodge, the exterior aspect thus conveying an air of poverty, such as usually attaches to things belonging to men who aim at more than their fortune justifies, and have to pinch and spare on some articles, generally those of comfort. The mansion itself is externally a sad piece of patch-work—a small house extended into a large one, with miniature towers and battlements, and stuck over every here and there with carved stones, the fragments of other buildings, which have no business there, and degrade it to something of the character of a rockery or a made ruin, all taste having been sacrificed for the sake of preserving a quantity of detached antiquities. Amongst these uncouth objects, is a doorway half way up the building, without approach, and leading to nothing—but then it belonged to some old house of note: another is a plain old *headstone*, ravaged away from a neighbouring village churchyard, where it once recorded the virtues of a deceased shoemaker. Such things, it will readily be owned, are unfitted to appear on any part of the external walls of a gentleman's country house. The notion which they give of what we may call the domestic taste of Scott, is very startling, and far from pleasing.

To come now to detail. A court before the house has the garden on the east, and is encircled on the other two sides by a wall, adorned internally by a trellised arbour covered with creepers. In niches of this wall we find numerous carved medallions from the old Cross of Edinburgh, and Roman heads in bas-relief from the ancient station of Petreia, now called Penrith. The garden is separated from the court by a very handsome colonnade, the arches of which are filled up with cast-iron net-work, and the cornice carved with flowers, after the fashion of one on the cloisters of Melrose. The floor of the court is partly gravelled and partly grass-plotted, and presents two objects of interest, one on each side of the main door of the house. On the western side is to be seen a fine old stone fountain, the same which once had its station on the Cross of Edinburgh, and often played with wine at the entries of the sovereigns of Scotland in the days of old; while on the east side lies the effigy of Sir Walter's famous stag-hound, Maida, with the following inscription on the pedestal:—

> Maidæ marmoreæ dormis sub imagine Maida
> Ad januam domini: sit tibi terra levis.

This Englished by Sir Walter:—

> Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

An error in the Latin inscription, the first syllable of "januam" being a wrong quantity, attracted attention, and made some noise in the world a number of years ago. Mr Lockhart was the writer of the lines, but Sir Walter generously took the blame of the slip upon himself.

We must not forget that, outside the handsome arched gateway of the court, is to be seen a pair of *jougs*, brought from Thrieve Castle in Galloway, a seat of the Douglasses. These jougs are simply two semicircles of iron, which formed a species of stocks for the neck in old times, offenders being pinned up by them to a wall, in a way that must have been very uncomfortable indeed. Over a side-door, outside the gateway, may also be seen the sculptured countenance of honest Tom Purdie, Scott's favourite henchman, with the inscription, "Lord resave my sprit," upon an antique stone below.

The house itself comprehends the original cottage of small dimensions in which Washington Irving found Scott living so contentedly in 1817, and, towards the east, the addition of larger bulk which he made in 1821-2, when he conceived himself to be in the way of accumulating an ample fortune. It is chiefly in the principal floor of this additional part that any elegance is found. To begin with the beginning—the hall-door is sheltered by a projected porch in the form of an arch, copied from one in Linlithgow Palace. A pair of huge stag-horns are suspended under it, and branch out above the head of the visiter as he passes into the entrance-hall, a large and lofty apartment about forty feet long by half that breadth. The effect of this room is grand and impressive. Two windows admit the light from the court, and these are high and ample, but at the same time so completely covered with a variety of painted devices, that the hall is filled with a sort of rich and red twilight even at noon-day. Sir Walter called these windows his *Bellenden* ones, a phrase derived from the old war-cry of Buccleuch, and rendered applicable by their containing the heraldic blazonries of the "four great dignitaries" of the clan of Scott, namely, Lords Buccleuch, Montague, Polwarth, and Napier. The lower compartments of each window contain the shields of eight gentlemen of the same name, "of whom (says Sir Walter) I can muster sixteen bearing separate coats of arms. There is a little conceit in all this (he continues), but I have long got beyond the terror of 'Lord, what will all the people say, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor?' and so I will have my Bellenden windows." The floor of the entrance-hall is of black and white Hebridean marble wrought in lozenge form, and the side walls are coated, to the height of seven feet, with a beautifully carved panelling of dark oak from the old kirk of Dunfermline. The roof is of stucco-work in imitation of the wainscoting, and comprehends a series of arches with dependent points, after the fashion of the ceilings of Melrose Abbey. Betwixt each arch is a shield, and the central part of the roof is occupied in this manner with the armorial bearings of Sir Walter Scott's paternal and maternal ancestors, sixteen in number, being the complete quarterings of a man of "gentle blood." Three shields, on the maternal side, are blanks, and painted over with blue clouds, the poet being unable to trace his pedigree in that line to the full length of his spaces. "Nox—alta—premit" ("oblivion has covered them") forms the appropriate inscription on these blank shields. Two other rows of escutcheons run along the sides of the roof, and present the heraldic distinctions of the families of Maxwell, Douglas, Johnstone, Kerr, Elliott, and others, whose names are set down in their proper places in deep red letters, having, on the whole, a fine and striking effect. An inscription running parallel with them tells you, in black-letter type and phraseology, that "These be ye coat armouris of ye clannis and chief menne of name, quha keepit ye marches of Scotland in ye dayes of auld. Trewe war they in their tyme, and in their defense God thaim defendyt."

The hall, thus wallod and windowed, contains a rich assortment of curiosities in the shape of cuirasses and suits of armour, helmets, shields, swords, lances, and other arms of all sorts and ages, flags, camp-kettles, cannon-balls, and numberless other articles, all of them interesting from antiquity or associations. Two prominent objects among these are a pair of erect figures in complete armour at the east end of the room. One of them presents a knight in full panoply, the suit, formed of large plates of shining steel, being a copy from one in the Tower of London, of the age of one of the last Henrys of England. A lance about twelve feet long is held by this figure, and also a sword, which last is a very curious relic. It is straight, narrow, and dark-coloured, having a very plain appearance until you examine it closely, when you find that it has once been the weapon of a king, and not unworthy of a king. The initials of Henry VIII. are upon it, and on the lower half is engraven a complete calendar of the days of the year. This has been a work evidently of immense labour, though one cannot see any great use in such a steel register. The other figure in armour is clad with pieces of various ages, and holds a most enormous two-handed sword, nearly the length of a man, which was got on Bosworth field. Such a weapon the Swiss are said to have used in fight, and certainly it would require a mountaineer of no common strength to wield it with effect.

On the side walls of the hall the visiter may behold two broken body-suits of Milanese chain-armour, composed of fine linked rings, of the kind that Cromwell is said to have worn under his dress. Two brightly-polished cuirasses, once borne on the breasts of Napoleon's cuirassiers, and a pair of beautiful French flags, form also conspicuous objects, being memorials of the field of Waterloo. Of the numerous moss-trooper helmets, executioners' swords, and the like, which cover the walls, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Two cannon-balls from Flodden, the keys of the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, and Ralph Erskine's pulpit made into two small side tables, are the only other articles of interest which we shall specify. The relics of Flodden will bring to mind the unhappy time when the Flowers of the Forest "were a' wede away;" and the visiter may expect to be told, on looking at the Tolbooth keys, that these are the very articles which shut out from the light of day the erring but beauteous Effie Deans. Few will behold the relics of the old kirk of Dunfermline without remembering with interest the bold and famous dissentient by whose voice their substance has so often been thrilled, and whom a great party in our country reverence as their first guide and teacher. A memorial of a very different man is also here, and should not be overlooked. In the hall chimney, which is a beautiful model of one of the cloister-arches of Melrose, stands a massive grate, "which once belonged (to use Sir Walter's own words) to the old persecutor Bishop Sharpe, who was murdered on Magus Moor." Take it all in all, one must admit that Sir Walter did not deceive himself when, in the pride of his heart, he described to Terry his preparations for its embellishment, and exclaimed, "It will be a superb entrance gallery!" It is indeed so in every respect. Continuous with it on the east or north-east, we find first a sort of passage-closet, and then the writing-room or study of the poet—in short, the Lion's own den. The closet contains two notable objects, being figures in complete armour of Asiatic origin, the one a yellow Burmese suit of thick quilted stuff, and the other a beautiful suit of chain-armour, taken from the body of one of Tippoo Saib's body-guards at the capture of Seringapatam. The study is a small room, of some twenty or twenty-five feet square, furnished with books from ceiling to floor, and provided with a gallery, to render the higher shelves accessible. By a door into the upper part of this gallery, Sir Walter could come quietly from his bed-room to his work in the morning, and thus derived some help, no doubt,

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in preserving his literary secret. Over the gallery railing are hung several skins of lions and "bearded pards," presents from Indian admirers. The furniture of the room is scanty, two chairs and a plain writing desk being nearly the extent of it. These, however, are remarkable articles. One of the chairs, a leathern arm one, is that in which Scott himself daily sat while "imping" so many "feathers on the wings of fame." The pen lies on the writing desk as he left it. The other chair is one of dark brown oak, made after an antique model in Hamilton Palace, and "covered with carved work representing rocks, heather, and thistles, emblematic of Scotland, and indented with brass, representing the Harp of the North, surrounded with laurels, targets, claymores, &c. The seat is covered with silk velvet." Mr Joseph Train, supervisor of excise, whose words have been here quoted, presented this chair to Sir Walter Scott. The following inscription, which is graven on a brass plate on the upright front of the chair, will tell what are the associations which render this article interesting. "THIS CHAIR, made of the only remaining wood of the house at ROBROYSTON, in which the matchless Sir William Wallace was 'done to death by felon hand, for guarding well his native land,' is most respectfully presented to Sir Walter Scott, as a small token of gratitude, by his devoted servant, Joseph Train." Robroyston, near Kirkintilloch, was the house in which Wallace was seized when betrayed by the false Monteith.

In the eastern angle of the study, a small low door leads to a closet seven feet high, looking out on the garden, and having the purposed character of an ancient oratory, which is finely sustained by the painted glass of the window. In this closet we find most affecting memorials of the poet. His walking-stick, his woodman's axe, his yeomanry dress and accoutrements, are hung upon the walls, and in a glass-case (which was found necessary to protect them from the over-ardent devotion of pilgrims) lie the last articles of attire which Sir Walter wore, consisting of a green country-coat with metal buttons, striped vest, and plaided trousers. His thick shoes and hat are likewise here, as well as his Celtic-Club uniform. These personal mementos of the poet rank among the most attractive objects in the building, and the nook in which they are kept corresponds well with the emotions which they are fitted to excite.

The other rooms of interest in Abbotsford lie on the side of the building looking to the water. Four rooms compose the suite, the dining-room on the west, followed towards the east by the armoury, drawing-room, and library, in succession. Passing towards the dining-room by the west end of the entrance-hall, the visiter traverses a part of the armoury (which runs across the house), and a small room, in which are miniatures and plate-likenesses of Lord Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, Sir A. Ferguson, Lord Kinedder, Prince Charles Stuart, Mrs Lockhart, Miss Anne Scott, and a few other persons. The dining-room is not large, but handsome in appearance, having a ceiling and furniture chiefly of oak (or an imitation of it), and one ample bow-window to admit the light. The walls are crowded with paintings, among which one of the trunkless and bleeding head of Queen Mary of Scotland, said to have been taken by Amyas Canrood on the morning after her decapitation, has an especial interest attached to it, as well on account of the celebrity of the subject, as from the doubts entertained regarding the existence of other authentic portraits of this unfortunate princess. Of the authenticity of the present beautiful painting, Sir Walter is said to have satisfied himself by inquiry, as far as that was possible. The face of Mary has the pallor of death upon it, but is at the same time wonderfully regular in contour, and gives us a perfect idea of the early beauties of the victim of Elizabeth. Portraits of Charles XII., of Fairfax the parliamentary general (on horseback), of Oliver Cromwell, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Thomson the poet, of James Duke of Monmouth and (a beautiful oval of) his wife Anne, Duchess of Buccleugh, of Nell Gwynn, of Henrietta Maria and her husband Charles I., and of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, are among the most prominent of the other oil paintings of the dining-room, some of them being large half-lengths, and others small-sized full-lengths. The fact of Sir Walter having placed them in his collection, not to speak of their intrinsic merits, argues much for the authenticity of all these pieces, as he was careful in inquiring into the origin of every one of his curiosities. He received the most of them, besides, as presents from very high sources. A portrait of his own great-grandfather also deserves notice. This individual was named Beardie from his having left his beard untrimmed after the execution of Charles I., and we see him here, accordingly, distinguished by

> "His amber beard, and flaxen hair,
> And reverend apostolic air."—*Marmion.*

Of two fine miniatures on the walls of Scott's dining-room, one gives us a spirited and characteristic likeness of Allan Ramsay, and the other of Claverhouse. This last painting exhibits a countenance of uncommon grace and beauty, corresponding less, assuredly, with the ferocious attributes ascribed to the man by the Covenanters, than with the chivalrous characteristics given to him in Old Mortality. A miniature of James Ballantyne appears also among the pictures already enumerated.

It would be unpardonable, in this glance at the pictures of Abbotsford, to pass over the chalk sketches of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, productions held in very high estimation by the late owner. The most noticeable of these is a clever and amusing fancy drawing of "Queen Elizabeth dancing disposedly" before Sir James Melvil, the Scottish ambassador. To speak the truth, however, this sketch treats the English queen very unfairly. Elizabeth, at the time of the incident, which is an historical one, was little more than thirty years of age, and, upon the whole, a comely and personable woman, to whom music and dancing were not unsuitable amusements. The long, sharp nose, therefore, the pinched, wrinkled features, and the bony, scraggy figure, which we observe in the drawing, may make a very fit object of laughter, but form no fair representation of Elizabeth of England, as she was when she chose to go through her steps before Sir James Melvil. However, the sketch is certainly an admirable one in point of execution, and of conception also, if we could only suppose the incident taking place at a later period. The same ingenious gentleman presented two or three other sketches of a similar order to Sir Walter, illustrating the famous border incidents of Harden's marriage with Muckle-mou'd Meg of Elibank, the feast of the Spurs, and another similar scene. They are all amusing.

We have mentioned the dining-room as the most westerly of the four main apartments composing the ground floor of Abbotsford, on the side of the Tweed. But we ought not to have forgotten the existence beyond of a small breakfast parlour, which we shall take leave to describe in the words of Mr Lake, an American visiter to Abbotsford. "It looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettrick on the other; a cheerful room, the walls being thickly covered with valuable and beautiful water-colour drawings, chiefly by Turner and Thomson of Duddingstone—the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled the 'Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.' There is one very grand oil-painting over the chimney-piece, of Fast Castle, by Thomson, alias the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the most majestic and melancholy sea-pieces I ever saw; and some large black-and-white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Stewart of Allanbank, are at one end of the parlour. The room contains some queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh." This description, though written a number of years ago, is still applicable.

We now arrive, in the course of our jottings on Abbotsford, at the armoury, an apartment so-called on the eastern side of the dining-room. But the remainder of this subject must be left over for another paper.

FARCICAL CEREMONIES AT THE HAIHUNGA IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE haihunga is a religious ceremony of the New Zealanders, designed to commemorate the actions of illustrious chiefs, and generally performed a year after the death of such chiefs, whose bones are on this occasion disinterred, cleaned, and then exposed to public view on a raised scaffold. Formerly, before the people had enjoyed the benefits of European intercourse, a great number of slaves and wives belonging to the deceased were sacrificed at the haihunga; but this is now given up, and the ceremony itself would probably have been abandoned ere now, but for the banquet and fair with which it is accompanied. Mr Polack, author of a late work on New Zealand,* attended many of these festivals, and in his work he gives the following amusing account of one of them—that of a much-esteemed warrior named Ti Koki:—

"Some native chiefs in our employment, who belonged to the tribe giving the feast, invited and accompanied us. Taking advantage of the flood tide, we rowed to the river *Káuákáua*, until it contracted so much in breadth, that we were obliged to make use of paddles; about a mile farther, the stream became too shallow for the boat, when the natives, who had decked themselves in European duck frocks and trousers, stripped themselves of the latter, which they left inside the boat, manually propelling it, thus lightened, for the distance of a quarter of a mile; we were then obliged to land. Previously to proceeding to the village where the festival was to be held, distant about half a mile, the natives stayed to arrange their painting and dressing. The gentlemen arranged the hair of each other; and being all sons of chiefs, placed with the *goát* of connoisseurs the plucked feathers of the albatross (*uianui*), gannet (*tára*), and other sea-fowl, in various parts. Red paint (*kokowai*), was much in requisition; a quantity of the mixture was arranged in a broken calabash, into which some of these antipodal exquisites dipped the entire head and face. One of them had painted one-half of his face longitudinally with this mixture, from the back of the head, forehead, downwards to his throat, the opposite half being rubricated with charcoal-dust, and the whole washed over with rancid shark-oil. The effect of the red and black joining in the centre, which was executed with much exactitude, so that each side of his nose wore a parti-colour, was ludicrous in the extreme. The purposes to which the European articles of dress were put were, to say the least, certainly foreign to the intention of the manufacturers in Glasgow, if they came from that emporium of industry, or of London, if 'town made.' One gentleman sported a black worsted stocking on one arm, and a white sock on the other; his nether man was encased in a pair of inexpressibles so arranged that the front buttoned up behind, leaving exposed to view an insertion in the seat, proving that the garments had not been repudiated too hastily by its original possessor. Another, whose sole article of dress was the apparition of a fashionable body coat, had encased his ample chest within it; but, though the perspiration streamed from every pore, this tight fit was buttoned, the wearer gasping for breath at each respiration he took; the rest of his person was in *puris naturalibus*. Another wore a shirt round his naked loins, as a pastry-cook would an apron, and round his throat a pair of duck trousers was tied in lieu of a handkerchief. Another party had put on a woman's gown, whereas his lady (for we had the dear sex with us) sported the trousers of her spouse—a circumstance that, from the natural turn of her temperament, was far from inappropriate. Some other articles of faded apparel, shrunk from the stature of their former possessors by continual ablution, completed the arrangements of the rest of this unique suite, who saw nothing inappropriate in their appearance, while, from its droll inconsistency, no European could refrain from laughter. The ladies had decorated their glossy ringlets with oil, and inserted the pretty flowers of the *kaikátoa* and *tawai* in their beautiful tresses, which hung down their backs in profusion. They made no use of the red earth. With the exception of the lady in trousers, they had dressed themselves in gowns and check shirts, over which were thrown their native garments, woven from the silken flax, which descended in ample folds to their feet.

On these preparations being completed, the gentlemen loaded their guns, whose locks and butts had been carefully burnished, and on arriving in the vicinity of the village, discharged them. On the report reaching the ears of the villagers, a number of them rushed forth to ascertain who the new comers were, and on learning that they were Europeans, a shout was raised, 'A white man! a white man!' (*Epákéha! Epákéha!*) This cry was reverberated a thousand times among the inmates of the village, who rushed forth, waving boughs of trees, garments, and discharging their ammunition, which was returned by our party. Between the village and the place where we stood, a broad rivulet irrigated the valley, at the brink of which a number of our hosts presented themselves, vociferously insisting on carrying us across on their shoulders. The claimants for this dubious honour became so numerous and unruly, that we had nearly fallen from the cropper of one of these steeds, but finally got a safe passage across, some attending supporters keeping us up behind, while each leg and foot was detained in the custody of two stout fellows who would not otherwise be contented. As we approached the village, a number of stout natives, wholly denuded of dress, rushed forward in a tumultuous manner to meet us, hallooing and roaring to the utmost extent of their well-practised lungs, a welcome (*airamai!*) The ladies also screeched in chorus a warm reception, and the dogs, those harbingers of joy and grief in a native village, with an instinct peculiarly refined, howled their welcome to the new-comers, whose particular notes they recognised with affectionate avidity.

On entering the village, a lane was formed of the immediate followers of the head chief, who sat on the ground with his back leaning against his hut, surrounded by a circle of venerable men, whose white flowing beards and grey heads attested the salubrity of the climate, and the fortune that had attended the tribe in escaping from the lures and violence of their enemies. E'Ruku, the chief, in conformity with the invariable custom of his people, sat in state to receive us, and though undistinguished by any peculiarity in dress from his attendants, his rank was easily recognised by the dignified bearing acquired by an habitual exercise of authority. After passing upon for a few seconds, the chief expressed his gratification at the visit paid to him. The old gentlemen around also expressed much satisfaction at the presence of the 'whity man,' whose presence was peculiarly agreeable, and whose tobacco was infinitely more so. This favourite narcotic was immediately requested by the attendant chiefs. We presented some to Ruku, who immediately gave a portion to each of his surrounding nobles, until, instead of the 'lion's share,' he retained not enough to satisfy an infant. The venerable fathers were aware of this; but, regarding us as the jackall on the occasion, and consequently provider for the lion, they very coolly pocketed (if a small pouch, three inches square, suspended by a greasy cord from the neck, deserves the term) their share, after priming their pipes for a present supply. Ruku, with some earnestness, regretted that he had wholly forgotten himself, but felt satisfied he had been enabled to supply his friends, even at the consequent loss he must individually feel. Aware that as long as any of this much-valued production remained in our possession, attempts would be made to procure it, we gave the chief all that remained, who, assured that no more was secreted behind, appropriated it to himself. We were afterwards introduced to the ladies of the several chiefs, whose nasal members we pressed with a vigour that

* Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders, with numerous cuts drawn on wood. By J. S. Polack, Esq. 2 vols. London: Madden and Co. 1840.

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argued the respect felt towards the individual, and an assertion of the courtesy prescribed by the native *ton*. A glance at the company in this native carnival may not be deemed superfluous. The countenances of all the males were rubbed with red *kokowai*, which had been powdered fine and mixed with oil, whose fœtid effluvia made us glad to move to windward. Many had also enriched the crimson stains with broad bands of blue earth (*puruhawhiki*), that encircled the eyes like spectacles, a band across the nose serving to unite the colouring pigment. All present were decorated with feathers, some old chiefs having their heads resembling those unhappy wights who are tarred and feathered. Each of our retinue was presented to Ruku and the conscript fathers, who sat in conclave around him. Each presentation was accompanied by the pressing of noses (*e'ongi*) and expressions of 'Friend, welcome; how are you all?' &c. '*Ekoro airamai tenarihoko*,' in a whining tone, as if each were about to condole for the loss of their entire generation. The last who approached was a nephew to Ruku; they remained fast locked in mutual embrace, tears on both sides falling in plentiful effusion from their eyes and nose, so that I had much cause to congratulate myself on having already pressed the now indecorous proboscis of the chief. These requisite salutations being performed, the natives prepared for the dance of welcome, without which a guest would deem himself but indifferently received. All the males doffed their native garments, the villagers forming one party, and the visiters another. The males had purposely denuded themselves entirely. After pursuing each other like mad fellows for some time, interchanging blows, some of which were no jest, they separated from each other and hastily formed themselves into ranks, taking opposite places. This, from long practice, was immediately performed, when they rushed past each other to secure opposite places. In this melée various knock-down arguments, as such rough play has been termed, were used. The recipients appeared to return it in good earnest, with sticks, paddles, short spears, and whatever lay in their reach. After this had continued some time, each party returned to their places, not omitting, in this *dos à dos* movement, to give some sly hits to their opponents. The dance (*haka*) then commenced, amid the discharge of artillery. Each party formed an extended line of three ranks; the entire body of performers were mixed together, without reference to the rank they individually held in the community. The males were armed with muskets, which they brandished with much adroitness, so as to display the burnished stocks, on which much care had been expended. Those who were unable to procure this much-valued weapon, sported bayonets fixed to long spears, paddles, and even rail-fencing (*taiapa*). The females, single and married, widows and handmaids, added their efforts to this dance of welcome; but in order to give due effect and prepare for the exertion, they had stripped themselves to the waist, leaving themselves so far exposed to the gaze of their comrades, whose attention, be it said, was wholly confined to the dance. In the chant that accompanies a dance, proper time was kept, and admirably toned was the responsive chorus, whose effect must be heard to be appreciated, when issuing from the lips of a thousand performers, who, at the same moment, to give increased effect to the sound, accompany the voice with a clap performed by the flattened right hand on the left breast, the whole body of performers apparently actuated by one well-timed impulse. The implements in their hands are instantly brandished, accompanied by shouts, yelling, howling, 'long and loud,' that threaten hard to destroy the auricular organs of the audience. At the same time their countenances are distorted into every possible shape the muscles of the human face can admit of—a leader giving a new grimace, which is adopted instanter by all the performers, in the most exact unison, rolling the eyeballs to and fro in their sockets, so that at times the ball becomes almost inverted. This feat has the most diabolical appearance, when a stain of blue pigment encircles the orbit of vision. The long tresses of hair worn by both sexes, streaming loosely in the wind, and encircling countenances of a demoniacal cast, have an appearance that recalls to mind the Saxon traditions of our ancestors, or an army of Gorgons. The tongues of the performers were thrust out of their mouths, with an extension that rivalled the well-known chameleon, a feat accomplished by long habitual practice from early infancy. The whole effect gave an insight into the strong emotions these dances must produce in times of war, in raising the bravery of a party, and scaring an antagonist, as also heightening the implacable hatred the belligerents must feel towards each other. The opposite party returned the compliment in similar style, the old seigniors acquitting themselves as nimbly as their juniors. When the dance ceased, the lamentation (*tangi*) commenced, when this singular assemblage dissolved into tears, wailing and gnashing of teeth, with a promptitude equalled only by the transformations produced by the wand of Harlequin in a pantomime, or a ruthless enchanter in a fairy tale. The *tangi* on this occasion related solely to the loss of the deceased chief, and persons who had been gathered to their fathers during the year.

These lamentations extend to either sex. The method of performing it is by two persons sitting on the ground, when they press noses for some time together (at best an unpleasant coalition, but in cold seasons a perfect nuisance), and giving way to grief, by recalling to remembrance the virtues or endearing actions of the dead. With heads enclosed and hid within one garment, entwining each other, they burst forth simultaneously into a paroxysm of tears, giving vent to their absorbing grief by dismal moans and wailing. After this has continued some time, they join in a loud chant, interrupted by liquid streams issuing from the eyes and noses, commemorative of the past, the happiness that has vanished, and probable mishaps of the future. This Jeremiad is taken up by turns, groans are interchanged, and they work themselves up into great affliction.

This strange custom is not confined to apparent cause for grief; for to give an additional zest to the entertainment, sharp muscle-shells are made use of to excoriate the skin, and the consequence follows in streams of blood issuing from every part of the body, face, arms, breast, legs—no part having the preference of an escape from this brutal practice. Nor is this lamentation confined to such occasions; on any persons, known or related to each other, meeting after an absence of a few weeks, or on the illness of a friend or relative, the muscle-shell and the accompanying *tangi* are instantly put in requisition. So enamoured are these people of affliction, that the writer has been viewing a play (*takaro*) among the natives, when suddenly it has entered the afflicted head-piece of one of the performers to sit down to a *tangi*. The suitor for this display of misery has no sooner expressed his desire, than, with the vacillating habits of these people, the whole company, instantly squatting down on the ground, have commenced crying with 'might and main,' as if they were about to be deprived of existence now and hereafter. So copious is the effusion of blood and tears, that their scanty garments are soon saturated."

SONGS OF BERANGER.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

THE translations from Beranger which have already appeared in this periodical, have been accompanied with a few remarks descriptive of the character and position in life of the poet; and his retirement from the busy world has also been referred to. In a letter to the Gascon bard, Jasmin, we find that retirement noticed by himself, in a style and tone of language which remind us in an interesting manner of Robert Burns, to whose independent spirit that of the great song-writer of France seems remarkably akin. The date of the letter is 1832. "You and others reproach me," says he to Jasmin, "with having been long silent. Obliged, in order to assure myself an independent existence, to sell my songs to the publishers, I also came under an engagement not to issue any new thing which might interfere with these purchased rights. I have, however, one other little collection of verses yet to give forth, and then will I take my final leave of the public. I am advanced in life, and am weary of the great world. My petty mission is fulfilled, and mankind have had enough of me. I must prepare for my retreat—'adjust my mantle, ere I fall.' Without the necessity of living, I would have broken silence more seldom; but as it is, the world may pardon some quiet months to a man who has never asked anything from his country, nor desired aught from power, and who at this hour has no wish, save for a morsel of bread and repose."

When the allies were last in France, Beranger conceived and produced a *Chant du Cosaque*, or "Song of Triumph for the Cossack," which could not greatly increase the content of the French at the presence, in their country, of an invading and conquering army—circumstances calculated to please no people of spirit. Our version may give an idea of the spirit of this chant, though not of its polish:—

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Come, friend of the Cossack! bright courser, come forth,
And bound to the sound of the trump of the north!
For pillage still ready, and fearless of scathe,
Spring under me, steed, and lend pinions to death!
No gold there may be on thy saddle or bit,
But patience!—such prizes shall come to thee yet;
Thou faithful one, neigh, then, in haughtiest tones,
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

Peace, flying, to thee hath abandon'd the day;
The bulwarks of Europe are rent and away!
Come, bear me to treasures of wealth! and, for thee,
In the home of the arts shall thy stable soon be!
Come, drink of the rebel-waved Seine, then, once more,
Where the blood from thy hoofs has been twice lavé before.
Thou faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

Priests, nobles, and princes upon us have cried,
When press'd by the poor ones they crush'd in their pride,
"Come, save us," they cry, "and our lords ye shall reign—
Slaves to you, we at home still may tyrants remain."
My lance I have lifted, and low it shall bring
The cross of the priest and the crown of the king!
Thou faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

I saw a vast phantom aloft in the sky,
And it gazed on our host with a flame-kindled eye.
"My reign is renew'd!" cried the shadowy form,
And a huge sword it shook o'er the west, like a storm.
It was Attila's spirit—I knew it at once;
And the voice I obey, as should child of the Huns.
Thou faithful one, neigh, then, in haughtiest tones,
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

The fame on which Europe so proudly looks back—
Her knowledge, so weak in the hour of attack—
All, all in that dust shall be swallow'd and swamp'd,
Which rises wherever thy hoof may have tramp'd.
On, on in thy course, then!—destroy without pause
Their palaces, temples, tombs, monuments, and laws!
Neigh, faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

The next piece now selected from Beranger's portfolio, is one very different in its individual character, yet springing from the same fundamental circumstances. The song alluded to is entitled *Le Violon Brisé*, "The Broken Violin." The scene, as the reader may readily discover, is supposed to take place as in the preceding instance, when the allied armies occupied France. Thus speaks a poor "itinerant performer on the violin:"—

THE BROKEN VIOLIN.

Come, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.
One festive cake I here have still;
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

Victors by guile, thus yesterday
Invading soldiers to me spoke—
"Strike up a dance!" I would not play,
And one of them my violin broke.

Ah, 'twas the village orchestra!
No sports henceforth, no joyous strain!
Who now to dance in shade will play?
Who will awake the loves again?

When morn arose in smiling pride,
My violin's strings, so briskly prest,
Were wont to tell to youthful bride
The coming of the spousal guest.

When curates even would stand by,
Its music made our dances please;
The mirth that from its strings would fly,
Might to king's blow have given ease.

When in that glory's day it rung
To notes that glory first inspired,
Ne'er dreamt I it could be unstrung
By stranger hand, with vengeance fired!

Come, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.
One festive cake I here have still;
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

Beneath the elm, or in the barn,
Now will the holiday seem long!
Can vintage-field or harvest corn
Be bless'd without an opening song?

My violin cheer'd the toilsome hours,
It charm'd away the poor man's ills;
Taxes, and storms, and great men's powers,
Through it fell harmless on our hills.

Feelings of haste it bid to sleep,
It bade the tear-drop cease to flow;
Ah, ne'er did regal sceptre sweep
So sweet a sway as my poor bow!

But these our foes must fly the land,
And they have fired me for the fray;
A musket now must in my hand
Replace what they have dash'd away.

And should I perish; then, perchance,
Some kindly friend will one day cry,
"He will'd not that a foe should dance
Above our graves in mockery!"

Come, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.
One festive cake I here have still;
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

There is surely genuine pathos in this picture. It has often been remarked, as a proof of the eminent powers of Beranger, that to whatever subject he directed his muse—whether he made it the medium of conveying political satire, of lashing social vices, or of stirring up national feeling—he always managed to infuse into his pieces such a degree of general interest and excellence, that they outlived the occasions which called them forth, and were justly admired by all lovers of mere poetical excellence. Of how few writings of a similar kind can this be said! Even the satirical poems of our own poet Moore, with all their wit and brilliancy, have fallen greatly into oblivion—their interest having declined with the hour that produced them. The "Chant du Cosaque," and the "Violon Brisé," retain a permanent place in poetry, though certainly written for a special and passing purpose. Of a more general cast is the following little piece, though still springing in some measure out of the extraordinary state of affairs in France during the career of the poet. A man of feeling and patriotism, indeed, could not escape having his fancies tinged and moulded in such a manner by the temporary condition of his countrymen and country. Many a poor victim of the long wars of Napoleon must have sung, in some such manner as this, to the winged heralds of the spring:—

THE SWALLOWS.

Captive on the Moorish shore,
Bent with chains, a warrior lay.
"Are ye here," he cried, "once more,
Birds who hate the winter's day?
Swallows, whom sweet hope pursues
Hither even across the sea,
Doubtless ye of France have news—
Speak, oh speak of home to me!

Three years have I pray'd for ruth
That some token ye would bear
From that vale which saw my youth
Nursed in dreams so sweet and fair.
Where a limpid stream winds round
Many a freshest lilac-tree,
Ye my cottage home have found—
Of that vale oh speak to me!

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One of you perchance was born
'Neath the eaves of that dear cot!
Of the mother there forlorn,
You must then have mourn'd the lot.
Dying, she may hope in vain
My return each hour to see:
Then she lists—then weeps again—
Of her love oh speak to me!

Is my sister wedded yet?
Have you seen a nuptial throng
Of our village youngsters met,
Her to praise and bless in song?
And my youthful comrades—they
Who took arms with me in glee,
Have they reach'd their village, say?
Of these friends oh speak to me!

Ah! the stranger o'er their graves
Now may foot it through the vale—
Those who fill my hearth he braves,
Makes my mateless sister wail!
Mine no mother may be more!
Chains, still chains my lot must be
Swallows of my native shore,
Speak ye of its woes to me!

MY FIRST CAMPAIGN.

I JOINED the depôt at Chatham, and was introduced to some of my brother officers. What a new life this was to me, who had never stirred from my own quiet home before!—and now to change it for the bustle and noise of a garrison town. But I was not doomed to remain long there; the company to which I belonged was ordered to Ireland. At first my military life seemed all very pleasant, because it was new; in a short time I got tired, and often wished myself at home—but this was of no avail, and on we went.

And then the "crossing the Channel." My first appearance on any sea! I thought I was dying from the time I started. Oh, how ill I was! but I was most provoked that none of the other officers on board were ill; and that the men under "my command" should see me reduced to such a state, was galling in the extreme. But sea-sickness is no respecter of persons. How glad I was to hear the captain of our ship say, "We shall be in now in about ten minutes:" but what a long ten minutes did that seem; the rolling of the lazy vessel, the flapping of the sails, I thought never would finish. At last, we arrived near the shore, and by dint of towing and tugging, we were enabled to land without boats. How rejoiced I was again to find myself on *terra firma*. And these, thought I, are some of the pleasures of a soldier's life!

We proceeded to the barracks, and were very comfortable, and enjoyed our rest that night, for we had been constantly on the move for the last fortnight. We remained at Dublin three days, and then marched for our quarters, some forty or fifty miles distant from that city. The places we had to halt in were generally wretched dirty villages, and the people miserable and filthy in the extreme. After three days' march over bad roads, we arrived at our place of destination. How any one could have fixed on such a spot as that was to send troops to, I could never properly settle in my own mind. The village, or whatever it might be called, consisted of about a hundred or more huts, most of them built of mud. At the end of the "street," so I suppose I must call it, stood the barracks or barn for the soldiers. One apartment had been reserved for the officer commanding the troops; our captain and lieutenant had agreed to "exist" together, but unfortunate me, "the poor ensign," what was I to do? A vacant hut, next to the "barracks," was now assigned to me; and my heart misgave me when I heard what was to be my fate.

My mansion was built of mud, and the roof was covered by a sort of thatch, composed of rushes and dead leaves. I had two apartments on the *ground* floor, for there was no "boarding," or "flooring," barring the ground. My drawing-room opened into the street; the door of the said drawing-room having no fastening but an old rusty latch, so that a light puff of wind could open it. My "bed-room"—a bed-room without a bed in it! A quantity of straw, however, could be discerned in a corner, covered with soldiers' cloaks; and in this place I was to sleep—to dream sweet dreams, and to enjoy heavenly slumbers. However, I thought, such has been the fate of many a better soldier than myself, and about ten o'clock I retired to my elegantly furnished apartments. I ought to mention that there was no door between my two rooms, but a space had been left in one of the walls which served the purpose of one.

I undressed, and putting my cloak on for bed-clothes, I lay down. I kept my sword near me, for I confess I did not quite like the "open house" that I was obliged to keep. I did not intend to go to sleep for some time, but I suppose over-fatigue conquered my intentions, and in a few minutes, I imagine, I was snoring. However, the first sleep did not last long, what with the misery of the place, the excitement I was in, and the quantity of visiters I had about me (for I verily believe this hut must have been the head-quarters of all the mice in the village), I found it impossible to rest long. I turned round, however, and dozed and dreamed.

I thought I was at home in our own little parlour, and was enjoying a dinner with my parents. My mother was telling me every circumstance which had occurred since I left my home, and she was just in the midst of her long story, when a violent scream was heard—so loud it seemed, that I awoke suddenly. Where was I? What was the matter? I had been dreaming certainly, but that scream I heard was no dream. I listened, and heard a strange noise; see I could not, for there was no window in the room. I sat up on my straw bed.

Again I heard the same noise! I fancied I felt the cloaks move! That might be the mice; but, no—they moved again! I felt for my sword, but could not find it. Imagining that the start I had given when I awoke had forced the cloak over it, I put out my hand again to feel for it;—and, oh, horror of horrors! somebody, I was sure, lay murdered by my side! I felt again—it was cold, but it groaned! What should I do? I did not dare move! If it should be a murdered body, I would be taken up as a murderer. I was in a state of terror—I could bear the idea no longer, but screamed "Help! murder! thieves!"—any thing I could think of.

I got up, intending to run away; but, in my hurry, I fell over what I was sure was the corpse of some victim, for whose murder I should most assuredly be hanged. I screamed again and again, but move I dared not. At last my screams were heard by the sentinel on duty, and he had alarmed the guard; and soon I had the gratification of seeing lights approaching, for the door of my mansion was wide open.

Again I screamed "Murder! help!" and the soldiers came to my assistance. They lifted me up more dead than alive, and seated me on a bench outside my hut, and then, at my desire, proceeded to look for the "dead body."

A laugh was heard, and then another, till all who had come to my relief, expecting to find a "horrid tragedy," were one and all convulsed with laughter. I ventured to take a peep, and there, sure enough, was the cause, the innocent cause of my terror—a huge pig, that probably had for months made this her resting-place, had, as usual, come to her night's quarters; and finding another inhabitant in her bed, had given the squeaks which awoke me. My fright was soon over; but not wishing to have such a bedfellow again, I relinquished the "snug berth" to her, and returned to the barracks with the guard. So much for "My First Campaign."—*From "Amusement in High Life," a work lately published.*

PREDICTIONS OF THE WEATHER.

There is nothing more common than to predict the future state of the season from some single appearance in the early part of it, and yet there is nothing more unphilosophical or fallacious. An early blossom, an early bee, or an early swallow, or the early appearance of any other natural incident, is no evidence whatever of the kind of weather that is to come, though the belief that it is so is both very general and very obstinate. The appearance of these things is the effect of the weather, not the cause; and it is what we may call an external effect, that is, it does not enter into the chain of causation. The weather of to-day must always have some influence upon the weather of to-morrow; but its effects will not be altered in the smallest tittle, whether it does or does not call out of the cranny in which it has been hybernated, some wasp, or some swallow that was too weak for autumnal migration. Birds, blossoms, and butterflies, do not come in expectation of fine weather; if they did, the early ones would show that they see not far into futurity, for they generally come forth only to be destroyed. They come in consequence of the good weather which precedes their appearance; and they know no more of the future than a stone does. Man knows of to-morrow only as a rational being; and were it not that he reasons from experience and analogy, he would have no ground for saying that the sun of to-day is to set. The early leaf and the early blossom of this spring may be a consequence of the fine weather of last autumn, which ripened the wood, or forwarded the bud; and the early insect may be evidence that the winter has been mild: but not one of these, or any thing connected with plants or animals, taken in itself, throws light upon one moment of the future; and for once to suppose that it does, is to reverse the order and cause of effect, and put an end to all philosophy—to all common sense.—*Mudie.*

PORTUGUESE POLITENESS.

I remember a striking instance of the great extent to which mere ceremonial is carried by the Portuguese of the old school. I called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed; but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the bannisters I made a bow, and, as I supposed, a final salutation: but no—when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

NATURAL GAS.

There is now a project on foot for lighting Newcastle and Gateshead—the Newcastle and Shields Railway—and the towns of North and South Shields, Sunderland, and the Wearmouths—by means of the natural supply of gas at Wallsend! This gas, as all persons in these parts are well aware, has long been burned at the pit-mouth, man having wastefully refused to profit by the boon of which nature made him the offer. Some time ago, however, a Mr Douglas took out a patent for the useful application of these natural supplies of gas; and, more recently, he obtained a lease of the copious (we believe we may say inexhaustible) supply at Wallsend. His proposal to apply this gas to public purposes has for some months been under the consideration of many influential and enterprising gentlemen in Newcastle, who seem to be sanguine in their expectations of success and profit in this singular speculation. The gas, except that it is diluted with about ten per cent. of atmospheric air (an evil which is not without a remedy), is remarkably pure—much purer, we are assured, than the gas now consumed in Newcastle and Gateshead, being free from the offensive admixture which occasionally makes itself too familiar with one of the five senses. The facilities afforded by the railways which line the Tyne on both its banks, for the laying down of pipes to convey the gas to the towns at the *termini*, will be at once obvious to every one; while it will be seen with what readiness the railways themselves may be lighted.—*Gateshead Observer.*

THE EFFECTS OF POLITICAL CONTROVERSY.

There are pursuits in life, high in their character and eminently useful, which nevertheless have something in them that almost inevitably tends to take from the human disposition that amiableness of temper which is so essential to happiness. Prominent among these pursuits is that of politics. Whether a man be an actor in the political affairs of his country, or merely an attentive looker-on and a commentator, there is so much of misrepresentation, so much of effrontery, so much of injustice in all its forms, to be remarked upon, to be excused, or to be resented, that, in a man of quick sensibility, a bitter indifference or a passionate partisanship is almost sure to be the result. Both of these are unfavourable to virtue and happiness, and the first is the worse of the two. Time may wear out a man's passion and violence, and he may subside into philosophy; but he who acquires a habit of bitter contempt for the conduct of men, even in their most important concerns, and who thus despairs of any permanent triumph of justice or establishment of good, is likely to go to his grave a sneerer and a misanthrope. If, indeed, he be of a retiring and meditative disposition, this hopeless view of human affairs may resolve itself into mere melancholy and pity; but this will not be the result with such as continue to belong to active life. Every day will afford them fresh evidence of folly and fresh food for contempt; and they go upon their way with a bitter smile upon their lips, while cold scorn sits triumphant upon their hardened hearts.—*The Table-Talker.*

COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES FAVOUR FORESIGHT.

It is a most remarkable fact, totally at variance with what might *à priori* be expected, but confirmed by the universal experience of mankind, that the dominion of reason over the passions, the habit of foresight, and the power of forming a systematic plan for the conduct of life, are just in proportion *to the degree in which the danger of immediate want or the pressure of actual suffering have been removed from mankind.* The savage who has no stock whatever for his support—who is in danger of immediate starvation if his wonted supplies from the chase or his herds were to fail—is totally regardless of the future in every part of the world; while the rich man, whose subsistence and affluence are almost beyond the reach of chance, is incessantly disquieted about the manner in which his subsequent life is to be spent. The certain prospect of instant death to himself and all that are dear to him, from the occurrence of a very probable event, is unable to draw the attention of the one from the enjoyments of the moment; while the slight and improbable chance of a diminution in the smallest articles of *future* comfort, renders the other indifferent to the means of *present* enjoyment which are within his reach.—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

ERRATA IN RECENT NUMBERS.—In the article respecting New Zealand in No. 450, the Paisley Society is described as connected with the New Zealand Land Company. This, we are informed, is not the case.—In the article entitled "Gossip respecting the Carse of Gowrie," in No. 449, Forgandenny has been inadvertently substituted for Forgan.

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RESERVATIONS.

IN the romance of the Abbot, the ex-superior of the monastery of Kennaquhair, a man represented by the author as possessing high talents and many noble features of character, gains admission to the Castle of Lochleven in the disguise of a common soldier, with the view of aiding in the escape of Queen Mary. In the presence of Mary, he is examined by the lady of Lochleven, one of whose first questions put to him is, "You hold, undoubtedly, the *true faith*?" "Do not doubt of it, madam," was the answer. On another query being put to him, touching his willingness to perform his new duties, the stranger replies, "In the cause of *the lady* before whom I stand, I fear nothing." The querist and respondent here referred to very different churches and ladies, and Queen Mary afterwards spoke admiringly of the address shown in the conversation. "Marked you not," said she to her private attendants, "how astuceously the good father eluded the questions of the woman Lochleven, telling her the very truth, which yet she received not as such?"

Though the author put these reported evasions into the mouth of one of his most estimable characters, he was fully aware that they did much less honour to the good father's probity than to his address, and he makes the ingenuous youth Roland Græme utter the reflection, that "the truth, when spoken for the purpose of deceiving, was little better than a lie in disguise." This will be generally acknowledged as a just comment upon the supposed occurrence.

We adduce the passage from the novel as a well-conceived case of a kind of false-speaking only too common in the world. An individual is under the influence of a particular set of ideas, which are well known to his neighbours. A second individual, perfectly aware of these ideas, and how the first individual will interpret particular terms used by him, uses terms which, while perfectly true as to himself and many other persons, are utterly false as to the person addressed, because they are by him received in a different sense, and therefore have the effect of misleading. Here it is of not the least consequence that the words would not be false to others: if they are false to the person addressed, and if the speaker knows they will be so, he unquestionably utters the same thing as a lie. His consciousness of the prepossessions of the first individual calls upon him either to give explanations suitable to the case, or to use language which has the same meaning with both parties: by no other means can he, in that case, act the part of an honest man. The intention and the effect being so clearly bad, what does it matter for the particular expedient employed?

An unfortunate English monarch, under the pressure of great difficulties arising from variances with his subjects, resorted to the plan of "reservations" as a means of escape. The Commons brought before him a bill of rights, seeking to define the ancient laws by which the liberties of the people were supposed to be established. The king endeavoured to appease them and evade the bill, by giving them his solemn word that he would rule according to the laws of the realm, having all the time his own interpretation of what these laws prescribed, while he knew that his subjects regarded them in a different light. As often happens, no one was deceived but the unhappy man who thought to be the deceiver: the only result was, that he so far lost the respect and confidence of his people. Afterwards, when quarrels took place respecting ecclesiastical arrangements, he repeatedly endeavoured to disarm his opponents by promising to settle every thing as it was by law established, by which he expected they would suppose him to mean their own forms, which had received an imperfect legal sanction, while in reality he referred to forms totally different, and, indeed, those very forms against which they were contending. As his difficulties increased, he resorted to more and more deceptious practices of the same kind, and even on one occasion deceived two parties at once in different negotiations. But what was the result? Let the bloody scaffold of Whitehall relate it. The life of Charles I. would never have been taken as it was, if he had not, by his mental reservations, impressed a general conviction that he could hold faith with no opponent, but would turn upon such opponents and rend them, the moment that they, upon however strict a bargain, had released him from restraint.

It is obviously quite as bad to allow expressions not meant to deceive to be taken up or understood in a wrong sense by another party, as it is to use particular expressions with the intention of deceiving. Bishop Burnet justly mentions it as a point of character highly creditable to a nobleman of the time of the civil war, that he would never allow his words to be accepted or interpreted otherwise than as he meant them. It must often happen that expressions accidentally let fall, are taken up by another party in such a sense as to seem wise, or kind, or witty, or something else reflecting credit on the sayer of them; no truly conscientious person would fail in such circumstances to explain that he did not mean them in that light, for, otherwise, he would be profiting by a praise that did not justly belong to him. Suppose that King Charles, instead of attempting to deceive his subjects, had only allowed them to deceive themselves by putting a certain favourable construction on what he said, different from what he meant, it is clear that his criminality would have been exactly the same as it really was. On the other hand, the petitioning party might have taken up his expressions in a light more favourable than he meant, with a secret design to interpret them afterwards in a wide sense useful to their own views: in that case, equally, the act would have been perfidious. It is not uncommon, in controversial writings, to see charges brought against individuals, which, with the greater part of the public, will have the effect of fixing a criminatory stigma, but which are, nevertheless, so artfully worded, that, if challenged, they may be explained away as meaning something different. These, it is needless to remark, differ only from open false charges, in their being presented in a cowardly manner. It is like the paltry expedient of the Delphic oracle, which would take advantage of even a grammatical peculiarity in its native language to ensure that what it said on any case would harmonise with the event. Looseness of language is the ordinary resource of mental reservers. If they can find a term sufficiently vague to have the appearance of including what they mentally exclude, and thus can deceive the enemy, they conceive themselves to have gained their end in a very happy manner. Alas! what greater rationality is there in such conduct of human beings than in that of the poor animal which hides its head in the sand, and then believes itself to be completely concealed from its pursuers!

There is another kind of mental reservation, which consists in telling only a part of the truth, notwithstanding that the concealment of the remainder is sure to have the effect of deceiving. It is to be feared there are few persons who, when a variance has taken place with a neighbour, are sufficiently candid to give a fair recital of the circumstances. Usually, they mentally bury or reserve whatever may tell for the opposite party. They may have a certain glimmering consciousness of the views and interests upon which the opposito party proceeded; but not only do they keep every trace of these out of their recital, but they do not even allow the consciousness of them to be a living thing in their own secret bosoms, trampling it down on all occasions when it seeks to raise its "still small voice." It is curious to see such a person labouring to convey his view of a case, sensible, perhaps, that it does not tell in a natural way, but struggling desperately, nevertheless, to make the hearer believe it, when, probably, the mention of one simple circumstance, which he pertinaciously chooses to conceal, would make all clear in an instant, and save him all this voluntarily imposed trouble. Hence the almost magical effect in clearing up a legal dispute, from hearing the explanation of an opposite party. The one little fact which was wanting to give the appearance of ordinary human motives to the conduct of the defendant is then supplied, and that instantly looks natural and plain, which lately seemed like something not of this world. If we look closely into the bickerings and disputes that are constantly taking place around us, whether of a public or private nature, we shall find that the principle of mental reservations supplies a key to most of them. Some little reservation of the truth, on one or both sides, is usually at the bottom of the whole mischief. Neither party may move openly in the face of justice, or support his cause by direct falsifications of the truth. There is merely, for the most part, a trifling misunderstanding, founded originally on a partial suppression of facts in some quarter or another, which gives a colour and countenance to the view taken by each. Once committed to a particular line of offence or defence, the parties are apt to go on, until it is impossible to confess the error without disgrace; and ruin, to one or to many, thus becomes, not unfrequently, the ultimate result.

It often happens that an individual possesses many estimable qualificatious, suiting him for a particular office or situation, but possesses also one qualification so extremely objectionable, as in itself to unfit him for the proposed function. He may, for example, possess all the requisites of a good schoolmaster, except temper; or he may be qualified for the superintendence of a factory in all respects, except that of being a good accountant. It is too common, we fear, in giving certificates of character to candidates for situations, to *reserve* the one objectionable peculiarity, while all the good qualifications are fully insisted on. It may be said that here no falsehood is told: certainly, this is true affirmatively. But is there not a negative falsification? Does not the writer of such a certificate leave it to be presumed that the candidate is entirely qualified, when he is only partially so, or rather positively, though by but one peculiarity, disqualified? If, upon the strength of such certificates, the candidate obtain the situation, his constituents will unquestionably find themselves deceived. It may be said, these constituents had it in their power to make further inquiries of a different kind, so as to find out the disqualifying circumstance. This might or might not be; the writer of the certificate was not certain that such inquiries would be made. He at least runs the chance of deceiving by his positive evidence, seeing that perhaps none of another nature may be sought for. We would say, then, that any one called on to write a certificate as to the qualifications of another, from the condition of a common servant upwards, is bound, if he give a certificate at all, not to conceal circumstances which he conscientiously believes to be of a disqualifying nature.

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To all mental reservations, indeed, one very simple rule applies. We are not to ask ourselves, Is what I say capable of being made to appear true, or true as far as it goes? We are bound to say that which we believe does not deceive our neighbour.

STORY OF A BEAR HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

At the distance of a league from Bagneres of Luchon, on the declivity of the hill, stands a small building, called the hospital, which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small, temporary-looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered with branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter's storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees; and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut, darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lightened aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly-made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize-bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles, placed upright against the opposite wall. Before the fire, a deer's haunch was comfortably roasting; and around were stretched five highland hunters, with their caps of brown worsted, their knee-breeches of coarse brown cloth, and their long grey stockings. They had fled to the hut to save themselves from the storm, and were now awaiting the supper which was preparing. At the farthest extremity sat, reading attentively, by the light of a wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared not to be dressed like the rest of the hunters; his occupation, the expression of his countenance, and the respectful distance preserved towards him by the highlanders, sufficiently testified his superiority over them. At the other side was suspended the open and reeking carcass of a deer recently killed.

The crackling of the roasting meat, the hissing of the snow as it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling sounds of the frequent thunder-claps, repeated and increased by the echoes of the mountain, alone interrupted the silence which prevailed in the hut. There seemed some weight on the minds of the men; but at length one of them spoke aloud. "So, Janote, it was by the same bear which killed one of our friends before, that Baptiste was worried yesterday?" "Yes." "I shall kill him, Janete, or die; where was he seen yesterday?" "Near the glacier of La Maladetta." "I will go to-morrow morning, and encounter him; it shall not be said that this black skin has frightened us all, like a herd of chamois." "Peter," said Janote, "the snow has fallen for these two days, the hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised by the bear merely in consequence of his being caught by the cold; you had better not go to-morrow." "I shall go!" was the answer.

A gloomy pause now took place, after which the man seated at the extremity of the hut rose and came close to Peter. "Peter," said he, "how many children have you?" "Five." "You shall not go to-morrow." "But" —— "You shall not go!" These words were pronounced with so much authority, that Peter held down his head and remained silent. "Well then," said another, "I shall have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children." "Friend," replied the man, "who lives at the village, in the smith's house?" "My mother." "You shall not go." "But," rejoined Peter, "now that we have found out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery." "He shall be killed!" "And by whom? by whom?" "By myself, my friends." "You! reverend sir?" they all exclaimed. "Yes, my friends; by myself. I am but a peasant, a highlander, like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God; and the man you now name in the village the Reverend Curate Riego, was once called Riego the Bear-hunter."

As he pronounced these words, the clergyman's countenance was animated with a singular expression of courage and energy. "I had come to the hill," continued he, "to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years"—— "Fifteen years!" said Peter. "Yes, my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood, should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I shall go, and fear not but I shall kill the beast." "Be careful, M. Riego," said Janote. "Fear not, my friend, I shall remember the days of my youth."

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him, "But I, brother, shall I not go with you?" "You, Stephano!" replied the curate, "my mother's son!—no; you shall not come." "We shall all follow you together!" cried the hunters. "I do not want you, my friends; and, as the night is advancing, you had better take your supper, and go to rest."

Young Stephano did not repeat his request to his brother. The hunters instantly began their meal; for there was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of command.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle himself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep or goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the door; and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego, fearing the hunters would insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and, choosing one of the rifles, stept out without being heard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the highlanders. On his head he wore the small, flat, blue *béret*; over his legs, the long leather gaiters usually worn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a strong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick, sharp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He was not the same man. His step was at all times firm and erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy amounted even to impatience. As soon as he was out of the hut, he examined the rifle with all the scrupulous attention of an experienced hunter; tried the lock, burnt some of the powder to ascertain its quality and dryness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just starting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his young brother Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter. "What are you doing there?" said he. "I am waiting for you, brother." "Why?" "Because I want to go with you; and I must go." The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection—"Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?" "Yes, brother." "Here are twelve balls, then, take them, and let us go."

The brothers started on their perilous adventure. After an hour's march, they passed the short rocky defile which separates France from Spain; and while threading its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his rifle to his shoulder, following steadily the course of some eagle, which was already abroad in the keen, clear morning air. But he fired not; for he deemed that there was no call upon him to shed any blood but that of the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, they found themselves in front of La Maladetta (*the accursed*), the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most dangerous, also, as its not inappropriate name implies. When the glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and there deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt the enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and he could not help exclaiming joyfully, "The snow! the hills!" Turning to Stephano, the priest then exclaimed, "If Janote be right, the bear must be in that fir-wood to the left. We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you the iron hooks and the ropes?" "Yes, brother." "Come, then, get ready," said Riego.

In a few minutes, they had buckled the iron hooks to their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope about eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one of them might sustain the other, in case of a slip. Thus secured, the brothers resumed their route. For half an hour, they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, and were near the place of their destination, when, all at once, the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he sunk downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by his companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the very edge of the same gulf; a second more, and he also would have been over! Both must have perished; but, gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his iron grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopped suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the rope round his arm for the purpose of shortening it, was the work of an instant. He then exerted his strength in raising Stephano. Soon the young man's hands could grasp the edge of the hole; by and bye his whole chest appeared. "Courage! courage!" cried Riego, putting forth his whole powers upon a final effort, which, being aided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was successful. Stephano was freed from his danger; but he fell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which the hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano to the power of motion; and the priest said to him in a cheerful voice, "Courage, brother!—you are all right again; let us move on!" Stephano replied, "Yes, brother," and resumed the march; but a great change had come over the young man. The narrow escape which he had made had overthrown his resolution. He walked on, pale, tottering, and exhausted—a different being, altogether, from what he had been a few moments before. Riego, who moved foremost, was too much occupied with the outlook for the bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully sensible how much his brother was changed by the late accident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta when they reached it. The hunters then turned into the Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Picada. Scarcely had they gone a few yards in this direction, when Riego stopped short, and, without turning round, made a sign to his companion to stand still also. The priest then laid his ear to the ground, and heard a low growling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be the snarl of the bear. "He is not far off," said Riego, in a whisper. "Let us mount this platform, and we are sure to see him. Follow me." The brothers ascended the platform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the right and left by a steep precipice. On the side opposite to where the hunters were, there was another precipitous pass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked round, and in a few moments saw an enormous bear, moving slowly down the dry rocky bed of a torrent. "Here he is!" cried the curate. "Stephano! make ready; he will immediately pass the corner before us, close to that fir-tree; fire at him there. Mark for the left shoulder—a little behind it! If you miss him, I will then shoot!"

Just as Riego concluded his directions, the bear came to the point mentioned. "Now, Stephano!" cried the curate. The young man fired; but whether from agitation, or the distance, he missed the animal, as appeared from the splinters of ice broken off by the side of the brute, which at once turned round, saw the hunters, and advanced towards them. He was at first little more than twenty yards distant, but fortunately the path took some turns, which made the space to be passed greater. At a favourable instant, calmly and steadily raising his gun, Riego fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip aside at the moment, and of the three balls, one only struck him in the flank. A terrific growl was the only reply to the shot, which was totally ineffective in retarding his course. "Some balls!" said Riego quietly, without turning his eye from the bear. Stephano spoke not. "Balls, Stephano!—in three minutes he will be upon us!" The young man had been feeling his pouch. "We are lost!" cried he, with a groan of despair; "the bag has been buried in the snow at Maladetta!"

The growls of the bear became more and more vivid. "We have no balls!" repeated the young man in tones of agony; "let us fly!—oh, let us fly, brother!" "Fly!" said the priest; "no—we cannot! In twenty seconds the monster would be up with us, were we to go down hill!" "Oh, blessed Virgin!" cried Stephano, falling on his knees in desperation.

"Come, no faint-heartedness, brother!" exclaimed the priest, speaking very quickly, but in his usual intrepid tones; "there is one resource. Show me your knife!—yes, it is long and sharp. Mark me!—in one minute the bear will be on this platform! I will walk up to him—he will rush on me. I will hold him tight; and do you stab him till he drops, in the left side, Stephano!"

"Yes, brother," was the young man's reply.

"Now, he comes!" cried the undaunted priest; "no unsteadiness, Stephano! Strike hard and true! Ha! the bears have felt Riego before now, and they shall not conquer me yet!"

The priest seemed almost happy in his fearlessness. But, alas! deplorably different was the condition of the poor young brother. The bear appeared. "To work! to work, Stephano!" cried the priest, as he stepped forward with open arms. The monster, rising on its hind legs, seized Riego with a suffocating grasp. A terrible struggle began between them. "Help, brother, help!" cried the priest in a voice of thunder. Alas! Stephano had lost all presence of mind. His legs shook under him; a film passed over his eyes; he could neither advance nor retreat. The agonies of helpless terror were upon him.

"Strike, brother, strike!" cried the priest in weaker tones. The bear howled in a terrific manner, its hideous head projected over the curate's shoulder, its eyes red as fire, and its paws tearing Riego's back, while they at the same time crushed him between them. The struggle had lasted a few seconds. Stephano, wild, insane almost, could not stir. "Help me, brother! save me!" cried the priest, his voice failing. At this last call, the young man seemed partly to recover his powers of action. He ran forward, and struck his knife against the side of the monster. But the blow came from a hand too unsteady to do any execution. The knife scarcely scratched the skin. The failure, and the near spectacle of the brute's open mouth and fierce eyes, overthrew Stephano's resolution utterly, and, dropping the knife from his nerveless grasp, he turned and fled from the spot.

"Brother! brother!" cried Riego in a choked voice, but Stephano was away. Alone with his enemy, the priest tried to draw his own knife from his belt, but the brute held him too tight. Gathering vigour from despair, the priest resolved that, if he perished, the monster should perish with him, and, step by step, he pushed the bear to the edge of the precipice. At this very instant a powerful voice was heard from above the platform, exclaiming, "Courage! courage!" and a man bounded down the rocks with fearful rapidity. But it was too late! The priest and his grizzly foe had reached the brink of the abyss; the bear's feet slipped, and both of them rolled down the steep locked in that mortal embrace. The eyes of the new comer could not follow them into the gulf.

The day following that on which this scene took place, was the epoch of a festival in the village of which Riego was curate. The people were assembled in their public room, and the generous daring of their pastor was the theme of every tongue. They lamented him deeply—for this much they had learned from Stephano, that the priest had perished in encountering

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the bear. The young man, however, would tell no more; he kept a moody silence, and the people ascribed it to sorrow for the loss of a brother whom he was known to respect and love deeply. Things stood thus, when a young peasant from a neighbouring village entered the public room. He was the man who had witnessed Riego's fall, and he had also witnessed Stephano's flight and desertion. He told his tale, and in an instant cries of indignation burst from every tongue. "Away with him! drive him from the village!" were the exclamations of all. The unfortunate youth seemed in a condition of despair, which nothing could add to; and he was moving mutely away, when a man covered with bloody rags made his appearance. "Riego!" cried the astonished villagers. It was indeed the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before his brother in a state of speechless rapture, and, with looks of imploring entreaty, kissed his feet and knees. The priest looked on him with an aspect of affection and mild forgiveness. "Did you not fall over the precipice with the bear?" cried one of the people. "I did," said Riego; "but heaven protected me. My belt was caught by a sharp rock; the bear was forced to quit its hold, and perished alone at the bottom of the gulf."

Exclamations of joy now rung from every quarter. Stephano continued sobbing aloud. "My brother! oh, my brother!" was all he could say. "What meant those cries as I entered?" said the priest in a severe tone; "why would you send away the boy?" "Because the coward"—— "Coward! he is no coward!" cried Riego. "His presence of mind was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped death a few minutes before. Are you sure that the same effect would not have been produced on any one of yourselves? Surely none will blame him when I forgive and embrace him! And now, let us return thanks to God, and let the festival proceed."

Riego's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by many a brave feat the young man has since wiped away the reproach which was drawn upon him by his want of firmness at the death-scene of the great bear.

GUIZOT'S ESSAY ON WASHINGTON.*

In an early number of the present periodical (No. 42), a complete though not lengthened memoir of Washington was given; and some particulars, also, of his family history appeared at a more recent period. It would be superfluous, therefore, to follow in a formal manner the narrative alluded to in the heading of this article, and which was drawn up by the distinguished French historian M. Guizot, for an edition of the papers of Washington, produced by the Parisian press some time since. We shall only extract here and there such anecdotes and passages as seem to throw something of a fresh light upon the career of the great Liberator of America, a being whose name must be revered until man himself becomes "but a name."

By those who are disposed to take the least favourable view of the career of George Washington, it is sometimes said that he was a Fabius in military matters—one who attained success by the negative course of evading action, rather than of acting; and, in short, who had consummate prudence, but was deficient in positive genius and ability. Leaving aside other arguments, it may well be said that it could be no negation of striking qualities which drew the eye of his country upon the son of an obscure country gentleman, in his early youth, and when he occupied no more important position than that of a subordinate officer of a provincial corps. "His abilities," says M. Guizot, "were not shown by the event alone—they were anticipated by his contemporaries. 'Your good health and fortune are the toast at every table,' wrote Colonel Fairfax, his first patron, to him in 1756. In 1759, when he was elected for the first time to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on taking his seat, Mr Robinson, the speaker, expressed to him, with much warmth of colouring and strength of expression, the gratitude of that assembly for the services he had rendered his country. Washington rose to thank him for the compliment; but such was his confusion that he was unable to utter a word; he blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second: the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address—'Sit down, Mr Washington,' said he; 'your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.'

Again, in 1774, on the eve of the great contest, Patrick Henry, one of the most ardent republicans in America, on returning home from that first congress which had been formed to prepare for the event, and upon being asked who was the first man in congress, replied, 'If you speak of eloquence, Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'"

Undoubtedly, he had not the faculty of *displaying* his powers in a brilliant manner; he possessed not, as the last quotation shows, the gift of eloquence, so essential to the acquisition of a character for shining abilities by a public man. But can we doubt that hundreds, with stores far less copious than those which lay latent in the mind of Washington, have won that repute for brilliant talents which was denied to him, through his inability to bring out his stores so effectively? In war, he pursued the only course, it may be safely said, which could have saved his country; and it is hard, because he did so, that he should be charged as a man incapable of having acted otherwise, had occasion demanded it. The truth is, as M. Guizot well remarks, that "he knew a loftier and more difficult art than that of making war—he knew how to control it. War was never to him any thing but a *means*, constantly subordinate to his general and definitive object—success to the cause, and independence to the country." The most prominent features in Washington's character were, first, his deliberation in coming to any conclusion, and, second, his inflexible constancy in acting upon it. "When he had observed, reflected, and formed his opinion, nothing could disturb him in it: he never allowed himself to be placed or kept, by the opinions of other men, or by the desire of applause, or by the dread of contradiction, in a state of doubt or continual vacillation. He had faith in God and in himself: 'If any power on earth could, or the Great Power above would, erect the standard of infallibility in political opinion, there is no being that inhabits this terrestrial globe that would resort to it with more eagerness than myself, so long as I remain a servant of the public. But as I have found no better guide hitherto than upright intentions and close investigation, I shall adhere to those maxims while I keep the watch.' For he united to this firm and independent mind an intrepid heart, ever ready to act upon his convictions, and to bear the responsibility of his actions. 'What I admire in Christopher Columbus,' said Turgot, 'is, not that he discovered the New World, but that he started in search of it, trusting to his own opinion.' On all occasions, whether small or great, whether their consequences were proximate or remote, Washington, once convinced, never hesitated to advance upon the faith of his own conviction."

It has been doubted whether Washington was actually invited to assume the supreme power, or, in other words, to place himself permanently, whether as a Cromwell or a Bonaparte, a protector or an emperor, at the head of his country. He *was* so invited, and by those who elevated Cromwell and Bonaparte—the soldiery. "In 1782, he 'viewed with abhorrence and reprehended with severity' the very idea of assuming the supreme power and the crown, which were proffered him by certain disaffected officers. In a letter to Colonel Lewis Nicola—'I am much at a loss,' said he, 'to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself and posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.'" Few, indeed, can do full justice to the forbearance of Washington on this occasion, for few among men can ever personally feel the force of a similar temptation. It is only by observing how all, or nearly all, of these so tried fell, that we can judge of the greatness of his conduct. In this respect he stands grandly aloof among the great spirits of the earth. There are, indeed, one or two, and but one or two, on the same elevation with him, and proudly eminent among these is Scotland's own Wallace!

Yet was Washington not left without his reward—a reward exceeding in his eyes all that sovereignty could have bestowed. When his country had gained its independence through his arm, he was called to the presidency, and left his country-seat of Mount Vernon to be installed at New York. "His journey was a triumph: along the road, and in the cities, the whole population rushed out to meet him, to salute him, to pray for him. He entered New York, attended by the commissioners of congress, in an ornamented barge, rowed by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, as the representatives of the thirteen states, amidst an enormous concourse of people assembled in the harbour and on the shore: but his frame of mind remained unchanged. 'The motion of the boat,' says he in his journal, 'the flags on the shipping, the strains of music, the roar of cannon, the loud acclamations of the people as I passed, filled my mind with emotions as painful as they were agreeable, for I thought on the scenes of a totally opposite character which would perhaps occur at some future day, in spite of all my efforts to do good."

Nearly a century and a half before, on the banks of the Thames, a like crowd and like demonstrations of joy attended the procession of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the Commonwealth of England. 'What crowds! what acclamations!' said the flatterers of the protector: and Cromwell replied, 'There would be more to see me hung!' An analogy how strange, a contrast how glorious, between the feelings and the language of the bad great man and the man great and good!"

It is worthy of note, that in nominating his cabinet-assistants, he selected able men from different parties, but afterwards gave sanction, by his practice, to a maxim of government often disputed. "Once engaged in business and with parties, the same man who had shown such latitude in the formation of his cabinet, adopted and enforced a vigorous uniformity of purpose and conduct in his administration. 'I shall not, whilst I have the honour to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly, whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide.'"

We shall close these brief extracts with a few sentences from M. Guizot's able and eloquent summary of the character of Washington. "He did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt: he maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war; he founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway.

When he retired from public life, both these tasks were accomplished. He might then enjoy them. It matters little, in such high designs, at what cost of labour they have been perfected; there are no drops of toil which are not dried by such a wreath, upon the brow where God has placed it."

"Government," says M. Guizot again, "will always and every where be the greatest employment of the human faculties, and consequently that which demands the loftiest spirits. The honour and the interest of society are alike concerned in drawing and fixing them to the administration of its affairs; for no institutions, no political contrivances, can fill the place they ought to occupy.

On the other hand, in men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness, though it be warrantable, is weakness. Their mission is toil; their reward, the success of their works, but still in toil. Oftentimes they die, bent under the burden, before that meed is vouchsafed to them. Washington obtained it: he deserved and tasted success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most happy: God has, in this world, no higher favours to bestow."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

The subject of spectral illusions, or, to use the common phraseology, apparitions or spectres, is now, in the estimation of scientific and properly informed men, one of the simplest and most intelligible to which the mind can be directed; while, to the ignorant, it still appears full of doubt and mystery. As the present periodical has always been conducted upon the principle, that a majority of its readers are comparatively uninformed upon the subjects selected for its columns, we propose in the present instance to discuss the question of apparitions in a very plain way, trusting, by explanation and anecdote, to make the matter as simple to the many, as we have stated it to be to the more enlightened few at the present day.

An apparition, spectre, ghost, or whatever it may be called, is vulgarly supposed to be a supernatural appearance—a thing occurring out of the common order of nature. No particular time or place is assigned for the appearance, but we may observe that the time is usually evening or night, and the place solitary, or apart from the busy haunts of man. According to old theories on the subject, the person who declared that he had seen such an appearance was either set down as the fabricator of an untruth, or his story was fondly believed, and in the latter case the supernatural incident was added to the mass of credible history. We shall now endeavour to set this conflict of testimony and opinion to rights. In all cases, it is quite possible for the declarant to speak the truth as respects what he saw, or thought he saw, and yet that no real apparition ever occurred. The whole affair, as we shall explain, is simply a delusion in sight, caused by some species of disease in the organs which regulate the vision.

Mental and bodily disorder, organic or functional, is now allowed by physicians to be the basis of all kinds of spectral illusion. Organic disorder of the body is that condition in which one or more organs are altered in structure by disease. Disease of the brain, which involves organic mental disorder, is properly disease of the body, but enduring lunacy or fatuity, existing (if they can do so) without disease in the structure of the brain, may also be called organic disorder of the mind. These explanations will show what is meant by that epithet, as applied either to affections of the mind or body. Functional disorder, again, of the mind or body, is that condition of things where the healthy action of the organ or organs, in part or whole, is impeded, without the existence of any disease of structure. It may be said that violent excitement of the imagination or passions constitutes functional mental disorder; "anger is a temporary madness," said the Romans wisely. As for functional bodily disorder, temporary affections of the digestive organs may be pointed to as common cases of such a species of physical derangement. All these disorders, and kinds of disorders, may appear in a complicated form, and, what is of most importance to our present argument, the *nervous system*, on which depends the action of the *senses*, the power of *volition*, and the operation of all the involuntary functions (such as the circulative and digestive functions), is, and must necessarily be, involved more or less deeply in all cases of constitutional disorder, organic or functional. These powers of the nerves, which form the

* Washington. By M. Guizot. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London: John Murray. 1840.

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sole medium by which mind and body act and react on each other, give us a clue to the comprehension of those strange phenomena called spectral illusions, which depend on a combination of mental and physical impressions.

Organic mental disorder generates spectral illusions. Almost every lunatic tells you that he sees them, and with truth; they are seemingly present to his diseased perceptions. The same cause, simple insanity, partial or otherwise, and existing either with or without structural brain disease, has been, we truly believe, at the foundation of many more apparition-cases than any other cause. By far the greatest number of such cases ever put on record, have been connected with fanaticism in religious matters; and can there be a doubt that the majority of the poor creatures, men and women, who habitually subjected themselves, in the early centuries of the church, to macerations and lacerations, and saw signs and visions, were simply persons of partially deranged intellect? St Theresa, who lay entranced for whole days, and who, in the fervour of devotion, imagined that she was frequently addressed by the voice of God, and that our Saviour, St Peter, and St Paul, would often in person visit her solitude, is an example of this order of monomaniacs. That this individual, and others like her, should have been perfectly sensible on all other points, is a phenomenon in the pathology of mind too common to cause any wonder. We would ascribe, we repeat, a large class of apparition-cases, including these devotional ones, to simple mental derangement. The eye in such instances may take in a correct *impression* of external objects, but this is not all that is wanting. A correct *perception by the mind* is essential to healthy and natural vision, and this perception the deranged intellect cannot effect. A three-footed stool may then become a kneeling angel. We would therefore have such persons regarded, not in the uncharitable light of impostors, but of poor creatures who mistook natural hallucinations for supernatural.

Undoubtedly, however, many of those cases of spectral illusions which have made the deepest impression on mankind, have not arisen from organic mental disease on the part of the sight-seers. The lunatic is apt to betray his condition, and, that once recognised, his visions become of no weight. We have then to turn to other causes of spectre-seeing; and, first, let us notice the mode of operation, and effects of certain *functional* disorders of the system, operating on the visual perceptions through the nerves. A bodily disorder, which ought in itself to afford a solution of all apparitions, is that called *delirium tremens*. This is most commonly induced, in otherwise healthy subjects, by continued dissipation. So long (say medical authorities) as the drinker can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible, at least in peculiarly nervous constitutions. The first symptom is commonly a slight impairment of the healthy powers of the senses of hearing and seeing. A ringing in the ears probably takes place; then any common noise, such as the rattle of a cart on the street, assumes to the hearing a particular sound, and arranges itself into a certain tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by and bye rung into his ears on the recurrence of *every* noise. The proverb, "as the fool thinks, so the bell tinks," becomes very applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the mean while, begins to show equal disorder; figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day, also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The senses of touch, taste, and smell, are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on, increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary function, until the unhappy drinker is at last visited, most probably in the twilight, by visionary figures, distinct in outline as living beings, and which seem to speak to him with the voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities, but, soon discovering his error, is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was but some simple household sound converted by his disordered ear into strange speech; for the senses, at least in the milder cases of this sort, rather *convert* than *create*, though the metamorphosed may differ widely from the real substance. The visitations and sufferings of the party may go on increasing, till he takes courage to speak to the physician, who, by great care, restores his alimentary organs to a state of health, and, in consequence, the visions slowly leave him. If, however, remedies are not applied in time, the party will probably sink under the influence of his disorder. The spectral figures and voices being solely and entirely the creation of his own fancy, will seem to do or say any thing that may be uppermost in that fancy at the moment, and will encourage him to self-murder by every possible argument—all emanating, of course, from his own brain. The whole consists merely of his *own fancies, bodied forth to him visibly and audibly*. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him—nothing but vacancy.

Dr Alderson, a respectable physician, mentions his being called to a keeper of a public-house, who was in a state of great terror, and who described himself as having been haunted for some time with spectres. He had first noticed something to be wrong with him on being laughed at by a little girl for desiring her to lift some oyster shells from the floor. He himself stooped, but found none. Soon after, in the twilight, he saw a soldier enter the house, and, not liking his manner, desired him to go away; but receiving no answer, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and to his horror found the shape to be but a phantom! The visitations increased by night and by day, till he could not distinguish real customers from imaginary ones, so definite and distinct were the latter in outline. Sometimes they took the forms of living friends, and sometimes of people long dead. Dr Alderson resorted to a course of treatment which restored the strength of the digestive organs, and gradually banished the spectres. At the close of the account, it is said that the man emphatically expressed himself to have now received "a perfect conviction of the nature of ghosts."

Many additional cases from Hibbert, Abercromby, and other writers, might be quoted, in which the visual impressions and perceptions were in a similar way affected by the influence of digestive derangement. But as no doubt can rationally exist on the point, from the comparative commonness of the disease, no more proof need be brought forward. However, the inference naturally deducible from these facts is too important to be overlooked. Here we find, by unquestionable medical evidence, that a man walking about in apparent bodily health, and mentally sane, may nevertheless be subject to most distinct visitations of spectral figures, some of them in the semblance of *dead* persons. We find this, we repeat, to be within the range of natural phenomena. Now, is it not more likely, in those cases where wonderful apparitions are reported to have been seen, that the whole was referable to such natural causes, than that the grave gave up its dead, or that the laws of the universe were specially broken in upon in any other way? Even with only one such admitted source of spectral illusions as the malady alluded to, we should certainly err in passing it by to seek for explanations in supernatural quarters. But in reality we have *many* causes or sources of them, and to these we shall now look, in continuation of our argument.

Among the other varieties of bodily ailments affecting either structure or function, which have been found to produce spectral illusions, fevers, inflammatory affections, epileptic attacks, hysteria, and disorders of the nerves generally, are among the most prominent. As regards fevers and inflammatory affections, particularly those of the brain, it is well known to almost every mother or member of a large family, that scarcely any severe case can occur without illusions of the sight to a greater or less extent. In hysteric and epileptic cases also, where fits or partial trances occur, the same phenomena are frequently observed. But we shall not enlarge on the effects produced by the influence of severe and obviously existing maladies, as it is in those cases only where the spectre-seer has exhibited *apparent* sanity of mind and body, that special wonder has been excited. It is so far of great importance, however, to notice that these diseases do produce the illusions, as in most cases it will be found on inquiry that the party subject to them, however sound to appearance at the time, *afterwards* displayed some of these complaints in full force; and we may then rationally explain the whole matter by supposing the seeds of the ailments to have early existed in a latent state. A German lady, of excellent talents and high character, published an account some years back of successive visions with which she had been honoured, as she believed, by Divine favour. Dr Crichton, however, author of an able work on Insanity, found that the lady was always affected with the *aura epileptica* during the prevalence of the illusions; or, in other words, that she was labouring under slight attacks of epilepsy. Thus simply was explained a series of phenomena which, from the high character for veracity of the subject of them, astonished a great part of Germany. Another case, where functional bodily disorder of a different and very simple kind was present in an unrecognisable state, and produced extraordinary illusions, was the famous one of Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller. This individual, when in a perfectly fit state to attend to his ordinary business, was suddenly visited one day, when casually excited by some annoying circumstance, by the figure of a person long dead. He asked his wife, who was present, if she saw it; she did not. The bookseller was at first much alarmed, but, being a man of sense and intelligence, he soon became convinced of the illusory yet natural character of the spectre, which subsequently, for a period of two whole years, appeared to him in great numbers, and with daily frequency. "I generally saw (says he) human forms of both sexes, but they took not the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with one another. I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive; none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantoms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return." They also spoke to him repeatedly.

These phantasms lasted, as we have said, two years. The issue is peculiarly worthy of note. Nicolai had in former years fallen into the habit of periodical blood-letting by leeches, but had ventured to stop the practice previous to the accession of the phantasms, and during their prevalence he had only been advised to attend to the state of his digestive organs. After they had endured for the time mentioned, it was thought fit to renew the blood-letting. At eleven in the morning, while the room was crowded with the spectral figures, the leeches were applied. As the bleeding slowly proceeded, the figures grew dimmer and dimmer, and finally, by eight o'clock in the evening, they had all melted into thin air, never to re-appear! This most remarkable case, the first in which any individual dared calmly to come forward and avow such an affection, at the risk of incurring the charge of insanity, was founded, we thus see, simply on a plethoric or surcharged state of the blood-vessels. Nicolai deserves great credit for the philosophic composure with which he recorded the phenomena presented to him; but his statement, which has often been republished in this country, seems defective in some points, and, from the interest of the subject, we may be pardoned for presuming to notice these. Generally speaking, he represents his spectral visitants as things which came and went, and assumed various shapes, and appeared in certain numbers, *uninfluenced* directly *by himself*. The total dependence which they had upon his own fancy of the *moment*, is not put clearly before us, though, by the truthful accuracy of his narrative, he unconsciously makes that fact apparent every instant. The surcharged state of the vessels was the fundamental cause of the phantasms, but his own passing fancies moulded them for the passing moment into shape, regulated their numbers, and gave them words. How could it be otherwise? The whole panorama was exhibited on his own retina, and the working brain behind was the manager and scene-shifter of the show.

It need only be added, in further explanation of the subject, that the reason why spectral illusions are more frequent in solitary than in busy parts of the country, is, that in these secluded spots the fancy is apt to become diseased, or at least deeply affected, by external appearances. The raving of the wind in mountain glens, the silence and gloom of winter, the light and shade of summer—all work on the mind, and produce that species of functional disorder which leads to the delusions we have described.

The subject of particular apparitions, of banshies, of second sight, &c., must be left to another occasion. We have here but pointed out certain principles, which, with a little farther notice of the influence of the mind singly, will enable us to throw light, we trust, on most of the authentic cases of spectral illusions on record.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NAMES.

A LAMENTABLE meagreness of taste is displayed in this country in giving Christian names to children. The usual custom seems to consist in naming the infant *after* some friend or relative, no matter how offensive or prosaic the name may be. This is perhaps done by way of compliment, but, generally speaking, it is treated very lightly by the person supposed to be complimented, and the favour might as well be spared. Where the name is euphonious or well-sounding, there can be no harm in the practice, but where it is a harsh or too common appellation, a positive injury is inflicted on the child for life, all to satisfy a passing whim, or pay an imaginary compliment. It can be from no other cause than this that there is such a limited range of Christian names amongst us. We have *Johns* without end, and then in numerical proportion come *James, William, George, Thomas, Robert*, and two or three others, all which being repeated in nearly every family every new generation, there is the greatest difficulty in tracing descents for the sake of inheritance; and in those cases in which each male member of a family has several sons, all with precisely the same names, an utter confusion is introduced into the genealogy. We have thus, for example, known five cousins, all possessing the name *John* Thomson, and similar absurdities must be continually occurring within every other person's knowledge.

What we should propose being done in the matter of naming children is, for the parents to look about for a new and well-sounding name for their child, whether male or female, without any regard to the stupid old custom of calling infants after uncles, aunts, grandfathers, or grandmothers. Why not introduce more liberally into the common stock of Christian names some of the fine old Anglo-Saxon appellatives, such as Arthur, Athelstan, Alfred, Swynfen, Albert, Edmund, Egbert, Ethelbert, Edgar, Edwin, Cedric; or for females—Adela, Adeline, Agatha, Amanda, Alice, Matilda, Eleanor, Constance, &c. The fund of Roman, French, and other names, might also be drawn upon, as Adrian, Adolphe, Hortense, &c.

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On a former occasion, we showed the impropriety of giving children two Christian names, or of giving a surname for a Christian name. But it indicates a much greater meanness of taste to call any child by the name or titular appellative of any member of the royal family. We lately heard of a gentleman in the metropolis who had called his three sons, respectively, Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex, a thing no doubt done for the purpose of creating a sensation among strangers. "Sussex, my dear, will you come this way?" or "Cambridge, I'll trouble you to hand me that book," sounds well when uttered by an elegant mamma in a promiscuous company, and for the moment raises the notion that one of the royal family is present. Such are the mean motives which sometimes influence parents in the naming of their children.

DRINKING WINE AT DINNER.

In high life, the practice of asking another "to drink wine with you," is quite worn out. It is only followed by an inferior order of persons in provincial towns, who are not yet aware that the change has taken place. The custom at first-rate tables has for some time been that which is followed on the continent; every one takes what he or she likes, without bothering neighbours. A servant usually hands round liquors. It is gratifying to observe that by this plan few take any wine, or at most only make a kind of sham of drinking. The use of intoxicating liquors at table is obviously declining in the best circles of society, and is kept up by the middle classes, not from a vicious taste, but from a wish to show off, and an idea of being hospitable. The sooner these ridiculous notions are corrected, the better.

SONGS OF JAMES HOGG.

It would be a difficult task properly to characterise in words the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd. The case is different with Burns; we can readily discern what were the leading features of his intellect, as developed throughout his poetry. But the Ettrick Shepherd had scarcely a single marked quality of mind in common with Burns; and, in saying so, we do not mean to undervalue the former in the slightest degree. The elder bard, it may be safely said, could as little have produced the Queen's Wake, Queen Hynde, Ringan and May, or many of the other highly imaginative pieces which Hogg gave forth, as the Shepherd could have written Tam O'Shanter, or the Cotter's Saturday Night. In their songs, these two Scottish poets differ as widely as in their larger productions. We do not find in the songs of Hogg that axiomatic pith, terse humour, and compressed beauty of sentiment, which appear in such pieces as "A Man's a man for a' that," "The Braw Wooer," and "Mary Morison." What we find in place of these qualities in the songs of the Ettrick Shepherd, it is not easy to tell, although it is undeniable that many of them possess a charm of no common kind, and one fitted to make them lastingly popular. A certain happy naïveté, or quaint simplicity of thought, expressed in the genuine Doric of Scotland, with frequent touches of tender and kindly feeling, and a flow of pleasing imagery, derived from homely natural objects and common rural occupations, may be described as perhaps the principal features characterising the songs of Hogg. Real humour is less apparent in any of them than odd turns and "queer" expressions, which supply its place, and produce much of its usual effect. The following stanza from a song written, in the poet's courting days, to the lady who afterwards became his wife, and who lives to lament his loss, will give a fair example of the happy turns alluded to:—

"Could this ill warld hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous women,
How peacefu' bodies might hae lived,
Released frae a' the ills see common;
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun hae this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh had she no been made sae bonny!"

As an example of the way in which he gives a lively point to verses by single expressions, we may quote another passage, from "My Love she's but a Lassie yet":—

"She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a *jinking*,
Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet."

Of the tender and kindly feeling, and the flow of homely yet pleasing imagery, characterising the songs of the Ettrick Shepherd, fine examples may be found in the "Wee Housie," "I hae naebody now," "When the kye comes hame," and "Oh Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye"—all of them pieces so well known, that their peculiarities will occur to the memory of every one. Of all the songs, however, expressive of serious emotion which the poet ever wrote, the following one, little known, seems to us one of the most affecting. It is entitled a "Father's Lament," and appears with a fine air attached to it in Bishop's Select Melodies:—

"How can you bid this heart be blythe,
When blythe this heart can never be?
I've lost the jewel from my crown—
Look round our circle, and you'll see
That there is ane out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be—
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand,
That ne'er can be made up to me!

'Tis said as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line;
It may be true wi' hearts enow,
But never can apply to mine.
For I have learn'd to know and feel—
Though losses should forgotten be—
That still the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!

I blame not Providence's sway,
For I have many joys beside,
And fain would I in grateful way
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
But stoop to the supreme decree!
Yet, oh! the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!"

In expressing the doubts, and fears, and pains of love, the Ettrick Shepherd is extremely happy, though he more often adopts a semi-burlesque tone, than the seriously-plaintive style of Burns. But the following stanzas, from a piece entitled "Bonny Mary," may be read after the Lass of Ballochmyle, without any risk of detriment to the reputation of Hogg:—

"Oh Mary! thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee;
This heart would rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
How dear the lair on yon hill-cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry!
For there I see the twisting reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

When Phœbus keeks outower the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily—
When morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
And life and joy ring through the valley—
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry,
And every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor wi' the spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary."

This last verse will bring to recollection the closing one in the "Lament for Lord Glencairn:"—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Certainly the images in the shepherd's stanza are not so forcible or appropriate as those of Burns, but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. The following song, to the tune of "Over the Border," is among the most popular of the shepherd's lyrical productions:—

"Oh, my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eerie,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary;
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Sweetly blaws the haw and the rowan tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae breery;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
Then come with fairy haste,
Light foot and beating breast—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Far, far will the bogie and brownie be,
Beauty and truth, they darena come near it;
Kind love is the tie of our unity,
A' maun love it an' a maun revere it.
'Tis love makes the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,
Love gars a' nature look bonny that's near ye;
That makes the rose sae sweet,
Cowslip an' violet—
Oh, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!"

In such songs as "Cam ye by Athol," "Charlie is my darling," and some others that might be named, there is, upon the whole, little poetic merit, and the popularity of the pieces rests in no small degree on the national feeling incorporated in the composition. One circumstance materially distinguishes Hogg's poetry from that of Burns; the shepherd latterly wrote much that was below mediocrity, and evidently from an unpoetic motive. Urged on by magazine editors, publishers, and also his own necessities, he issued a multitude of perishable things, in place of concentrating his faculties upon works likely to live. Thus, the last ten years of Hogg's life may be said to have been devoted to destroying the fame which he had formerly, and under many difficulties, acquired.

These desultory remarks must be brought to a close, and we shall do so with another beautiful little piece from Hogg's song collection:—

A WIDOW'S WAIL.

"Oh thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding-sheet;
I canna leave thy comely clay,
An' features calm an' sweet!
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw with joy thy sparkling ee
With kindling vigour shine!
I thought, when auld an' frail, I might
Wi' you an' yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

Now closed an' set thy sparkling eye,
Thy kind wee heart is still,
An' thy dear spirit far away
Beyond the reach of ill!
Ah! fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

The flower now fading on the lea
Shall fresher rise to view—
The leaf just falling from the tree
The year will soon renew:
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again;
For thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!"

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

A cleverly written pamphlet on medical quackery, by Dr Charles Cowan of Reading, has lately been brought under our notice, and affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on the subject. The manner in which thousands of persons in all parts of the United Kingdom, but England in particular, are absolutely cheated out of their money by venders of quack medicines, independently of the serious injury done to health by these pretended nostrums, is a great disgrace to our social condition. No circumstance that could be produced shows more clearly the state of ignorance among the mass of the people, than the existence of the vast delusion and credulity respecting these trumpery and often vicious preparations.

Shrewd as the English are in every matter of business, they may be described as children in all that pertains to the curing of disease. It would appear that any man, no matter who, will be almost certain to realise a fortune by manufacturing and selling pretended specifics for bodily complaints, provided he possess a sufficient share of impudence, advertise well, and keep up an imposing personal appearance. But it is not alone in England that the imposition is successful. Wherever there is a preponderance of English or descendants of English located, there the quack medicine-vender flourishes. All over the English-settled part of North America, and in the colonies, quacks are as successful as in the mother country. Every American newspaper which we see abounds with their advertisements. It has been calculated that 200,000 dollars are spent annually for advertising quack medicines in the United States. In Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the West Indies, the sum must also be considerable. The medicines are the same which deluge the advertising columns of the British press—elixirs, pills, purifiers of the blood, lotions, worm-cakes, dentrifices, &c. A peck of quack-prepared pills is believed to be consumed daily in Boston; but New York, being larger, takes half a bushel.

According to Dr Cowan, the facilities for extensively advertising are greater than is generally supposed. "The leading journals of the metropolis insert very few quack advertisements, for the simple reason that the proprietors themselves are not venders of patent medicines, and because they require cash for quack as well as for all other announcements. It is chiefly in the provincial papers, and in the less influential London journals, that the quack advertises, the proprietors of these frequently becoming joint-stock partners in his trade. The newspaper office is virtually his shop, and the sale of the nostrum is often the sole security for the payment of advertisements, the proprietors persisting in zealously advertising as the only means of securing remuneration. Many of the latter have large stocks of medicines on hand, which occasionally become valueless by the rapid sale of some more successful competitor for public favour. Journals just commencing, or of very inferior circula-

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tion, not only insert puffs of the empiric on these terms, but sometimes deduct from the proceeds of sale only sufficient to meet the duty; and even this is occasionally paid by the newspaper proprietor himself, who seizes upon a quack advertisement as the only means of filling up his empty columns, and giving to his paper a fictitious appearance of importance and wide circulation. It is evident from this that the quack wields a fearful power in the public press; his expenses are often little more than nominal, while he secures the agency and interests of the newspaper proprietor in his behalf; and thus the very means by which the public mind should be directed and enlightened, is converted into a source of incalculable mischief." To this we may add a circumstance that has attracted our attention. The number of quack medicine advertisements in the English provincial papers is remarkably stationary; it usually varies from twenty to twenty-four in each newspaper, and you may observe the same announcements keeping their place for years. In the Scotch newspapers there are comparatively few of these advertisements, the people in the north, as we suppose, being less easily duped by the impudent falsehoods and extravagant absurdities of the race of newspaper empirics.

It is not denied that an advertised medicine contains a substance which may serve a good purpose in certain complaints. But the absurdity is, that in most cases the medicine is put forth as a specific for a wide range of diseases. We have pills offered to us which are to cure all kinds of "coughs, colds, asthmas, shortness of breath, oppression of the chest, dropsy, and consumption." It is clear that this is an impossibility. Some coughs, for instance, are the symptoms of pulmonary affections, while others proceed from the stomach. Now, is it reasonable to suppose that any one medicine is calculated for these opposite states of derangement? The impertinent thing about quacks is, that they strike almost entirely at symptoms; they speak of cough and asthma as if these were diseases in themselves, and not mere external signs of some species of functional or organic derangement. To cure a cough, we must first understand what it is that causes the cough, and the same in all other maladies.

Of what, it may be asked, are quack medicines generally composed—what is their precise character? The writer before us gives the most complete information on this point. "Quack medicines, almost without exception, are nothing more than the revived formulæ of some obsolete pharmacopœia, the prescription of some medical man of eminence, or a modern preparation with a new name, and sufficiently adulterated to render its recognition difficult. They are not, as the empiric would have one believe, profound discoveries of his own, the result of deep experimental research combined with exquisite chemical skill, but formulæ pirated from the regular profession, and puffed into notoriety by the use of medical words and phrases extracted from professional books. They form no real additions to the art of healing, while they are indebted for their popularity and sale to their occasional success, but more particularly to the secret and mysterious mode of their announcement, the extravagance of their pretentions, and their adaptation to the fancies and prejudices of a medically ignorant population. The really distinctive character of a quack medicine is this, that it is an ordinary remedy to which are ascribed extraordinary virtues; it is administered by the empiric without knowledge or discrimination, while the educated practitioner attaches to it no other qualities than what experience has confirmed, and adapts its employment to those peculiar conditions of the system where it may reasonably be expected to be of use."

To this is added an analysis of the composition of about thirty different specifics, pills, elixirs, drops, &c.; but we refrain from mentioning them, as the insertion of the names of the proprietors in any form in our pages would be attended with more harm than good.

Considering the extraordinary pretensions of quacks, it must be a matter of curiosity to know who they really are, or what they have been. We learn from Dr Cowan, that in many instances the names attached to the medicines are fictitious, or adopted from the name of some well-known practitioner; in this way we have the names of Armstrong, Boerhaave, *Ashley* Cooper, and others, as if these celebrated individuals testified to the virtues and sanctioned the indiscriminate employment of the stuff fathered upon them.

During the protectorate of Cromwell there were numerous instances of disbanded soldiers of the vilest character taking upon them the practice of physic. In the present day, the quack is usually a cunning knave, of no education, who, by sheer force of impudence, and tact in playing on a weak point in human nature, pushes himself forward from an humble to an exalted condition. Dr Thornton, writing in 1813, says, "It is a known fact, that thousands of children lose their lives annually by *worm cakes*, advertised by the legal and infamous destroyers of their fellow-creatures, who, for the sake of gain, are still suffered to go on in their work of death in an enlightened period; and, alas! no patriot has as yet stood up to remedy this growing evil. The calculation of the quack is this:—'I was in my youth a chimney-sweeper, next a scavenger, and now I am a tinker or mender of kettles; my brother, the cobbler, has made a decent livelihood, and is much respected, by turning from mending soles to converting souls. I have no mountebank to be sure, but I can circulate handbills. In London alone there are a million of people; if one dies in seven years, many are ill before this comes, and I may reckon 25,000 are ill. If my bill reaches one in 100, and this one buy only a guinea's worth of my stuff, this would give me L.2500 a-year. In the country I find 15,000,000 of people, and my stuff sells as well in the country as in town, or better, not needing to see the folk; and as I live upon onions, and follow my trade for a time, and will advertise more and more as I get on, the odds are very much against me, if, with the king's arms, authority of parliament, and extracts from the Gazettes, but that I ride at last in my coach!'—nor is his conjecture wrong."

Dr Cowan adduces the following instances from different authorities:—"A Dr Meyersbach started about 1770 as a water doctor; he had arrived from Germany in a starving condition, and was first an hostler at a riding-school. Not making money fast enough, he set up as a doctor, and was consulted by all classes. It is believed that he acquired a good fortune, with which he retired to his native country.

Le Flevre, another German, a broken wine-merchant, set up for a gout doctor, and was much noticed by the nobility. Under pretence of going to Germany for more of his powders, he quitted this country, and had the prudence never to return. He carried over about 10,000 guineas, obtained by subscription and otherwise. Living in the style of a prince, he drunk daily, as his first toast, 'To the credulous and stupid nobility, gentry, and opulent merchants of Great Britain!'

A mechanic was afflicted with a serious disease, to get rid of which he applied to a physician of eminence; he was accordingly furnished with a prescription, which wrought a most perfect and expeditious cure. So well pleased was the patient, that he procured the same medicine for an acquaintance, and a like happy result followed its administration. He then procured the different ingredients, and learned from the doctor the art of compounding them. He now set zealously to work, and with the assistance of his friends and coadjutors, circulated the reputation of what they called the newly discovered remedy, and its fame rapidly extended. A name was soon found, it was duly advertised, it obtained an increased sale, its proprietor received orders from abroad, and he now at once left the workshop, and assumed the name, title, and honours of a doctor. He can now count his millions (dollars), and laughs at the credulity and gullibility of those who have contributed to raise him from obscurity to eminence, and from poverty to princely independence.

Many adventurers in the pill trade in England have risen to wealth by this method. Among the list may be found several clergymen, as inventors of this class of medicines, although, probably, the most successful of late years, is a man who was a short time ago a barber, and shaved for a penny!"

"It cannot be wondered at that so many take up the trade of quackery, as it is one of the most profitable in which a man can embark. Five hundred or six hundred per cent. is deemed but a fair and reasonable remuneration for the outlay of capital. This may startle, but it is true. Let me ask any rational individual how persons, without a farthing in the world to begin trading with, have been able to build splendid mansions, drive a carriage and pair, keep their town and country houses, with elegantly laid-out gardens and conservatories, and spend from five to six thousand per annum on advertisements, which is the case with more than one of the present race of quack-medicine doctors, if the trade was not most profitable? On a recent examination at the Insolvent Court, it oozed out that every pound laid out in the manufacturing of their body-destroying trash, produced a clear profit of six pounds."*

"The fact is, that quack medicines, at the present moment, are among the most tempting and successful speculations to the needy, the unprincipled, and the avaricious; and success is nearly or wholly independent of the real utility of the remedy—but, on the extent of the publicity given to it, on the ingenuity with which it is adapted to the public prejudices and cravings, and on the persevering and reckless manner in which its pretended virtues are attested.

In some instances, it does seem to have occurred to the modern empiric that it would be scarcely safe to found his claims to such wonderful knowledge upon his individual researches, and he therefore transforms himself into a body corporate, and his house into a college—(how?) by the speedy and simple process of having the word painted in large letters upon the wall! Fearing that statements might be mistrusted if put forth in the name of the party deriving the sole emolument from the sale, so the ingenious device is adopted of giving them the appearance of emanating from an 'association,' or 'society,' 'establishment,' 'hall,' or 'college,' of learned persons, and they come before the public with all the additional authority of an imposing name and an imaginary combination of wisdom!"

Notwithstanding the numerous cases of death and personal injury produced by taking quack medicines in England, no pains whatsoever have been taken, either by the public or by the medical profession, to extirpate the nuisance. The press, with two or three exceptions, has been worse than silent on the subject; for it encourages the delusion by giving systematic publicity to paid puffs abounding in the grossest falsehoods. We cannot help feeling, also, that to the regular practitioners of medicine, no small share of the blame of this state of things is chargeable. The Latin jargon in which medical prescriptions are clothed, the degree of mystery often maintained with respect to what is simply a plain matter of science, and above all, the incomprehensible variety of practitioners in the profession, not to speak of the unseemly contentions of rival medical schools and corporations—all afford admirable scope for the quackish pretender, and we can hardly wonder at uninstructed people being so easily imposed upon. While, therefore, earnestly warning our readers against purchasing or using a single medicine advertised in the columns of a newspaper, and recommending them in all cases of disorders to apply at once to a respectable medical man for advice, we are decidedly of opinion that the medical profession stands greatly in need of reform, and this reform must take place before any solid change is to be expected in the custom of depending on quackish pretenders.

* Weekly Dispatch, February 24, 1839.

SIGHTS OF A FOREIGN FAIR.

Fairs in France are conducted with a much greater amount of fun and drollery than in England, perhaps for the reason that the French in general are better acquainted with the art of being joyous, and are more lively in their mirthfulness. Enter the field where a French fair is held, and the number of sights and sounds around you will astound both eye and ear. Peasants and citizens, men, women, and children, crush, press, elbow, and bawl without intermission. The whining of clarionets, the groaning of drums, the tinkling of cymbals, the piping of pan-reeds, and the explosion of fireworks, symphonise, pleasantly or unpleasantly as the state of your temper may be, with the voices of the visiting crowd, and the loud appeals of the dealers and tricksters there present. At every step, some of these latter personages, from booth, stall, or stage, tempt you to make purchases, or try your luck, or patronise an exhibition.

Go into one of these places of exhibition, and you shall be treated to a set of pictures, formed by the slides of a magic lantern, most amusing and instructive to behold. You shall there see "the Emperor of Russia, at the moment when he is engaged in reviewing the grand imperial army. He has his staff beside him. You observe a young girl approaching. She is saying, 'Sire, my father wishes me to marry one man, and I want to marry another.' The emperor is replying in these *remarkable* words, '*Aller-bierhoff!*' which means, that to suffering humanity sovereigns should always be compassionate." After the magic lantern exhibition, pass on, and you will come to a natural philosophy lecturer, or, as he calls himself, physician-general of the people of France. He is a man who really possesses some knowledge of experimental chemistry, and, with the help of an electrifying machine, and a few other instruments, astonishes the peasants with his experiments in physics. The theatre of his labours is a small circular space, enclosed with a rude wooden railing. On a table in the centre stands an air-pump, a voltaic pile, Leyden jars, and the various appendages of the electrifying machine. When he exhibits, the country people ask in amazement how this man can bottle up the thunder of heaven in a phial. The voice of the physician-general of France is sad and plaintive when he says, "With my acquirements I might be entertained in the palaces of kings." Poor fellow! he perhaps believes what he says. He is the most honest of the charlatans, and one must per force pity him, when one beholds his attire, which speaks of a sore struggle between pride and poverty.

But the multitude have little feeling for the poor experimenter, and crowd to the side of a family of dancers and jugglers, consisting of a husband, wife, and several children. The father commences the performances. He is dressed in a Turkish garb, or one that is called Turkish all over the world—excepting in Turkey. He takes a few brass balls, and tosses them into the air in various ways, which he respectively calls the Japanese, Hindoo, Malay, and Chinese modes. Every now and then he calls aloud, "Gentlemen, I am the sole and only person now travelling who performs these wonders." The children, meanwhile, are lying upon a carpet, and looking as easy and careless as if they were not destined by and bye to the perilous feat of standing on the point of their toes on the paternal chin. Their first exhibition consists of a set of fearful postures, of which the father speaks with amazed rapture. In due time, the turn of the woman comes, and the man introduces her thus: "Gentlemen, my wife now before you, called the Female Hercules, will close our exhibition by bearing on her chest this weight, exceeding five hundred pounds. But first, gentlemen, I shall do myself the honour to make the round of this respectable company, and hope to experience their generous bounty."

Move on to the next exhibition. Here we have a rope-dancing and tumbling party, with a master or conductor, and a merry-andrew or clown, to preface the business. "Master, what are you going to give me," says the clown, "for bringing all these people to look at you?" "Why, I will give you a piece of gingerbread, Mr Merryman, which will suit you very well," says the master. "No, I won't have it," returns the clown. "And why?" "Because it is just the colour

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of your wife's face." "Ah, you impertinent rascal!" says the master, bestowing some cuffs on the merry-andrew, which make him roar lustily. "Gentlemen," continues the master, pointing to his blubbering fool, "would you believe what this fellow did the other day? I sent him for a pennyworth of snuff, and a halfpennyworth of salt; and the rascal brought home the snuff in the salt-can, and the salt in my snuff-box!" "Yes," says the clown, "and I did it on purpose—to make you give up snuffing. Look what a nose it has given you—it is as big as a pump-handle! Ah, master, if you had but an addition to your family, what a capital thing it would be for your nose!" "Why, pray sir?" "Because you would then have a *little one!*" "Rascal!" returns the master, "take that—and that—for your impertinence!" "Oh! oh! eh! give me my wages, and I'll leave you," cries the clown. "You leave me!" retorts the master, "you would starve—you have no trade!" "I have," says the clown; and he lies down on the ground in a gasping state. "What are you doing, you fool? get up!" "No," replies the clown, "I am busy at my trade. You wanted to know it. Don't you see I am *dying*?" But the master puts an end to these magnificent jokes, by commanding the merry-andrew to proclaim, after him, the nature of the performances about to commence, which order the clown executes, but blunders at every word, to the infinite delectation of the audience, and at the cost of many bitter glances, rebukes, and cuffs from the master. "Tell the company, Mr Merryman, that my wife, Madame Van Betten, will have the honour to perform a wonderful dance before them on the tight rope, *without a pole*; a performance in which she stands unrivalled, and which has won for her, at many illustrious courts, the title of the Queen of Rope-dancers. Yes, gentlemen, she has positively a patent under that title from his Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French," &c.

But time enough has been spent upon this particular exhibition. A rival one close by attracts the eye. Here, also, a master and clown are preluding in a spirited style. "Where do you come from, Mr Merryman?—pray, tell me and the company," says the master. "I was born," replies the clown, gravely, "at the village of Go-and-look-for-it." "Go-and-look-for-it!—why, is that place in France?" "Oh, to be sure; it is close by the town of Seek-it-out," says the fool. "Ay, indeed; and what were your parents, Mr Merryman?" "My father and grandfather both attained to a very elevated position in the world," says the clown. "Did they so, my friend?" "Yes, master, they were both hanged." And so go on the prologuing pair, till again the master has to announce that the audience may now have it in their power, for the trifling sum of one penny, to behold two of the greatest wonders of the age, namely, "the young and beautiful Adelina, aged eleven, three feet high, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds (French); and her brother, the youthful Alexander, whose circumference exceeds that of an ordinary regimental bass-drum." These interesting objects are very attractive to the audience.

Among other sights of the fair, you will have it in your power to witness a regular dramatic representation, if you choose; but you will certainly prefer a glimpse at the puppets, at Punch—inimitable Punch! Him you will find in his glory; for though almost banished from England, he yet reigns in France. March forward. See! the curtain is just drawn up, and there is the hero, armed with his indispensable stick. He is clever, Master Punch, but cannot play alone, and here is his friend Matamore, a blustering captain, to keep him company. "Good-day, Punch," says Matamore. "Good-day," says Punch, in reply, and in saying so, he gives a rap upon the head of the other with that restless stick, which has fought so many battles, and won them all. "Have the goodness not to play any tricks, Mr Punch!" exclaims the captain. "To be sure not," says Punch, and gives another rap upon the same spot as before. "Punch, Punch! do you know," cries the captain, "whom you are insulting?—I am the conqueror in a hundred million of battles!" "To be sure you are," says Punch, and down comes the everlasting stick again. "Punch, you will make me angry!" exclaims the captain, feeling his head; "had I not sworn an oath against anger, I would already have exterminated you!" "Very likely," returns Punch, and the stick comes harder than ever upon the other's pate. "Oh! I am killed!" Rap, rap, goes the reckless stick of Punch, till the captain at length falls dead, calling upon the *police*. They enter, and condemn the murderous Punch to be hung. A gibbet is erected, and the criminal consigned to the hands of the executioner. But when the fatal moment arrives, Punch cannot get his head into the noose, the rope being now too long, and now too short. To show how easy the affair is, the simple executioner, at the prisoner's request, puts his own head into the noose, on which the remorseless Punch tucks him up at once, and gives him a conclusory dance in the air. The Evil One, however, enters at the close of all these tricks, and carries off Master Punch, after a severe struggle, to a place not to be named. This gives a perfect moral finish to the scene; justice is satisfied, society avenged, and the spectators depart, at once edified and delighted.

The reader's memory will tell him that Punch is the same over all the world.

Of the hundred and one other sights to be seen at a French fair, it would weary the reader to speak. It is the number of them, more than any peculiarity they have in character, that renders these scenes worthy of note, and that chiefly distinguishes them from similar occasions in our own country.*

* This sketch is abridged, with some slight alterations, from an article in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, a new French paper published in London.

LOSSES FROM WANT OF PROPER SANATORY REGULATIONS.

It is now perfectly well understood by persons who have investigated the subject, that there constantly exists in every large town an immense amount of human misery, arising from no other cause than a want of proper regulations as to general cleanliness, ventilation, and sewerage; or, as we might at once briefly express it, caused by *breathing foul air*. The fact is indeed indisputable, as far as there have been any inquiries on the subject; but to set the matter at rest, and to afford a proper basis for legislation, all the towns in Great Britain are now in course of being officially examined under the authority of a royal commission. To this sanatory inquiry we shall afterwards have ample opportunity of returning; in the mean time, in order to show what pecuniary losses ensue—laying all suffering out of the question—from the ravages of contagious diseases in large towns, we beg to lay before our readers the following interesting document. It is a letter from Dr Couper of Glasgow to E. Chadwick, Esq., Secretary to the Poor-Law Commissioners, describing how the losses publicly and privately incurred by diseases, *which by proper measures could be prevented*, are much greater than all the expenses that would be incurred to institute these measures.

"*Glasgow, August 7*, 1840.

Sir,—I have received yours of the 30th July, acknowledging receipt of my answers to your queries, and asking further for any proofs or illustrations that may occur to me in support of the proposition advanced by me, 'that proper sanatory measures would cost the public much less than is at present expended in treating the diseases and pauperism which the neglect of those measures occasions.' In reply I submit the following considerations:—

1. In the year 1836, which may be taken as an example, there were treated in the Glasgow Fever-House 3125 cases of fever, at an average expense of L.1, 10s. each, and at a total expense therefore to the public of L.4687, 10s.

Note.—In this estimate nothing is allowed for the cost of the Fever-House, which was erected a few years ago, at an expense to the public of more than L.6000.

2. Of the above number, 498 died, and of the latter at least three-fourths, or 373·5 must have been buried at the public charge, at an expense of 10s. each, or L.186, 15s.

3. During the same year, 716 pauper fever patients, exclusive of those sent to the Fever-House, were treated in their own houses, by the district surgeons, at an expense (including the salaries of the district surgeons, medicines, cordials, &c.) of, say, to the public, 8s. each, and at a total expense, therefore, of L.286, 8s.

4. Of the above-mentioned 716 patients, at least one-tenth, or seventy-one, must have died, and of the latter three-fourths, or 53·7, must have been buried at the public expense, at a charge of 10s. each, and at a total expense, therefore, of L.26, 13s. 6d.

Note.—This estimate of the proportion of paupers buried at public expense will not appear too great to any one who considers the fact stated in the Glasgow Mortality Bill for 1839, namely, that during that year 21·66 per cent. of all who died, of every class, in Glasgow, during that year, were buried at the public expense.

The above estimate, too, it is to be remarked, of paupers treated in their own houses, has reference to the *burgh* of Glasgow only, which contains considerably less than one-half of the whole population. The actual expense, therefore, under items 3 and 4, must have been more than double what is here stated.

5. Of the above-mentioned 3841 paupers, treated in the Fever-House and in their own houses together, each (including disease and convalescence) must, on an average, have been rendered unfit for work for six weeks. The loss thus sustained would, at 5s. per week, amount to L.5761, 10s.

6. Of the above 3841 paupers, many must have been heads of families, and their children and other dependants must have been supported at public expense during the six weeks' incapacity of their parents, &c. Of the 569 paupers who died, the children and other dependants must have become a more permanent burden on the public. It is impossible to estimate the amount, but it must have been considerable in the various shapes of increased poor-rates, police and bridewell assessments, contributions to charitable institutions, and private charity.

7. But in 1836 the total deaths from fever in Glasgow were 841; if from this number we deduct the 569 deaths occurring among paupers treated at the public expense as above, there remain 272 deaths occurring among persons who, it is to be presumed, were treated at their own expense. It is not probable that the mortality in that class would exceed one in ten, and therefore 272 deaths imply the existence of 2720 cases, which could scarcely be treated at a less expense for medical attendance, medicines, cordials, &c., than L.8 each, or double the expense of a pauper in the Fever-House. The total expense, therefore, would be L.8160.

8. The funeral charges of the 272 persons of this class who died would amount, at L.2 each, to L.544.

9. But the 2720 persons treated at their own expense would, like the paupers, be rendered incapable of following their usual employment for a period averaging six weeks, and the value of their labour during that time would consequently be lost. The amount cannot be estimated, but that it must be great will be apparent, if it be recollected that this class begins with the poorest operative who can pay for his own medical treatment, and ends with the most opulent citizen of Glasgow, including betwixt those extremes all sorts of artificers, shopmen, overseers, clerks, professional men, managers, and proprietors of manufacturing and mercantile establishments, in the cases of many of whom, an interruption of business for even one day is attended with serious pecuniary loss.

10. It would be taking a very limited view of the subject, to suppose that typhus fever is the only disease, the prevalence of which is materially increased by the neglect of sanatory measures. The case is the same with small-pox, measles, scarlet-fever, hooping-cough, dysentery, scrofula, and a multitude of anomalous affections, all of which operate in the same manner as typhus fever, although to a less extent, in occasioning pecuniary loss to the public.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that all the above estimates are merely approximations used to illustrate the opinion which I have advanced. The actual expenditure for a series of years under most of the above items could be ascertained by the committee now sitting at Glasgow, and I have no doubt it would, as to the year 1836, more often exceed than fall short of that above stated. The items estimated amount, it will be observed, to nearly L.20,000, and half as much more may be added for those which are not estimated. Believing as I do that this large amount of loss has been inflicted in a single year on the inhabitants of a single town, by diseases capable of being prevented, to a great extent, by sanatory measures, the cost of which would probably not amount to one-tenth of the estimated loss, I cannot help thinking, without reference to human suffering at all, that a law compelling the inhabitants to contribute to defray the expense of these sanatory measures would be desirable on the score of economy alone. I am, &c. JOHN COUPER."

GOODWIN SANDS NOW MARKED BY A BEACON.

The large reef of sand on the coast of Kent, usually known by the name of the Goodwin Sands, and which has so frequently proved fatal to vessels during stormy weather, has at length been marked by a beacon of a remarkable kind. For the sake of mariners, we copy an account of the erection of the beacon from the newspapers of the day.

"The task, undertaken by Captain Bullock, of her Majesty's steamer Boxer, of erecting a safety beacon on the Goodwin Sands, about seven miles from the town of Deal, has been successfully accomplished, by which it is hoped to avert the dreadful loss of life by shipwreck which has so frequently occurred in that part of the British Channel. This object was accomplished under the superintendence of Captain Bullock and that of Captain Boys, superintendant of the naval store department of Deal. The beacon they have succeeded in erecting consists of a column about forty feet above the level of the sea, having cleets and ropes attached to four of its sides, with holds for hands and feet. At the summit of the column is attached a gallery of hexagon form, made of trellis work, and capable of holding twenty persons at one time. Above the gallery, and in continuation of the column, is a flagstaff ten feet long, thus making the entire beacon fifty feet in height. The sides of the gallery are so constructed as to enable the persons in it to be covered in with sailcloth, which is reefed in and round it, and can be used at pleasure; as also an awning to pass over it, which is fixed to the flagstaff; thus entirely protecting any unfortunate mariner who may seek shelter on the column from foul and tempestuous weather. A barrel of fresh water, together with a painted bag enclosing a flag of distress, is stationed on the gallery, and the words 'hoist the flag' painted in the languages of all nations on boards stationed round the inner part of the gallery, so that the foreigner as well as native seaman may be enabled to show a signal of distress, and obtain help from shore, which is about seven miles distant from the beacon. The means by which the beacon has been erected in so extraordinary a place as the Goodwin Sands, are as follow:—The foundation of the column is several feet below the surface of the sand, and is secured in the centre of a stout oak platform, extending from it on either side several yards. This is secured by upwards of two tons of pig-iron ballast being lashed to it. In addition to this, eight stout iron bars, each six feet long, are driven obliquely on each quarter of the column, and two also put at a distance of twelve feet on each quarter, and chains attached to them, communicating with the upper part of the column and the gallery. The sands for three or four hours during the tides are high and dry, and present a fine tract of level extending for several miles. Great numbers of visiters from Ramsgate and Deal attended the erection of this tribute to humanity. The indefatigable exertions of Captain Bullock, Captain Boyes, Lieutenants Gull and Bowes, and the other officers and men engaged in the undertaking, are deserving of the highest praise, they being compelled to work for several hours up to their knees in water."

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Column for the Boys.

[From a pretty little work, "The Hartopp Jubilee; or Profit from Play," by Mrs S. C. Hall. Darton & Clark: London.]

THE SELFISH BOY.

"THERE was not a lad in the school where my early days were spent, who had a better allowance than Gilbert Lane; he was the only son of wealthy and respectable parents. They were possessed of at least three thousand a-year, as Gilbert well knew, and certainly were most generous to their petted son, who had never been contradicted in his life, before he came to school.

At Raby House school, we had only twelve boys; our master was an honest, upright man, as fond of discipline as your friend the village schoolmaster, and, like him, not at all disposed 'to spare the rod, and spoil the child.'

Gilbert was not only a very handsome, but a very clever boy; he would hit off in ten minutes what would take any other lad twenty; and his long curling hair, of a bright gold colour, flowing over his shoulders, his large grey eyes and brilliant complexion, gained him the name of 'The Beauty,' a distinction lads in my time were not ambitious to obtain. He certainly was handsome; and would have been *very* handsome, but for an expression of cunning which lurked in the more hidden corners of his face; and though his brow was fair, it was not open. Such was the first impression he made on me; but my father had always said, 'My dear son, if you conceive a prejudice *against* a person at first sight, always be ready to lay it down; if in his favour, cling to it as long as you can, for it is our duty to avoid impressions against our fellow-creatures.'

No boy in the school brought so many boxes with him to Raby House as Gilbert Lane; and two of the little lads discovered that one of the chests contained apples, oranges, and, it was to be supposed, cakes. Gilbert, at his father's request, had a small room appropriated to his own use; and we boys were not sorry for it, for we were very happy in our chamber, and disliked the idea of a stranger much. Our master gave us a holiday in honour of the new pupil's arrival, and little Henry and Caleb were full of expectation of a feast, which they hoped would make its appearance from Gilbert's chest. Such, however, was not the case; but when we retired to bed, Caleb's quick ear caught the sound of munch, munch, munch, from Gilbert's room. After the lights had been extinguished, he applied his little eye to the key-hole—a proceeding which I highly disapproved of—and saw this selfish boy sitting in the bright moonlight, surrounded by oranges, cakes, and confectionery of all kinds, and eating, first of one, then of another, in a manner which filled the little observer with shame.

'I never thought any one *could* be so greedy,' he exclaimed. 'What signifies his new clothes, and fine silver buckles and large bows, and beautiful curly hair, which we all admired so much, if he has a narrow heart—a heart,' added the little fellow, 'no bigger than my little finger. I suppose he will not let me fly his kite, or play with his playthings!' All this was said in a whisper, for we ought to have been asleep. The next morning we wondered if Gilbert would eat his breakfast; and it did not escape our observation, that kind Mrs Moreton, the doctor's wife, pressed him frequently to take his bread and butter, but without effect.

'Poor fellow, he is fretting for his parents,' said the good lady; but we boys knew he had already breakfasted.

The very first day placed Gilbert Lane at the top of his class, and we saw that the new comer was a lad of no mean ability; but we also perceived that his selfishness was not confined to eating—he never then, or at any other time, gave a schoolmate the slightest assistance. If a word was missed, he was never the one to whisper it to the defaulter; he would never endeavour to screen a fault, or assist either a big or little boy out of a dilemma. He would stand by, and hear a fellow-pupil severely reprimanded for an occurrence which his kindness might have prevented, and he would even hear the reprimand with satisfaction.

'Gilbert,' I said to him one day—I was three years older than he—'Gilbert, you will never gain the hearts of boys or men, if you pursue this selfish course.' 'I don't care,' was his answer, 'for either the one or the other; I shall have lots of money, and my own way.'

It would take hours to describe to you the various ramifications of his selfishness; but it frequently brought its own punishment, to the destruction of the ease and enjoyment he so dearly loved. Once, I remember, he ate as usual by himself so large a quantity of plum-cake, that he was confined to his room for more than a week; no one pitied him but little Caleb. The child would steal in during play-hours, read to Gilbert, or sit silently watching while he slept—drawing or withdrawing the curtains so as to shade his eyes from the light, and tending him as if he had been a brother; indeed, to this day, I can never think of Caleb without a thrill of happiness, for what he was in childhood so was he in manhood—a noble, disinterested fellow; still living respected and beloved by all to whom he is known. When Gilbert grew better, he treated his little friend with rather more consideration, but still nothing could tempt him to forego his own comfort. 'I will not lend you my pencil, Caleb,' I heard him say, 'because I may want it before you have done with it; and I must not be inconvenienced.' It was painful to see any boy so heartless.

One day a letter was given to the good doctor while we were at dinner, and I heard him say to his wife, 'I must not tell him suddenly.'

'There is no danger of wounding his feelings,' she replied; 'don't you see he is eating his dinner.' 'Master Gilbert Lane,' said the doctor aloud, 'I am sorry to tell you that your mother is not well.' 'She has often colds at this season of the year, sir,' was the reply, and Gilbert went on finishing his roast beef. 'But she is seriously ill,' continued the doctor. 'Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it,' and he laid down his knife and fork, after having delicately salted and eaten the last morsel. 'She is so ill, so *very ill*,' the master went on, evidently provoked at his coolness on such an occasion, 'that your father has sent the carriage for you; it is waiting at the entrance.' Gilbert turned a little pale, and half rose from his seat, as if to prepare for his departure; but the sight of his favourite pie, which was at that moment placed upon the table, made him waver in his determination—he stood uncertain how to act—the pie was cut—*he resumed his seat*—the boys murmured their disapprobation, and the master, fixing his eyes steadily upon him, said, 'Sir, your mother is dying, and the carriage is waiting.'

'Yes, sir; but *if you are good enough to help me first, I shall be done in a minute!*'

I shall never forget the groan of anger at this selfish heartlessness, which they had never imagined could be carried to such an extreme. Doctor Moreton's appreciation of the youth's talents had made him overlook several traits which unfortunately he considered of minor importance; for Gilbert had hardly taken the trouble to conceal his selfishness even from the doctor. If he had been placed with a master who considered greatness as *second* to goodness, I think the fault, instead of growing into a crime, might have been considerably decreased. The master was painfully shocked by this public display of wickedness, for such I must call it; and, with tears in his eyes, gave a reproof to him, and a lesson to us, which I never forgot: he said that the talent possessed by Master Lane made him the greater sinner, for that he was perfectly aware of the difference between good and evil. He drew tears even from the boy himself, who departed from the house with the dislike of all whose esteem, respect, and affection he must have commanded but for the ascendancy his besetting sin had obtained over him in every respect.

His mother, his too affectionate, too indulgent mother, died before his arrival. She had heard the sound of the carriage wheels in the court-yard; had extended her hand to meet his grasp; had turned the last light of her dying eyes towards the door; but the hand was stayed—the sight departed before he entered the room: two minutes sooner, he would have had her blessing!—that blessing he had lost in his anxiety—for what? a piece of pie!

Now, you must remember that this youth, this Gilbert Lane, possessed abilities of no common order; that he was intelligent, well-informed, and of graceful manners and address. But both his tutor and his father, and, above all, the servants, felt they were *only* company manners; and those immediately around him were perpetually subjected to annoyances which the residence of an intensely selfish person in a house is sure to create; his equals, when they became *intimates*, avoided him, and even his inferiors, if they obeyed his commands, spread the fame of his evil disposition over the country. Some tolerated him out of respect to his father, who, though a weak, was a kindly man; others because of his wealth, which is sure to command the outward attention of mean and grovelling minds; a few admired his abilities, but none loved Gilbert Lane for his own sake—*for his own sake* none loved him; and the experience of a long life has convinced me that it is necessary to the happiness of every living thing to be beloved: the meanest reptile that crawls the earth, however obnoxious it is to us, has something that loves it, a partner, or its own offspring, who see no deformity in the parent that cherishes their helplessness. Nothing, however, loved Gilbert Lane; the dogs that crouched round his feet, were so accustomed to feel his foot or the lash of his whip, when they inconvenienced him in the slightest degree, that they obeyed from fear. He had his own particular chairs, his favourite dishes, his *own* this, that, and the other, which no one was to interfere with; to his own father—his own kind, weak father, his once loving father—he had become a positive nuisance: what, then, must he have been to others? But Mr Lane could not continue in the state of discomfort to which his son had reduced him; he resolved to marry again; and when he communicated his determination to Gilbert, who was then about sixteen, his observation was 'Marry again, sir! you are not serious. Why, father, if *you* marry again, what is to become of *me*?'

It was my fate again to meet this selfish youth at Oxford. His beauty, and his great attainments, his anticipated wealth, won him distinction even there. But after a little time, that distinction was far more painful than pleasing.

'Lane could do this, and Lane could do that.' 'True—but he is so selfish!' was the invariable answer. Then, if a party was forming, 'Shall we ask Lane?' 'Oh, no, he spoils every thing, he is *so* selfish.'

In process of time his father had other children, and then came the rumour that Gilbert Lane's fortune would not be as large as was originally supposed. He knew this; and always alive to his own interests, obtained the hand of a very wealthy young lady, who, captivated by his beauty, and unacquainted with his previous character, consented, on a very short intimacy, to become his wife. She soon found that she was his victim; she became mother to five children, and died, I believe—if ever woman did—of a broken heart. Still he had plenty of riches; his children were admired—he liked whatever he had to be admired—but as they grew up, their feelings, their education, their advancement in life, were sacrificed to the selfishness of their father, and one by one they deserted him, all but one pale, patient girl, whom perhaps he had regarded the least of those whom God had given him.

Accustomed as he had been to indulge in what, I dare say, boys, you have heard called the 'pleasures of the table'—which are sure to bring *pains*—at an early age Gilbert Lane felt the tortures of the gout, and the agonies of continued headaches; neither his wealth nor his talents could remove these, which he had brought upon himself. His father was still a robust old man, while he was a decrepit young one; and he had the additional mortification of knowing that his step-brothers and sisters would inherit whatever portion of his father's property he could leave them; not that he wanted, for, as I have told you before, his wife's fortune had been ample.

Hearing of his extreme suffering, I called to see him. The servant, of whom I inquired particularly the state of his health, did not show any sympathy about it: 'Master was as usual.' When I entered his room, it was crowded with all the luxuries, which in themselves are harmless and elegant, but, when unaccompanied by cheerfulness and content, show like flowers in a sepulchre. He was seated in an easy chair, his feet encased in flannels, and resting on a sofa; his features were bloated. At a little distance sat his pale, fair daughter, the youngest of his family; she was about fourteen, and had evidently been reading to him, though her eyes were red from weeping. Almost under her dress crouched a little spaniel; and a basket of grapes was upon a stand by his side. He seemed glad to see me, and I believe he was, for selfishness such as his has few visiters; but our conversation soon flagged; he knew I could not have forgotten his unpopularity at school, his unpopularity at college, and he seemed as one prepared to receive reproof, and extenuate his conduct.

He began by finding fault with his father, who still lived—told me long stories of his sons' ingratitude, which brought tears into the eyes of his patient child, and then he fell to reproaching her: 'She never loved him,' he said. 'He was sure she wished for other company; he hated tears, she knew he did, and yet she was always weeping.'

Twenty times in half an hour did he make the poor girl adjust his pillows, and arrange his footstool, talking all the time of the ingratitude of a world upon which he had never bestowed a single blessing; upbraiding his daughter, more than once, with performing those offices coldly, which at all events she performed with a sweet willingness that won my heart. Then he would call the little dog to him; and the creature, though it would fawn and crouch, would not go near him, at which he complained most bitterly. He had commenced life in the expectation that all should bow down to his will; and disappointed in this, his selfishness deepened into a rooted hatred of that world which he believed at war with him. He said he was sure he should not live to be old. I knew that death would ere long be busy in his dwelling, *but not with him.*

The selfishness that could keep a son from the bedside of a dying mother, and make him think only of himself when a daughter was about to be taken for ever from the domestic hearth, needs no comment of mine.

My next visit was to his dying daughter. She was indeed a sweet, unselfish child. 'Do come and see poor papa, when I am gone,' she said, 'and teach him to look to heaven, as you have now taught me; *for in this world there will be no one to love him.*'"

"How very shocking," observed Mark, "it must be, to have no one to love one—no friend, no one at all to love one," repeated the boy more than once. "How very desolate, how very miserable it must be; no one to love one! Oh, sir, when that dear young lady died, how wretched that bad gentleman must have been!" "He was certainly," answered the clergyman, "very wretched; and died about five years ago, more neglected than you can imagine; he sent for me a few hours before his death, but it was too fearful an end to describe to you. My dear boys, the outline I have given is sufficient to show you the blackness, worthlessness, and misery of a SELFISH SPIRIT.

There is no true happiness in this world," observed the good clergyman, "except in the discharge of our duties, be they what they may. We can only live with advantage to ourselves, in proportion as we perform our duty to others. And the peasant who brings up his family by hard but most honourable industry, deserves as much praise, and as much respect, too, in his sphere, as the prince who rules a province with wisdom and goodness."

WAR AND PEACE.

The national joyousness of war may exceed that of peace, but its joys are more fallacious, if not criminal. It is a period of exertion, of high excitement, in which a consciousness of internal maladies is forgotten in the death-struggle for foreign mastery. Moreover, it is a season of spending, waste, and reckless prodigality. It is a delirious state—intoxicated by victories, if successful—bursting into rage, or sinking into despondency, if defeated. Peace, on the contrary, is less obnoxious to extremes. It is a time of quiet, of reckoning up, saving, and forethought. The smallest evils that exist are felt; all that are impending are imagined and magnified. War affords a ready excuse for every disorder, every public privation, every remedial postponement; but peace is the ordeal of rulers. Public burdens are nicely weighed, and the pretext for their continuance scrutinised. Not only is the physical condition of the people considered, but their laws, religion, political rights, and even morals, become the common topics of investigation. There is leisure for every thing, as well as disengaged talent, energy, and enterprise. The troubles and entanglements of peace are mostly the bitter fruits of war; but the glories of war can only be won by dissipating the blessings peace has accumulated. —*Wade's British History.*

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THE LATE SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT GLASGOW—ITS EXTERNAL FEATURES.

It is now nine years since, at the suggestion, we believe, of Sir David Brewster, an assemblage of scientific men took place in the city of York, under the name of the British Association, with the design of holding similar meetings annually in other cities of the United Kingdom; the purpose being, in the first place, to afford to the cultivators of science throughout the British islands an opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with each other, as well as with such foreign philosophers as could be attracted to the meetings; in the second place, to enable men of science to combine for the investigation of particular objects which were acknowledged to be beyond the range of individual exertion and individual means, and, in various instances, to come with their collective weight before the government, for aid in pursuing those objects. The first meeting at York, the second at Oxford, and the third at Cambridge, were attended by a comparatively small number of learned persons; but they nevertheless were found to be so far successful in accomplishing the objects in view, and were at the same time so agreeable in themselves, both to the strangers who assembled, and to the native parties amongst whom the assemblies took place, that the British Association was already acknowledged to be a thing full of life, and likely to continue to live. The meeting at Edinburgh, in 1834, was the most brilliant that had taken place, both for the distinguished strangers who attended and the interest of the proceedings. It was honoured by the presence of M. Arago, perhaps the most eminent cultivator of physics now living, and of M. Agassiz, whose researches in the organic department of geology have placed him, at an age which may be called youth, in the highest rank of European science. As might have been expected in a city whose leading class is composed of the learned professions, an unprecedented number of resident members here joined the association; very great efforts were made to provide for the convenience of the body, by arranging suitable places of meeting; a hospitality amounting to something like "open house" was displayed by the citizens; and every possible facility was afforded for visiting museums, districts interesting on account of peculiar botanical and geological features, and even such places as could only be expected to gratify taste or curiosity. The general feeling on this occasion, we can well remember, was one of a most pleasing kind: the strangers were delighted with the picturesque city and the kind reception they experienced in it; the resident parties were equally gratified in indulging those benevolent and polite sentiments which gave such pleasure to the strangers: it was a little lull in the hurry of ordinary selfish pursuits, in which man was allowed to be to man all that he was perhaps intended to be by nature, but which he has been prevented from being habitually by the arrangements into which society has fallen. The next meeting at Dublin was also a brilliant one, and showed a still further advance in the prospects of the association. The meeting of 1836, in Bristol, was distinguished by the promulgation of the results of Mr Cross's experiments in the formation of crystals by slow electric action, one of the most deft imitations of nature's mysterious workings which has ever been practised. The subsequent meetings at Liverpool, Newcastle, and Birmingham, were all of them agreeable meetings, particularly that at Newcastle, where there was more than usual in the locality to interest men of science, as well as a greater power and disposition than is usually found in English provincial situations to appreciate the objects of the association. At all the meetings, papers on scientific subjects were read, and scientific discussions entered into, not always of course with the effect of adding matter of importance to the previously existing amount of human knowledge, but still upon the whole greatly promoting that object, or tending to favour it. Several objects have also been prosecuted by the collective power and funds of the association, particularly observations on temperature, and investigations in the subject of terrestrial magnetism. Some over-peremptory persons ask what single thing of note has ever yet resulted from the labours of this annual collection of savans. It will perhaps be of little avail, as far as they are concerned, to answer the question by pointing to an expedition now cruising in the Antarctic Ocean, in consequence of the efforts of the association, for the investigation of one of the most important physical phenomena of the globe—that unseen influence of which it seems to be merely an accidental and external result that the mariner is enabled by it to know his path on the unmarked surface of the deep. We can see other great ends in the way of being served by the British Association. By meeting every year in a new place, we conceive that men of science must themselves be greatly benefited, in as far as new features in the manufacturing and commercial system of the country, as well as in its moral condition, are brought under their notice. From the personal observation of such features, may we not reasonably expect that, in some instances, ingenuity will be stimulated to new inventions, philosophical knowledge brought to bear on things hitherto left to the imperfect management of "practical men," and philanthropy and legislative wisdom awakened to improvements in the moral affairs of the community? On the other hand, can we suppose that, in any British city, whether slumbering in a quiet rural district, or deafened by the din of incessant business and work, science and scientific men will, for one whole week, be the subject of exclusive thought and (shall we call it?) glorification, without awakening in many minds in that town faculties for scientific study which might have otherwise lain dormant, and imparting a general respect for that bright effluence of high intellects which too often languishes through the coldness, if not the positive hostility, of the unenlightened!

The meeting of the present year took place at Glasgow, one of the most interesting situations which the association has yet visited, both on account of the many great mechanical operations going on in it, and the physical features of the neighbourhood, amongst which may be included the numerous rich mines of coal and iron, and the geological character of the shores of the Firth of Clyde and the Island of Arran. For some weeks before, an active band of local secretaries had been engaged in making the necessary arrangements, and in raising a subscription to defray the expense of accommodating the association; a burden which the gentlemen at each place visited have hitherto taken upon themselves. We were informed that considerable difficulty was experienced in raising this subscription. Practical philosophers do not readily at any time render honour to those who only observe and speculate; the object had no special appeal to any political party; and a wicked London newspaper had imparted a disrespectful impression of the association. After all, the public spirit for which the citizens are remarkable came to the rescue, and L.2800 was collected, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the President-elect, giving the princely donation of L.400.

We arrived in Glasgow on Wednesday, the 16th September, being the day before the first meeting. We found that a large room in Hutcheson's Hospital, a central situation in the city, had been fitted up as a reception-room for the members. Boxes, like those of the money-takers at a theatre, had been constructed all round, with clerks and other officials posted in them, while large labels overhead gave information with respect to the various purposes for which these boxes were designed. Tickets were to be applied for at one place by resident members, at another by non-resident members; at a third, tickets for non-resident ladies were given out; a fourth booth was a register of addresses; a fifth a register of lodgings for strangers, and so forth—the business at every place being conducted with an appearance of anxiety to oblige, for which each stranger must have felt sincerely grateful. There were even officials going about, marked with bits of ribbon in their button-holes, to indicate that they were prepared to answer any query which any stranger might think proper to put to them. Altogether, the arrangements at this place were excellent, and such as could have scarcely been expected in any other than a city of high commercial character. The room was a scene of great bustle, full of dripping strangers just alighted from coaches or landed from steamers (for it was a day of heavy rain); yet all affairs proceeded as smoothly as in a bank or any public office of old standing.

Throughout the streets, various symptoms of the meeting struck the eye. At the entrance to Hutcheson's Hospital (which, by the way, is only a charity for old people, not a place for the treatment of disease), a very miscellaneous crowd had assembled to behold the strangers, as they successively arrived to get their tickets and give in their addresses. When an individual approached in a carriage, and especially if himself or the carriage bore a foreign or distinguished air, a great excitement prevailed, every one being eager to learn, while no one was able to tell, who or what he was. The names of some eminent English and foreign philosophers, who were expected, had been caught up by the mob, and accordingly every gentleman who drove up was liable to be taken for one or other of those persons. We heard several individuals alleged very confidently to be Quetelet, or Agassiz, or Sir John Herschel, whom we knew to be the most ludicrously opposite to those individuals in genius and attainments. Amidst the crowds upon the streets, it was easy to detect frequently occurring strangers, either by their dress and aspect, or by that wandering and curious gaze which strangers in a large city naturally indulge in, so different from the cool indifference and the steady straightforward movements of those accustomed to behold every neighbouring object every day. Lodgings were, for this afternoon, an almost exclusive object with the strangers; and on this point some anxiety was unavoidably felt. It was given out that bedrooms at good hotels were greatly raised in price, and scarcely to be had, and that very high sums were also expected for private lodgings. It must have been the mere expectation of a difficulty which was here operating, for in so large a city there could be no real difficulty in accommodating one or two thousand strangers. The expectation, however, was sufficient to keep up prices, and accordingly lodgings were in most instances unreasonably dear. We mention this only to introduce the remark that some arrangement for keeping down the price of lodgings at a reasonable level is greatly desirable for the success of the association itself, particularly as far as the gathering of foreign savans is concerned, most of these men being in the enjoyment of comparatively narrow incomes,

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and therefore no more than prepared for the ordinary rates of expenditure in this comparatively affluent country. It must obviously be no inviting circumstance in the eyes of a Berlin or Copenhagen professor, that his colleague, on attending the association at Glasgow, paid from ten to twenty shillings for every night's lodging. For the convenience of the strangers, the tickets of admission given out at the Hospital contained on the obverse a neatly engraved plan of the city, on which were marked, in various colours, the places where the business of the association was to be carried on, while below was appended a list of places usually visited by strangers, and of the various banking offices. A reading-room of noble proportions, in the Exchange, was here marked as free to the strangers of the association during the week of the meetings. One or two other places were free; but we heard it remarked with surprise by members of the association, that none of the great factories were thrown open to them, as had been done at Newcastle and other places, though no doubt admittance would be granted, as usual, on particular applications being made. Still farther to guide strangers through the city, placards were stuck upon the corners of almost every street, with the words, "To the College," "To the Green," &c., the direction being marked by arrows. Thus, the necessity of asking one's way was, by a very simple process, completely obviated.

Next morning, "To the College" was the general impulse. Here the seven sections into which the association is divided were to hold their meetings in the various class-rooms, every day for a week, the hour of assembly being eleven. The college is a fine old suite of buildings, composed of several dingy but venerable courts, and situated in the more ancient quarter of the city. Its front, towards the High Street, is a very handsome façade of the time of the Commonwealth, with an arched portal in the centre, surmounted by the Scottish arms as borne in the reign of Charles II. The day was fine, and by ten o'clock the streets near the College, usually full of the working population alone, were seen thronged with groups of ladies and gentlemen moving towards the place of meeting. The wonderment of the squalid denizens of these streets at the unwonted figures mingling amongst them, was not the least interesting feature of the affair. At the head of every dusky alley, and at every shop door, along the High Street, stood a group of dirty women, with and without children in their arms, speculating on persons and things the most remote from the ordinary current of their ideas. The entrance to the College was beset by a larger group of a similar description, which lasted the whole week, and through which the police found it difficult to make avenues for the approach of the members and their lady friends. Every window near the College also contained its knot of gazers, all evidently full of excitement respecting this singular congregation of the wise and learned. Within the courts were now gathered troops of members, with their female associates, some appearing with the anxious and abstracted air of men who had to take part in the proceedings, others looking as men who have only met to be amused and entertained. Old acquaintances were seen greeting each other in the hearty manner of people who have long been apart; and many were seen undergoing the stiffer ceremony of being introduced to new friends. The miscellaneous character of most of the assemblages was striking. There were, in the first place, well-dressed English gentlemen in large proportion. There were more familiar figures of native merchants, manufacturers, physicians, and other professional persons. Country clergymen were there, in dark attire of homely cut, with rustier figures still of schoolmasters and "tutors." A few anomalous figures were scattered throughout, as an Asiatic in his proper costume, a moustached and long-haired German, or an eccentric native wearing his hair or his clothes in some fantastic fashion. Then there were gaily dressed Glasgow ladies, spectacled and unspectacled, all on the outlook for "the lions," particularly for their old friend Dr Chalmers. Add to these a few London reporters, with the bustling demeanour and knowing aspect of their class. Those who knew many of the company by sight, were able to recognise various persons remarkable for their schemes as to human improvement—for example, Mr Robert Owen, who carried a new world packed up in a roll of brown paper, and was looking, as usual, the most practical and plausible of men. It is remarkable, by the way, how very attractive the association seems to be for men of schemes and theories. There were no fewer than three present on this occasion, including the famous socialist, who think it only necessary to divide mankind into parcels of two thousand, in order to make them all that they ought to be. This is the more remarkable, as the association, consisting chiefly of men of physical science, seems to be a most unfavourable field for any who contemplate what is not capable of immediate practical demonstration.

The members, on entering, had been supplied with a printed programme of the day's proceedings. Those, therefore, who were interested in more than one department of science, were able to decide which section they should attend, according as the papers to be first read in each were to them of an attractive character. There was at first a rush to the section of mathematics and general physics, from its being held out that Sir John Herschel should there open the proceedings by reading a report of some recent observations in magnetism; but it was soon ascertained that Sir John had not arrived, and the superfluous attendance on this section was therefore quickly reduced. It may readily be supposed, that for the first day in particular, and in some degree throughout the whole meeting, the *personnel* of the association was what chiefly attracted the multitude. Finding that, in this respect, the geological section was peculiarly rich, many went thither, and there certainly was no ground for their being disappointed, for the very first men of the science were present. This section met in a large class-room, containing an elevated bench along the side wall, with forms ranged below, and, opposite the bench, black boards for demonstrations, while various large sheets, containing geological plans, maps, sections, and organic figures, were slung from ropes on each side, full in the view of the audience. The president and his committee occupied the elevated bench. There was Dr Buckland, a little clerical-looking man, with a round bald head and pale and somewhat massive features: there was Mr Lyell, a comparatively young man, with light and long brown hair, sparkling blue eyes, deep set beneath a prominent *knowing region*, and a chin of uncommon depth and prominence—wearing a brown surtout, and frequently using an eye-glass suspended from his neck. Mr De la Beche was also present, but we did not become acquainted with his figure. Near the president, Mr Greenough was usually placed, an elderly gentleman of fair complexion and prepossessing aspect. Mr Phillips, a light middle-aged man, in duck trousers and a black coat, usually took a position near the black board. A day or two afterwards, we found Mr Murchison added to this goodly assemblage: the author of the Silurian System is a tall military-looking man, of dark complexion and handsome aquiline features. Near the end of the week came M. Agassiz, a good-looking neatly dressed man of about thirty-two or three, with dark eyes, and cheeks more plump and rubicund than one usually expects in a student: he spoke in the French language, though not altogether unable to express himself in English. Some native geologists, of rising character, as Mr Maclaren and Mr Milne of Edinburgh, and Mr Smith of Jordanhill, added to the attractiveness of this section, which formed altogether an amusing commentary on the allegation of the newspaper above alluded to, that none but quacks now attend the British Association, the fact being that not one man of first-rate character in geological science was here wanting, except Mr Sedgewick, who was, by his own declaration, only prevented from attending by strict professional duty. The president of the section was the Marquis of Northampton, a person not merely ornamental, but who on various occasions showed himself well acquainted with the science, as might be expected, indeed, from one who holds the distinguished situation of President of the Royal Society. The Marquis is an elderly man, of a dark wiry complexion, and dressed very plainly in a long blue surtout. We occasionally observed in this section the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Breadalbane, suggesting the idea of rank gladly coming to learn at the feet of science. Rank was here indeed confounded. The Duke of Argyll was content (and how honourable such contentment!) to hold a subordinate office in the mechanical section. We saw his grace come forward one day in the geological section, and communicate some information on a debated point, preceded and followed in the debate by men of various grades in life between the distinguished and the simply respectable.

The section of Mathematics and General Physics, though disappointed of the presence of Sir John Herschel, had brought together some eminent persons. We readily recognised Sir David Brewster, with his conspicuous white hair and saturnine complexion, still looking very healthy and active. Here also was Sir Thomas Macdougal Brisbane, who, for the sake of astronomical observation in a southern latitude, accepted the office of governor of New South Wales, where he accordingly reared an observatory, and pursued scientific investigations for some years. Sir Thomas, who is president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, is a stout gentlemanly figure, of mild and prepossessing appearance. The rough aspect and powerful knowing organs of Mr Whewell were conspicuous in this section, as also the slender figure and lively nervous temperament of the youthful Professor Forbes. We unfortunately did not ascertain the bodily form of Major Sabine, nor that of Professor Airey, both of whom, however, were present. At a later period, this section was graced by the presence of Professor Encke of Berlin, the discoverer of the well-known comet of quick rotation, which, as Professor Airey elegantly remarked, "bears his name in every mouth but his own." In the section of Botany and Zoology, Dr Fleming, Sir William Hooker, and Sir William Jardine, were the most eminent figures. In that of Chemistry and Mineralogy, the chief persons were Dr Thomson of the Glasgow University, and Mr Johnston, a young but active and acute professor in the new University of Durham. The Medical Section was graced by the presence of Sir Charles Bell and Dr Abercrombie. The discoverer of the duplicity of the nerves is a short, elderly man, of pale complexion, with a strikingly active and enterprising aspect. The author of the agreeable work on the intellectual powers is also a short man, but of dark complexion and full massive face, and with a head of splendid proportions. We were little in the Mechanical Section, but found it presided over by Sir John Robison, a gentleman who, if he had no merits of his own, would be regarded with respect as the son of the author of the best treatise we have on Mechanical Philosophy, the late ingenious and extensively informed Professor Robison of Edinburgh. In this section we also found Mr Scott Russell, so well known for his experiments on the sailing of vessels; Mr Whitworth of Manchester, a practical mechanist, who, we have been told, has a large factory solely devoted to the making of his own inventions; Mr Fairbairn, also a most distinguished mechanist of Manchester; and M. Ardseer Cursetjee, an engineer in the service of the East India Company. The person last mentioned is a native of India, of dark complexion, and wearing his country's picturesque garb. In the Statistical Section, Lord Sandon, Colonel Sykes, and Mr Felkin, stood pre-eminent amongst the strangers; from Edinburgh had come Dr Chalmers and Dr Alison, charged with their opposite views on the poor-law question; while Glasgow contributed some most pains-taking and serviceable statists of its own, as Dr Cowan, Mr Miller, the superintendant of the city police, and Mr Watt—Dr Cleland being, we believe, absent from illness. It may here be mentioned, that a Phrenological Section, unconnected with the Association, met in another part of the town, and was attended by Mr Combe, Mr Simpson, Mr Deville, of London, and some other eminent cultivators of the new philosophy.

This brings us to observe one thing as specially remarkable at the sectional meetings, namely, that amongst those assembled there was a much greater proportion of intellectual-looking heads than there is ever seen in ordinary assemblies. By intellectual-looking heads, we of course mean heads of such size and elevation as the simplest experience, not to speak of any thing in the shape of a science, shows to be usually accompaniments of superior ability. In the assemblies where others were admitted besides members of the association, the smaller proportion of fine heads was very obvious. There was some interest for a stranger in casting his eye over the crowd, and reflecting on the quantity of mental power represented by those heads, and in considering, respecting any particular one whose owner was unknown to him, that possibly it had gained for its owner a wide-extended fame. It was impossible to look around on such an assembly with any thing like indifference, or to form a depreciatory idea of any one person present; for who could tell what cumulative greatness might be in the room at the moment, or how much might belong to any particular individual on whom the eye was for the moment fixed! We might think, respecting some one, that certainly the aspect was unimpressive and the figure uncouth, and next moment we might be told that that person was the celebrated Mr or Dr such-a-one, a man whose writings we had been accustomed for years to read with reverence and delight. Nor do we here alone regard men of fame, or those who may be enumerated in newspapers to create effect at a distance. To us there is something still more

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interesting in reflecting on the many unknown and obscure individuals, who read, and observe, and pursue investigations in remote and unfavourable situations, but are perhaps forbidden by stringent circumstances from making a display before the world. To think of these solitary and ill-starred students coming forth from their solitudes to pass a week amidst those persons whom they are accustomed distantly to venerate, and in that atmosphere in which they would wish, but vainly wish, to spend their whole life, presents, we think, a more affecting view of a meeting of the British Association than almost any other idea connected with it. We felt this very deeply, and could not help saying to ourselves, as we beheld the many nameless persons who came as humble disciples to this shrine of science, that verily, even though the greatest masters had been, as was alleged, wanting, the association would have been doing good, in only bringing these modest individuals together, and giving them one week's taste of a life of science, apart from the soul-depressing cares in which they are usually involved.

We here conclude our superficial glance at the external features of the Glasgow meeting. Our next paper will contain a condensed view of a particular department of the proceedings.

A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

In the town of Havre-de-Grace, not many years ago, there lived an aged couple, Monsieur and Madame Dupré. In themselves, these personages were worthy and respected, but circumstances of a remarkable and romantic nature connected with their family, rendered them objects of peculiar interest not only to their neighbours and fellow-citizens, but to all who visited the town of Havre. One of the near relatives of this venerable pair was destined to a career in life such as we shall only find a parallel to in the pages of Arabian fiction.

Aline Dupré was born at Martinique in the year 1763. Her father possessed one of the best estates on the island, and spared no pains or expense in educating his daughter, whose rare natural qualities, both of person and mind, well merited the most careful development. At the age of fourteen, when womanly charms are almost matured in that clime, Aline was the pride of her family, and the admiration of the upper circles of the colony. In private society no one surpassed her in vivacity of spirit; in the ball-room, the graces of her person and movements were unrivalled; and she possessed musical talents well fitted to enhance and complete the impression made by her appearance and address. Such was Aline Dupré, when an unforeseen accident gave a sudden turn to her prospects and fortunes. Excited by oppression, real or imaginary, a numerous band of negroes made their escape from their masters, and spread the most serious alarm over the whole island. Profiting by the scantiness of the military force stationed there at the time, these runaways committed various outrages, and made threatening demonstrations at many different points, calling every where upon their fellow-slaves to join their standard. None of the negroes in the employ of M. Dupré had acceded to the insurgent band, but the station of that gentleman, and the high opinion entertained of his talents and activity, caused him to be pitched upon as the leader of the militia raised for the suppression of the mutineers. M. Dupré fulfilled with energy and success the duty intrusted to him. The fugitives were surrounded and captured, but only after a desperate struggle, in which M. Dupré received a mortal injury. He survived it long enough to permit him to receive from France the Cross of St Louis, which the governor of the colony, the Marquis de Bouillé, had requested for him. Soon after receiving this reward, M. Dupré died, recommending, with his last breath, his daughter Aline and his only son to the care of the governor.

The Marquis de Bouillé did not neglect the charge committed to him. It had been the purpose of the late M. Dupré to return to France, where he had a small patrimonial property, and where various members of his family were settled. This intention had been partly formed with the view of completing the education of Aline and her brother, and in the hope of seeing them well established there in life. The governor of Martinique determined to fulfil the wishes of the father in this respect. Finding the young Dupré, who was a year or two older than Aline, to have an inclination for a military life, the marquis arranged that he should go to France and enter the regiment of Bouillon, while the sister was to be placed for a time in the seminary of Saint Cyr, the highest institution then existing for persons of her sex. Aline and her brother accordingly embarked in a vessel bound for France. That vessel, however, *never reached its destination*. Its fate remained unknown for seven years, at the end of which time a letter, containing disclosures regarding it, was received by one of the friends of the Dupré family residing in France. This individual was a young lady who had spent some years of her youth in Martinique, and had been the playmate and dear friend of the young Aline. The letter alluded to was delivered by an ambassador of a great power, and it was from his sovereign—his crowned queen. That queen was Aline Dupré! The strange vicissitudes which placed Aline in this position were detailed, in the communication to her friend, nearly as follows.

The vessel which bore the brother and sister, intending to land on the western coast of France, reached the straits of Gibraltar in safety. Soon afterwards, however, when the passengers, attracted by the beauty of the evening in that latitude, had assembled in a group on deck, an old negress in attendance on Aline pointed out a dark spot on the sea at a distance. The captain was present at the moment, and was observed to grow pale as he turned his eye on the object pointed out. But he made no remark, and the passengers retired for the night. In the morning they found nothing but bustle and alarm on board. The vessel was pursued by a swift-sailing Algerine corsair, of a size which rendered it almost hopeless for a petty merchantman to attempt any resistance. Nevertheless, the crew took to their arms, resolved to sell their liberty dearly. The pirates were not long in coming up and boarding, and, as might have been anticipated, soon overpowered all opposition. Aline had kept close by the side of her brother, determined to perish with him if he fell; and when the capture took place, she was bound with him in the same chain. This association greatly lightened their sufferings on the occasion, but it did not last long. When the corsair reached the port of Algiers, an order was issued for the conveyance of all the male prisoners ashore, and the retention of the females. The language spoken around her was unintelligible to Aline, but she soon became sensible of the intended separation. Her agony was dreadful at the moment; the past mishap seemed to her insignificant in comparison with this crowning ill. She fell on her knees before the barbarians of the vessel, and used every entreaty, by words and gestures, which might have a chance of moving them to permit her accompanying her brother. Her tears and imploring looks fully expressed the meaning which her language could not convey, but they were totally disregarded, and her brother was carried off with his companions. All hope seemed to depart with him, and Aline fell down in a swoon.

Her insensibility, at least to a partial extent, was of long continuance, every return of her powers of reflection serving only to renew her grief, and throw her back into a state of lethargy, which rendered her heedless of all around her. Zara, meanwhile, the old negress, watched over her with incessant care. When Aline regained something like composure, she found herself on board of a different vessel, and again upon the open sea. Zara informed her that she had been purchased by an Armenian merchant, and was now on the way to Smyrna, whence, after taking on board some Circassian and Georgian captives, Achmet, as the merchant was called, intended to proceed to Constantinople. Zara likewise added, that Achmet seemed to take a strong interest in her restoration to health. This last piece of intelligence was any thing but pleasing to the poor captive, and her mind was so heavily oppressed with a foreboding dread of the fate that seemed to await her, that she resolved to escape from it at the cost of life. No other way of effecting this object was in her power save that of starving herself. For two days she maintained this determination; and was already beginning to feel her strength diminishing, when some proceedings on the part of Zara changed altogether the train of her thoughts. The old negress, like many of her race, affected a power of reading the cards, or of telling fortunes, and she artfully led her languid mistress to express a wish to know what would be her brother's fate, the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts. Zara used the opportunity given to her most dexterously. Consulting the cards, she assumed, after a time, an aspect of great joy. "Your brother will yet be free and great! The cards declare it! And by *you*—by *you* shall he be saved!" The suggestion of such a possibility made an instantaneous and striking impression upon Aline, and raised in her a new train of thought. Finally, she resolved to desist from her course of abstinence, and to preserve her life, in the hope that, whatever might be her own fate, she might yet have it in her power to alleviate the sufferings of her beloved brother.

When the vessel arrived at Smyrna, it chanced that, while Achmet was getting on board his other captives, he met the French consul in society, and mentioned his having with him a beautiful slave of French descent. The consul immediately requested to see her, and, after some difficulty, this was accomplished. On seeing Aline, Monsieur L. generously offered to purchase her from the Armenian, and set her at liberty. "My brother," said Aline; "will you set him, too, at liberty?" "Alas!" said the consul, "that is not possible. How could he now be found out? The intervention of the sultan alone, I fear, could avail to discover his retreat, and procure his freedom." "The sultan!" replied Aline, and for a few moments she remained in thought. "Well," continued she at length, "I *cannot*, and *will not*, since such is the case, accept of liberty for myself." The consul pressed her to alter her resolution, but the generous girl held firmly by her purpose. The slight hope which existed of her finding in Constantinople some means of liberating the poor captive of Algiers, kept her fixed in the determination of remaining with Achmet. It seemed to her as if some secret power urged her onwards to the Turkish capital.

But, as she sailed thither, doubts and fears took possession of her mind. Her whole chance of success was founded on the vague possibility of her personally seeing the sultan Abdul-Hamed, or some great courtier, from whom she might beg the life and liberty of her brother. But she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that she might become the purchased slave of some rich but obscure Turk, and might be shut out for ever from the light of day among strangers. With these thoughts in her mind, she proceeded to the presence of Achmet, and, assuming a firm and bold tone, she said, "Armenian, *your* fortune and *mine* are now in your hands. If I have observed aright, you do not confound me with these poor ignorant slaves, who have bodies, but no souls. Such as they subjugate the eyes, but not the heart. My character is different from theirs, and so will my destiny be. It will be a high one, and your fortunes shall rise with it. Introduce me to the presence of the sultan, and depend upon my eternal gratitude." Achmet seemed to be struck by these words, and the confident tone in which they were uttered. His manner assumed a semblance of respect very unusual between master and slave, and he expressed his intention to gratify the wishes of Aline if possible. Accordingly, when the vessel entered the port of Constantinople, and the party were conveyed to the house of Achmet, he showed his intentions by bringing to her one of the richest dresses to be found in the city, this being a proper preliminary step, as he thought, to the execution of her design. But Aline declined assuming the garb, and contented herself with one of the most simple kind. To his surprise, the Armenian was compelled to admit that her appearance was more captivating without than with the rich attire obtained for her.

Though Achmet seemed thus desirous of fulfilling her wishes, day after day passed away without any notice of the approach of that event on which Aline rested every hope of procuring her brother's liberation. At last, however, Achmet announced that it was impossible for himself to introduce his beautiful slave to the presence of the sultan in any way. "But do not despond," said he, "I have sold you, along with Zara, to Isaac-Aga, son of the old chief of the royal guards. He has promised to place you in the way of seeing the sultan." Aline at first thought that she was deceived with false promises, but such was not the case. Isaac-Aga was faithful to his word, and Aline obtained her wish. She was brought before the sultan. It is needless to linger on the issue. The skill of Aline in music was exerted to charm Abdul-Hamed, and not in vain. It was not long ere his passion for the accomplished captive grew so deep and strong, that he made her his legitimate wife; and she had also the pleasure of embracing her brother, liberated by the sultan's orders from the slave-chains of Algiers. Under the title of the Sultana Validé, Aline outlived Abdul-Hamed, to whom she bore the Sultan Mahmoud, father of the present youthful sultan, and but recently deceased. Mahmoud did not immediately succeed his father, but lived in seclusion during the intervening reigns of Selim and Mustapha. The civilised spirit of Mahmoud may in part be traced to the instructions of his mother, the Sultana Validé. She discovered the retreat of her relatives in France, and, as has been said, sent them letters, which were accompanied by magnificent presents. Monsieur and Madame Dupré, the aged pair described as residing at Havre-de-Grace, were her uncle and aunt, and shared liberally of her bounty. The Sultana Validé died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

[We find this romantic story told as a fact by M. Jouy, in his "Hermit in the Provinces," a work professing to detail authentic and curious matters relating to the various provinces of France. M. Jouy describes himself as receiving the present story from the lips of Monsieur and Madame Du***, who were aided in the narration by the actual letters of Aline.* If true, the story presents a parallel to that of the poor Scottish girl who became Empress of Morocco. The undeniably veracious history of the Empress Josephine, is also in several points similar to the present story.]

RETROSPECT OF A MILITARY LIFE.

One of the most promising and gratifying characteristics of the present age, it has always struck us, is the turn for writing which has become so prevalent among military men of all orders and grades. This may certainly be looked upon, and hailed, as a fair indication that those so engaged in the service of their country no longer resemble mere machines, but are converted into thinking, observant, and intelligent beings. The general humanising of the art and practice of war is the great and main result to be expected from the cultivation of the gentle pursuits of literature by the followers of the trump and drum; and such an improvement of war must obviously be the first step to its entire extinction. There are many other advantages, of a more direct kind, derivable from the same source. The soldier and the sailor necessarily see much of the world, and the recording of their observations is an important thing both for science and commerce. From the higher grades of the service we get such comprehensive details respecting countries and nations, as are calculated to affect the interest of communities on a great scale; while the records, again, which issue from the common ranks of the service, have usually a deep and permanent value, were it but from their showing to the world what war really is to the generality of those engaged in it, and to those

* The name set down Du*** by M. Jouy, we have called *Dupré*, for convenience of printing and reading.

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around whose homes it rages. Often, too, the common soldier can tell more, and has ability enough, as well as his superiors, to notice things of much general interest and consequence.

Another pleasing proof of the spread of a taste for literature among the British soldiery, lies before us in the shape of a "Retrospect of Military Life," by a retired sergeant of the Forty-Second Highlanders.* Mr Anton originally enlisted as a private in the militia, and volunteered into the regular service towards the close of the Peninsular war. He embarked for Spain in August 1813, landed at Passages, and, after a short march, joined the sixth division of the army of Wellington, who was then manœuvring against Soult on the Spanish edge of the Pyrenees. Our author, previous to his volunteering, had married an amiable young woman, whom he gratefully mentions as having ungrudgingly followed his fortunes in war and in peace. There was ample occasion to try her patience in the very first few weeks of their campaigning. In the middle of October the rains fell heavily, and all that the pair had to shelter them, in the open fields, was a blanket thrown rudely on some branches, and secured, in tent-fashion, by cords and pegs. Around the tent "I had cut a trench," says our soldier, "to carry off the torrents which rushed against it from the declivity above." But the tempest blew down the frail structure on the first night of its erection, and bore the blanket where it was never seen again. "I and my trembling companion found shelter in the lee of a rock." A generous officer gave them a new blanket; and as there was a prospect of the army being for a short time stationary, the soldier set about erecting a new and more durable tent. He became, he says, a "perfect Robinson Crusoe," and laboured hard for three days, at spare hours, in digging a trench, four feet deep, to carry off the heavy rains, and in thatching his blanket with fern from the hills. As a crowning comfort, at the close of his toils, he even contrived to erect a sort of fire-place. "The fire was lighted for the *first* time. I was sitting on my knapsack taking a late dinner, quite at home, with the dish on my knee, for I had no table, when the drum beat '*Orders*.' I set down my dish (a wooden canteen, the one end of which was taken out) unfinished, attended the call, and heard that the camp was to be struck, and every thing ready to be moved off that night. I cannot express how vexed I was to leave my little habitation, my sole property, which I held by military right; but I was bound to follow my feudal superior. I had reared it at the expense of a blister on every finger, and I exulted as much over it, in secret, as the rich man in the Gospel did over his extensive possessions and his plentiful stores. On leaving the camp that night, many of the married people set fire to their huts, but I left mine with too much regret to become its incendiary; and my poor Mary shed tears as she looked back upon it, as a bower of happiness which she was leaving behind." Thus rudely was the soldier's dream of comfort dispelled!

The numberless toils and perils that attend both the soldier and the soldier's wife in service, are further shown by many anecdotes in this volume. All "free and accepted masons," from brother the grand-master to the last enrolled apprentice, will be pleased with the following incident. Our author's wife had taken charge of a little ass-colt with a couple of bundles, in kindness to another woman, when the army was passing the river Adour, by a partially broken bridge. She was alone, and got on the precarious structure after a portion of the troops had passed; "but before she got to the farther end, the stubborn animal stood still and would not move a foot. Another regiment was advancing, the passage was impeded, and what to do she knew not. She was in the act of removing the woman's bundles from the beast's back, and struggling to get out of the way, determined to leave the animal, when a grenadier of the advancing regiment, casting his eye on a finely polished horn with the masonic arms cut on it, and slung over her shoulder, stepped aside, saying, 'Poor creature, for the sake of what is slung by your side, I shall not see you left struggling there.' At the same time, handing his musket to one of his comrades, he lifted the colt in his arms and carried it to the end of the bridge. My poor wife thanked him with the tear in her eye, the only acknowledgment she could make for his kindness; but she has often thought of it since, and congratulated herself on having the good fortune to have that horn, empty as it was, with its talismanic hieroglyphics, slung by her side on that occasion, and thus to raise up a friend when she was so much in need of one."

Some regiments forded the river at a different place. "The wife of a sergeant of one of the regiments attempted to pass on a donkey, with a child in her arms, and owing to some sudden stumble or slip of the animal, the child gave a start and dropped into the stream; the distracted mother gave a shriek, leaped after the infant, and both were swept off by the rapid current, in the presence of the husband, who plunged into the water in hopes to recover them, but they were gone for ever, and he himself was with difficulty rescued."

Those thoughtless young lads whose fancy is caught by the well-polished shoes and glittering buckles, the waving plumes and snow-white belts, the neat tartans and the speckless scarlets, of the recruiters who walk the streets at home in ease, may read with advantage the subjoined delineation of what the same individuals become after a little campaigning. The Highland regiments began (says Mr Anton) to lose their kilted honours by degrees; some fell sick, and had the kilt made into trousers; others had patches in abundance; some had the elbows of their coats mended with grey cloth; others had one half the sleeve of a different colour from the body; and so on. "But this was of minor importance when compared to the want of shoes. As our march continued daily, no time was found to repair them, until completely worn out; this left a number to march with bare feet, or, as we termed it, *to pad the hoof*. It is impossible to describe the painful state that some of those shoeless men were in, crippling along the way, their feet cut or torn by sharp stones or brambles. To remedy the want of shoes, the raw hides of the newly-slaughtered bullocks were given to cut up, on purpose to form a sort of buskins for the barefooted soldiers. This served as a substitute for shoes, and enabled the wearers to march in the ranks of their respective companies." In addition to these discomforts, such perils as the following were common attendants of the soldier's lot. On the field of Toulouse, "a musket-ball struck my halberd in a line with my cheek; another passed between my arm and my side, and lodged in my knapsack; another struck the handle of my sword; and a fourth passed through my bonnet and knocked it off my head. Had the last ball been two inches lower, or I that much higher, the reader would have been saved the trouble of perusing this narrative." Speaking of the morn that followed the same terrible day, the writer continues—"The sun gladdens again the face of the heavens, and throws his welcome rays over the field where the wreck of two armies lies uninterred. Thus we fall, cutting off and being cut off, the slayers but not the enemies of our race. Look you to that, ye rulers of the earth!—*We* come but to obey." To that, indeed, the cold closet diplomatist would do well to look. His is the hand that kills; and so feels, we here see, the instrument he employs.

Shortly after the decisive action of Toulouse, our author and his comrades were ordered home, and finally quartered at Cork. The remarks of Mr Anton upon the Irish are brief but very judicious. The following comparison of Ireland to the Highlands, by one who knows the latter region (his native one) well, is too interesting to be omitted. "I must here remark, that there is rather a false idea abroad respecting 'Irish barbarism,' as it is called. In no two countries of the world do the manners and customs of the rural population resemble each other more closely, perhaps, than those of the Highlands of Scotland and those of Ireland. There is not a man from the north or west Highlands, and who had been a resident there forty or fifty years ago, but will acknowledge that nothing was more rare than to hear of a country fair having passed over without bloodshed or broken bones. I perfectly recollect hearing, when I was a boy, the people asking of those who were returning from the fairs of Keith, Glass, Auchindore, Sliach, &c., 'Well, wis thir ony feghts at the market the day?' (or yesterday). If the reply was in the affirmative, the questioner rubbed his hands, scratched his shoulder or elbow, itching with delight, saying, 'Ha! that's a sign o' gude times; we'll get cheap meal this year.' But if the reply was in the negative, then no joy was expressed; on the contrary, there was some remark about hard times, or 'Gude auld times,' adding, 'Fouk's gettin ower wise now-a-days;' 'God help us, the auld spirit's broken down,' and such like observations. And the questioner, in his fretfulness at being deprived of the news of a fight, would exclaim, 'Fare wis the Goulds fan ther wis nae feghtin' at Glass?' or 'Fare wis the Barclays fan ther wis nae feghtin' at Sliach?' and such like questions. This is still the case in Ireland, at least among the rural population; there are certain family names, noted for club-law, in the neighbourhood. But there is this difference: in Scotland we had no peace-preservers to raise a 'hue and cry' of murder when there were no lives lost; cuts and bumps were thought nothing of, and gave no alarm; but in Ireland it is the very reverse: the numerous tribe of attorneys are looking out for work—blood is murder, knocking down or tripping over is killing—and the report appears next day, in some neighbouring newspaper, representing the case in the blackest colours." It is gratifying to know that all these are things fast passing away in the beautiful "Green Isle," which is now, as Scotland was fifty years ago, fairly into the path of social advancement.

We cannot follow our soldier to Waterloo, whither he was suddenly called in 1815. He gives an animated description of the fields of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, as far as they fell under his personal observation. Animation is indeed carried to poetry in some parts of the narrative, and for this the author apologises at the close, by telling us that his diary was originally in verse. "To tell the truth, I thought it poetry. But what could be supposed to proceed from the pen of one who, during his life, had been almost a stranger to books, even to a dictionary? My scribbling vein was an amusement when on guard, and it was chiefly when on guard that I did write; and I seldom lay down on the bench or green turf to sleep, but sat writing and sometimes reading." After mentioning that his prose was a transposition from his rhyme-journal, he modestly says, that if some apostrophes be thought inconsistent with tasteful prose writing, "I am to blame, and humbly apologise."

In conclusion, we would recommend this little unpretending volume to public notice. If there were more of our soldiery who "sat upon the green turf" at their leisure hours, and kept journals of what they saw and heard in the tented field, excesses would more rarely stain our arms, and yet not less valour be shown in a rightful cause.

* W. H. Lizars, Edinburgh.

A WORD ON MEDICAL REFORM.

THE flourishing condition of medical quackery, as we stated on a late occasion, though mainly ascribable to the general ignorance and credulity of the people, is largely promoted by the badly regulated state of the whole medical profession. At the present moment, there exists no uniform or well-organised plan of educating, examining, and licensing practitioners for the whole united kingdom and its dependencies. The country at large is in the hands of a set of rival schools and privileged corporations, each of which lays claim to a monopoly of licensing for a particular district, and of excluding from practice in that district all who are educated and licensed elsewhere. To such a pitch is this mischievous arrangement carried, "that there are in the three kingdoms no fewer than seventeen bodies claiming chartered or statutory rights to confer degrees or diplomas, all of them differing from each other in their constitutions, all possessing the power of making by-laws for their own governance, and all in the habit of imposing different tests of the fitness of those whom they profess to admit into the medical profession."*

There are two great evils in the present state of things—the various rival associations are often at a kind of petty war with each other, to the scandal of the community; and there is a complexity or mystery about the medical character which unlearned folks cannot possibly make out. Some medical men are qualified to bleed and do other acts of surgery, some may prescribe medicines for diseases, but not make up or sell the medicines, and not bleed; some may bleed, and administer medicines which they make up; and some may make up and sell medicines, but not prescribe or bleed. We believe this is *something* like what exists in England, but we do not profess to be certain upon the point, for the whole affair is in such a curiously confused condition, that few know exactly how the matter stands. In the midst of the melée, the empiric, who cares nothing for corporations or their charters, sets up as a compounder and vender of his own nostrums, thus unceremoniously lopping off what ought to constitute a large item in the income of the respectable and well-educated physician.

It is not to be supposed that things can have come to this bad pass with the medical profession, without attracting the attention of those most intimately concerned in its reform. Already, most of the existing corporations have either directly petitioned the legislature for a correction of abuses, or countenanced such a step in others. The Scotch and Irish bodies have, as we believe, been most forward in the desire for an improved code of arrangements, with respect to examination and licensing. The Apothecaries' Company of England, which assumes more power and privilege than all the others put together, has presented the chief obstacle to the proposed changes. "It insists upon the right to punish Scotch or Irish medical men for practising their profession in England and Wales, while it has not the means of preventing the chemist and druggist, or mere buyer and seller of medicine, from practising *all the branches* of the profession. The Apothecaries' Company of Ireland is more like what it ought to be than that of England, in as far as its power merely extends over sellers and compounders of medicine; but strange also to say, in its desire for absolute monopoly, it has frequently attempted to prevent regularly educated surgeons and physicians from making up medicine and prescriptions for their own patients. Stranger still, it appears that, although all these bodies profess and pretend to so much superiority over each other, the medical student, whether he come forward with a view to practise as a physician, or surgeon, or an apothecary, must dissect in the same way, attend lectures at the same time, walk the hospitals in the same manner, read the same works upon the various subjects connected with his profession, and undergo an equally severe examination;—the only difference being, that by paying thirty or forty pounds he can be a physician [M.D.]; if he pays about twenty pounds, he can be a surgeon; and if six or ten pounds, he can be an apothecary."†

Various plans have been suggested by the more liberally disposed bodies for a complete reformation in the system, all founded on one leading and sound principle—that there should be established one re-

* Memorial from the Medical Association of Ireland to the Marquis of Normanby.

† British and Foreign Review. July 1840.

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sponsible and competent tribunal in each of the three kingdoms, without whose license and enrolment no person should be legally acknowledged as a medical man; and further, that such license should be granted in every case upon precisely similar exercises, examinations, and fees, and that it should confer equal privileges throughout the British empire. There can be no question as to the extreme desirableness of a measure of this nature. Something else, however, would be required to reach the grand evil of medical quackery, and the issuing of empirical nostrums. For this end, one or two stringent regulations would be necessary. We would recommend that every thing like patent rights in medicines should be abolished, also the practice of issuing government labels; and that no person should be allowed to deal in or sell drugs without a certificate of competency from the medical board, and an annual license from the Excise, founded on such certificate. By this means, the most remote town in the country would be as effectually protected from ignorant druggellers as the metropolis.* It is not unlikely that the only serious impediment to this species of reform in medical affairs will be of a financial nature. At present £49,000 are realised annually to the public revenue, from stamps for labels, advertisement duties, &c., connected with quack medicines; and a considerable diminution in amount might reasonably be expected. But we feel satisfied, that under a right administration of diplomas, certificates, and licenses, no real loss would be incurred. Let us, at any rate, hope that no such petty considerations will furnish an excuse for longer postponing these highly desirable improvements in our medical system.

INCIDENT FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

THERE is a remarkable and little-known district of Belgium, of considerable extent, called the *Campine*. It lies close upon the Dutch territory, and stretches away from the vicinity of Antwerp towards the province of Limbourg and southern Brabant. Campine partakes of the character of the deltoid lands formed beside it, from the washed-down matters of the Meuse and Rhine. It is sandy and heathy, with scanty capabilities either for tillage or pasturage. The people who inhabit it are a rude and primitive race, almost universally strong in person, though low-built, and far from handsome. They make up for the natural deficiencies of their district by a constant and inveterate pursuit of contraband trafficking. They are the great smugglers of Belgium—at least on that side of the country. Viewing him in his moments of repose, you would say that the inhabitant of the Campine was a dull, rough boor, half-knave half-fool; but let there come a chance and occasion for smuggling into the Belgian interior some bales of English merchandise, or boxes of Havannah cigars, or any other similar articles, and he is instantaneously converted into a totally different creature. His eye sparkles with fire, and his previously gloomy brow is lighted up with animation and intelligence; while his step, lately hesitating and timid, becomes firm and quick, and his whole frame seems endowed with new powers of activity. In short, he is now in his element, and the custom-house officer is a play-thing in his hands. Such is the force of early habit and training; for from generation to generation, the people of the Campine have been what they now are.

With pursuits so unavoidably precarious, these people cannot be a wealthy or luxurious race. They are clothed very simply indeed, and fare sparingly; a sort of *pap*, or porridge, being their principal food, and taken by them at all hours. Such as they are, the Campinois are worthy of a little more notice from travellers than they have received hitherto. Though closely adjacent to the most civilised portions of the world, the district has been quite overlooked, chiefly, perhaps, because its aspect and character hold forth little promise of interest to the tourist. The observations now made, however, will partly show the Campinois to be really a curious race. The peasantry or villagers are the class principally marked by the characteristics referred to, but the inhabitants of the towns of Lierre, Turnhout, and Herenthals, the largest in the Campine, are tinctured with similar features. It was in the village of Gheel, lying in the interior of the district, that the following incident took place, to the relation of which the preceding remarks are merely preliminary:—

I had started on foot from Turnhout at five in the morning, determined to penetrate into the interior of the country, and heedless how long I stayed there, provided my excursion was productive of interest. I had nothing of business in view; what business, indeed, could one have there? Hour after hour was spent in walking across heath after heath, till at length the sandy sameness of the country began to grow very wearisome, and I began almost to repent of having entered on a route totally unknown to me, and seemingly so interminable. Ten o'clock came, and as yet I had seen little either of man or man's habitations; but soon after that period, on climbing a barren mount, I suddenly saw before me a village, or rather a considerable town, standing alone, as it were, in the wilderness. On approaching the place more closely, it struck me that my eye had never lighted on an assortment of human dwellings so black, so odd-looking, or so ugly. At the same time, my state of weariness rendered them, on the whole, an agreeable enough sight, and I entered among the dingy, irregular piles, looking around me for something like an inn. While thus engaged, an elderly gentleman, one of the few persons in view, came up to me, and bowed several times so courteously and profoundly, that I not only returned his reiterated salutations, but also felt tempted to examine him attentively. He was a man apparently above sixty, with a smiling countenance, and a broad, open brow, on which, certainly, sat a sort of air of distinction. He was dressed respectably, in a black suit of an ancient cut. Altogether, there was such a degree of amiable frankness apparent in this stranger's look and manner, that, after returning his bows, I waited respectfully to hear his address, thinking to myself that the village could not probably afford me a person better fitted for a temporary companion than the one before me, and that I was peculiarly fortunate in the meeting.

"I see that you are a stranger, sir," said the old gentleman; "an Englishman? or German, perhaps?" I replied that I was a traveller from France. "A Frenchman! ah, better still," said the stranger; "I love the French. Simple as you see me here, sir, I have served Napoleon. What a man was there!—what a judge of men and of merit! I may say I was not undistinguished by Napoleon, sir."

Beginning now to think, from this significant opening, that I had met with an old gentleman whose self-conceited reminiscences of the past might be rather tedious, I congratulated him upon his good fortune in having served the "great man," and told him I was in search of an inn. "An inn!" said he; "a Frenchman, whom I have chanced to meet, go to an inn! Sir, simple as you see me here, I am the mayor of this village!" I again complimented the old gentleman upon his honours. "Honours!" said he, "sir, I was once governor of this whole province—prefect of the department of Deux Nethes. Napoleon loaded me with dignities, sir."

"Garrulous and testy!" *thought* I to myself. But I *said* something different, being willing to please the rural dignitary. "I am not surprised at your elevation, sir," remarked I to him, "since Napoleon was so accurate a judge of merit." "Ah," replied the stranger, "you are too polite; you make me blush. Between ourselves, however, I really think I have some right to be a little vain." "I do not doubt it, sir," said I; "a prefect of department under the great man has some right to a little vanity." "Prefect!—and much more than prefect, did not my modesty forbid me to tell you," said the old gentleman; "see here!" He then looked around cautiously, and, being satisfied seemingly with the glance, he drew from his pocket a small parcel, which he opened with great care, stripping it of many coverings. A riband of the Legion of Honour proved to be the article contained; and this he showed to me, saying, with an appearance of great emotion, "He gave me this, sir, with his own hands!" "Indeed!" said I, beginning to think my companion rather a remarkable man. "With his own hands," repeated the old gentleman. "And under what circumstances!—at Waterloo, sir!—yes, at Waterloo! I was by his side; the fatal cry arose, 'Save himself who can!' The great man turned to me, and exclaimed, 'Why did I neglect your advice!—this could not then have occurred!' After saying so, he took from his neck a riband of the Legion of Honour (which he always carried about with him for immediate rewards), and gave it to me, crying 'Adieu—most faithful of my friends, adieu!' We parted, not to meet again."

I began now to wonder much who this respectable though talkative old gentleman could be. Not being willing to ask his name, however, I only inquired what rank he had held in the army. "I never was a soldier," said he; "I served the emperor as minister"—— Here a start on my part led my communicative friend to repeat—"Yes, as *minister*. Did I not mention that? First as minister, then as prefect, and then as simple councillor, but never as soldier." "But you were at Waterloo!" said I, with growing amazement, forgetting my weariness and hunger completely in the wish to gratify my excited curiosity. "At Waterloo!" answered my village friend; "to be sure I was at Waterloo; but I was there as a simple volunteer. It was for my head, not my arm, that Napoleon esteemed me; and had he followed my counsels on that occasion, Wellington would have carried a different tale to England. 'Sire,' said I, at that critical moment when the Prussians came up, 'Sire, follow my advice'"——

The old gentleman had just reached this point of his narration, and I had just begun to suspect that, respectable as he appeared, he must be slightly crazed on some points, when suddenly a most boisterous laugh broke forth behind us, and brought the tale to a close. I turned to the new comer, and saw one of the most jolly-looking figures that had ever fallen under my notice. He was a man well advanced in years, but with the shoulders and apparent vigour of a Hercules, conjoined with the rotundity of an alderman. Never did I behold such a picture of robust health. The countenance was especially frank and happy-looking, and bespoke a man who would have his jest, even "under the ribs of death." My poor friend, the mayor, evidently dreaded his mirth, and moved off without saying a syllable, while I was looking at the new comer. The latter, who was dressed, by the bye, in a half-rural half-town fashion, laughed long and loudly, and then cried to me, "Look at your lunatic—how he runs!" "Lunatic!" said I; "is the mayor really deranged?" "Mayor!" cried my new friend in turn; "has he persuaded you, then, that he is a mayor? Perhaps he has also told you that he was once a prefect, and a minister—eh?" "He has told me so," said I, a little piqued at the roar of laughter with which the question was accompanied. "Your perspicacity must be remarkable," said my new friend coolly; "don't you know that you are at Gheel?" "I was not aware of that fact." "Well, you know it *now*," said the jolly stranger. "And what then?" returned I, with some coldness. "What then?" was the reply; "why, whence do you come, pray—from Bengal? Don't you know that at Gheel there are more people mad than otherwise?" "Pooh! now it is you who are attempting to play upon my credulity," said I. "Not a bit of it," said my companion; "look about you." I involuntarily did as I was desired.

"You see," continued my companion, "yonder little old woman, playing at nine-pins? *She* is mad. Her husband was a rich merchant of Verviers, who died, and left his business to her care. It was too much for her intellect. Her affairs grew confused, and she became insane. Believing that all her trade went away to Sedan and Louviers, she plays continually at nine-pins, and cries at every throw, 'Down goes Sedan!—down with Louviers!' You see (continued my companion) an old man in yonder garden? That man is more decisively mad than even the old woman. He was a mine proprietor, and ruined himself by attempts to extract wealth from a barren soil. Now, he digs all day with a spade, and says to himself every evening, 'To-morrow I shall have it!' Yonder is a girl dancing. She imagines herself Taglioni, and leaps before a tree all day till she is exhausted, when she asks the tree if it is satisfied, imagining it to be the Emperor Nicholas. Ha! ha! Yonder"——

Here I interrupted the catalogue. "What! is every body in sight of us insane? have you not done yet?" "Done!" said my companion, "why, there are a thousand or two of people in Gheel, and they are all mad! *We* are all mad; for I myself"—— "*You!*—come, I see you are disposed to have your jest out with me," said I. My companion here looked at me gravely. "Perhaps you do not think me mad," said he; "do you or do you not believe *me* to *be mad?*" My answer was brief. "You mock me by the question; certainly I *do not*."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when my companion flew fiercely at me, and grasped my throat with the whole force of his powerful fists. I could make no resistance under such hands, and was rapidly growing insensible, when a man rushed up to us, and applied a stick lustily to the broad back of my assailant. The latter instantly let go his hold, and slunk hastily off like a beaten child. As soon as I had fairly recovered my breath and senses, I saw before me a stout and apparently respectable man in country attire. He first begged pardon for the attack which "his lunatic" had made upon me, and then civilly asked me to go with him to his house, to rest there until I fully recovered from my late alarm. "You are a physician, then, and the keeper of a lunatic asylum?" said I, suspiciously. "Oh, no," replied he, "I am a plain countryman. But are not you aware that, for two hundred years, Gheel has been a retreat on a large scale for lunatics? Every inhabitant has two or three of them in his house. They come hither from all parts of Belgium, and it is a kind of trade which, thanks to heaven, is very profitable and very easy to us."

"Easy! you astonish me," said I. "I should conceive it both troublesome and dangerous."

"Not at all," returned the man of Gheel. "Our women, and even our children, can manage the poor creatures. Some violent ones, indeed, are kept in confinement, and require it. But, with the most of them, we only need to find out their weak points at first, and then we can both avoid exciting them, and make them perfectly obedient. We let them go about, and they never abuse their liberty." "Pardon me, friend," said I; "but for your cane, that madman would soon have made me a lifeless witness to the contrary." "That madman," replied the man, "is good nature itself! but you have given him cause of irritation." "Not in the least," was my reply; "I only was too civil to him, for I would not say that he was mad." "There, now," said the Gheel man; "that is just the very point. *His* mania is to be *thought mad;* he is quite proud of being one of the mad folks of Gheel; and a most inoffensive kind of pride it is. But come with me, sir, and I will prove to you that Pierre is a most amusing companion, and a capital cook. Allow him but to be *mad*, and all is well."

I declined all invitations, however, feeling that my appetite for food was gone, never to return while I was in Gheel. How could I even be certain that I was *yet* out of the hands of the lunatic colonists? All that I desired from my inviter was to have a mode of

* A few years ago, we happened to drop into a small book-shop at a watering-place, the keeper of which sold drugs. While conversing with the shopkeeper, a poor woman entered and sought for a pennyworth of calomel, or as much as would answer as a dose for an infant. This was a demand which seemed rather puzzling to the shopkeeper, and in putting some particles of the white powder in a bit of paper, he appealed to us if we thought it was a right quantity. As the question was totally out of our way, we could offer no advice; and whether the dose proved too much or too little, we never had an opportunity of ascertaining

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conveyance towards Antwerp pointed out to me. I was not long afterwards in Gheel.

And now, I would ask my readers if Campine be not a remarkable country, what with its smuggling and its lunatics! I would also bid them make certain, when entering unknown places, that half the population are not mad folks, and take care, also, not too hastily to deny the truth of a man's words, when he tells you that he is insane. Let him have his own way of it by all means. These are valuable morals, I imagine, derivable from the present humble story.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

EIGHTH ARTICLE.—MACHINERY.

It has usually been supposed that machinery abridges the sum of human labour, but this is a fallacy. If machines throw a certain number or class of operatives out of employment, they call up the energies of an equal if not greater number of individuals to make the machines. Say, for example, that a machine costs L.500, it will be found, upon an analysis of the price, that by far the greater portion goes to the workmen who helped to construct it from the raw material; probably L.450 out of the L.500 in reality goes into the pockets of the operatives. Hence, machinery, though abridging one kind of labour, prodigiously increases another.

Let us proceed into a deliberate investigation of this vital question, which admits of other views. Suppose that stockings knit by the wire cost 36s. per dozen pairs. Let us make the following distribution of this sum:—10s. for worsted, the material, 20s. for wages of labour, and 6s. for the manufacturer's profit. Suppose, now, that by the introduction of the stocking frame, nine-tenths of the labour expended on the dozen of stockings, and consequently of the wages, is saved—the sum paid for wages in the mere conversion of the worsted into stockings becoming only 2s. instead of 20s. In this case, if nothing were paid for the machine, there would be a direct saving of 18s. per dozen in the price of the stockings. Would the manufacturer pocket this sum? No—competition would prevent him from doing so; and in the general case, on every 30s. which he now pays for two dozen pairs, he will just make the same profit which he gained on the one dozen—namely, 6s. But to suppose a machine which costs nothing, is to put an impossible case. Before we find the cost price on which the manufacturer gets his profit, we must add the interest of the cost price of the machine, and compensation for tear and wear, to the price of the worsted and the wages of the labour. Let us rate these expenses connected with the employment of the machine at 5s. Here the cost price to the manufacturer is 20s. per dozen, and if we give him the same profit as before, the price to the consumer will be 24s. Where machinery has been introduced in the various stages which an article of consumption passes through, the alterations in price have been far more striking than in the instance here supposed. In 1786, cotton yarn of 100 hanks to the pound cost 38s. per pound. In 1796, it cost 19s.; in 1800, it cost 9s. 5d.; in 1807, 6s. 9d., and in 1832, 2s. 11d. As we come to a more advanced stage of the manufacture, the decrease is still more remarkable. In 1814, 72 seven-eighth calicoes cost L.1, 8s., and in 1831, 8s. 9d., being a fall of about 77 per cent. in the course of seventeen years.

Let us see now how far we are borne out in the proposition that it is the labour of man only that is paid for, that accomplished by the machine being gratuitous. The sum of five shillings upon the dozen pairs of stockings made by the machine, goes in a different direction from the money paid for hand-knit stockings, being paid neither for the worsted nor to the labourer who makes the stockings. To whom, then, does it go? Not to the manufacturer, for to him it is merely compensation for what he has disbursed. If we trace it back, we will find that the whole of it, with some partial exceptions to be hereafter stated, goes as wages of labour. The machine, we shall say, is made of iron. The turner, the metal caster, the smelter, are the persons to whom it will be found to have been paid; and thus the money no longer earned by the widow knitting at her cottage door, goes to support the family of the swarthy blacksmith. It is not lost to labour—it merely changes hands. But, some one may say, there are sixteen shillings per dozen on the stockings, which are now no longer paid—is not this sum lost to the labouring community? By no means. If the cheapness increases the demand for the article, the manufacturer makes more stockings, employing more carders, woolspinners, machine-makers, and stocking-makers. If the demand for the article does not increase, his capital will go in some other direction, and give employment to labour in a different department. There will not be the less room for the employment of capital that the poor get their stockings a third cheaper.

It thus appears that there is a distinction of the most important description between that part of the produce of labour which is effected by machinery, and that which is effected by human toil. The one is paid for, the other is not. The one absorbs part of the fund which the community can pay for the wages of labour, the other does not. In so far, therefore, as machinery tends to facilitate production, it is like a genial climate, or an increase in the fertility of the soil—a general blessing for which nothing is paid.

The more pains have been taken to show how this conclusion is arrived at, because a dangerous fallacy has frequently taken root among the working classes, to the effect that machinery is an invasion of their privileges—that it somehow or other turns into a different channel the money that should justly be spent among them. When abstractly entertained, these opinions have produced nothing worse than the usual profitless fruit of ignorance; but when allied to personal disappointment and hardship, they have given rise to the most calamitous operations on the human character and fortunes, demoralising and disorganising large masses of men, shaking the authority of the law, and instigating a barbarous war against human improvement. It will not, perhaps, much soften the disappointment of the starving labourer to know that the discovery which has thrown him out of employment, will add to the comfort and convenience of many others; but mankind are always seeking disinterested motives for their selfish proceedings, and those who act boldly and recklessly when they believe themselves to be, and get others to sympathise with them as, the victims of a general system of oppression, would shrink from committing the same outrages for no better motive than their own personal feeling or interest. To know that what he is destroying is the support and comfort of others, though it may inflict temporary injury on himself, would unnerve the arm of the machine-breaker more effectually than all the penal laws which the most despotic legislature could devise. Undoubtedly there has been much incidental misery occasioned to labourers by the introduction of machinery; the present state of the hand-loom weavers is a melancholy instance. Much of this, however, is attributable to the sort of ignorance we have been describing, and to a general want of intelligence regarding the most profitable investments for labour. The progress of knowledge alone can remedy this evil. It will not only enable the labourer to discover the best employment for his labour, but it will give him greater facilities in turning his hand from one species to another. All who have observed such matters, must have noticed that a man of intelligence, who has not been brought up to any mechanical trade, will perform a piece of work with much more facility than a dredging labourer, to whose peculiar department it does not precisely belong. During the present century, the workmen of this country have shown vast elasticity in change of pursuit. By far the greater part of the manufacturing population perform duties which were unknown forty years ago. As these have arisen with the progress of invention, hands ready to perform them have never been wanting. A vast number of these are individuals who have changed the nature of their labour probably more than once. It may thus fairly be argued, that, in the general case, more labourers are thrown out of work by their own stupid obstinacy than by the progress of invention.

With respect to the restricting of men to one kind of work, machinery acts in two directions. In the first place, it certainly has a tendency, when united with its invariable concomitant, the division of labour, to isolate the workman to a very narrow department, in comparison to the sphere of him who makes a saleable commodity with his own hands. On the other hand, however, it must teach a strictness of attention and nicety of operation, which will constitute a stock in trade to the labourer, to whatever he may turn his hand; while, in the variations to which it is constantly subject in the course of improvement, it accustoms him to change the routine of his employments, and enlarges his faculties.

We stated above that there were partial exceptions to the proposition, that the whole of the fund paid for machinery, in the case of stocking-making, goes as wages of labour. It is always satisfactory to sift such matters to their foundation; and, therefore, though most of our readers probably see pretty clearly that the use of machinery abstracts nothing from the fund spent on labour, it may be advantageous to examine more minutely the component parts of the sum expended on machinery. In the first place, in setting by itself what is given as the wages of labour, we must deduct the profits of the capital employed in the various stages, from the smelting of the ore to the finishing of the machine. It will be evident that this cannot, in the general case, make the sum spent on the labourer less than it would have been had the machine not existed, as the capital would have been employed in some other shape, connected with the production of the article made by the machine. Under the subject of labour, in a previous article, it was stated that there were just two circumstances which made a commodity valuable in the market, the one its having cost labour, the other its being limited in supply, or monopolised. Let us see how far monopoly may be an ingredient in the price of a machine. The most extensive general instance of monopoly in existence was mentioned as land; the money made by which is called rent. In machinery, rent may have been paid for the raw material to a greater or less extent; but, in the general case, not to any great proportion. In the case of a machine made of iron, the portion of rent paid will be for the ore from which the iron is smelted; a sum which, in the case of a machine which costs L.100, will frequently not exceed 5s. The man who makes use of a machine before his neighbours, enjoys a temporary monopoly during the interval which precedes their following his example; and it is the money so made that is generally the inducement to the manufacturer to change his method of production. The others are generally compelled to follow the example, from finding themselves undersold.

Let us glance for a moment at what the labourer gains by machinery. The impulse given by machinery to commerce and manufactures of every kind, the accumulation it makes of capital, and consequently of the means of paying for labour, can more easily be reflected on by any one who thinks for a moment on the subject, than strictly estimated. There are some departments in which machinery makes a positive and distinct addition to the sum expended on the support of labourers, by deducting from that paid for the keep of the inferior animals; take, for instance, steam threshing-mills and locomotive engines, whose the work of human labourers is made to supersede that of horses. It has been calculated that the Liverpool and Manchester Railway alone has put out of employment one thousand horses. The gain which may be thus supposed to be made by the working population is, however, trifling in comparison with the national advantages obtained by the labourers of those countries where machinery is in active operation. It is to the ingenuity and enlightened energy which has prompted the invention and employment of machinery, and to the capital which has facilitated its use, that Britain mainly owes its manufacturing superiority. It is by underselling them that one community can obtain a preference over others in the market of the world; and without a vigilant application of every artificial means of cheapening produce, we could never overcome those adventitious circumstances which leave many of our neighbours a more free opening to the general market than we possess. It was the rapid progress in the cheapness of our manufactures, through the instrumentality of machinery, that principally enabled us to baffle the celebrated Berlin Decrees of Napoleon. The steam-engine and the spinning-jenny—familiar and vulgar appellatives—stopped the progress of him who seemed destined to be the conqueror of the world. Penalties and cordons could not fight against the cheapness of our manufactures, or destroy the natural monopoly which that quality created. Formerly, we were supplied with cotton goods by the indolent and ill-paid hand-labourers of Hindostan; now, as has been already stated, through the instrumentality of capital working by machinery, we supply them with garments made of the cotton which they grow. They have a fertile soil, which produces the raw material—we have the fertile minds that ripen it for use. Labour with them is cheap, but the lowest expenditure that will support life will not enable them to compete with that land where the energy and genius of a Watt and an Arkwright enable individual men to do the work of millions.

Before closing this branch of the subject, let us offer the familiar example presented by what are termed the cheap literary publications. Take the case of the present sheet. According to the old mode of manufacturing paper by hand, and printing by hand, the price of the sheet to the public, the present circulation continuing, could not be made less than twopence-halfpenny; but as this price would cause a diminution of circulation of probably one-half, the price would necessarily require to be raised to threepence, or double what it is at present. We are far from saying that a diminution of our circulation would be a loss to the public, but we at least know that our friends among the operative classes would be at once virtually cut off from the perusal of this as well as any other cheap print. In point of fact, the cheap literature of the present age is a child of machinery. It could not possibly have existed thirty years ago.

It was formerly shown that the advantages of cheap labour were reaped principally by the working classes. This is more eminently the case with the more powerfully cheapening influence of machinery. It is impossible to form any estimate of the extent to which the comforts, and, if we may so term them, the elegancies, of the poor, are thus increased. We once heard a gentleman, accustomed to making minute estimates, calculate that the whole Sunday costume of a border peasant girl—a dress of the most fashionable order worn by the class—costs only 20s. Sixty years ago, a lady could not have dressed herself so well for L.5. To the poor, quantity of commodities is the first great requisite. With the rich, it is not quantity, but difficulty of procurement—in other words, expense—that is the recommendation. The object is not so much to possess articles ministering to bodily comfort—for these can generally be procured with a small portion of the wealth of a rich man—as to be able to show what others cannot obtain. The article which, once prized, is made common by the application of machinery, ceases to be coveted, and is

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left as a blessing to the poor. Surely, when these things are duly considered, it will not be a long time ere we look back upon the practice of machine-breaking as one of the most astounding illustrations of popular delusion that the annals of human barbarism can produce.

NEW ZEALAND.

In a letter from Mr George Duppa to his father, Hollingbourne House, Kent, respecting his arrival in New Zealand, and lately published in the Spectator newspaper, the following descriptive passages occur. He writes from Port Nicholson:—

"Now for the beauties of the place. The harbour resembles rather an inland lake than an inlet of the sea, particularly when it is perfectly calm; which is not always the case—it being so equally and changeable a climate, as far as the wind is concerned, that we are frequently threatened with an upset when sailing about in our boat to bring our goods, or when on a fishing excursion: but she (I mean the boat) is very stiff, and I have acquired the art of managing her to such an extent as to secure my safety in her. But to return to the harbour: it is surrounded with mountainous hills, for that is the only way to describe them—being a species of neither mountain nor hill, and yet both. They are partly covered with a sort of bastard flax and long grass, which gives them rather a barren appearance; but it is fully compensated by the rich description of forest timber which covers the remainder. At the further end of the harbour is the mouth of the three rivers on which the town is to be built. They flow down a valley of level land, which is from four to six miles in breadth, and surrounded by hills most densely covered with timber; as is likewise the valley itself, excepting on the banks of the river, which have, at one time or other, been cleared by the natives for potato-gardens: but these gardens do not extend further than one hundred yards or so inland, and they are in some places still in a high state of cultivation; in others, rather more neglected, where the potatoes and cabbages have run to seed; in others again, which are by far the most frequent, they are covered with a species of willow, which is by no means difficult to eradicate. But, unfortunately, these spots have been reserved by the company for public purposes, for boulevards, or some such nonsense or other; the land immediately in the rear being covered with timber of such extraordinary dimensions as to require at least L.40 per acre to clear it. But this is business again. The scenery of these rivers, as you go paddling up them in a canoe, is most enchanting: the principal river is as broad as the Thames at Richmond, but too frequently interrupted by snags, which have in many places formed bars, which must be removed before it can become navigable for a boat of any size: but a canoe which does not draw more than one and a-half to two inches of water can of course go any where, and enable you to see it all—and a beautiful sight it is. Picture a most enchanting serpentine river, overshadowed by trees of richest verdure emblossomed by every colour, enlivened by the deep mellow and quaint notes of the ptui, or mocking-bird, besides those of hundreds of others equally rich and curious; and every now and then paroquets of the brightest greens and reds fluttering from bank to bank, and adding their chattering notes to the general concert: in fact, it is of little use my attempting to describe scenery so rich and varied in the limited space of a letter; to be fully appreciated, it must be seen. I trust, therefore, that your imagination will, to a certain extent, make amends for the meagreness of this description, and that the slender materials which I have furnished will give some notion of the site of our town, which for many purposes is most admirably adapted. As an agricultural district, it will not answer for many years, inasmuch as it requires too great an outlay of capital to do any thing with it; and I question much whether there is the hundred thousand acres of level land for those who have already come out. You will therefore say that the whole is a failure: but not so, for at Taranaki, distant overland about sixty miles, there are millions of acres of level land, which will not be nearly so expensive to clear, with a much better river running through it, but unfortunately a very poor harbour. The soil there is equally good as here—so report says. Previous to making up my mind for a removal thither, I intend going there myself; and if it should prove satisfactory, I shall choose my town-acres here (for this will always be the principal town), and my country sections there. * * * For an agriculturist, the first four or five years are those which will pay best, as we shall not be able to supply ourselves until the expiration of that time; and I well know that Sydney will not be able to spare us any in the mean time. Wheat is now selling there at L.10 per quarter, and was much higher a short time back. A friend of Sinclair's, a fellow-midshipman, who has been in this part of the world for the last four or five years, tells me that the Sydney agriculturists never calculate upon realising more than one out of three crops; so that I feel confident of our always having a good market for our produce. Oaten-hay *itself*, which can certainly be harvested here twice, and probably three times, in the course of the season, sells at L.18 the ton.

We shall not be able to choose our town allotments for the next three or four months, and at least a year will elapse before we have the chance of selecting our country sections; this comes of hurrying off so soon after the surveyors, which I protested against as far as was in my power when in London, but could find no one to second me. We are, however, allowed to squat, as it is termed in this part of the world, and have a right to remain on the land for the term of two years, although I intend bargaining for five years if I can, and by that means be enabled to clear a larger quantity of the land which is to be reserved for public purposes, and which consists chiefly of deserted native potato-grounds, requiring very little trouble to clear.

Several ships have arrived in the harbour from Sydney, with all sorts of goods on board; and to-day one has arrived with about forty head of cattle—very miserable-looking animals, not equal to the Welsh runts. The price they ask for them is L.30 per head; a price I do not intend to pay yet, for, in the first place, I do not see how they are to be kept, and in the second, I do not see how they are to be used. No—cattle will not answer at present, although it will pay to breed them a few years hence; for butcher-meat will bear a good price, as will likewise every description of agricultural produce. As soon as we have supplied ourselves, the Sydney market will take the surplus. A crop of wheat and a crop of potatoes, or any succulent crop, can always be reaped in one year, there being no frost to check the vegetation. Two crops of wheat might be had off the same land if there were any means of keeping it fed down until the blighting winds cease, which appear to blow during a short period of the year. In fact, the only thing against agriculture here, is the land being so densely covered with timber, and consequently so expensive to clear; but that is of course but a slight impediment to a large capital. For if it costs a man L.40 to clear an acre of land, which will produce him four quarters of wheat per acre (and I will warrant the soil being as capable of producing six quarters as any land in England), which, when made into flour, will sell at 6d. per pound—a price which it is fetching at present, and which it is likely to fetch for the next five years—he will have the whole, or nearly the whole, of his outlay returned to him at the expiration of six months; and thus be enabled to put another crop into the same land at a small expense. Once ploughing, with one pair of oxen and a light plough, will be sufficient; for I never saw land turn up so well in my life: it is like the finest garden mould, and perfectly free from weeds—a circumstance which is to be attributed to its having been so thickly covered with wood."

HEADS OF THE ABORIGINAL AMERICANS.

A paper in Silliman's *American Journal of Science and Arts* makes us acquainted with a very interesting book on the skulls of the original American nations, recently published at Philadelphia, by Dr S. G. Morton, professor of anatomy in that city.*

Dr Morton considers the aboriginal people of America, with the exception of the Esquimaux, as a distinct variety of the human species. Their principal external peculiarity is the skin, which is generally of a reddish hue, though varying much in different countries, some nations approaching white, and others black. It appears from the late interesting researches of Flourens, that the American skin, like that of the negroes, comprehends two layers in addition to those of the European races, and that in the outermost of these two layers the red colouring matter resides; from which Flourens argues that the white, the black, and the red races, are essentially distinct. If these conclusions be just, the speculations of Humboldt and others as to the migration of the Americans from Asia must be esteemed as unfounded, and we must henceforth regard this portion of mankind as an independent variety. An exception exists only with regard to the Esquimaux, who are of the Mongolian or Eastern-Asiatic variety, and have probably migrated to their present settlements from the elder continent.

Dr Morton subdivides the American or red variety into two families, just as the European variety is subdivided into Celtic, Teutonic, &c. He calls these—1st, the *American*, and, 2d, the *Toltecan*. The second were those people who attained a condition of semi-civilisation in Mexico and Peru, long before the discovery of America by the Europeans. They had forms of government and a regular priesthood, had made considerable advances in the arts, and have left many monuments of their ingenuity and united labours in temples, tombs, and miscellaneous sculptures. But this race does not now exist in any distinct form, and may be considered as extinct. The other family, specially called American, branches into several subordinate groups, to which the names Appalachian, Brazilian, Patagonian, and Fuegian, have been applied. All are remarkable as warlike, cruel, and unforgiving; they turn with aversion from the restraints of civilised life, and have made but trifling progress in mental cultivation or the useful arts. It is remarkable of both the American and Toltecan families, that they have been quite unable to stand their ground against even inferior numbers of Europeans, who must accordingly soon become the sole possessors of that great continent.

Considering the characteristics manifested by the American variety, it becomes a matter of most interesting inquiry in what natural peculiarities they differ from Europeans, for it is in such peculiarities that we are to look for the causes of so striking a mental inferiority.

The brain is the organ of the mind, and on the size of this organ, other conditions being equal, depends the comparative force of character of individuals. By "other conditions being equal," it is meant that of two brains, similar in constitutional character and activity, the larger is sure to produce in its possessor appearances of more vigorous character than the smaller will do. Hence it may be presumed that a considerable number of persons, or a nation, possessing large brains, will be for certain more powerful than the same number of persons possessing comparatively small brains. But general size of brain is not the only measure of human character. Different regions of the brain are charged with different functions, the intellectual faculties lying in the front or anterior lobe, the moral sentiments in the coronal surface, and the animal propensities in the posterior part. Hence it may be presumed that if the brains of one nation on an average are large in any one of these departments in proportion to what they are in other departments, that nation will be remarkable accordingly with respect to intellectual and moral character. These doctrines are as yet received by only a certain class of inquirers (the adherents of the philosophy of Gall and Spurzheim); but they appear to us founded in nature, and a remarkable proof of their truth is found in Dr Morton's researches in American aboriginal crania.

Having obtained a considerable number of the skulls of the various races of men, Dr Morton measured their internal capacity by means of white pepper seed, and found the following results:—

Races.	No. of skulls.	Mean internal capacity in cubic inches.	Largest in the series.	Smallest in the series.
1. Caucasian,	52	87	109	75
2. Mongolian,	10	83	93	69
3. Malay,	18	81	89	64
4. Aboriginal American,	147	80	100	60
5. Ethiopian,	29	78	94	65

It thus appears that the aboriginal Americans rank fourth with respect to the size of their brains, the Ethiopians being lowest and the Caucasians highest. The general results are strikingly in conformity to all we know of the history of the races, for the Caucasian race is that which has produced the most civilised nations, while the Mongolian, the next in order of capacity of cranium, has produced a number of nations which remain at a fixed point in semi-civilisation, the Malay is a degree more barbarous, and the American and Ethiopian the most barbarous of all.

The inquiries which Dr Morton has made amongst the Toltecan family, at first appear somewhat inconsistent with these results, but, when fully considered, they are found to be exactly what might have been expected. "From the Rio Gila in California," he says, "to the southern extremity of Peru, their architectural remains [that is, the architectural remains of the Toltecans] are every where encountered to surprise the traveller and confound the antiquary; amongst these are pyramids, temples, grottoes, bas-reliefs, and arabesques; while their roads, aqueducts, and fortifications, and the sites of their mining operations, sufficiently attest their attainments in the practical arts of life." The ingenious people who formed these works are generally understood to have ceased to exist, as the predominant people at least, about the eleventh century of our era, when the Incas began to reign in Peru. There are therefore ancient Peruvians and modern Peruvians, just as there have been ancient Britons and modern Britons. Vast quantities of the bodily remains of the ancient Peruvians are found in the desert of Atacama, which was their favourite place of sepulture for many ages, and where the united influence of a dry climate and a river abounding in salt has preserved many bodies in a mummy-like condition. Dr Morton examined many heads derived from this place, and found the entire internal capacity to be small, only 73 cubic inches, which is considerably below the average of the existing American aborigines. He found, however, that the amount of space in the intellectual and moral regions was considerably larger in proportion than in the latter class of crania, while the entire form of the head was more symmetrical and elegant. It therefore may be presumed that the ancient Peruvians were a people of gentle and refined character, well qualified to excel in works of art, but little qualified to maintain their ground against the grosser but more vigorous tribes residing in their neighbourhood, and who have accordingly overpowered and supplanted them.

* Crania Americana; or a Comparative View of the Skulls of various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America; to which is prefixed an Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species, illustrated by seventy-eight plates and a coloured Map. By Samuel George Morton, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College at Philadelphia, &c. &c. Philadelphia: J. Dobson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1839.

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LAIRD OF LOGAN.

[Under this title, which, in the west of Scotland, is equivalent to "Joe Miller," a collection of anecdotes and jokes is at present publishing in parts, by Blackie and Son, Glasgow. With not a little of rather a coarse taste, the Laird occasionally gives us a sparkling witticism or story, highly significant of national character. We offer two or three specimens.]

DAFT RAB HAMILTON.

Rab Hamilton, a half-crazed mendicant, was a regular Scotchman in his manner of address—moving round the object instead of making directly towards it, rather looking away from than at it, yet keeping a corner of his eye distinctly on it. If he happened to be in the presence of gentlemen, who often invited him to take a dram for the purpose of drawing him out, he would pretend to hear silver fall on the floor. "What's tat—deed is't—surely it was the jingling sound o' a shilling on the carpet—as sure's death, deed is't; but I dinna see't on the carpet—no—but ye can just gie me anither—I'm saying, deed is't—and you'll get it yoursel' after I'm awa."

AN IRISH DEBT.

The late Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the then Great Unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Now, remember you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar; "and may your honour live till I pay you."

TIT FOR TAT.

A pedlar halted at a public-house in the country, and at the landlady's request displayed nearly every article in his pack, for her examination. This he did cheerfully, expecting that a large purchase would be made. On inquiring what article the landlady would like to buy, she coolly replied, "Hoot, I dinna want to buy ony thing; I merely wanted a sight o' them." "I'm sorry ye'll no buy," said the pedlar; "but never mind, let's see half-a-mutchkin o' your best whisky." The stoup was instantly filled, and a voluntary piece of oaten cake placed beside it on the server. The pedlar kept warming himself at a brisk fire, and crumping the gratis cakes, while the landlady was allowed in courtesy to help herself and some female gossips, who had also been inspectors of the pack, to a tasting of the liquor; having drank his health, and guid sale to him, she filled up the glass and handed it to him. "Na, na," said he, "I want nane o' your whisky; I only asked ye for a sight o't!" So saying, he tightened his strap, and set off on the tramp.

A WONDERFUL PREACHER.

A country woman, whilst on a visit to a large manufacturing town in the west, went to hear a celebrated divine, whose field of labour lay there, and whose fame had often been sounded in the ears of the worthy dame. On her return, she was asked her opinion of "The star of the west," as he is often called. "Oh," said she, "he's a wonderfu' preacher—a great preacher." "Well, well, that's all true," said the other; "but what do you think of his views of doctrinal points, and his powers of expounding the scriptures?" "Oh," said the worthy critic, "I dinna ken; but he's just a wonderfu' man." "But what did he say?" "Oh, he just gaed on, and gaed on, and chappit on the Bible, and raised his twa hands abune his head, and then gaed on again, and gaed on again; and then he swat and rubbit his brow, and whan he stoppit, he looked as if he could have said mair than whan he began—oh, he's a wonderfu' grand preacher!"

SCOTCH ALL OVER.

The manse of Gargunnock, some half-century ago, was known for all the good things of the season, as Samuel Shool, the bellman, used to boast, when speaking of its generous-hearted mistress. Honest Samuel was fond of relating any thing to the credit of his benefactress in the manse. "I mind," said he, on one occasion, "ae Sabbath morning at the summer preachings, mair than thirty years sin', a sad pickle that the mistress was in, because Betty M'Quat had forgotten to howk some early potatoes on the Saturday night; for potatoes were a great rarity at the time. What was to be done? Betty was like to gae through the yirth about it; and quo' she, 'Mistress, I'll just tak the graip, and slip out and howk a wheen [dig a few]—naebody will ken; and gif it come to the minister's hearin', I'll take the sin and the blame o't on mysel'. 'Na, na, Betty, since I maun hae the rarity at the dinner this day, just gang awa out and pouter [scrape] a few frae the roots o' the shaws wi' your hands—take nae graip wi' ye—use nae warkloom made by the hand o' man on the day o' rest; if the minister sets on me about it, I'll just tell him that we only pouter'd them out the drill; there wasna a graip shank in the hand o' ony body about the house—surely a body may use their fingers without being found fau't wi'.'"

THE TRAVELLER NONPLUSSED.

Captain Basil Hall, whose written stories have charmed all who have read them, was one day endeavouring to enliven a remarkably stiff and dull dinner party, by a few oral relations of the same kind. He concluded one of a very extraordinary character, by saying, "Did you ever hear any story so wonderful as that?" and at the same moment his eye chanced to rest on a footboy opposite to him, who, without leaving a moment of interval, exclaimed, "Yes, man, there's a lass i' our kitchen, that kens a lass that has twa thoombs on ae hand!"

LITERATURE UNDER THE STUARTS.

The period of the English press, from the accession of James I. to the Orange revolution, is generally considered the least satisfactory in our literary history. In the reign of the first Stuart came an inundation of pedantry, which surrounded the court with verbal criticism and solemn quibble; the people, indeed, had their glorious dramatists, but Bacon was looked upon as an impracticable dreamer. Controversy, too, began to be rife, and the spirit at last exploded in such a torrent of civil and ecclesiastical violence in the next reign, as left no opening for science or belles-lettres. The press was absorbed by the productions of this contentious outbreak. There is in the British Museum a collection of two thousand volumes of tracts issued between the years 1640 and 1660, the whole number of which several publications amounts to the enormous quantity of thirty thousand. This most curious collection was made by a bookseller of the name of Tomlinson, in the times when the tracts were printed—was bargained for, but not bought by Charles II.—and was eventually bought by George III., and presented by him to the British Museum. The limited demand for any productions unconnected with controversial subjects may be inferred from the little popularity enjoyed by Milton's metrical publication, and the fact, mentioned by Dr Johnson, that from 1623 to 1664, the nation was satisfied with two editions of Shakspeare's plays, which probably together did not amount to one thousand copies. The cause of wholesome literature did not benefit by the Restoration; it was a transition from one extreme to another—from a conclave to a brothel; and it became a mere toy of a licentious king, his courtesans and gallants, who sought to divert their weariness with wits and authors, as monarchs were wont to do with their jesters. Charles II. and his followers brought hither the spirit of the literary parasites of Louis XIV., with whom the great were every thing and the people nothing, save a brute and random bolt, or slumbering shell in a mortar. Under this kind of favour, letters, with a few grand exceptions, put on the lowest garb in which they can be arrayed—were tricked out in meretricious finery—habiliments to excite the gross passions of human nature—to pander to the low appetites of the swell mob of St James's, or the hardly less degraded rabble that congregated nightly at Blackfriars or the Globe theatre in Southwark.—*Wade's British History.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN HEALTH-SEEKING.

Railroad travelling possesses many peculiarities, as well as advantages, over the common modes of conveyance. The velocity with which the train moves through the air is very refreshing, even in the hottest weather, where the run is for some miles. The vibration, or rather oscillatory motion communicated to the human frame, is very different to the swinging and jolting motions of the stage-coach, and is productive of more salutary effects. It equalises the circulation, promotes digestion, tranquillises the nerves (after the open country is gained), and often causes sound sleep during the succeeding night; the exercise of this kind of travelling being unaccompanied by that lassitude, aching, and fatigue, which, in weakly constitutions, prevents the nightly repose. The railroad bids fair to be a powerful remedial agent in many ailments to which the metropolitan and civic inhabitants are subject. The innumerable steam-boats plying on the river are another comparatively recent means of securing health to the metropolitans. The benefit derived from a trip for thirty miles down the river on a fine summer's day, is very great. The lively bustle of the river, the beautiful scenery on its banks, and the swift motion of the vessel through the water, all tend powerfully to alienate, for a time, the mind of the business-pressed citizen from his daily thoughts; and the refreshing breeze which is almost always on the river has a most healthful effect. By bringing men of different countries more into contact with one another, and by promoting the more complete interchange of opinion and community of feeling between the inhabitants of the same country, steam conveyances contribute to the health in another, though less direct way, but which to the reader of this book must be sufficiently obvious.—*Curtis on the Preservation of Health.*

HORSE POWER.

A horse, of the Clydesdale breed, has been employed, during fourteen years, by Sir C. Stuart Menteith, in drawing coal waggons on the ill-made turnpike road in the county of Dumfries, from Ayrshire to Dumfries. His usual load of coal has been 35 cwt., in a common light road waggon of the weight of 13 cwt., in a stage of four miles, which he performs three times every day, or twelve miles in the course of twenty-four hours daily. He has never been known to lie down during the last eight years, except twice, when he was in a state of sickness. Sir C. Stuart Menteith employs several more horses to perform the same work, and to draw an equal load upon the same road daily. From the experience Sir C. Stuart Menteith has had in the use of animal power upon common roads, he is of opinion that the most economical mode of employing horses in draught is to give every horse his own carriage, and that he should solely depend upon his own exertions in drawing the load, as otherwise it is well known that it is difficult to find either man or beast equally willing or capable to make the same exertion, or to have the same spirit or motion; and at the same time never to exceed six miles on one stage, and to be performed twice daily. In a stage of three miles and a half, Sir C. Stuart Menteith employs waggons weighing 18 cwt., in which horses draw three tons. The road is in general upon a declivity of one foot of fall for every eight, sixteen, or eighteen feet, with several ascents of one foot in every thirty feet, up which a horse draws the load of three tons, and a waggon of 18 cwt.; but in order to facilitate the ascent, a continuous line of sandstone railroad is first laid down, upon which a plate of iron, six inches wide, by a quarter of an inch thick, is fixed down. Sir C. Stuart Menteith has known horses to draw three tons of iron up an ascent of one foot in fourteen for a short distance; and he is of opinion, that when the pulls or ascents upon all the roads in this island shall be laid with a railroad applicable to the wheels of common road carriages, a horse will be enabled to draw the same load up the ascents that he can draw or work with upon the level parts of a road in a twenty mile stage. In order to enable a horse to bring a load of three tons down any rate of descent, a friction-break has been employed, similar to the one in common use in Belgium, from which Sir C. Stuart Menteith derived this important application. The break is a strong plank, fixed to the back of a cart or waggon, which, by means of a screw, the carter presses against the two hind wheels of the machine, so as to give a sufficiency of friction to retard the too rapid descent of the carriage. This plan has been employed with great success by Mr Croal, coach-proprietor in Edinburgh, from the suggestion of Sir C. Stuart Menteith, who has now used it more than fourteen years upon his coal waggons. The mode adopted by Mr Croal is to fix a lying axle to the plank pressing upon the hind-wheels of a coach, and which is turned by an upright shaft, with a bevel wheel, connecting the two shafts, and turned by a winch by the hand of the coach guard, without moving from his seat. Were this break applied to every coach, the lives and limbs of thousands would be preserved, as the guard would be able to stop horses when running away with a carriage—as it is thought that treble, as it were, of the weight of a coach is to be drawn, if the two hind-wheels are prevented from revolving by the break. This kind of break enables a coachman to drive with perfect security down a descent of any length, and at any rate of speed.

If the employment of horse waggons, weighing from 12 cwt. to 13 cwt. were adopted in conveying coal through the streets of London, one horse would do the work of two; at present, four immense horses draw three chaldrons of coal, or four tons one hundredweight, in a waggon weighing two tons; so that the shaft-horse is obliged to draw a weight of six tons in turning out of one street into another, which is the greatest cruelty to which a poor animal can be subjected. At the same time, railroads of cast iron should be laid down, for the wheels of carts or waggons, upon the narrow steep streets from the river Thames to the Strand, which would enable one horse to draw two tons up those streets, instead of using six horses, the present practice.—*Scotsman, June 1839.*

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

[BY MRS HEMANS.]

Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer-birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling,
With sweet laughter in their sound.

Oh! thou hast wander'd long
From thy home, without a guide,
And thy native woodland song
In thine alter'd heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

O'er the image of the sky
Which the lake's clear bosom wore
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods—
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?
—Along thine own pure air
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee,
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn;
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

—*Works of Mrs Hemans.*

BARBAROUS PLEASURES.

There is often, in fact, no material difference between the enjoyments of the highest ranks and those of the rudest stages of society. If the life of many young English noblemen and an Iroquoise in the forest, or an Arab in the desert, are compared, it will be found that their real sources of happiness are nearly the same. The treasures of science, the refinements of taste, the luxuries of wealth, are in many cases disregarded or forgotten, and the real excitation of life depends upon the destruction of wild animals or the management of impetuous steeds. This is a fact which is matter of daily observation; and it furnishes a most instructive lesson as to the proportion established by nature between the active and the speculative part of mankind. The great majority in every class of society are incapable of receiving happiness from any other source but physical excitation; and every plan for human improvement which is founded on any other supposition, will necessarily fail. Nor is it without good reason that nature has established this disproportion between the studious and the active part of the species. The great mass of undertakings essential to the existence and the welfare of mankind, depend on physical exertion; and, unless the greater part of our fellow-creatures were disposed to that species of labour, and gratified with the enjoyments that attend it, the race would speedily perish, and the speculations of science disappear with the individuals who formed them.—*Alison's Principles of Population.* 1840.

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THE NEXT OF KIN.

IN a retired corner of Lancashire,* resided a poor widow of the name of Rokins, who had brought up a large family, and, previous to the death of her husband, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them all, except the youngest daughter, comfortably settled, according to their respective minds.

During the life of honest Jacob, the family had depended chiefly on his labour for support, which, besides being devoted to the earning of weekly wages from the neighbouring farmers, was also directed indefatigably to the culture of a small garden, of which the well-managed produce greatly increased their humble income, at the same time that it furnished a wholesome and certain provision for their table. At the period of his death, his widow, who was rather advanced in years, and had never boasted the robust health common to our northern peasantry, was become too weak even to assist the little Sophy in the care of the cottage; and, conscious of her own infirmity, and yielding to the pressure of present sorrow, notwithstanding the comparative comforts that surrounded her, and the little hoard amassed by frugal industry, she deemed the workhouse her inevitable destiny. The contemplation of such an evil, as she considered it, threatened to hasten the close of a life which had been passed in a hard and successful struggle for honest independence. It was too much; the thought preyed on her mind, and the poor woman became paralytic.

What was to be done? Sophy, though not brought up for regular service, was a strong, active, and, better still, a willing girl, and might have earned a tolerable maintenance for her mother and herself, by going out; but then her poor mother required constant attention, and the most affectionate care, and none of her married children could contrive either to take her under their roof, or contribute to her support at home. They contented themselves merely with observing, that "Soph might as well live with mother as a servant, as go out among strangers, and hire a stranger to bide wi' mother." How money was to be earned by this sagacious arrangement, they did not trouble themselves to inquire. They "spoke their minds on the matter," as they called it, and held that enough. Fortunately, their youngest sister thought there was also occasion to act.

Sophy had long been in the habit of assisting her father in the late and early labours of the garden; indeed, as her strength and stature increased, she had taken a considerable share therein, and latterly had always selected the supply for market, and arranged it in the panniers of their ancient donkey. "Why not," thought she, as she leant sorrowfully over her patient favourite, "try to make the produce of the garden still maintain my poor mother? Why not now carry these fine raspberries and scarlet beans to market, which our dear father took such pains to bring to perfection? Let us go, Neddy; for if we don't go now, father's customers will forget us, and we shall have to deal with strangers, who would take advantage of you and me."

The attempt was made; and from that moment Sophy cared nothing for hard-hearted overseers, or still more hard-hearted brothers and sisters. Night and morning she worked in her little garden, through all weathers, or travelled with her donkey to the market-town and gentlemen's houses round, with the most unflinching hardihood. But in spite of such laborious industry, in spite of her unwearied attention to a helpless invalid, there was not a neater cottage than Sophy's, or a prettier, tighter-looking lass than herself, in all the neighbourhood. Her frame was invigorated, not injured, by such toilsome exercise; her cheeks glowed with the brightest, though certainly not the fairest, hue of health; and her eyes beamed intelligently with gratitude to Heaven and modest self-approval. Her poor mother, though widowed and bed-ridden, was one of the happiest of old women; and although her helpless state required many comparatively expensive indulgencies, there was always something laid by, after the rent was paid, with a view of one day purchasing the cottage and its fertile bit of ground, and making it indeed their own.

Of course, a damsel who united such excellent qualifications to so much personal attraction, could not remain an indifferent object to the youth of her neighbourhood. Though Sophy never joined a village merrymaking, and scarcely ever rested from her toil, of a summer evening, to gossip with a neighbour, old or young, woman or man, she could not escape attentions and offers without end, from the disengaged of the village, many made by proxy, from thrifty fathers and mothers who wished to secure so eligible a helpmate to their children. Even the miller's son, it was whispered, though probably not by his wealthy parents' special desire, had paid his devoirs at the shrine of independence and filial affection, and received the unfailing answer, "No!"

Sophy Rokins was stanch to her principle. She lived for the mother whose life she felt she had saved, since the door of the workhouse would to her have been the door of the tomb, and nothing could induce her to leave her, or even to do any thing which might lessen her comfort and peace of mind.

However, scandal—for there is a species of that baneful weed flourishing even in the wilds of Lancashire—attributed these repeated refusals at least to more than one motive, if not entirely to another and very different one from filial piety. There was a hinted story of a travelling merchant or pedlar from "merry Carlisle," who had visited at the cottage in her father's lifetime, and even since his death, in the course of a yearly pilgrimage to the city of York—of a scene in an arbour—a ring and a lock of hair—even of a moonlight walk, and interchange of vows. And it was even so—at least as far as the basis of the rumour was concerned; for scandal, though never stopping at the truth, generally starts with it. The intelligent and sober Cumbrian *had* made the only tender impression on Sophy's magnanimous heart it ever had received; but, scandal—thou unfair historian!—he, too, had shared the firm refusal, and even, in addition, a cruel mandate, visited on no other applicant, never again to afflict her with his presence. She saw, with northern quickness, that her poor mother's half-extinguished spark of life might yet burn out the brightest part of her own and Graham's, and determined, with northern simplicity of attachment, that the man she loved should not be bound to waste that life for her. She had decided, in her humble mind, on a sacrifice of herself, and was content to abide by it, but incapable of wishing another to share it with her. Graham, however, wanted neither her acute penetration nor her strength of attachment; and her motives were not lost on him, though her injunction was religiously obeyed.

Time crept on. Sophy ceased to be courted or talked of; and as the story of the pedlar, for want of being truly developed, had always borne a semblance of self-denouncing inconsistency, it no longer formed a matter of speculation, even among ultra-scandal-dealers; the more so, as it was observed that the lady's charms were really on the wane, and that Graham annually visited the village, but not the cottage, as punctually as ever. Newer wonders supplied their taste for theory, and Sophy was left to Heaven and her own discretion.

Still the industrious and dutiful daughter rose daily with the morn, and, while daylight lasted, toiled in her well-ordered garden through wet and dry, heat and cold, or trotted with her donkey to the market-town. For upwards of eighteen years she pursued unwearied the same quiet simple course; at last the final stroke came on, and her mother died—closing her life in peace and satisfaction, and with her last breath blessing the daughter who had so dutifully and affectionately prolonged it.

The grief of the unsophisticated Sophy was sincere and poignant, at losing the parent to whom all her assiduity and energy had been so long devoted, and great, indeed, was her astonishment at the occurrence by which it was interrupted.

Scarcely were the remains of the aged invalid committed to the earth, when every one of her married sons and daughters—some of them now old men and women themselves, with grandchildren at their heels—came one after the other, upon the bewildered mourner, demanding to have the property of the deceased fairly divided between them, according to the law; which thus provides for the worldly wealth of those who are so unworldly wise as to die intestate. The sight of the expected plunder so sharpened their avidity, that some of them would actually have proceeded to turn poor Sophy out by force, had not their attention been suddenly arrested by the clamour of contention arising amongst themselves respecting the different portions of property which each wished to appropriate. The struggle appeared interminable; and even to the most excited, it was evident that many of the disputed objects stood a chance of being destroyed in the heat of argument. Seeing this, they at length became unanimous on one point, and that was, the expediency of submitting the affair to arbitration. With this enlightened view of the subject, they left the sorrow-stricken and astounded Sophy once more to peaceful possession of the cottage; but their rancour and cupidity were greatly increased, as they retreated, by observing the Cumbrian pedlar leaning thoughtfully on the garden paling, and evidently meditating on the scene of violence they had just so shamelessly exhibited.

It was the time of his annual visit, and he had passed through the churchyard that morning while service was being read over the widow's grave. Not wishing that the taunts he could easily predict awaited him, should reach the ears of the doubly-afflicted and friendless Sophy, he turned quickly on an angle of the road leading to the town, and avoided the hostile party. The latter, who had but a moment before been so thoroughly divided on the question of *meum* and *tuum*, now united in the most social manner in common cause against him whom they knew to have once been a devoted, and whom they suspected to be still a favoured, suitor of their unfortunate relation. It was unanimously decided that no time was to be lost—that the law must be had recourse to; but that, of two lawyers in the town (who lived chiefly on the work each cut out for the other), it was necessary to take counsel before they made an election. Happily, they were again unanimous as to the propriety of consulting Mr Gordon of the mill on this important subject.

* This tale, and that entitled "The Flitting," in No. 453, were written some years ago by an individual since dead. In the manuscript, as laid before us by his widow, the name of the county has only the initial L——; but disliking blank names, we venture to fill it up as above, believing from other circumstances that Lancashire must have been meant by the author.

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Gordon was a man who prospered himself, and whose advice, *when taken*, always prospered too. Among the merely cunning, he held the reputation of being "a sharp man;" the wiser part of his admirers knew that he was a just one—that his sense of equity equalled, indeed assisted, his penetration and discernment. Nature had endowed him, amongst many other valuable qualifications, with such a portion of good sense as taught him to turn all the rest to the utmost advantage; his was, in fact, a self-cultivated understanding, which extorted involuntary respect alike from those whose worldly condition made them *fancy* themselves his superiors, and those whose unenlightened minds could show them no reason why they *were* his inferiors. None, however, held him in more just estimation than Graham Wilson. Theirs were kindred minds, similarly favoured by nature, and expanded by circumstances. Graham had not turned the angle of the road, before it occurred to him also that Mr Gordon was the proper person to settle the matter of Widow Rokins's property. He quickly reached the mill, and in ten minutes' time, these two clear-headed and well-intentioned men had determined on the course to be pursued with the senseless and unnatural claimants of the widow's little property. Sophy, as before hinted, had, some sixteen years back, been more than a mere favourite with him who was now master of the mill; but that was long gone by, and a steady comely dame had as long borne the name of Mrs Gordon, and presided over its domestic comforts, and was now called mother by more than half a dozen rosy urchins. Nothing but a generous instinct to succour the friendless, and assist injured worth to repel its enemies, actuated him now in his readiness to second the pedlar's anxious interference.

Setting out instantly to seek some of the unjust oppressors, he met the whole party about to invade his premises. The moment they perceived him, each being eager to speak first, they all burst forth at once, proclaiming every one their business after his or her peculiar fashion; and all with so much vehemence, and in such a grating dialect, that Mr Gordon would have been but little enlightened on the motive of their visit, had he not heard it nearly all before in his interview with the pedlar.

At the first break in their eloquence, he assured them that he had always felt the strongest interest in the family of Jacob Rokins, and would therefore willingly undertake to arbitrate the affair, as he was convinced, and could easily convince them, that either of the legal gentlemen of the village would not leave a stick for the just heirs of the property, if once suffered to lay hands on it; and he therefore requested the party to meet him that day week at Sophy's cottage, then and there to make distinctly, and after more mature consideration, their respective claims, when, if not satisfied with his decision, they could but resort to the lawyers afterwards. This proposal was received with thanks, and the host of claimants withdrew.

Meanwhile, Sophy resumed her usual career of toilsome industry, but with a deep-rooted hopelessness and dejection which she had never felt before. Little had she ever anticipated that, in losing the parent whom she had laboured so meritoriously to support, she should lose, too, the means of supporting herself. She found herself all at once, as it were, thrown upon the world, and instructed practically in the mystery of what that world was. It was no longer now, as when her father died; she was not now a girl, fit to be moulded to anything. "Unless I could hire myself as a gardener," thought she, "service is quite out of the question." And, for the first time in her life, she felt inclined to ask herself whether she had done well in rejecting so many opportunities of settling herself by marriage. She felt, perhaps, for one desponding moment, that her life was no longer of any value to any one, and, after her unkind relations should have turned her from her garden, of no use even to herself; but the recollection of having fulfilled one duty firmly and consistently—of having rescued her dying mother from the dread of a workhouse, and lengthened out her declining days in ease and happiness—quickly returned, and as quickly the thought of Graham banished the beginning of regret for any of the comfortable village homes she might, like her sisters, have now been mistress of. Even in the midst of the self-denying mandate which she laid on Graham Wilson, even while observing the exactness with which it was obeyed, there had still existed a secret hope, unacknowledged even to her own heart, that he would be content to cherish her memory faithfully as she did his. She had always heard of his annual appearance in the village, and by some means ascertained that he continued single. Some tender speculations on the self-forbidden subject were unconsciously supporting her under the weight of her new affliction, when the object of them suddenly stood before her, altered indeed, but not to be a moment doubted by affection that had never harboured any other image. "Sophy!" "Graham!—*my* Graham!" And the poor woman, though not given to expressions of feminine emotion, threw herself into his opened arms, and wept and laughed alternately. She felt like a deserted child that had found a parent. But this is merely a rough narrative of an "ower true tale," not a record of sentiment, and least of all a love-story; so we cannot undertake to dwell on this scene farther than to say, that Graham explained, in the clearest and shortest terms possible, as soon as she was capable of listening, how the case stood with regard to the claims of her relations—the step he and they had, with such different motives, simultaneously taken in consulting miller Gordon, and that worthy man's determination to settle the cause himself there, in the very scene of their contention. He also stated that, though more than ever anxious to make her his, he had not then sufficient funds in hand to secure the humblest dwelling to them, even in his own mountain village, where money went so far, having lost the fruits of twelve years' toil and self-denial by the breaking of the bank in which he had deposited his slowly accumulating gains, since the death of his parents, whom he formerly used to support. But to Sophy—a second time in her life all difficulties and distress seemed to vanish before her. In a moment she had found herself possessed of two friends, one powerful to protect her, and one, better still, kind and faithful, to value and require her services, and thereby to render life valuable to her.

The visit of the pedlar to his old sweetheart was very soon reported and speculated on throughout the neighbourhood; and as soon as it was known to have taken place, the jealous relatives watched the widow's cottage, as though they thought Graham peradventure might stow the whole in his pack; but before they could muster force to arrest his progress, he evaded their pursuit as effectually as he had done the morning after the funeral.

At last the day of expectation came; and Mr Gordon, after quietly hearing all Sophy's simple story, without making any comment to her on it, awaited the arrival of the rapacious multitude, seated with much composure and dignity in the old high-backed leather chair, in the chimney corner.

But who shall describe the scene of that arrival!—who depict the varied, eager, or malignant expressions of the family countenance!—or who single out the various assertions of right with which each preferred his or her own claim, and disputed that of the others to this or that different portion of the property! Lost alike in a Babel of Lancashire dialect, and the hoarse tones of rage and arrogance, there was no longer any unity among them, except in all agreeing to endeavour to annihilate Sophy's right even to an equal share. The grating and nasal sounds of the fore-mentioned dialect orthography would but faintly represent. Let rather such readers as have ever had the felicity of hearing it in its purity, imagine its peculiar harmony on the present occasion. "Mr Gordon, sir! I'm sure poor mother meant my goodman to have all the garden tools and things, for I know his father always said he should, and who'd a thought o' *she* taking to that kind of employ like?" "*Who indeed?*" remarked the arbitrator.

"I only claims the bed and bedding things, and poor dear mother's clothes, and all the small linen, and that," cried the eldest daughter, "beside our share on it all when it comes to be sold." "No, Betsey Dymoak, you can never want thay things; it's I as"—— "Hold your peace, Mrs Rokins; you and your husband wants just every thing for yourselves; let Mr Gordon decide," shouted the second son. "Please, Mr Gordon—Mr Gordon—I *only* claims that looking-glass and the clock, and that there bright-rubb'd table and the big meal-chest," screamed Sally Turner, the third daughter. "I don't wish for *nothing else* but the family Bible and the silver cup grandfather won at the archery, and the six christening spoons, just for the credit of the family, as they're mine by right," said the eldest son. "And I wants the old clock there and the looking-glass, and father's gardening books, and just a few trifling things, pure out of respect for mother's memory," yelled the youngest. "No, Tom! you haves no right wi' any o' them, and the looking-glass I *will have*, for I was always the best." "Deil take you for a greedy old gossip, Sally Turner," retorted her sister's husband, Jock Brummett; "and hold your clapper, Hannah Dowkins—it's no use talking what you'll have, and what you'll have, till we show'd Mr Gordon the appraisement, and see'd how much the sale of the estate will fetch a-piece for us in hard money." This long and learned speech, uttered with more than stentorian power, interrupted the uproar so successfully, that Gordon seized the opportunity to open the proceedings, first of all requesting implicit attention to what he was about to say, and candid answers to all the questions he should see fit to ask. He looked at the appraiser's estimate of the "estate," and at one glance was able to inform the thirteen disputants NEXT OF KIN, that by the time that Sophy's share and the expenses of the sale, &c., were paid, three pounds a-piece would be the utmost that remained for them. "But now," he said, "let me ask how it is, that this land, having been purchased almost entirely by your sister Sophy's earnings, the property is not hers?" "She only worked for mother as a servant, Mr Gordon. She never had no property of her own whatever. The property were always mother's, and were bought afore ever she com'd o' age, Mr Gordon."

"Then, indeed, as *next of kin*, it ought in law to be *fairly* divided among you." Great exultation was shown by the litigants, who thought in their hearts a second Daniel had "come to judgment," while poor Sophy hung her head, and began to feel hope again forsaking her. "But, still, my good friends," resumed Mr Gordon, "as a friend, I ask you, is it not cruel and unreasonable for you, who have been so long independent of your mother, and for whom your father and she did all they could at your respective marriages, to seek to deprive your sister Sophy, who has always lived with her, and supplied her with the means of support she has so long depended on, to turn her adrift, in a manner now, too, that she is unfit for any other work?"

"Please, sir, I was going to observe"—said the fourth daughter. "If you please, Mr Gordon, sir," cried the eldest, "I was always mother's favourite, and that vile"—— "And that vile Sophy," interrupted the second son, "is a-going to disgrace us all, Mr Gordon, and throw away the property on a low-lived, drunken, sneaking Scotch pedlar, Mr Gordon, sir, and that's why we're so anxious like to"—— "A nasty, vulgar, drunken, sneaking fellow," shrieked all her sisters. "We knows her well," screamed a brother's wife; "she kept company wi' un years ago, Mr Gordon, till no decent young woman would keep company with her." "And she's a most undootiful daughter," said Mrs Turner; "for she was always away from *poor dear* mother, gossiping in the town, or musing herself in her garden, Mr Gordon." "Any how, I undertakes to see to the credit of the family, Mr Gordon," said the eldest son; "and it *must* and *shall* be provided for! A nasty drunken lout!"

"Well, you understand the 'credit of the family' best, no doubt [fresh triumph]; but, after all, this will be but a useless trifle, split amongst so many, for you must know there are many other relatives who also have a claim, if you succeed in proving yours; while, undivided, it is to her a comfortable livelihood."

"But out of respect to mother's memory, Mr Gordon, we all wants to have some of her bits of sticks, and you sees yourself it is ourn in law."

"Well, well! But how comes it, my good friends, with all this respect for poor mother's memory, none of you opened your doors to her when your father died, or even assisted your sister, who was then very young, to support her?"

"La, sir, we all has large families of our own, and"—— "But have you *ever* done *any thing for your* mother?" "La, Mr Gordon, sir, *to be sure* we has. I knows I gi'd her a handkercher one day, and that's why I wants"—— "And I sent her a basket of apples, when she grew bad last autumn"—— "And I most always came in and wound up the old clock for her, for I was afeer'd Sophy, with her rough hand, might ruin it like." "And, I'm sure, my little Jim often took her water-cresses and the like." "And I sent her a pound of honey, only just afore she died." "And I—And I—And I"—— "Were equally munificent and attentive no doubt," interrupted Mr Gordon, now turning to the two last speakers, Mrs Brummett and Mrs Dymock, both women of nearly sixty, whom he reproached with so much severity, for their want of filial tenderness and sisterly affection, that one matron burst into an hysteric fit of crying on the spot, and the other withdrew to her own dwelling, to invigorate her spirits with the contents of a certain charmed bottle, potent on such occasions.

"And now, then," said the miller, addressing himself chiefly to the eldest son, "you say your sister has worked (like man, or a horse rather, *I* say she has worked) merely as a servant to your mother, all this time?"

"Mother and we always considered so, Mr Gordon; —and *all* the neighbours, Mr Gordon."

"Very well! Sophy, how old are you? Rather above one-and-twenty, I suppose?"

"Four-and-thirty, sir! I beant asham'd o' my age!" cried the poor creature, in a kind of half shriek, half laugh.

"Indeed, *you* need not be, Sophy," cried Mr Gordon, considerably affected. "Now, what is the lowest possible hire a girl or woman ever receives for service in these parts?"

"Sixpence a-week and a shilling a-week, sir."

"Well, rating your sister's wages only at a shilling a-week (which she has never been paid), the estate would be now indebted to her for wages, far more than it is ever likely to clear by sale! Now, what say you? This is perfectly good in law, on your own admission. Shall we refer it to the lawyers, and let them bring it into court?—or shall we entreat your excellent sister to let us settle matters on the spot, and to content herself, which I know she will do, with being left in undisputed possession of her twice-purchased property?"

It is needless to dwell on the chop-fallen looks of the claimants to Widow Rokins's estate, nor the sullen acquiescence which interest instantly induced them to make with the latter proposition of Mr Gordon. One after another, they all resigned their claims, as hastily and eagerly as they had before preferred them. Neither need we expatiate much on the restored tranquillity of poor Sophy's countenance, the benevolent intelligence of Mr Gordon's, nor the delighted and uncontrollable exultation of the constant pedlar, who, by previous agreement with the arbitrator, entered just at that moment. Suffice it to record that Sophy, after shaking hands with all her rival kindred, and insisting on their receiving Graham as a brother, generously and kindly presented each with some article of furniture or apparel, according to the wishes she had heard expressed; as for her gratitude to Mr Gordon, that is impossible to describe; it could only be equalled by her admiration of his judgment and wisdom.

As soon after this memorable arbitration as regard for her mother's memory permitted, she bestowed her toil-worn hand on her faithful and long-loved Graham. Mr and Mrs Gordon acted as bridesman and brideswoman at the ceremony; and though "four-and-thirty," never was bride more blessed in the reciprocity of esteem and confidence, and the possession of perfect sympathy; nor ever did bridegroom more exultingly lead from the altar all the wealth and accomplishments of nobility, united to all the graces of eighteen.

From that day Graham Wilson renounced his travelling, but he has added a small side-room to the cottage, as a kind of private shop, where he accommodates his old customers of the village with the usual wares, though his time is principally devoted to assisting Mrs Wilson in the care of the pig and poultry, and the culture of her

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garden, to which his general knowledge has added considerable improvement. The market is supplied more admirably and punctually than ever; but whatever is sweetest of the flowers, most perfect of the vegetables, and fairest of the fruits, is constantly offered up at the shrine of gratitude, to Mr and Mrs Gordon of the mill. However, there is still enough, not only for themselves and the casual wanderer, but to regale occasionally their village neighbours, and even their NEXT OF KIN.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

At the sittings of the Statistical Section, during the week of the association, several papers were read in illustration of the condition of the poorer classes in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland. These papers had a high and distinct interest of their own; and we propose here giving, without interruption, a view of the leading facts brought out in them.

At the first meeting of the section, Thursday, September 17, Mr Miller, superintendant of the police of Glasgow, read a paper on the crime and criminal classes of the city. We may mention that Mr Miller is a man of somewhat remarkable history, having been induced, by a natural bent of mind, to desert a profession in which he was prospering, in order to devote himself, for a smaller income, to the office he now holds. Having thus the advantage of a talent suitable for his peculiar duties, he has put the police on an excellent footing, and manages all its affairs with a thoughtful energy and accuracy, which his fellow-citizens speak of in the highest terms. The paper read by Mr Miller proved him to possess an enlightened and philanthropic mind. He stated the population within the police district to be about 175,000, and the number of criminal cases in the year 1839, to be 7687, the male offenders being three to one of the females. The crimes are chiefly petty thefts; the value of the property stolen in 1839 was about L.7663, of which a portion, to the amount of L.1260, was recovered. "Many of the persons convicted of theft are not habitual thieves; some are wives deserted by their husbands; some are children deserted by their parents; and many are led to the commission of offences by intemperance." Of women given up altogether to an infamous course of life, the number is 1400, of whose career the average duration is estimated at about five years. "For the most part, they live in great wretchedness—their personal habits are filthy—they have miserable homes—they are seldom in bed till far in the morning—they are without wholesome diet—they are constantly drinking the worst description of spirituous liquors—and they are exposed to disease in its worst forms." The picture which Mr Miller statistically drew of a portion of the town where these and the other depraved classes chiefly dwell, was astounding—a close cluster of narrow filthy lanes, honeycombed with mean unfurnished apartments, in which a dozen persons will live in a space measuring perhaps twelve by eight feet, without so much as a window, and often with no bedding superior to a bundle of shavings. Three-fourths of the crime in the city, in Mr Miller's opinion, arises from habits of drunkenness, for the indulgence of which there are in the city 2300 licensed public-houses, mostly of a very mean description, being about 1 for every 117 of the population. There are 33 licensed pawnbrokers, and about 400 of an inferior description, usually distinguished as brokers, who make a practice of giving money for articles by way of purchase, on an understanding that, if not previously sold to other persons, they may be retrieved by paying an advanced price. We shall afterwards see, from another paper, to what an extent the poor are robbed by this class of low tradespeople. Mr Miller showed how much criminals are favoured in eluding justice, by the five several jurisdictions into which the cluster of population called Glasgow is divided, and urged strongly the propriety of having one jurisdiction only. He concluded his series of details by remarking on the inefficacy of punishment to check criminals. "When crime," he says, "has been committed, and especially after conviction and punishment, the character of the delinquent is almost always irretrievably lost. Though he were so disposed, he has no way of obtaining honest employment, for no one will take him without a character, and he is shunned by all. Necessity, therefore, compels him, though it may be against his own inclination, to continue the guilty career he has commenced. He proceeds from bad to worse, until finally arrested by the hand of justice, and made to expiate his crimes in exile, or on the scaffold. Thousands of unhappy individuals, who have once swerved from the path of rectitude, would gladly return to a virtuous course of life, if they had the power; and it is certainly deeply to be deplored that no adequate means have hitherto been provided for remedying so great an evil. The most effectual mode appears to be—the formation of a workhouse, or a house of industry set apart for the accommodation of the criminal part of the population of the city, where, by a confinement of some duration, and by regular tuition and industrial occupation, habits of industry and morality may be formed, and the inmates fitted for again mingling with the respectable portion of the community; and it should be a part of the plan of such an establishment, that after an inmate has approved himself satisfactorily to the directors, means should be taken of finding him honest employment on again entering the world. The present mode of punishment for crime is not merely *useless*—it is absolutely *prejudicial* to a very great extent, and tends materially to increase the evil it is intended to alleviate. The great mass of offenders, when convicted, are sent to jail, or to Bridewell, for periods varying from five to sixty days, and hence, from the shortness of the period, they are no sooner placed within the walls than their minds are occupied with the prospect of a speedy deliverance. Attempts are, no doubt, made to instruct them, and they are put to some description of work; but, for the most part, such endeavours are completely in vain, as virtuous principles and industrious habits cannot be formed in a day. They come out of prison really in a more hardened state than before, and with a deeper sense of their destitute condition; and, at all events, if any good impressions have been made, they are soon obliterated; for, at the very threshold of the prison, they are met by bands of their old associates ready to welcome them, and as they have no calling to which to turn, nor any honest mode of obtaining shelter and subsistence, they are forced once more to mingle with the guilty crowd, and do as they do."

Dr Cowan, a medical practitioner in Glasgow, read* an elaborate and most instructive paper on the disease and mortality of the city during the few past years. From this it appears, in the first place, that Glasgow, in its widest sense, is now estimated to contain a population of 272,006, which of course makes it the second city of the empire in this particular respect. It has risen to this amount from 151,540 in the year 1822. Indeed, no city, even in America, that we are acquainted with, has increased so rapidly in population, during the last thirty years, as Glasgow. In 1822, the mortality was 3408, or one in about 44¼ of the population; in 1825, it was 4571, or as one in about 36¼. In 1828, the mortality increased to 5534, which, at the then amount of the population, was one in 33—a proportion alarmingly high. Since then, however, the inhabitants of this great city have suffered still more severely. In the year of the Asiatic cholera, 1832, when the population was 209,230, the mortality reached the enormous amount of 9654, or one in about 21¼; and again in a year of severe fever, 1837, when the population was estimated at 253,006, it reached 10,270, or one in about 24¼. It would appear as if, after such disastrous periods, the mortality becomes for some time lessened. After 1832, it rebounded to one in 36, and after 1837 to one in 37, or thereabouts. Probably this is in some measure owing to the effect of severe epidemics in carrying off so many of the least healthy of the people. It is to be remarked, that in these results no account is taken of still-born children, who in the eighteen years before 1840, amounted to 8763. The proportion of the still-born is startlingly high, being, in 1830, 471 out of 6868, or about a fourteenth. In this fact alone, we cannot help thinking we behold a strong proof of the amount of misery and error prevailing in Glasgow.

The average annual mortality in Glasgow was, for the period between 1822 and 1830, both inclusive, 1 in 38¼; for the period between 1831 and 1839, also both inclusive, 1 in nearly 32. At the latter date, if it were habitual, Glasgow would stand forth as one of the cities most fatal to human life in Europe. Another fact is most remarkable, that, of the deaths during these eighteen years, 43 per cent., *or not much short of the one-half, are of children under five years of age, and 18 per cent. under one year of age.* It further appears, from minute evidence, that in the years of unusually great mortality, there is a larger proportion of deaths amongst the adult population, *showing how fatal the epidemics are to heads of families.* From one-fourth to one-fifth of the funerals in Glasgow are at the public expense—an impressive fact, as Dr Cowan well calls it, seeing how it *connects poverty with mortality.*

To account for the great mortality of the last nine years in Glasgow, Dr Cowan speaks of—"the rapid increase in the amount of the labouring population, without any corresponding amount of accommodation being provided for them—the density, and still increasing density, of that population—the state of the districts which it inhabits—the fluctuations of trade, and in the prices of provisions—the lamentable 'strikes' in consequence of combination among the workmen, by which the means of subsistence have been suddenly withdrawn from large masses—the recklessness and addiction to the use of ardent spirits, at once the cause and the effect of destitution—and the prevalence of epidemic diseases both among the adult and infantile portion of the community."

Some notice of the huddled state of the *miserable classes* in Glasgow, has been presented in our notice of Mr Miller's paper. It remains to be mentioned that a great part of the *labouring population* live in the central parts of the town, not so much huddled up, certainly, into small apartments as the miserable classes, but yet very densely packed together, their houses being in narrow lanes, which the sun rarely penetrates, and which, for want of sewerage, are constantly exhaling the effluvium of filth and decaying organic matter. This closeness and the results of defective sewerage, no doubt operate greatly in reducing the health of the people. The effect of reduced means, whether from the fluctuations of trade, or "strikes," can be only too easily traced in the mortality bills. Fever, it must be understood, is an epidemic rarely, if ever, absent from Glasgow; and it is the cause of a large proportion of the deaths. It existed throughout 1836, but to what for Glasgow may be called no alarming extent, until the month of November, when a commercial embarrassment took place, and many persons were consequently thrown out of employment. The season, moreover, was winter, and provisions were high in price. The consequence was, that in the four months ensuing upon the 1st of December, the fatal cases of fever were 696, the number during the previous four months having been only 315. In April 1837, eight thousand individuals were thrown out of employment by a strike of the cotton-spinners; and the mortality from the fever *reached its maximum in the ensuing month.* The attention of the wealthier classes was then drawn to the state of the poor, for it was seen that their own lives were now in considerable danger. Accordingly, a Relief Committee was established, and large funds collected. A soup kitchen was set on foot, from which 18,500 individuals were daily supplied. Employment was procured for 3072 males. Clothes and blankets were distributed. In short, such measures were taken to alleviate the destitution of the unemployed poor, that the severity of the fever was mitigated, and it began gradually to decline. On several other occasions, the same results have followed from the same causes. "In 1817, 1818, and 1819, when fever first prevailed in Glasgow to an alarming extent, its ravages were preceded by two bad harvests, and want of employment for the labouring poor; and to prove the extent of the distress, not among the pauper class, but among the industrious poor, it appeared in 1820 that 2043 heads of families pawned 7380 articles, on which they raised L.740. Of these heads of families, 1946 were Scotch, and 97 English or Irish; but the fact most deserving of attention is, that 1375 had never applied for, nor received, charity of any description, though they knew that funds had been voluntarily raised to a large amount. * * And what were the articles pawned?—blankets, sheets, clothing of every description; all the little articles of household furniture having been previously sold, without the hope of ever redeeming them."

It is now proper to advert to the *amount* of fever which has of late years existed in Glasgow; and here we are presented with a view of misery such as no other city in the empire could exhibit, and more resembling, perhaps, the sweeping calamities of eastern climes, than any thing usually seen in our generally more favoured country. In Glasgow, there is a large infirmary, with a fever hospital attached; the poor are also attended at their own houses by certain physicians appointed for the purpose. It is only the cases in the hospital and those privately attended in the above way, that come within the range of Dr Cowan's observations: there must, of course, have been many other cases, attended as usual at the expense of the parties, and we also learn that there were many cases calling for, but not obtaining public aid, in consequence of the want of hospital accommodation. Even, however, when we limit our view to the cases gratuitously treated, the results are appalling. It appears that the fever patients treated in the hospital, were, from 1795 till 1809, inclusive (a period during which the population of the city was comparatively moderate), 1072, or about 11 per cent. of the whole cases of disease treated in the infirmary. From 1810 till 1824, inclusive (a similar space of 15 years, but during which the population was becoming dense), the cases were 7085, or about 32 per cent. of the whole cases. But during the last fifteen years, they have been 27,141, or 52 per cent. of the whole cases. From 1827 till 1839, inclusive, 9665 additional cases were treated privately and gratuitously by the city surgeons. During the five years from 1835 till 1839, inclusive, the deaths from fever in Glasgow were 4788, and the cases in that period are calculated to have been 55,949, of which no less than 21,800 are supposed to have occurred in 1837, being one for about every nine persons in the city! "The mind," says Dr Cowan, "cannot contemplate without horror the amount of human misery which the above statement so forcibly expresses."

Scarlet fever is also a very fatal epidemic in Glasgow, having in the last five years carried off 1056 persons, while the cases are calculated to have been 12,672. Small-pox, in the same period, has swept away 2044, and measles 2448. In these diseases, the victims are, all except a small portion, under ten years of age—the reverse of what is observed in the contagious fever, where fully five-sixths are above the age of ten.

What is most striking about these statistics is, that in London and other large cities in England, fever is not nearly so fatal a disease, and prevails comparatively to a small extent. In those cities, there is as much noxious exhalation, and as great density of population, as in Glasgow; to what, then, can the difference be attributed? Dr Cowan, Dr Alison, and a few other philanthropic inquirers, can discover no answer to this question, but in the destitution which is allowed to exist in Scotland amongst the poorer classes, while in England (among the native population) such a thing can never prevail to any extent, the poor-law there making sure that no one need to remain in a starving condition if he chooses to apply for relief. In the instance of the commercial embarrassment of 1836, had it taken place anywhere in England, the unemployed would have been

* At the meeting of Monday, September 21.

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maintained by the public, and one great cause of fever would not have existed. The same would have been the case with the numerous second-class working-people whom the strike of the spinners in April 1837 threw upon the world. These would have been sustained till it pleased the spinners to resume their work. In Scotland, however, where none but the old and infirm get any public relief, and even they very little, a horde of unemployed people massed up in a dense city immediately becomes a focus of pestilential disease, spreading outwards to the wealthier classes, who then pay with their lives for the erroneous theory on which their institutions are founded, and only become convinced of the necessity of doing something for the poor when they see the mischief take place on a sufficiently large scale, unfortunately taking no warning from the past for the future, but allowing every thing to go on as before, as soon as the danger has been temporarily reduced.

A paper not much less elaborate than that of Dr Cowan, was read* by Dr Alison "on the Practical Operation of the Scottish System of Management of the Poor," from which, however, we have only room to glean a few facts. The number of vagrant beggars in Scotland was shown to be great: at an average, 845 enter the town of Peterhead every year. They take refuge in large towns in winter, and in summer wander through the country, begging by day, and sleeping in out-houses at night. In a parish in the Old Town of Edinburgh, containing 2500 persons, 103 families, or nearly a fifth of the whole people, were lately found by a church missionary in a destitute state. Of 120 such families reported on by two of the city missionaries, only 30 had any parish relief. Again, of 57 very destitute families, only 10 had such assistance. Twenty-six persons accustomed to visit the poor in the Old Town, gave their testimony to the extent of the destitution, its effect in sending all kinds of furniture and clothing to the pawnbroker, and its being, in a large proportion of instances, quite independent of intemperance, the frequently-recurring want of work (that is, the redundancy of the population) being apparently the leading cause of the evil. Dr Alison adduced grounds for his opinion that the fever which ravages Edinburgh as well as Glasgow, is more the result of, or favoured by, destitution, than the result of noxious effluvia or density of population.†

In a long paper read afterwards,‡ Dr Chalmers took the same view of the actual condition of the poor in Scotland, but endeavoured to show that a compulsory provision is not necessary. He described a course of procedure which he followed some years ago in the parish of St John's, which is one of the poorest in Glasgow, he being then its pastor. Dismissing all legal provision, he looked for pecuniary means only to the collections at his church door, which, if we recollect rightly, he stated to amount to L.400 per annum. The population of the parish was about 10,000. He depended chiefly on the sympathy which the poor feel for the poor, the affection which individuals feel for their relations, and the principle in all men that they will rather work than starve. His agency for working out his system consisted of a number of officers whom he called deacons, members of his congregation and generally persons in respectable circumstances, residing, some within the parish, and some throughout the city. Each deacon had a particular small district under his charge. To him any destitute person in the district applied for relief. The first step taken by a deacon, on an application for relief being made, was to inquire if the applicant could not get work. If he could not, work was, if possible, obtained for him, the deacons having, from their place in society, considerable facilities in procuring employment. Should this expedient fail, the next was to see if the applicant had any friends who would contribute to his support till he was again able to maintain himself. This part of the plan met generally with such success as to convey a favourable impression of the kindness subsisting amongst relatives in the district. It was also found that neighbours, unrelated to the parties, would do much to alleviate the condition of the destitute. Dr Chalmers described the plan as altogether so successful, that there was a constant flowing in of poor into his parish, in order to enjoy its benefits. Yet, during the four years in which he superintended its operation, there were only as many additional poor upon the roll as called for an expenditure in all of L.32, or L.8 a-year at an average. The general result he indeed described to be, that, by merely a minute system of inspection, and a little management in obtaining work and throwing as many as possible upon their own resources, or upon relatives and neighbours, the poor were supported with comparatively a very small expenditure of money.

A good deal of discussion followed the reading of this paper, but to little purpose. The only strong objection presented was one by Dr Alison, that nothing had been done to prove to the section that the destitute of the parish were really and adequately supplied, or that, during the late disastrous years, the condition of this parish was better than that of others. Some others might have been pressed. For example, there is no assurance that in each parish the church collections would be sufficient: in St John's, the sum collected was unusually large, in consequence of a popular preacher attracting a congregation of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of a large city. Also, while the utility of such an agency may be admitted, the country cannot be satisfied that such an agency is every where, and within every parish, to be had, or that each particular clergyman in the land is able or willing to frame and keep it in action. Again, there is no certain dependence to be placed on relatives and neighbours. These may do much for an unfortunate person; but they will scarcely do all that is necessary, as is in fact shown by the present system, which mainly consists in leaving the poor to be supported by the next class above them, the result of which is that they are, in general, barely kept in life, while the object desired by the advocates of the compulsory system is, that all shall be fed up to the point of health, though not with the comforts or enjoyments of the independent labourer, and that this should be done, not at the expense of the benevolent alone, or of any class in particular, but by an assessment laid equitably upon all. It was strongly urged against Dr Chalmers, at the close of the meetings, that among the most destitute of the people in Scotland, who are continually migrating in search of employment, the care for relations is practically found to be much *less* than in any of the superior ranks of society; that many such destitute families receive little or no religious instruction, simply on account of want of decent clothing; and that many such families have been reduced to this condition by causes over which they have had as little control as over the visitations of disease, for which he avowed that he thought provision ought to be made by assessment; and also (what he himself admitted), that in this lowest class, habituated to one form or another of beggary, population advances with the most rapid strides.

On the whole, it appeared but too plainly, from the statements made on this occasion, that the condition of the poorest class of our countrymen is neither satisfactory, nor, as compared with other nations (particularly England, Holland, or Germany), creditable to our national character; and that a searching inquiry into the facts, and an impartial consideration of remedial measures, has become a national duty.

* Friday, September 18.

† All those evils in the great towns were shown to be very much dependent on a continued influx of poor families from other parts of the country, and on the law of three years' settlement, and the miserably scanty provision for the poor in many parts of the country precluding the possibility of a mere equal diffusion of the burden of pauperism over Scotland.

‡ Tuesday, September 22.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

In advertisements for teachers, the ludicrous contrast of almost universal accomplishment against diminutive salary continues to be frequently exhibited. In one newspaper, we lately found an advertisement for a parish-schoolmaster, who is required to be able "to instruct in Latin, grammar, writing, arithmetic, and geography;" and it is added, that "a knowledge of the French language will be a recommendation. The salary to be about L.26 per annum, besides the fees for scholars (perhaps 80 at 2s. a-quarter each), and there is a free house and garden." Something like L.58 a-year (or 22s. 6d. a-week), besides a shabby cottage for a residence, along with a cabbage garden, are here offered for the services of a highly educated man of first-rate character; the said highly favoured individual being of course required to settle down for life in an out-of-the-way part of the world, where there is no prospect of promotion. Another advertisement in the same paper is for a master "to teach the usual branches of elementary education in a village school," for which he is to have the extraordinarily large sum of L.50 per annum (or 19s. a-week). In the same paper there are several other advertisements for teachers, but, with commendable modesty, they do not mention the amount of salary. In one, in which the teacher is to instruct in all the usual branches, and besides, "conduct a Sabbath evening school"—in other words, to work seven days a-week—he is "to have a small salary;" very *small*, we have no doubt; perhaps, at a guess, 8s. a-week, besides an empty lodging.

To make all this the more ridiculous, there are advertisements in the same columns requiring the services of young men as clerks, overseers, &c., to whom salaries are promised on a reasonable scale of allowance. A sub-manager for an iron-work is offered "from one to two hundred pounds per annum, with a house;" a person to look after blast-furnaces is to get "L.100 and a house;" and for a clerk to a railway contractor, "the salary is to be liberal." We again ask the needless question, Is it to be expected that men of good abilities and attainments are to adopt the profession of the teacher, at wretched salaries, when they can get good salaries in other professions?

It is not unworthy of notice, that, of late years, the condition of teachers has in some situations been worse than it even used to be at the time when education was attracting little attention. We advert in particular to several of the burghs of our own country, where the magistracies, having the lavishness of the old system before their eyes, are animated by an ultra disposition to pinch, pare, and screw down. We have heard of the salaries in some places being so reduced, that the teachers are now strikingly inferior in qualifications, or at least younger and less experienced men than formerly. This is bad policy, which must soon tell upon the reputation of the schools in question.

A HINT FOR MAP-MAKERS.

Those who, in this country, prepare maps for the guidance of tourists, would do well to look into Keller's Map of Switzerland, a foreign production, but sold, we believe, in England. This map is made to tell of many things which are usually only noticed in the books accompanying maps, and all this without confusing the eye of the peruser, as might be expected, with an unusual quantity of writing. The object is attained by a set of neat signs or marks, the explanations of which are given on a slip of paper pasted on the case of the map. There are at least thirty such signs, and amongst them we find not only indications of the chief towns of districts, cathedral towns, battle-fields, &c., which are sometimes given in our own maps, but things denoting mines, factories, fine views, inns, bridges, post-houses, and so forth. As much intelligence is accordingly conveyed on the face of this map as would otherwise occupy a volume.

While on this subject, we cannot resist the opportunity of rendering our humble meed of praise to the ingenuity and industry of the late Mr Drummond, under-secretary for Ireland, as exemplified in the maps of that country prepared for the commission on the proposed Irish railways. These maps are on a large scale, and beautifully engraved and coloured. Each is designed to present Ireland in a certain aspect. For example, one is to illustrate the comparative populousness of different districts of the country; another is to show the various amounts of travelling in different districts, as manifested by tax returns; a third, the various degrees in which districts are devoted to manufactures; and so on. All this is done by employing different depths of colouring at the different places, so that the elements of consideration required by the commissioners for their guidance may be said to meet their eyes in a moment. While lauding the ingenuity of the author of these maps, it must ever be regretted that the excessive labour undergone in their construction proved destructive to his life, and deprived the country of one of the most valuable minds devoted to its service.

GAS BURNERS.

About six months ago, a paper was read before the Scottish Society of Arts by Dr Andrew Fyfe, respecting the comparative illuminating power of different kinds of gas burners, from which some useful information was derived. The following is an abstract from the proceedings of the society on the subject:—

"In trying the comparative illuminating powers of different gas-burners, Dr Fyfe stated that he took a single jet-burner, burning with a flame of five inches in length as the standard, in which case he had it so adjusted as to burn exactly one foot per hour. Assuming the light given by this burner, as thus used, to be as - - - - 100

The light given by a fish-tail for an equal consumpt of gas is -	140
By a bat-wing, about - -	164
By an argand (24 holes) -	180

Accordingly, for equal consumpts of gas, the additional light given, over and above that afforded by a jet, is, by the fish-tail 40, by the bat-wing upwards of 60, and by an argand 80 per cent. For this purpose, however, it is necessary to use the fish-tail and bat-wing burning with their full supply of gas, and to have the argand with a flame of about three inches. On increasing the number of holes in the argand, though the quantity of gas consumed becomes greater, the comparative illuminating power is not augmented; the increase in light being merely proportionate to the enlarged expenditure. From the numerous experiments which he had performed, Dr Fyfe stated that he had come to the conclusion that the argand is by far the most economical method of consuming gas when illumination is the only object, and provided, of course, so much light is required; and that the single jet is the most unprofitable, and ought never to be used. When the light of a single jet only is required, he mentioned that it is much better to have a burner with two or three holes so near each other that there shall be only one flame. When this is so used as to give the light of a jet, it consumes from 10 to 20 per cent. less of gas, thus causing a great saving to those who burn by meter."

UN-LOCOMOTIVE CHARACTER OF FARMERS.

The following observations on a somewhat remarkable point in the character of British farmers, occur in a letter of a traveller published in a late London newspaper:—

"This leads me to add an observation upon a somewhat singular matter of fact connected with my experience as a traveller. In the course of my journeyings abroad, which have occupied, at different times, some years of my life, and during which I have visited the four quarters of the globe, I never either met with an English farmer, or became acquainted with any person who had. Every other class of my countrymen have fallen in my way; the manufacturer, the wholesale and retail dealer, the shop assistant, the merchant's clerk, men of all callings and professions, are to be met with abroad; but the British farmer is never encountered, unless on board an emigrant ship destined for America, or some other country containing new settlements. Yet whose business affords so much leisure as that of the farmer!—and who so likely to derive pleasure or profit from travel-

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ling, as he who would be able at every revolution of the wheels of his carriage to observe some new fact bearing upon his own pursuit, and to compare it with what he had left at home? An English farmer who made the tour of Belgium, France, and Switzerland, would acquire more knowledge and experience than by attending a thousand meetings of agricultural societies in England."

The writer surmises that, as it is from no want of leisure or motives of self-interest and pleasure that farm-tenants are never found abroad, it must be from want of means; and he converts this surmise to his own purpose, as reflecting on the insufficiency of "protection" to create wealth. Whatever "protection" may do, we cannot but see that the great mass of British farmers are capitalists on so small a scale, that they could not be expected readily to afford the expenses of a continental journey. Many, on the other hand, are capitalists on so large a scale, that they might be expected to travel abroad like other persons of the same degree of wealth; but the minds of the agricultural class are not enterprising or active in this particular direction. The languor of mind consequent on rural quiet and a limited and unvaried range of duties, is sufficient to make the British farmer so little of a traveller. We may mention that we know *one* Scottish farmer who has travelled over the Continent in quest of information.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MRS PIOZZI.

Few females have been fated to associate their names so intimately and lastingly with the literary history of England, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, better known under her successive marital names of Mrs Thrale and Mrs Piozzi. This arose partly, it is undeniable, from the accidents of fortune and position, but, independently of these circumstances, this lady had a sufficiency of personal merit to render her history a matter of interest on her own account alone. She was born in 1740, and was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq. of Bodville, in Caernarvonshire. Miss Salusbury received an excellent education under the care of the learned Doctor Collyer, and made unusual proficiency, considering her sex, in classical literature. The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, were among her acquisitions in this department.

In her twenty-fourth year, Miss Salusbury married Henry Thrale, Esq., an eminent brewer in Southwark, and a man of education and talent. He was acquainted with the well-known critic and dramatist, Arthur Murphy, by whom he was introduced, soon after his marriage, to Dr Samuel Johnson, then in the full blow of his fame. The decided literary tastes, both of Mr and Mrs Thrale, led to a mutual attraction between them and Dr Johnson, and he was their frequent guest from the first hour of their acquaintance. Ere long, the connexion grew closer, Johnson being invited, in 1766, to take up his residence with them at Streatham altogether—an invitation which he willingly accepted. Boswell represents this as a happy event for the great lexicographer. "He had at Mr Thrale's all the comforts and luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family." For fifteen years, this connexion continued with, upon the whole, mutual satisfaction to guest and entertainers, impaired only on occasions by the rough and dogmatic manners of Dr Johnson. But when Mr Thrale died in 1781, the case was altered. The doctor had always been easily kept in check by the presence of the mild but manly Thrale, for whom he had a sincere and rooted respect. Now, however, he assumed the dominion of the family circle, and exercised his power in such a way that Mrs Thrale could not see any of her own friends at her house, without subjecting them to the chance of meeting with bearish rudeness and insult. In her "Anecdotes," published afterwards, she mentions, in proof of this statement, that two quiet and respectable gentlemen came one day to dine with her at Streatham. One of them, a Quaker, chanced to tell an anecdote respecting the red-hot balls thrown at the siege of Gibraltar, which had just taken place. When he had done, "I would advise you, sir," said Johnson, with a cold sneer, "never to relate this story again. You can scarce imagine how *very poor a figure* you make in the telling of it." The abashed and unassuming Quaker never again ventured to open his mouth but in a whisper throughout the evening, and, even then, he spoke only to his friend who had come with him. When the two visiters departed, and Johnson was left alone with Mrs Thrale, "I did not quarrel with those fellows," said he, with a satisfied sense of his own forbearance. "They gave you no cause of offence," replied Mrs Thrale. "No offence!" returned the doctor, with an altered voice; "and is it nothing to sit *whispering* together when I am present, without even directing their discourse towards *me*, or offering *me* a share in the conversation?"

This story will prepare the reader for learning that the connexion between Mrs Thrale and Johnson did not last long after Mr Thrale's death. It is to her credit, however, that she did not hurriedly or rudely part with a man, possessed of virtues so great and numerous, and so far transcending, on the whole, his failings. Three years after the death of her husband, she went to Bath, for the advantage, partly, of her health, and partly that she might be for a time freed from the yoke which had become so heavy. At Bath, she met a music-master, named Piozzi, an Italian by birth, and a man of respectability, though not the equal, certainly, in fortune or station, of herself. However, she married him, and Johnson and she parted for ever. The fact of Piozzi being a foreigner and a musician, as well as the consciousness, no doubt, of the altered position in which the marriage would place himself with respect to the Thrale family—all this conspired to make the match odious to the doctor, and some have asserted (what others deny) that in a letter to herself he called it a "most ignominious business." But the lady's mind was made up. Johnson took leave of her mildly, and, indeed, affectingly, after all was concluded. "What you have done," he said, "however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere. I wish that God may grant you every blessing."

Mrs Thrale became Mrs Piozzi in 1784. Her name was too famous in the literary circles to permit of her escape from the pellets of the wit-mongers of the day, though there was certainly nothing very wonderful in the re-marriage of a woman of forty, even with a person a little below her in rank. Peter Pindar treats this marriage-matter in a very humorous way, in his piece called Bozzy and Piozzi, where he paints a contention between James Boswell and the lady, as rival candidates for the honour of biographising Dr Johnson. The lady is made to defend her escape from widowhood thus emphatically:—

> What was my marriage, sir, to you, or him?
> *He* tell me what to do! a pretty whim!
> *He* to propriety (the beast!) exhort!
> As well might elephants preside at court!
> * * * * *
> Tell me, James Boswell, what's the world to me?
> The folks who paid respects to Mrs Thrale,
> Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swilled her ale,
> May sicken at Piozzi; nine in ten
> Turn up the nose of scorn;—what then?
> They keep their company, and I my meat.

It was true, as the satirist hints, that the world, guided or biassed by regard for Johnson, did very generally condemn the match. Mrs Piozzi freed herself from their immediate sneers by going abroad with her husband. At the close of 1784, they visited France, and subsequently passed through Germany and Italy. They settled ultimately, for a time, at Florence. Here Mrs Piozzi's fixed literary tastes led to the congregation of a congenial knot of English gentlemen and ladies, who, chiefly for their own amusement, published a volume, called the "Florence Miscellany," to which they all contributed. Mrs Piozzi was a leader in the business, and many pieces, of no slight merit, appeared at this time from her pen. One in particular may be adverted to, as worthy of notice, namely, the "Three Warnings," a pointed allegorical piece, which has found a place in almost all subsequent collections of poetry. The contributions to this miscellany constituted Mrs Piozzi's first appearances in print. She had for a coadjutor at Florence the famous Della Crusca (Mr Merry), "on whose coming over to England," says Mr Gifford, "a poetical amatory fever spread through the land and its periodicals—Laura, Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca." Mrs Piozzi was of a grade superior to these scribblers, and ought never to have been accounted of their number.

After visiting every part of Italy, Mrs Piozzi returned with her husband to England. In a fanciful moment, she imitated Dean Swift by composing some light verses at Dover, of which the merit is the rhyming. They run thus:—

> He whom fair winds have wafted over,
> First hails his native land at Dover,
> And doubts not but he shall discover
> Pleasure in every path round Dover;
> Envies the happy crows which hover
> About old Shakspeare's cliff at Dover;
> From this fond dream he'll soon recover,
> When debts shall drive him back to Dover;
> Hoping, though poor, to live in clover,
> Once safely past the straits at Dover; &c.

And so on. The fruit of her continental journey was a two-volume work of travels, which is written in a lively style, but did not take any very permanent hold on the public attention. The wonder with which a traveller is struck by the customs and sights of a foreign country, is one of the main requisites for drawing up a perfect account of them. Seeing much with her husband's eyes, Mrs Piozzi seems to have been led into the *pococurante* train of sentiment. For a while, however, her work was popular.

In 1786, Mrs Piozzi published her well-known volume of "Anecdotes of Dr Johnson." The great interest of the subject would alone have made this book a favourite, but the authoress ought not to be deprived of the share of merit justly due to her, as a narrator of much acuteness of observation and liveliness of fancy. Smarting as she then was under the neglect which Johnson's open disapproval of her marriage had brought upon her from the circles in which she had previously shone, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she should have allowed the shades of her former friend's character to come out pretty broadly on her canvass; but we believe she cannot be proved to have told any untruths, and she over and over again admits the greatness of his virtues. In the year 1788, she published a second work relating to Johnson, being a series of Letters which had passed between herself and him. These are very interesting; and had not Boswell's unique production given us a view so wonderfully minute of the doctor's character, would have been held as a most important contribution to literary history. Boswell, however, superseded and threw into the shade all other works upon the subject of which he treated. But Mrs Piozzi has still the merit of having produced a pleasing record of many incidents in the life of a remarkable man.

Her next work was one published in 1794, and entitled "British Synonymy; or an attempt at regulating the choice of words in familiar conversation." Mr Gifford passes a very harsh censure on this work, harsher than justice called for, though certainly the lady was not possessed of that profound knowledge requisite for the complete fulfilment of the task which she had chosen for herself. In place of giving any specimen of the prose compositions of Mrs Piozzi, however, in support of the favourable view which we take of her talents, we prefer to give a passage from her poetry. The following piece was not published till after her decease, and appeared in the "Literary Gazette:"—

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

> Duty and Pleasure, long at strife,
> Met in the common walks of life.
> "Pray don't disturb me—get you gone!"
> Cries Duty in a serious tone.
> Then, with a smile, "Keep off, my dear,
> Nor force me to be thus severe."
> "Dear sir," cries Pleasure, "you're so grave;
> You make yourself a perfect slave.
> I can't think why we disagree;
> You may turn Methodist for me.
> But, if you'll neither laugh nor play,
> At least don't stop me in my way.
> Yet sure one moment you might steal,
> To see the lovely Miss O'Neill.
> One hour to relaxation give:
> Oh, lend *one* hour from life to *live!*
> And here's a bird, and there's a flower—
> Dear Duty, walk a little slower!"
> "My morning's task is not half done,"
> Cries Duty, with an inward groan;
> "False colours on each object spread;
> I know not where or how I'm led:
> Your bragg'd enjoyments mount the wind,
> And leave their venom'd stings behind.
> Where are you flown?"—— Voices around
> Cry, "Pleasure long hath left the ground.
> Old age advances; haste away,
> Nor lose the light of parting day!
> See! sickness follows, sorrow threats;
> Waste no more time in vain regrets.
> Oh, Duty! one more effort given
> May reach, perhaps, the gates of Heaven,
> *Where only*, each with each delighted,
> Pleasure and Duty live united."

In 1801, Mrs Piozzi gave to the world another couple of volumes, entitled "Retrospection; or a review of the most striking events of the last eighteen hundred years," &c. This was the last important work of the subject of our memoir, who lost her second husband in 1809, and from that period, up to the close of her life in 1823, resided constantly at Clifton, near Bath. Her last years were cheerful and happy; and, as may be imagined, she was an object of much interest to all around her, being one of the few living memorials of the flourishing age of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. She retained so much of the health and spirit of youth up to the last, that, in her 82d year, she gave a ball to her friends, and led down the first dance in person.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALIST.

The following passage occurs in a letter of Wilson, the American ornithologist, to a friend, and contains a pleasing portrait of the amiable and enthusiastic spirit of the author:—

"That lovely season is now approaching, when the garden, woods, and fields, will again display their foliage and flowers. Every day we may expect strangers, flocking from the south, to fill our woods with harmony. The pencil of Nature is now at work, and outlines, tints, and gradations of lights and shades, that baffle all description, will soon be spread before us by that great Master, our most benevolent friend and Father. Let us cheerfully participate in the feast he is preparing for all our senses. Let us survey those millions of green strangers, just peeping into day, as so many happy messengers come to proclaim the power and munificence of the Creator. I confess that I was always an enthusiast in my admiration of the rural scenery of nature; but since your example and encouragement have set me to attempt to imitate her productions, I see new beauties in every bird, plant, or flower, I contemplate; and find my ideas of the incomprehensible First Cause still more exalted, the more minutely I examine his works.

I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandisement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works, that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's

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ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought me; and though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basket full of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

In a preceding paper, reference was made to various authentic cases, in which disorder of the system, mental and bodily, had produced illusions of a spectral character. Our general and leading object, it was then stated, was to show that all similar phenomena may be traced to the same causes, and this principle will be kept in view in continuing the subject.

Disease in the brain, organic mental disorder, hysterical and epileptic affections, deranged digestion (producing *delirium tremens*), and a plethoric state of the blood-vessels, were pointed out as capable of causing spectral illusions. An unsound state of the organ of vision itself may also cause them. Dr Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustrative of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high mental endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying uninterrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, was the person subject to the illusions. For twelve years this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral figures, attired often in foreign dresses, such as Roman, Turkish, and Grecian, and presenting all varieties of the human countenance, in its gradations from childhood to old age. Sometimes faces only were visible, and the countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and arch-looking lady was the most constant visiter, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being for the most part of a pleasing character. [In our former paper, the principle that regulated the illusions in this respect was pointed out. A man of quiet life, temperate habits, and cheerful disposition, such as the old gentleman now alluded to, could not but have ordinarily an agreeable train of fancies; and hence the spectra were necessarily pleasing in character, since they consisted merely of an embodiment of these fancies, through some peculiar disorder of the system, upon the retina or optic nerve.] The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie was one even more remarkable than the preceding. "A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figure may either be something real or the composition of his own fancy." Another member of the family was subject to the same deluaive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. "My father!" says Hamlet, "methinks I see him now!" "Where, my lord?" "In my *mind's eye*, Horatio." In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence, and the fancy of the individual the power which regulated their frequency and character. Slighter cases of this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled, immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end o his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three parts' length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus showing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A servant girl living in a family where there were some phrenological busts, and, among others, a conspicuous one of Curran, awoke her bed companion one morning with the alarming information that the ghost of Curran stood at the foot of the bed dressed in a sailor's jacket, and having on his pale face the unwonted and unbustlike ornament of an immense pair of black whiskers. The other servant could see nothing, though the apparition seemed to her companion to remain visible for some minutes. On the tale being told, a pretty strong light was thrown on the matter. The master of the house had a yacht, and its sailors at that period were frequently about the premises. Going to bed much fatigued, and having her dreaming thoughts divided between her household duties and some gay whiskered beau of the yacht, the girl's fancy had dressed up Curran's bust, an object most familiar to her retina, in the way mentioned, giving him the sailor's person and whiskers as a fitting appendage. Had the object called up to the eye in this case, instead of being a bust of Curran, chanced to be a portrait of some wicked ancestor or ancestress of the family, as might easily have occurred from the greater comparative impression made on the mind by portraits of that cast, then should we have had a splendid instance of the preternatural appearance of a spirit stung by remorse, and haunting restlessly the scene of its mortal guilt. The girl, without imposture, might have conscientiously reiterated her conviction of the reality of the vision, and the possession of a haunted chamber would have most certainly been assigned to the mansion, inspiring such terror that renewals of the illusion might really have taken place in consequence. Where the whole affair is not a fiction in such haunted-chamber cases, some solution of this kind may be with certainty applied.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect. This is an important medical diagnostic.

Our readers have now seen, that there are various modes in which the system may be so disturbed as to produce spectral illusions, and that, in the majority of these cases, the parties subject to them might seem to be not only of sound mind, but in perfect bodily health. Another mode of explaining cases of this description may now be indicated. Many of the apparitions which have been vouched for by those subjected to them, have certainly been neither more nor less than *vivid dreams*. Practically, the phenomena of dreams are so well known to every one, that it is needless to enlarge upon the force and impressiveness which they may occasionally assume. When they bear upon an interesting and important subject, it is peculiarly natural that they should deeply affect the mind, and perhaps leave the parties to whom they occurred, in permanent doubt as to whether they were merely dreams, or supernatural visitations. We shall here quote a case remarkably in point, and one which is not mentioned in English works on this subject; it is told by the compiler of Les Causes Célèbres. Two young noblemen, the Marquisses De Rambouillet and De Precy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, De Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Precy remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, De Precy one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and, turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet, in full military attire. The sick man sprung over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said that it behoved De Precy to think more of the after-world, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Precy was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Precy recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat.

Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulousness or weakness of mind—we not only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but left in a violent fever, and aware that his friend was engaged in a bloody war. That a spectral illusion should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert, in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause, and, on one occasion, the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantel-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. "With regard to this point," says Dr Hibbert, "it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event (of Dundee's death) might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion." This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health, but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular cases not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. "How shall I know to-morrow morn," said she boldly to the spectre, "that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?" "Let this be a token to thee for life," said the visitant, and, grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared. In the morning, a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake, let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases; and, at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the hand of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. A most respectable merchant-captain told Sir Walter Scott the following story, which will well illustrate the point under consideration. While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and, at the hour of twelve, saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a candle; after which he went to the galley, where he stood staring wildly for a time, as if on some horrible object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and, appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said "Yes; I was led by the ghost to the galley, but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of *holy water*, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom." The captain now told the truth as observed, and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was *never* visited by the ghost again, the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burnt his hand with the candle, and, by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired. If the reader imagines that the pain must have awakened the somnambulist, we beg to point to a well-authenticated incident, stated to have occurred in England but a few weeks

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ago. A respectable young man rose from his bed, and went out in his sleep by a high window, dislocating his shoulder by the fall he received. He afterwards contrived to place a ladder against the wall, reascended, and went to bed. For the first time did he learn the truth, when, in the morning, the open window, the ladder, and his disjointed arm, told him that the occurrences which he believed to have taken place in a dream, had been so far a reality. It is also well known with what ease and rapidity the mind can *invest* circumstances in sleep to accord with any passing *sensation*. A dream that seems to involve a long and complex train of circumstances, will sometimes occupy not more than a single moment of time—the whole is a rapid shoot of a half-awakened fancy. For instance, a pistol report, that actually awakened a sleeper, has been known to give him an instantaneous yet seemingly extended series of adventures, including a quarrel, a challenge, and a *duel*. Metaphysicians have long been aware of these phenomena.

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing the applicability of these circumstances to those apparition-cases where such a thing as a *mark* is shown as a proof of a supernatural visitation. The Irish lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burnt her hand against the bed-room grate, and, conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though not awakened by it, her fancy may have formed the whole *story* of the preternatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate invented the circumstances connected with the holy water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

Besides, let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine lordling of the hour of his death, as was held to be done in the famous case of Lord Lyttleton? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural communication was deigned, certainly it would be for some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race. Keeping this in mind, how absurd do the majority of our apparition stories appear!

BLACK HUGH CAMPBELL.

AN ANECDOTE.

General Stewart, in his work on the Highland Regiments, presents a pleasing picture of the relation which existed, in those corps, between the officers and men. The former being generally the sons and other near relatives of the chiefs, and the latter the sons of the clansmen and tenantry, matters remained much on the same footing between the parties as while the whole resided in their native glens. Regimental discipline was comparatively little regarded, being in fact superseded or rendered unnecessary by the devoted attachment of the soldiers to the officers, and their genuine anxiety to act a brave and honourable part in their military career. Animated by high feelings of affection and duty, the Highlanders made excellent though somewhat irregular soldiers. It is lamentable to have to relate that the government did not sufficiently appreciate the character of these men, and often violated the engagements under which they had entered the militia and volunteer service, by draughting them into the line and sending them to foreign stations. It was with reference to this custom, that the late Sir Ewen Cameron, head of the Camerons, broke one day in upon the Duke of York with the stormy defiance: "You may tell your faither to send us to [here he mentioned a very terrible place] if he likes—and *we'll gang tu*—but he daurna dhraft us!"—a defiance not altogether without some serious meaning, when we remember that Ewen's uncle was one of a few who, not many years before, had shook the British throne. With all the fine sentiment which existed between the officers and men, it could not nevertheless be, but that sometimes most unmilitary-like proceedings would take place in the Highland corps; and one of these it is now our purpose to relate.

Old Campbell of G——, in Argyllshire, had sent so many sons as captains into the army, each attended by a company of his clansmen, that his territory had become almost depopulated. Under these circumstances, when his youngest son came from college, he thought of devoting him to some peaceful profession; but just at this juncture the American war broke out; a fresh call was made upon the Highlands, and the laird, making a desperate effort, was able to raise one other company, which he sent with the young man to take its place in a feeble corps posted in a town upon the borders of the low country.

The raising and constitution of this company, which gave so much joy to the old heart of the father, hurled a corresponding mass of confusion on the young head of the son. The latter discovered, when rather late, that even at home, in those stirring times, there was something more intricate in the study of the art of war than the pleasant dream of love and idleness, which he had fancied to form the "be all" and the "end all" of a military life. The mysteries of fortification and tactics were hard indeed in the initiation. But these were trivial to the perplexities arising from the Highland habits of his men. Being naturally looked upon as responsible for their conduct, some of the notions on which they acted proved equally prejudicial to his peace and patience. Amongst other things, their contempt for strict discipline was only paralleled by their dislike to strict attendance. They seemed to have entered the service on the single understanding of obtaining "leave of absence" whenever they pleased; and "leave of absence" they would have. Shamus o' ta' muckle mouth, for instance, had suddenly got notice that divers of his wedders had gone a wool-gathering for themselves, "and, to be shurely, how could he stay?" Evan Mohr had "ta pit up ta sheillin' for hir nainsell's wife, and her wife's bhairns, and it was impossible *she* could bhide!" After this fashion, the young laird soon found it a moral impossibility to get more than a tithe of his Highlanders to render his majesty simultaneous service. Ere long, therefore, he was fain to issue, through his favourite sergeant, positive injunctions against even the making of applications for furlough, except on great emergencies. The men, then, we believe, resorted to the simple expedient termed "French leave."

Another source of the young chief's distractions, but one which he conveniently devolved on his subordinates, arose from the difficulty of distinguishing amongst the Campbells those whose Christian names chanced to correspond. Without some device, the predominant patronymic "Hugh," which amongst the men themselves (who could have specified to the splinter of a hairsbreadth the relationship of each to the other) was no source of inconvenience, would have led, in the muster-roll, to unutterable confusion. Every day, therefore, as the drill-sergeant arrived at the many Hugh Campbells, of all shapes and dimensions, arranged en parade, he simply supplied an affix or prefix, with the tacit assent of the parties concerned. The most obvious epithets came first, such as "*Muckle* Hugh Cammel" and "*Little* Hugh Cammel," "*Red* Hugh Cammel," "*Black* Hugh Cammel," and "*Brown* Hugh Cammel," and so on through every *hue* in creation, until the wit of man could name no more; and then the indefatigable sergeant would sink his sonorous voice as he entered on the more commonplace soubriquets of "Hugh Cammell, *summer wan*," "Hugh Cammell, *summer twa*," till the end of the chapter. These refinements were utterly lost on the captain, who deemed the precious distinctions to be distinctions without a difference. Some people were malicious enough, however, to attribute his perplexities, his obtuseness, and a certain air of apathy in his demeanour, to an innocent young lady dwelling near the barracks.

In consequence of the interdict laid on the demands for furlough, a keen competition arose amongst the men for the favour of their superiors. They hoped that by standing well there, they might possibly have the order occasionally relaxed in their behalf, or at least have their irregularities more lightly considered. Amongst those who adopted this policy, none was more zealous in practising it than the individual who has been specified as *Little* Hugh Campbell. The light active figure of this man had drawn, on more than one occasion, an encomium from the lips of the captain, whose mind was probably resting on a subject for softer praise. The rule against applying for furlough was not only suspended in favour of this person, known to the captain, in his indifference to the distinctions of the muster-roll, simply as Hugh Campbell; but he was to have his reasonable desires in that respect as soon as asked.

Little Hugh Campbell was not long master of the knowledge of this favour, when he availed himself of it. Inspired by the conviction of its being the proud reward of merit, he was returning one evening, in eager haste to be once more at his post, from a hay-cutting, the scene whereof lay in the immediate vicinity of quarters. Unhappy man that he was!—whom should he encounter but his lawful superior the captain, in full regimentals, with a dashing young lady hanging on either arm! The captain had just been vaunting of the distinguished appearance of his corps, especially of that section of it that owed fealty to his lofty house. Now, Little Hugh was in all respects, at this moment, the *beau ideal* of a tatterdemalion. He was habited in a worn-out philabeg, whose longitudinal dimensions alone rendered it unfit for its office; an old military coat, which looked only the more miserable from the gaiety of its original colour; and he was, moreover, most admirably besmeared with the accumulated traces of many a hot day's haymaking, during which his person had never tasted of ablution. However much Little Hugh might dread to face his captain in this atrocious plight, there was nothing for it but to offer the passing salute. *It was not returned!* The circumstance was one so unusual to Little Hugh, that it frightened him into a forgetfulness of his condition; and reflecting only on the possibility of the captain's conceiving him to have passed without the customary ceremony, he judged it expedient to overtake him without delay; which done, he made no scruple of rendering assurance doubly sure, by tapping his superior's shoulder. The captain turned abruptly at the intrusion, and Hugh, upon the instant, bent his wretched body before him. The captain had not been unmindful of his previous obeisance in passing, with which he could, under the circumstances, have gladly dispensed. His conviction now was that the fellow before him, whom he fully recognised, intended a deliberate insult. He raised his foot in vengeance for a kick; but of this movement Little Hugh knew nothing. His duty (as he conceived it to be) discharged, he had turned quickly away, impressed with the reasonable belief that enough of him at that season might be quite as good as a feast.

"Bless me, Captain Campbell!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath, "surely *that* was not one of *your* men?" It was enough to drive the young hero mad. Disposing, therefore, of the fair ones as fast as etiquette would permit, and burning with indignation, he sought the barracks. Instantly on reaching his apartments, he commanded the attendance of Sergeant Campbell. With accustomed promptitude, that athletic dignitary of the drill presented his muscular self before his officer.

"Sergeant!" began the captain in a rage, "Hugh Campbell was out of barracks to day?"

"To be surely," assented the sergeant—for many of the name had, to his certain knowledge, been strolling off duty; and, aware that the individual identity of the precise person indicated would not be so easily settled with the captain, he took refuge in this general acquiescence.

"Then," responded the captain with vehemence, "send him to the guard-house immediately!"

To hear was to obey with the sergeant, when he knew how. In this instance he had avoided Scylla, and fallen on Charybdis. He had avowed his knowledge of a fact of which he was ignorant, and now he was called upon to act on his avowal.

"Please yer honour"—— stammered the sergeant; but he stopped short, with a clear notion of being fairly detected, as his eye caught the look of mingled astonishment and anger turned on him by Captain Campbell.

"Well, sir?" growled the captain.

"An it please you, your worship," inquired the sergeant deprecatingly, "*which* of them?"

"Which of them?" echoed the captain in a pet; and then, summoning the entire force of his lungs, he vociferated, "Idiot! did I not tell you—Hugh Campbell?"

"But, please your honour," persisted the sergeant, taking up the wrong end of the muster-roll first, on a very shrewd surmise of the truth, "was it Hugh Cammel, *summer wan*—or Hugh Cammel, *summer twa*—or Hugh Cammel, *summer three*—or Hugh Cammel, *summer fower*; or was it *Muckle* Hugh Cammel, yer honor, or *Little* Hugh Cammel, or *Red* Hugh Cammel, or *Black* Hugh Ca"——

"Stop!—stop there!" cried the captain, rising and pacing the apartment to soothe his ire, as the full recollection of his dingy bowing acquaintance rushed back on him with the cognomen "black"—"stop there!—*that's* the very man! The *black-hole*, I think, will just suit the black rascal."

The sergeant wondered; but it was none of his business; he had played long enough with the lightning already. So, accompanied by a file of the guard, he entered the barrack dormitory, for it was now late, with what dispatch he could; and, sword in hand, he thundered forth the name of "*Black* Hugh Cammell." A second summons was necessary ere he was answered by the brief acknowledgment, "She's here," vented in tones betokening both chagrin and surprise.

"*Black* Hugh Campbell," said the sergeant peremptorily, "you're ordhered to the gaard-hous!"

"Fast ta teevil for wad she du wi' me at ta gaard-hous at sic a time o' night?" remonstrated Hugh.

"*Black* Hugh Cammell," reiterated the sergeant, with mounting dignity, "you are ordhered to the gaard-hous; and you most shust go to the black-hole, because you are ordhered!"

Remonstrance being fruitless, Black Hugh was lugged unwillingly away, and, half awake, and scarcely half dressed, was instantly immured in the adjoining hermitage, familiarly known as the black-hole. It was not without abundance of Highland ejaculations, expressive of rage, that the honest fellow submitted to his unmerited fate.

Days passed gloomily away, and Black Hugh Campbell appeared not amidst his comrades. No charge of any kind had been preferred against him; but such was the awe with which the simple mountaineers regarded the commands of the son of their chief, that scarce a murmur arose in which the prisoner's name was whispered. In fact, the captain, resolved upon punishment, but disinclined, for reasons of his own, to prefer a regular charge, had made up his mind that the matter should rest where it was during his good will and pleasure; and there it probably would have rested while the captain's pique endured, had not an accident disclosed the situation of the prisoner.

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An officious gentleman from the mess-room, having taken a fancy to visit the guard unseasonably, and purely for the pleasure of making the men turn out to salute him, caught them napping, as he expected. As certain dolorous sounds, however, were emanating from the prison hard by, curiosity induced him, before beginning to exercise his authority, to listen to the voice of lamentation. This, as the reader may well conjecture, was the disconsolate wail of his friend, *Black* Hugh Campbell, who was mournfully haranguing the walls of his dungeon. As the officer listened, he thus proceeded with his soliloquy :—

"Hoogh ! ta teevil o' this can pe porn ; tare was ta first week tat ta captain pegan to ca' her *muckle* Hugh Cammel, she was shust hawled awa tu ta ospital ! An' syne anither week, be't reason be't nane, an' he ca'at her Hugh Cammel *summer wan*, an' sent her tu ta awkward squad ! An' syne she's ordhered oot on gaard, wi' a' her paggage, for Hugh Cammel *summer twa :* an'" ——

"Who's there ?" inquired the officer.

"Tare !" cried the Celt, starting to his feet with surprise, and using the privilege of his country by answering one question with another ; "Ay, to be surely, wha's *tare ?*"

"I say, who's there ?" repeated the officer.

"An' wha'd pe speirin' ?" rejoined Hugh.

"I ask you, sir—who are you ?" insisted the officer.

"Her nainsell—Plack Hugh Cammel," answered the prisoner subduedly, distinguishing the tones of authority.

The officer knew the speaker very well. "Why, Hugh, my lad," said he, "you used to be a well-behaved soldier. How came you here ?"

"She couldna shust say ; ye see, she wasna shust telt."

"Told !" exclaimed the interrogator ; "not told ! You surely know what you have been about ?"

"Hoot," cried the soldier, "fa'at cud her nainsell peen apoot—teevil a thing ; they shust clappit her here for shust naething !"

"But—you had committed some offence. You had forgot yourself in some way or other. How long have you been here ?"

"Maybe twa days, maybe three ; unless she could tell, she cudna shust say ; there's nae day free nicht here."

"This is very strange," said the officer. "I must inquire into it." At his back, aroused by the altercation, stood the guard as stiff as a row of lamp-posts. He did not stay to rebuke them, for Black Hugh Campbell, although he subsequently became the narrator of this story, was, it may be stated, a general favourite. The officer, forthwith, sought the retreat of Sergeant Campbell, and roused that functionary from his blest repose.

"Sergeant ! you've got a man in the guard-house."

"Shurely—to be shurely," said the sergeant dryly.

"Black Hugh Campbell," said the officer.

"Yes, and shurely," said the sergeant.

"Now, I should like to know the charge on which he is confined," observed the officer.

"Sharge !" ejaculated the sergeant with Highland sarcasm ; "by ordhers of Captain Campbell."

"Very well," replied the major (for such was the officer's rank), catching fire at the insolence of Captain Campbell's *factotum*, the sergeant ; "Captain Campbell certainly arrests his men upon public grounds. Show me to the captain ; this affair appears mysterious."

Marshalled by the sturdy sergeant, and arrived in presence of Captain Campbell, the major began by apologising for the untimely nature of his visit, and ended by detailing the circumstances that had occasioned it.

The captain perceived that the hour for concealment of the offence for which he intended Campbell should suffer, was over. He therefore recited, not without acrimony, the insulting part played towards him by the supposed offender. But, as often happens, his anger evaporated, with a consciousness of the irregularities into which he had fallen in seeking his revenge. And he added, with a smile, which the major accepted as a signal to relieve himself of an immoderate fit of hitherto suppressed laughter, that he believed *Black* Hugh Campbell had already suffered sufficient punishment, and might be liberated without delay.

Our dark Celt thus regained his liberty ; and here our tale might have come to a close, for, with the equanimity of a Turk, Hugh would have been satisfied with any confinement, directed by the sovereign authority of his captain. Neither would the major have said more upon the point, much as he respected the rights of a good soldier, and Black Hugh was certainly a promising one. But there was another concerned in the business, whose brains just entertained the conception that his commander had been insulted egregiously by Black Hugh Campbell. This was the worthy sergeant. The tornado of native abuse and incoherent threats with which Black Hugh was consequently assailed by his liberator, would certainly have ended in "trial by battle," had he not eloquently demonstrated to the sergeant "tat it cudna' pe her !"

The result, however, provided Captain Campbell with a morning salutation from *Black* Hugh, as, in spite of every opposition on the part of the captain's servant, he made good his way into his private quarters. The captain entertained enough of alarm, on ascertaining who was the intruder, to have his pistols at hand as Black Hugh entered the room. But what was the surprise of the former, when, in place of the dirty little varlet who had done him such foul disgrace, the fine figure of *Black* Hugh Campbell met his gaze ! It needed no eloquence to convince the captain "tat it cudna' pe her," although much breath was spent on the subject by his visiter.

Sergeant Campbell was again in requisition ; but as he was proceeding to recount the distinguishing characteristics of those rejoicing in the common name of Hugh Campbell, the captain became doubtful of his ability to appreciate the sergeant's descriptions any more. Many of the parties were put to the question, and still the general point established was "tat it cudna' pe her." The sergeant was ultimately saddled with the responsibility of detecting the real Simon *impure*. But as the nature of the offence by no means thoroughly transpired, whilst *Little* Hugh, with a profundity of native cunning, kept his own secret, suspicion settled down on no individual, although it alighted on many. It was known, however, that the captain had been insulted—the Highland blood was roused—impeachments were showered around like gages at a tilt. In short, within the lapse of half an hour, the whole fraternity of the Campbells were engaged in a general *melée*, in the barrack-yard, with dirk, claymore, and bayonet. To quell the fray, the regiment was beat to arms ; the combatants were disarmed ; and, in the sequel, never did that or any other guard-house contain an equal number of the name of Hugh Campbell. It was observed, that, from that day forth, the captain was infinitely better acquainted with the muster-roll. If, however, his studies ever suggested to him the real style and title of the author of the imaginary insult, to use the emphatic language of Black Hugh Campbell, he kept it "under her thumb."

DR BUCKLAND ON AGRICULTURE IN CONNEXION WITH GEOLOGY.

At a social meeting of the Nithsdale Agricultural Society at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, on the 15th of September last, Dr Buckland, who was present as a guest, being then on his way to the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, gratified the company by a brief exposition of some points in which Geology gives light to Agriculture. We find the following abstract of his remarks in the *Dumfries Herald* :—"The stomach of the animal was a laboratory, by which hay, grass, and corn, were converted into roast beef ; but how were animals in their turn, and other substances of the earth, to be changed into corn, grass, and hay, that necessary pabulum, without which all the successive generations of animals would be lean and die ? Here the geologist and the agriculturist met. The two great points for the improver to secure were, *first*, dry land ; and, *secondly*, the necessary compound of the four or five elementary substances which enter into the composition of every good soil. From chemical and mineralogical analysis, it had been found that, in alluvial land, confessedly the most fertile of all, the main component parts were *lime*, *silex*, *iron*, and *magnesia*, with some *manganese ;* and therefore, of course, it became the chief feature of all improvement of the land, to secure the proper proportions of these ingredients, so as to produce as nearly as possible a result the same as alluvial soil, in which they were found in most efficient combination. *Silex* entered into the composition of every thing, though it was deficient in the slate countries. There was more of it in oats than in any other grain. The oat-fed Scotchman had, therefore, more flint in his body than the natives of any other country ; and hence, no doubt, the great superiority of the Scotch regiments. (Much laughter). *Manganese* was comparatively a rare ingredient, but there was not a man in that room with hair on his head who had not *manganese* in him. But no matter where, and in what proportion, these substances were found, nature had given us the limestone to make up or correct almost every other ingredient of soil. The learned professor then minutely pointed out the *rationale* of the use of lime. In Lincolnshire, an agriculturist, in improving a peat bog, had induced every property of soil upon it, but without adding lime. The first season of crop there was plenty of straw and husks upon it, but no corn. He was admonished of the deficiency ; added lime ; and next year had the finest oats in the country. This was quite parallel with the enterprising experiments of his own friend, Sir Charles Menteath, who had converted a useless peat bog into a meadow worth L.4 an acre."

THE SIGHING-ROOMS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

There are some rooms in the Colonial Office, with old and meagre furniture, book-cases crammed with colonial gazettes and newspapers, tables covered with baize, and some old and crazy chairs scattered about, in which those who have personal applications to make are doomed to wait until the interview can be obtained. Here, if perchance you should some day be forced to tarry, you will find strange, anxious-looking beings, who pace to and fro in impatience, or sit dejected at the table, unable in the agitation of their thoughts to find any occupation to while away their hours, and starting every time that the door opens, in hopes that the messenger is come to announce that their turn is arrived. These are men with colonial grievances. The very messengers know them, their business, and its hopelessness, and eye them with pity as they bid them wait their long and habitual period of attendance. No experienced eye can mistake the faces, once expressive of health, and confidence, and energy, now worn by hopes deferred, and the listlessness of prolonged dependence. One is a recalled governor, boiling over with a sense of mortified pride and frustrated policy ; another, a judge, recalled for daring to resist the compact of his colony ; another, a merchant, whose property has been destroyed by some job or oversight ; another, the organ of the remonstrances of some colonial parliament ; another, a widow struggling for some pension, on which her hopes of existence hang ; and perhaps another is a man whose project is under consideration. Every one of these has passed hours in that dull but anxious attendance, and knows every nook and corner of this scene of his sufferings. The grievance originated probably long years ago, and, bandied about between colony and home, by letter or by interview, has dragged on its existence thus far. One comes to have an interview with the Chief Secretary ; one, who has tried Chief and Under-Secretaries in their turn, is now doomed to waste his remonstrances on some clerk. One has been waiting days to have his first interview ; another, weeks to have his answer to his memorial ; another, months in expectation of the result of a reference to the colony ; and some reckon the period of their suffering by years. Some are silent ; some utter aloud their hopes or fears, and pour out their tale to their fellow-sufferers ; some endeavour to conciliate by their meekness ; some give vent to their rage, when, after hours of attendance, the messenger summons in their stead some sleek contented-looking visiter, who has sent up his name only the moment before, but whose importance as a member of Parliament, or of some powerful interest or society, obtains him an instant interview. And if by chance you should see one of them at last receive the long-desired summons, you will be struck at the nervous reluctance with which he avails himself of the permission. After a short conference, you will generally see him return with disappointment stamped on his brow, and, quitting the office, wend his lonely way home to despair, or perhaps to return to his colony and rebel. These chambers of wo are called *the Sighing-Rooms ;* and those who recoil from the sight of human suffering should shun the ill-omened precincts.—*From a late pamphlet.*

[The above may be a true picture, yet it might have been fair to add that men in office are dreadfully annoyed with calls upon their time, by persons who have either no proper claim upon them, or who wish to have crotchets patronised. If the head functionaries in government offices were to receive readily all who choose to seek an interview with them, their whole time would be occupied, and the proper business of the country neglected. The bulk of people whom one meets with have no idea of the value of time, and are most heedless in intruding their visits on persons who are fully occupied.]

THE TWIN SISTERS.

Stand both before me ; for, when one is gone,
I scarce can tell which is the absent one :
To stray asunder ye should aye be loath,
So much alike ye are—so lovely both !

Together ye are peerless, but apart
Each may be match'd by each ; to rule the heart
Keep, gentle cherube, a conjoined sway ;
Our love's divided when there's one away !

Oh ! wherefore both so lovely ? wherefore came
Such beauty separate and yet the same ?
Was it too great for one alone to bear,
That each comes laden with an equal share ?

It may be, Nature, anxious to excel,
Moulded one lovely face and loved it well,
Then, hopeless to achieve a higher aim,
Sought but to form one more, in all the same !

Or haply 'twas in kindness to the one,
That Nature would not trust her forth alone,
Lest she should mar her looks with vanity
To think none other was so fair as she !

If you but hold a mirror up to each,
'Twill name its sister in its lisping speech ;
And still, while equal loveliness is theirs,
May one see only what the other shares !

Beauty that only looks upon itself
Becomes unlovely ; yet, thou little elf,
Not e'en thy sister should be praised by thee,
Lest the harsh world pronounce it vanity !

Talk not to others of her silken hair,
Lest they should say, "Thou know'st thine own as fair !"
Nor praise the lustre of her light blue eye,
Lest thy own glance win back the flattery !

Ah me ! I wonder if alike ye'll prove,
When ripen'd into votaries of love !
Then will sad lovers, puzzled which to choose,
Find solace in the thought, "Can both refuse ?"

Then will the promise which the one has named
Be haply often from the other claim'd,
And the fond wish of secret whisperer,
Be met with—"Oh, it was my sister, sir !"

Go, go your ways, and in your little breasts
Still bear the innocence your joy attests !
Go, wander forth 'neath childhood's sunny sky,
And gather flowers whose fragrance will not die !

—*From the Scotsman.* J. H.

MANAGEMENT OF PIGS.

The following experiment has been made by a gentleman of Norfolk. Six pigs of nearly equal weight were put to keeping at the same time, and treated the same as to food and litter for seven weeks. Three of them were left to shift for themselves as to *cleanliness ;* the other three were kept as clean as possible by a man employed for the purpose with a curry-comb and brush. The last consumed in seven weeks fewer peas by five bushels than the other three, yet weighed more when killed by two stone and four pounds upon the average. —*Wade's British History.*

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THE SOIRÉE MUSICALE.

It is just ten. A moderately-sized drawing-room, in a demi-fashionable terrace, is stuffed with from sixty to eighty persons, most of them standing, pressing and elbowing each other, uttering surly monosyllables, scarcely able to move an arm. The solitary lustre diffuses no very brilliant light around it. Tea, coffee, ices, jellies, and sorbettes, circulate with no manner of profusion. Mrs Genteel, seeing and hearing, right and left, a few significant and ill-concealed yawns, exclaims, as if animated by a sudden recollection, "Upon my word, I think it is time we should begin the music."

"But, mamma, mamma," says Miss Cecilia Beethoven Genteel, her eldest daughter, a young lady of twenty, who plays the piano-forte passably well, and has even composed a waltz *à la Strauss*, and a quadrille *à la Musard*—"you forget, mamma, that Mr Quaver Roulade is not yet come, and you know that without him we can never begin the concert."

"Oh la—no!" said her younger sisters.

"The truth of the matter's this," was the undertoned remark of a young man who seemed not to care a rush about music—"Roulade must always be the first and the last to make himself heard." The youth curled his lip with the least in the world of a contemptuous expression, and passed to a small sleeping-room on the same floor, which was transmuted, "for this night only," into a little *salon de jeu*, and took his place at a whist table.

A gentleman, who was introduced this evening for the first time to Mrs Genteel's circle, inquired of one of the initiated near him who this Mr Quaver Roulade was, who appeared to enjoy so vast a degree of consideration in Mrs Genteel's family.

"Roulade!" replied the person thus addressed; "you must take care how you speak of him. It is right that you should know that Mr Roulade is a very important personage, necessary, nay indispensable, at all musical parties of a certain pretension. He is disputed, contended, fought for, in twenty different drawing-rooms; at least, so he says. He is the son of a fashionable undertaker; but his grave functions have impressed no air of solemnity on his looks, nor have they bespread his person with the hues of mourning. By no means. Roulade is a *dilettante* by nature—a genuine *fanatico per la musica*. Not an opera comes out, of which he does not retail the tenor songs. All the repertory of Rubini has passed through his throat: in short, he is Rubini—*minus* the voice! Judge for yourself. He usually waits until he has been very much pressed, before he sings, that being the usage, though he is all the time violently controlling his crotchets. Musical amateurs, too, are always the better of a slight cough. How else excuse their false notes? Roulade always commences by assuring the company that he has a bad cold. But the moment he is launched, like a ten-oared gig manned by Westminster school-boys, he never stops. He makes it a matter of conscience to satisfy all tastes except the true one. He is a music-machine run mad—a barrel-organ with tunes interminable. He gives you no more breathing-room than himself; *time* is out of the question; of that he is but little solicitous. He would sing a whole trio to his own cheek, if it were possible; and not even Donizetti could compose operas enough to keep him going. In short, he is the plague of all unfortunate young ladies who have learned to touch the piano-forte (which means, I believe, all her majesty's female subjects, without exception), when he solicits of them the favour to accompany him; good manners render it impossible that they could refuse him; and it will be strange, indeed, if Roulade does not keep their hands full. I'll lay any wager in reason that he comes here only because Miss Cecilia Genteel is clever in accompanying; and it is not at all impossible that he will ask her hand in marriage, if for no other reason, for this—that he may be enabled to attach definitively to his person and his voice so distinguished an *accompagnatrice*."

"You treat him severely enough. He is probably one of your friends?"

"Why, for that matter, I never refuse him a shake of the hand."

The stranger felt persuaded that the distinguished amateur, whose arrival was expected with so much impatience, was calumniated by some unsuccessful rival. Presently a servant announced, "Mr Quaver Roulade."

At the mention of this philharmonic name, a considerable sensation pervaded the assemblage, and every head was stretched towards the door. Matrons agitated their fans and turbans; young maids simpered, spied, and looked pleased. The new arrival entered the room with all the self-satisfied assurance which his popularity in society warranted—with the air, in short, of a man who says to himself, "I do you too much honour to set foot amongst you." The person of such a man deserves to be analysed.

A figure somewhat over the middle size; shoulders like those of a porter; a *blonde* complexion, heightened for the nonce with a sprinkling of rouge, to repair the ravage of a score of balls, attended within the same number of days; a large and somewhat unmeaning face, in a "frame" of thick black whisker (the red roots contrasting strangely, to an inquisitorial eye, with the factitious colour); hair trained into ringlets over the entire surface of the head, like that of an opera Cupid, and descending down his shoulders almost as far as an ancient tail; a nose furnished with wings and open nostrils; great mobility of eye-brow; and a languishing eye, indicating by its expression the habitual practice of warbling passionate operatic *morceaux*, and tender ballads. His neck was loosely girded by a slight cravat, arranged so that the action of the throat might not be in the slightest degree impeded. A gold eye-glass fell upon a satin waistcoat, flowered with silver; "continuations" altogether suitable. An album, splendidly bound in red morocco, which the Troubadour held in his hand, and which was all filled with the newest music, completed his brilliant *ensemble*.

"My dear Mr Roulade, you have come rather late," said Mrs Genteel. "You are determined that people shall long for your arrival."

"Is it possible, Mrs Genteel, that your party can have taken the slightest notice of my absence?"

Here Miss Cecilia stepped forward and said, "Indeed, Mr Roulade, we could not think of beginning without you."

Roulade, propitiated by this well-flung incense, bowed and said, "Had you done so, I should have been deprived of the very great pleasure of hearing you throughout."

"You are very good to say so, Mr Roulade—but—indeed—I have not composed any thing new of late."

"How! not even a waltz? Ah! come now, Miss Cecilia, do favour us."

"I t—t—tried yesterday," said Miss Cecilia, with a blush and a simper.

"Charming! I'm sure you'll enchant us."

Roulade rushed towards the piano-forte, opened it, arranged the wax-lights in the most favourable position, gallantly offered his hand to Miss Cecilia Beethoven Genteel, and took his seat by her side, interrupting her performance each instant with the customary phrases of admiration—"*Brava!*—what grace!—what lightness!—what a delicious movement! *Bra—!*—Charming! Ah, *molto ben!* *Bravissima!—issima!*" The make-believe was complete on both sides. For not a note did Roulade listen to; and the waltz being excessively insignificant in itself, a mere reminiscence of Miss Cecilia's *solfeggio*, Roulade was enchanted with the expectation that his performance would shine out the more brilliant by comparison. The tactics of an amateur singer are as skilful as those of a general. He knows how to husband his forces, to deploy them into line at the fitting time, and to keep as a *corps de reserve* the most triumphant portion of his array. He will commence probably with a fashionable song, afterwards give something vulgar, and conclude with a difficult *scena* from the opera most in vogue, or some marvellous piece of *bravura*. All is calculated with him in the meting out of his sweet sounds; and never did diplomatist negotiate more effectually to bring about a point of policy than he to carry off the honours of the *soirée*.

Earnestly invited to sing, Roulade implored Mrs Genteel to excuse him, for he had come so hurriedly that he was still out of breath, and found himself incapable of sounding a single note. This was all a figment. The truth was, that Roulade wanted in the first instance to get rid of the little boarding-school misses and their little voices. In consequence of this refusal, three or four young ladies took their seats, one after another, at the piano, and gave forth the contents of their musical budget. "Di tanti palpiti!" was squealed; "Zitti, zitti, piano!" squalled; and one little minx had the effrontery to execute "Di piacer!" without benefit of time or clergy. What a ridiculous rage is that which has set in of late years for Italian vocal performances! Bread-and-butter misses making cat's meat of the divinest musical *morceaux*, in a language they can neither comprehend nor pronounce! The thing is absolutely atrocious. To ears accustomed to the glorious organs of the opera, it is utterly intolerable; and there is no one thing which makes us more shockingly ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, than this most inane and ludicrous pretension. I had rather hear a buxom country lass sing "Harvest home," or "Peas upon a trencher," while she is milking her cow, than the best specimen I have ever heard of these boarding-schooled, under-aged, English-Italian singers.

At the second of these perpetrations, Roulade suffered a gesture of annoyance to escape him; at the third, he shifted nervously to and fro on his chair; at the fourth, he appeared quite agitated, took off and put on his delicate kid gloves several times in succession, and passed his hand rapidly through his well-trained ringlets. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he at length said to the mistress of the house, "The fact is, Mrs Genteel, that I am peculiarly unfortunate this evening. These are all my favourite songs that the young ladies have been singing. I had brought them in my album, but I am now deprived of every one of them; and I must therefore entreat of you not to reckon upon me to-night."

Here the young man, whose observation I recorded in the commencement of this paper, approached the amateur, and with beautiful *sang froid* expressed all the regrets which he felt, adding that "it was beyond all question impossible that, amongst the music of Miss Cecilia Genteel, he would not find some air to suit his voice."

A general chorus of approbation followed this suggestion. Every corner of the room was searched; and

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the titles were read over of a vast number of songs, which must have found themselves no little astonished to see the light again. "Away, away to the mountain brow!" "Bells upon the wind," "I've been roaming," "The light of other days," "My dark-haired girl" (unfortunately, Miss Cecilia Genteel had light hair), "Rise, gentle moon!" (Miss Cecilia declared that this latter song was detestable, &c. &c.) Roulade, meanwhile, lost the better part of his assurance; for, poor wretch! he saw himself exposed to the sad alternative of either not singing at all, or striving to boggle through airs of which he scarcely knew a note. The truth may as well be out at once: Roulade knew next to nothing of music, and was obliged to strike for a whole week with one finger upon a piano-forte, in order to catch with accuracy the most trivial air. Oh, singular piece of good fortune! here is "We met!" and Roulade knows it—"We met!"—that triumph of sentimental maidens musical—that melody which is so exquisite (though hackneyed) in the mouth of a beautiful woman. Now, Roulade was any thing in the world but a beauty, though unmasculine enough in appearance. But he always spoke like one who was capable of every thing, and he proved it on this occasion.

A profound silence reigned throughout the apartment. Miss Cecilia Genteel took her seat at the piano-forte. Roulade coughed slightly in his handkerchief, took off his glove, and permitted the company to obtain, as if by accident, a glimpse of a fine antique cameo, which he wore, together with a large brilliant, on the little finger of his left hand. His right hand, concealed by the altar of Polyhymnia—commonly called piano—was ready to beat the time, without being perceived by a living soul. He raised his eyes towards heaven, dilated his already expansive nostrils, pitched as large a portion as he could muster of feeling and sentiment into all his features, made a bewildered gesture with his left hand, and commenced the famous

"We met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me;
He came—I could not breathe—for his eye was upon me!
He spoke—his"——

Here the singer, who had occupied himself too much with the pantomimic part of his performance, forgot the words.

"Words were cold!" exclaimed at least a dozen voices.

"Words were cold!" articulated Roulade, stooping to read the printed words. In an energetic, and, as it were, triumphant voice, he exclaimed,

—"But his smile was unalter'd!"

And, then, louder still, with a mighty *rinforzando*,

"I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice falter'd!"

The deuce was in it, if Quaver's voice faltered; for the pretended tenor had a barytone voice, and his high notes escaped from him more like strangled shrieks than anything that musicians wot of. Sometimes it was a low C, bellowed forth as if from a trombone, sometimes a G above the line, squeaked as if by an asthmatic flageolet. Now you would swear that you heard a bull, and now a grasshopper. At one moment he seemed to draw up his voice from the bottom of his boots, at another down from the topmost recesses of his head. Now he plunged his chin deep into his cravat, set up a rumbling in his intestines, like a volcano or a ventriloquist; and anon he suddenly threw back his head, expanding his chest and his arms, with the inspired air and attitude of a Rubini. If you shut your eyes, you would imagine that you heard a dust performed by the parish clerk and a child in the choir. It is unnecessary that I should make particular mention of all Roulade's false notes, of all his doubtful notes, of all his notes flattened towards the end, of all his infamous shakes, his mock grace-notes, his rascally *fioriture!* His principal merit consisted in the marvellously pathetic pantomime, with which, rolling his eyes like saucers, and shaking as if in an epilepsy, he bellowed forth like the victim roasting in Phalaris's bull,

"The world may think me gay, *for my feelings I smother!*"

And wound up all, clasping his hands, as, with redoubled ardour, he made the ceiling ring with the pathetic finale—

"Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

Loud and long resounded the applause with which the Goths (of which, in musical matters, nine-tenths of every English assemblage is composed) complimented the singer's efforts. Congratulations poured in from every side. An encore was prayed; but this Roulade resisted, for his object was to develop fresh musical treasures. Then the company implored him not to step with a single song. Mrs Genteel carried him a jelly, and almost thrust it down his throat. "Good!" said the young man whom I have previously introduced to my readers, in an under tone, "they do well to give him something *to sweeten his voice.*" Then coming forward, and accosting Roulade, with truly Cromwellian hypocrisy, "Ah, Mr Roulade," said he, "you have indeed sung that song charmingly. Before I had the pleasure of hearing you, I imagined that 'We met' could only be sung effectively by a female voice; but you have made it change its sex. What shall we have the pleasure of hearing from you next?"

"I don't know—can't say precisely," said Roulade. "But, since the company desire it, I shall try the first thing that comes to hand."

The grossest flattery, nay, the most downright mockery, is accepted as certain truth by that most weak-headed of mortals while the fit is on him—an amateur singer. During the next half hour, Roulade *dispatched* "She wore a wreath of roses"—"A baby lay sleeping"—"*Buona notte*"—"She sat within the abbey walls"—"Isle of beauty"—"Teach me to forget"—"*La Biondina*"—"Happy land"—"Our first and dearest home," and some two or three more of the choicest favourites of the modern Rosa-Matilda school. The ears of his audience at length began to grow fatigued, and then Roulade's exercise was varied by taking a part with Miss Cecilia Genteel in such novel duets as "I know a bank," "Love in thine eyes," "Ye banks and braes," and (name it not in the Royal Academy of Music) the magnificent *Sona la tromba*, from Il Puritani. *There* was murder, if ever there was a musical Greenacre. To think of the glorious battle-call which the magnificent organs of Lablache and Tamburini make stir the bosoms of the opera audience like a clarion, squeaked by Mr Quaver Roulade's cracked fiddle of a voice, and Miss Cecilia Genteel's penny trumpet!

Verily, I shall take my hat, and leave at once; for I have had more than enough of a *soirée musicale*; and Quaver Roulade takes his hat and his leave at the same time.

Roulade being in requisition in more than one drawing-room, remembered an engagement at Cut'emout Terrace, New Road; and being now satiated with applause, squinted at the clock. This being perceived by half a score of people at once, all the young ladies in the room besieged his skirts, and implored Roulade not to leave them. But the hero of the gamut was immoveable in his resolution to depart. He stammered forth some excuses, took up his album, which he hoped to sing all through at his second *soirée*, and straightway evaporated.

It was now past midnight; and Roulade's papa's horses being all engaged that day in the country, or very much knocked up by a multiplicity of funerals, an epidemic at that time prevailing, to his great chagrin he had been unable to sport his cab. He had proceeded only a few yards from Mrs Genteel's door, when some drops of rain began to fall. Roulade ran forward on the tips of his patent-leathers towards the nearest cab-stand, where

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,"

pleasantly saluting his ear with the hope of a dry conveyance. Horror on horrors! The last of the vehicles was just rolling off with a fare, and Roulade was constrained to foot it. But, worse and worse! the celestial flood-gates seemed to be opened, cataracts descending, and torrents falling. Spouts and the roofs of houses poured forth a hissing stream, and Roulade swam rather than walked right through the bosom of this unforeseen deluge. Notwithstanding his great eagerness to keep his second engagement, and discharge his lungs of the contents of his album, he was forced to sound a retreat. Still his musical fervour was such, that he hesitated between his domicile and Cut'emout Terrace. In the very midst of this perplexing quandary, a streamlet formed by the rain, a sort of metropolitan Rubicon, presented itself before him. There was but one thing for it—Cæsar-like to bound over the obstacle. Roulade did so, but, alas! let fall *en passant* his precious morocco-bound and glittering album, which the muddy and guttery stream carried off in its bosom—

—"Like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm!"

Poor Roulade! His disasters did not end even here. Unfortunate barytone-tenor, upon this fatal night he caught a violent cold, which laid him up for several days, and finished by taking away that voice which constituted his most attractive ornament. Ever after, his recreant throat rebelled against all the efforts of its master to extract from it the smallest sound which even Roulade's audacity could palm off for music. With his voice, he lost, of course, four-fifths of his invitations, and, what was much more, the well-endowed hand of Miss Cecilia Genteel, who married a genuine tenor, that was fortunate enough to make timely seizure of the succession left vacant by the breaking-up of Roulade's organ.

Following the universal rule in such cases, Roulade fell into the ranks of discontented melomaniacs. Never was an opera performed at one of the theatres that he did not attend. Never did he hear an air without venting his spleen in some such piece of supercilious criticism as "vicious method"—"slender voice"—"execrable taste," &c. &c. He is a regular frequenter of Fop's Alley, at the opera; and though the *divine four* should be doing their utmost, the like of which the world never heard before, or *by four*, he is sure to have some impertinence to pass off on his neighbours for criticism.

I shall conclude by laying it down as a general rule, that amateur singers, when they sing, murder music—when they have lost their voices, abuse it.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

NINTH ARTICLE.—MODES OF SPENDING.

In all discussions on political economy, it is necessary to preserve a distinction between the moral and what may be called the purely economical lights in which each subject may be viewed. The effect of a particular operation on the morals of society must be kept distinct from its simple physical influence in making it rich or poor. When this distinction is not kept in view, perpetual explanations are necessary to let it be known that, in estimating the profit or loss of any system of human action, those of a moral nature are not taken into view. The distinction is easily preserved in the other sciences. No one, for instance, ever confounds the natural history of horses with the moral influence of driving a chariot, or the botanical analysis of grain with the effects of distillation on society. The majority of the phenomena of political economy, however, operate through certain moral qualities on which we must calculate; we must, for instance, keep in view the almost universal desire of gain, the parental love of offspring, prejudices in time and place, &c., as the naturalist estimates the operation of the laws of nature. It is almost needless to say, that upon the operation of these moral laws of nature (if we may so term them), we cannot look with the same abstract indifference as on the physical. While we are thinking and writing on them, they are themselves operating within us, and influencing our thoughts and deeds. It would not at first sight appear, but there is in reality scarcely a branch in political economy in which it is more necessary to keep the moral and the economic branches of the question more completely distinct than in this one of expenditure.

Capital was stated in a previous article to be the result of accumulated labour. The method by which the property created by labour is so accumulated, is by producing more commodities than the amount consumed, and reserving a portion. In other words, it is by using the existing capital in such a manner as that, instead of being consumed, it may not only replace itself, but bring an addition with it. Capital so used is said to be profitably employed—the addition said to be made by it to the existing property is called profits. This is a subject which by itself occupies a very prominent and interesting position in political economy, and which deserves a separate notice. It is proposed to confine the present article more directly to the subject of the distinctions between profitable and unprofitable expenditure.

It is a very common and not unnatural feeling among mankind in general, that the proprietor of wealth is the source of its creation, and that in the dispenser of money they look upon one but for whom it would not have had existence. If the rich man has, by his own industry, genius, or success in trade, made his own fortune, the supposition is founded in truth; but he who has contributed nothing to the creation of the wealth he enjoys, is its mere recipient and distributor. The property came into existence without his intervention, and had he never lived, it would not the less have existed in some other person's hands. Having, then, no merit in bringing it into being, all that the successor to riches can do for society with respect to his property, is to use it beneficially. There are circumstances frequently in the very nature of the property which interfere with the performance of such a service. Its size is a material impediment. The proprietor of an unwieldy large fortune has no inducement to employ it profitably. He cannot keep a watch on his own expenditure, and therefore a large portion of it is wasted or unworthily distributed. In a country where feudal practices linger, such as our own, it is indeed among the rules of society that a certain portion of such fortunes shall be thus wasted; that it is beneath the dignity of the possessor to reckon too carefully about his houses, dependants, and equipages. It is never once considered whether the money he gives brings a suitable return either to himself or to any other portion of the human race. If the merits of the individual were at all concerned in the existence of the fortune, it

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might rather be said, then, that such a person did injury than benefit to society. The riches would have existed had he not lived, and they might have been in hands that would have employed them better. Suppose his fortune to possess the character of a large landed estate. The rent which constitutes the proprietor's riches is created by the industry of the workman, and the skill and capital of the farmer laid out on the tillage of the soil. That soil would have existed to prompt their exertions had it been divided among twenty proprietors instead of belonging to one; and not only would the return in rent have probably been larger (for the small proprietor has generally greater inducements to bring land under tillage than the large), but the rent received would have been undoubtedly more frugally and circumspectly spent. Thus it appears that, as the wealth arising from great estates is generally spent, it does less than its proportion of good. Any law tending to prohibit, or even to discourage, the accumulation of large fortunes, would be prejudicial to society, by removing an inducement to enterprise and exertion; but, undoubtedly, a law which directly interferes for the creation of unwieldy large estates, or for the protraction of their existence—such a law, for instance, as the entail system in Scotland—is directly injurious to society.

When the man of large fortune happens to be seized with or driven into a fit of extravagance, his merits as a benefactor are held to be in a state of peculiar activity. He is then under the operation of impulses of active and energetic benevolence, creating and distributing blessings around him. When a great entertainment is given, which calls forth the exertions of the dress-maker, the perfumer, the wine-merchant, and the pastry cook, there are endless congratulations about "impulse to trade," "benefit to the community," "do a great deal of good indeed," "circulate money," "employment to poor people," &c. Surely, if all this good is really created by the enjoyments of the aristocracy, those of them who refuse to bless mankind at so easy and pleasing a rate, are guilty of much cruelty, or at least supine indifference to their fellow-creatures. But perhaps if we inquire a little into the real character of these impulses to trade, we shall find that those who act otherwise are not such enemies to society as they naturally appear in the eyes of the merchant who would fain be supplying them with costly wines, or the milliners, who think the ladies of the house do not spend what they should on feminine finery. The mistake so prevalent on this subject is a natural offspring of the selfishness of mankind. The persons who are employed by a man's wealth being turned into the channel of dissipation, are undoubtedly benefited by his taste in expenditure, in as far as his debts are paid. These, then, are clamorous to the world about the benefits they receive at his hands; and as those from whom the expenditure is diverted by its taking this direction—those among whom his money would have been spent had he followed a different career—are not in court to state their own case, the world takes the others at their word, and joins in their gratulations. The mistake on which all this proceeds is, that money is spent by this means which would not be spent otherwise. Before the invention of the banking system, when coin was hoarded in the earth, the supposition was not inapplicable. In a commercial community, however, it is a general proposition that no considerable sum of money remains unused. Suppose the landed proprietor to have some thousands of pounds in his hands, which he does not wish to lay out on baubles and dissipation, his object will be to find an investment. Perhaps he buys stock in a railway or canal, or mining company; in this case his money, after having employed workmen, and conveyed or created useful commodities, will generally return to him with a profit, from which further funds accumulate for the same or other purposes. Perhaps the saving man lends out his money. If the borrower spend it in frivolities, it cannot be worse employed than if the original owner had done so. But in the general case, the borrower will be an employer of capital—say a cotton-spinner or a farmer—and then the money having paid wages to labourers, and brought into existence clothing or food, after being replaced, yields a profit to the employer, and another to the lender, under the name of interest. The principal benefit done to society, in an economic point of view, by the person who spends his fortune on gaieties, is, that he gives support to human beings; but the number will not be so great as would have been supported by the money had it been used in the way of trade, because it will not be so economically managed, and very few of the human beings will be producers; the money spent in the general case not only not affording profit, but not replacing itself. A small part may perhaps replace itself with profit. The wine merchant and the pastry-cook may invest the money they receive in their business, but the portion that takes this direction must be but a comparatively small one of the money dissipated abroad. Into the moral operation of what is thus spent—the encouragement to idleness and dissipation, and the seduction from useful and steady pursuits to more pleasing and precarious ones—it is not our purpose to enter. We may, however, remark, that the obligations which a love of pleasure induces men to incur, are among the most likely to be beyond their power to fulfil; in other words, that it is in dissipation that the greater portion of bad debts are incurred. Were the advantages derived from the active expenditure of money, in this form, as substantial as they are imagined to be, they would be far more than counteracted by the havoc created among the industrious by unpaid bills.

The narrow, self-regarding views which have, as above noticed, given the credit of general benefactors to those who have employed certain classes of tradesmen, have often led to the adoption of curious views as to the place where expenditure should occur. In the general case, a man's expenditure will be equally beneficial to his race, wherever it may take place; but some shopkeepers occasionally think otherwise—they hold that it should be spent among themselves, and they sometimes get a portion of the public to join them. If a man has a uniform income, which he will spend annually on a butcher, baker, or tailor, his money will produce, in the general case, the greatest quantity of advantage to the recipients if he always remain in the same place. The respective tradesmen who have a set of regular customers, know how much raw material to lay in, how many hands to employ, and how much income they may put themselves in the way of spending. A law, however, tending to enforce the benefit of perpetual residence in one place, besides many other evils, would be an infringement on civil liberty not to be endured; nor would it be of much perceptible service in a populous and affluent country, where the inducements which have brought one to reside in a place will generally call a successor on his departure. Any act of the government, however, which should have the effect of removing a large and rich body—the court and legislature, for instance—from the place where they have been in the habit of congregating, would cause great evil and injustice. It has often been said—and petitions have been presented to Parliament on the subject—that the legislature and the court ought to be occasionally convened in Edinburgh or Dublin. From their not being so, the present race of tradesmen in these cities experience no injustice; but from a removal, those of London would suffer much injury. It is said their custom should be distributed—Scotland and Ireland should have their turn, &c. Now, no man is injured by never receiving that which he has never acted on the anticipation of getting. The tradesmen of Westminster (some of them, by the way, from Edinburgh, some from Dublin) set up their business in that place for the purpose of supplying the demand which the existence of the court and legislature in its neighbourhood was likely to occasion; and if the position of any class of tradesmen ought to be taken into consideration, in fixing the seat of legislation, it is theirs. The inconveniencies, however, of a permanent change of place, such as took place in the case of Scotland and Ireland, would not be productive of so much evil as might be anticipated. The tradesmen in the new locality might have the start, but those of the old one would soon migrate.

The chief evils of what is called absenteeism, arise from such a change in the seat of expenditure. A landed proprietor employs a grocer, a baker, a carpenter, and, perhaps, a tailor, in a small village on his estate, and when he leaves the spot, their income will be so far depreciated, that they cannot live there, but must seek their fortune elsewhere. How far such an event will be productive of much mischief, must depend on circumstances. In a popular view, however, the evils of absenteeism are vastly exaggerated. It seems to be considered, that when the landlord is gone, the whole industry and enterprise of the spot go with him. The rent, however, which the landlord chooses to enjoy elsewhere, is but a small part of the riches produced on his property. In the creation of the rent, the neighbourhood is benefited to an extent to which the spending of it in the vicinity is a bagatelle. Before the farmer can pay it, he must have expended, perhaps, three or four times its amount in a manner so profitable, as not only to produce the rent itself, but to support himself and his family after feeding a number of labourers. What the farmer spends in such a manner that it is replaced with profit, is three or four times as much as what the landlord would spend unprofitably. In so far as the proprietor chooses to spend a portion of the rent on improving his property, the expenditure is undoubtedly profitable; but, in general, his agents and stewards will look after these matters in his absence. In one case, indeed, the departure of a proprietor would occasion serious loss to his neighbourhood—the case where he employs his rent in farming, manufacturing, or some other profitable speculation, which cannot be conducted in his absence. In this case the money he spends, instead of assisting in the support of a few isolated individuals, will, perhaps, after feeding a large number of workmen, be giving its annual contribution, in the shape of profits, to the increase of the capital of the country. It is seldom, however, that men of this description desert their pursuits unless they become unprofitable.

Again it may be necessary to remind the reader of the distinction that must be observed between the purely economic and the moral considerations which apply to this subject. It must be on the latter that the extent to which unprofitable expenditure ought to exist, must in a great measure depend. It is difficult to conceive a state of society in which all the money spent replaces itself with a profit; and, indeed, such an arrangement would seem to defeat the object of the accumulation of property, which is the increase of the comforts and enjoyments of the community. In a well-regulated state, indeed, the extent to which unproductive expenditure exists, in the obtainment of rational enjoyments, will be an index to the general prosperity that exists within it, and of which all its members will more or less partake.

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visiters around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion, the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story.

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint-Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time, the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her. "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him." No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favour of her family. With such guesses as this, the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but, just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprung forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—"*Do not drive out in your carriage to-day.*"

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon afterwards he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. "Citizen-consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone, and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!" "How so?" was the reply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back-seat, a bomb—a real, massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had been so arranged, that, in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint-Cloud. There must be treachery close at hand. Fouché must be told of this—Dubois must be warned!" "Not a word to them!" replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time. "Duroc," said he at length, "you will come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring

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me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?" "I have, citizen-consul." "Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but, on this occasion, the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confidant Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her nonappearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison, the winters at St Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month, which the republicans well called *nivose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aide-de-camp Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapt in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, "Citizen-consul! citizen-consul! read—read!" Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, madam?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done." "Citizen-consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands. What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprung off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was just issuing from the street of Saint Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The *infernal machine* had exploded! Uninjured, the carriage of the consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumour exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupified; Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:—"In the name of heaven, citizen-consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street Saint-Nicholas!" The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint-Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapt in a dark mantle, which the consul recognised as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said Bonaparte quietly but quickly to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries; I *must* see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilised earth. The isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, but yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at all times have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

The emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint-Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned; it is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards, he was pining on the rock of St Helena.

Thus, of *three warnings*, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third —which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel-Dieu in 1837, and that around her neck was found suspended, by a silk riband, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

[This little story is abridged from a recent French feuilleton, by Maria Aycard, one of the most fertile authors of such nouvellettes now figuring in the Parisian world. There was so much of the marvellous in Napoleon's whole career, that it would be hard to say when or where the anecdotes told respecting him diverge into fiction. Certainly he was an object of unbounded admiration, almost of idolatry, to thousands of whom he himself knew nothing, yet who would have preserved him from danger at the cost of their own lives.]

THE NEW VACCINATION ACT.

We do not know any species of discovery, invention, or improvement, which has been more unworthily treated than vaccination. For half a century it has had to struggle against the indolent prejudices entertained by the bulk of society, and, notwithstanding its marked power of preventing small-pox, and thereby arresting one of the greatest scourges of the human race, it is still regarded by a pretty large section of the community either with indifference or hostility. With the hope that what we write may in some manner reach this numerous class, we beg to say a few words for their special benefit.

In the first place, let us explain (for this is necessary with many) what vaccination is. It is well known that there is a disease called small-pox, peculiarly apt to affect children. It is a hideous disease, which, if it do not kill the infants, leaves them much disfigured, and also, in some cases, deprived of sight. With the view of modifying this dreadful disorder, it was formerly customary to communicate it from one child to another by the insertion of a little matter, which is called *inoculation*. This, in some cases, has the desired effect of giving the small-pox in a less violent degree than if taken naturally; but disfigurement, and even death, often ensue from the practice—thus showing that it is no perfect safeguard—while the child who is affected forms a source of contagion to the whole neighbourhood around. Let this be clearly understood. We say, that a child who is smitten with small-pox by inoculation is as capable of communicating the disease in a natural form as if the child had taken the disease naturally itself. Hence the parents who allow their child to be inoculated, endanger the lives of old and young in the same house, and probably in the adjacent dwellings, or all who visit them. What, then, is to be done to prevent these calamities? We shall explain. There is a process called *vaccination*, which consists in inserting a small portion of matter taken from pustules which rise on the udder of a cow; the insertion in the arm of the infant being done in the same manner as inoculation. This matter raises a pustule at the spot where it is inserted, and this is called having the cow-pox. Where the vaccination has been properly performed, the child is at once relieved from all liability to take the small-pox. How such should be the case cannot be well explained, but the fact is indisputable. The constitution is affected by vaccination in such a way, that those who have undergone it, and really had cow-pox, never catch the infection of small-pox. Besides, children enduring cow-pox or vaccination, do not communicate any contagion to others. Such being the case, is it not wonderful that mothers should persist in keeping their children from being vaccinated? We say distinctly to parents, if you do not have your children vaccinated, you are clearly guilty of incurring the risk of killing them with small-pox, and perhaps endangering the lives of hundreds of unvaccinated persons about you. Think a little on the disgracefulness of incurring such a serious charge as this.

We shall now show what havoc small-pox has been lately committing in England, all through the prejudices of parents against vaccination, or from pure negligence. From the valuable information recently obtained by the registration of the causes of death, it appears that in 1837, there were in England only four diseases by which more people were killed than by small-pox. The number of deaths registered as caused by small-pox, during the two years and a half ended December 31, 1839, was 30,000, which gives about 12,000 deaths annually in England and Wales. It appears that the extremes of mortality at the Small-Pox Hospital in London, amongst those attacked by the disease, have been 15 per cent. and 42 per cent. In some districts the mortality from small-pox is stated to be one in six of those attacked. But if, according to other statements, the average mortality be taken at one in four, or 25 per cent. of those attacked, the number of persons attacked in England and Wales must amount, on an average, to nearly 50,000 persons; thus, besides 12,000 killed, there are probably nearly 40,000, who, although they recover, have at least been subjected to a painful and loathsome disease, with all the disadvantages which attend and follow it.

It appears that the practice of inoculating with the small-pox has been long abandoned by the whole of the respectable part of the medical profession, on the grounds, first, as respects the individual inoculated, that it is much more dangerous than the cow-pox; secondly, as respects others, that it makes the person inoculated a source of contagion, thus multiplying the chances of its spreading, and without absolutely protecting the life of the one person inoculated, exposes to imminent risk the lives of others, who are the more entitled to protection as they have the less warning to protect themselves. The practice of inoculation with small-pox is mostly pursued by ignorant and unqualified persons, old women, and itinerant quacks. Excessive mortality from small-pox is frequently traceable to the proceedings of such persons. Instances are authenticated of persons having caught small-pox after vaccination, and having died, as there are also instances of persons having small-pox a second time and dying from it; but instances even of the former kind are extremely rare; and allowing that the sufferers had been properly vaccinated, a fact which is still more rarely proved, the proportion of such fatal cases is so small as scarcely to affect the value of vaccination as a measure of prevention.

With respect to the value of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox, the following evidence is given in a report to the Poor-Law Commissioners:—"In the year 1827, the small-pox appeared in one of the largest institutions in Dublin, the average number of inmates being between 2000 and 3000. The disease attacked 106 individuals, and was confined chiefly to the nursery, in which were 141 children, together with their mothers or nurses, many of the latter having been vaccinated during their infancy or childhood, and they all escaped the small-pox, though placed under circumstances most favourable for the reception of the infection. Up to the 28th of March of the present year, thirty-eight cases of small-pox have occurred, and notwithstanding the close and constant intercourse which arises from the crowded state of the establishment, no instance of small-pox after vaccination was observed, excepting in one child, who was said to have been vaccinated two years ago in Liverpool, but on whose arm there was no trace of cow-pox."

It is important to note, that vaccination should be carefully performed. If done carelessly, there is no certainty of the right effect being produced. In all cases, it should be performed by properly educated and practising medical men—not by midwives, or ordinary women, who cannot be expected to possess the pure vaccinating matter.

In consequence of the great number of deaths annually occurring from inoculation with small-pox, an act of parliament has lately been passed,* and which has already come into operation throughout England, Wales, and Ireland, having for its object the extension of the practice of vaccination, and the entire prohibition of the inoculation of children with small-pox, by constituting the latter a misdemeanour, punishable with one month's imprisonment. In adopting this course, the legislature has followed the example of several of the continental states.

We conceive that we shall be performing an acceptable service to our readers, and promoting, in some degree, the benevolent intention of the legislature, by giving increased circulation to the provisions of the

* The 3d and 4th Vict. cap. 29.

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act, and the measures which are to be immediately taken to carry out the execution of those provisions.

This act is entitled "An Act to extend the Practice of Vaccination," and enacts—

1. That from and after the passing of this act, it shall be lawful for the guardians of every parish or union, and for the overseers of every parish in which relief to the poor shall not be administered by guardians, in England and Wales; and they are thereby directed to contract with the medical officers of their several unions or parishes respectively, or with any legally qualified medical practitioner or practitioners, for the vaccination of all persons resident in such unions or parishes respectively: provided always, that it shall be a condition of every such contract, that the amount of the remuneration to be received under the same shall depend on the number of persons, who, not having been previously successfully vaccinated, shall be successfully vaccinated by such medical officers or practitioners respectively so contracting.

2. That in making such arrangements as may be required for the execution of this act, such guardians and overseers, and all other officers engaged in the administration of the laws for the relief of the poor, shall conform to the regulations which may from time to time be issued by the Poor-Law Commissioners in that behalf, which regulations the said commissioners are thereby authorised and required to make and issue.

3. Medical officers to report from time to time the number of persons vaccinated to the guardians or overseers.

Sections 4, 5, 6, and 7, refer to the arrangements of the medical officers in the various districts.

8. It is enacted, That any person who shall, from and after the passing of this act, produce, or attempt to produce, in any person, by inoculation with variolous matter, or by wilful exposure to variolous matter, or to any matter, article, or thing impregnated with variolous matter, or wilfully, by any other means whatsoever, produce the disease of small-pox in any person in England, Wales, or Ireland, shall be liable to be proceeded against and convicted summarily before any two or more justices of the peace in petty sessions assembled, and for every such offence shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned in the common jail or house of correction, for any term not exceeding one month.

The Poor-Law Commissioners, under whose direction this act is generally to be carried into effect, have, as a preparatory step, issued a circular letter to the boards of poor-law guardians in England, calling their attention to the several provisions of the act, with a view to the understanding of their object, and the steps to be taken for its accomplishment.

The act of parliament does not extend to Scotland, none of the Scottish members of the legislature, as we have been told, having thought proper to desire that it should do so, although precisely the same evils require to be remedied in the one country as in the other.

EXHIBITION OF MODELS AND MANUFACTURES AT GLASGOW.

An exhibition of Models and Manufactures was prepared, in connexion with the British Association, in the Monteith Rooms in Buchanan Street. This is a kind of exhibition of which, as far as we are aware, the Adelaide Gallery in London afforded the first example. There was one in Edinburgh last winter, of which an account appeared in the present work. Another and flourishing one was open to the public at Newcastle in spring, and about the same time there was one of immense extent and variety of objects, in connexion with the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool. The results of the one last mentioned were such as to show how well calculated such exhibitions are, in the present day, to attract public attention. During the six weeks it was open, it drew (at a shilling a-head of admission-money) upwards of three thousand four hundred pounds, of which all, except a few hundreds for expenses, went to the funds of the institution. A confectionery table, opened in it for the refreshment of the visiters, drew above four hundred pounds, and from the half of its profits afforded a little dowry to the shop-girl who kept it. The show held forth in Glasgow was not of such vast extent, but a very good exhibition nevertheless. After doing service during the week of the association, it was opened to the public at a small rate, and was well attended.

In the entrance hall, we observed some models by the ingenious Mr Thom of Rothesay, the engineer of the extraordinary water-works at Greenock. Amongst them was one of a self-acting filter, which was stated to have been established at the Paisley water-works two years since, and to have completely accomplished its object. In the same hall was suspended a locomotive carriage-wheel, of wrought iron, "forged at a blow." Touched with a hammer, this large mass sounded like a bell, thereby denoting its perfect soundness. The catalogue states it to have been "from Mr Jeremiah Grime, Lancashire."

On entering the *lower room*, we found five tables, covered with various objects; besides which there were many things placed upon the ground or suspended from the walls. Immediately opposite the door stood a large model of Glasgow Cathedral, by Mr G. M. Kemp, the self-taught Gothic architect, whom we formerly introduced to our readers as the successful competitor for the furnishing of a plan for the Scott Monument in Edinburgh. This model is executed with the greatest neatness and accuracy, on a scale of four inches to ten feet, and it comprehends the restorations or re-edifications proposed upon the existing building by Mr Kemp. Glasgow, it occurred to us, ought to possess this very interesting model. Near by, in a corner, we found a model of a different but not less interesting kind—the subject represented being the district of the Western Pyrenees, and the object being to illustrate the campaign of 1813. This is done in *papier machée*, by Major Sir T. L. Mitchell. Every hill, every path winding over and amongst them—every town, village, and castle, every river and every streamlet—is here clearly, and, we should presume, accurately represented. We have been informed that this model was exhibited last winter in London, when the Duke of Wellington visited it, studied it for several hours, and went away declaring his complete satisfaction with it.

In such an assemblage of objects, the oddest associations sometimes occur. Very near to this beautiful high-relief map, as it might be called, lay, upon the same table, a *patent gridiron frying-pan*, made by a Mr Rettie, a brassfounder, a most ingenious piece of apparatus certainly. The design evidently is to broil steaks or chops, and at the same time save the greater part of the juice and fat, which, when ordinary gridirons are used, falls, as all the world knows and laments, into the fire. To effect this end, Mr Rettie's gridiron is made primarily as a frying-pan, but with a pretty high convexity in the centre, and this convexity is composed of bars in radiating fashion, each having a channel running down the middle of it, all of these channels meeting in one larger channel, forming the rim of the vessel. Thus, steaks put upon the convexity receive the fire through the bars; the juice runs down the channels in the bars, and collects in the hollow rim; and, while the process is essentially a *broil*, the results also involve the benefits of a *fry*. Dr Kitchener would have beheld Mr Rettie's contrivance with transport.

But a truce with whim—an object is before us which calls for something not much short of awe. We behold the identical model steam-engine with which James Watt experimented in his youth, within the walls of Glasgow College; also, suspended over it, the original portrait of the venerable mechanician, by Partridge. The model is a frame about three feet high, two broad, and one in thickness, comprehending a furnace scarcely large enough to boil an old woman's tea-kettle; over that, a small barrel-shaped boiler of copper, supplying a cylinder about the size of a half pint measure; from this rises the stalk of a piston, attached at the top to the extremity of a beam like a balance, the other end of which works upon a miniature pump below. Between the pump and the boiler lies a small trough, into which the water, when pumped, was discharged. Altogether, the apparatus strikes one as simple and homely, and has something affecting in it from that very cause. The portrait is a bust, very lively and beautiful; it made us aware for the first time of the philosopher having possessed a pair of uncommonly fine blue eyes, adding greatly to the mildness of his aspect. It may be added, that the model belongs to the College of Glasgow, and the portrait to John Smith, Esq. of Crutherland. Close beside these objects, we found another of great interest, as connected with the history of steam power, namely, the actual engine employed by Henry Bell in his first vessel—the first working steam-vessel, as is well known, out of America. This vessel, named the Comet, began to ply upon the Clyde in 1812; and afterwards, being transferred to the West Highland station, it was wrecked about 1819 in the *Doors of Dorrismore*. Many years after, Messrs Girdwood and Company, machine-makers in Glasgow, desiring to have the engine as a curiosity, caused it to be raised from the wreck and erected in their works, at an expense of L.120. It now belongs, we believe, to Messrs Craig and Company, Tradeston (a suburb of Glasgow). The cylinder is surprisingly small, not above a foot in diameter; and the whole works, like Mr Watt's model, are of rude construction. To see these two objects so near each other struck the mind forcibly. If there had also been present the small engine used in the experimental vessel which Mr Miller set a-going on Dalswinton lake in 1788 (not long ago placed by Mr Miller's son in the British Museum), it would have been one of the most remarkable groups of objects which the world could produce. It is to be lamented that they are separate; but certainly we could not wish to see the Watt model or the Bell engine sent out of Glasgow, even to be united with Mr Miller's engine in the British Museum. There is an additional interest in seeing such objects on the same ground which their authors trod in life, where they encountered all their difficulties, and finally made good their admirable designs.

Pass we on amongst objects of various kinds—a model of a drain-tile work, a model of Chester Bridge, a printing roller engraved by galvanism, and many others— until we come to one which arrested our attention for a little while, namely, the model of a *self-acting gate*. This is an invention by a Mr Paterson, architect in Dundee, for saving all the trouble which is encountered, while driving in a carriage through a gentleman's parks, in every minute alighting to open the gates. By a peculiar mechanism, this gate is no sooner approached by a carriage, from either side, than it flies open, the leaves receding from the side on which it is approached. The carriage, again, is no sooner through, than the leaves fall together, and are fastened by a central catch, "which remains down out of the way of the horses' feet, and rises in time to secure the gate." Of the mechanism for causing the gate to open, we see nothing besides two plates of iron on the wheel track, resembling those connected with weighing-machines for carts, and which are made to operate upon the central catch and the hinges of the gate by means of the weight of the carriage when it passes over them. Thus it would appear that a carriage might pass through a series of gates without one moment's interruption, every one flying open, like those encountered by John Gilpin, at the approach of the vehicle, and as readily closing behind it when it has passed.

Again we pass on through a crowd of ingenious machines, many of them of recent invention—as, a patent self-acting mill for spinning wool, by Mr Smith of Deanston, a pneumatic grate, models of steam-engines of various kinds, dissected models of chemical manufactories, by Mr Griffin of Glasgow, and many others, the enumeration of which would convey few definite ideas to the mind—until we are arrested by what may be called a *curiosity*, in the shape of certain hanks of cotton yarn, spun at New Lanark between the years 1790 and 1800, the early days of cotton-spinning in Scotland. They are labelled with their prices, which range from 5s. to 6s. 4d., while beside them lie specimens from the same mill done in 1840, and the prices of which are from 10d. to 1s., thus showing the great cheapening which has been effected in cotton goods through the improvement of machinery and the general advance of the trade. Again, a crowd of indescribable engines, including one which we understand to be of considerable importance, *a self-acting feeding machine*—that is, a machine in which the rolls of wool are made to supply themselves to the machine in which they are spun, the invention of Mr H. Brown, woollen manufacturer, Selkirk; also a patent *self-acting reel*, "which stops when the thread breaks or bobbin empties, or when a given quantity is reeled, without straining the thread," the invention of Mr William Nairne, flax-spinner, Perth—engines these which almost give human intelligence to inanimate matter, and renew, but for a good instead of a vain end, the offence of Prometheus. We have now passed up one side of the room and are coming down the other; and here we have presented to us, hanging like great and gorgeous palls upon the walls, specimens of carpets, of the kind bearing the name of Axminster, manufactured in Glasgow. This kind of carpets, it is generally known, are distinguished as being made all in one piece, with a very deep pile on one side, the other side being, like the back of a picture, not designed for show. For some time they have been made in other places besides Axminster, for example, at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in the factory of Messrs Whytock; but, in these instances, the pile is formed by a range of boys, who insert it thread by thread, each attending to his own little portion of the pattern. We find to our surprise that in Glasgow this process has been transferred from human labour to machinery, these specimens being described as "woven entirely in the loom," by the patentees, Messrs James Templeton and Company. Richer stuffs Luxury could not wish to set his proud foot upon.

The first room being now surveyed, we ascend to the second, at the door of which we find an unexpected sentinel, in the shape of a stuffed and glass-cased specimen of the *Alpaca*, a hitherto little-known example of the sheep tribe, inhabiting the higher regions of Peru. The alpaca is as large as a tolerable Shetland pony, with a long neck and long erect ears. Unlike its congener the lama, it has long silky wool, of a perfectly black hue, and containing no grease, the animal not being a perspiring one. Some peculiar interest attaches to the creature at the present moment, as a considerable importation of its wool has lately taken place for manufacturing purposes, and it has even been proposed to introduce the live animal to our pastures. Some specimens of cloth made from the wool are shown upon a neighbouring table, and seem to justify the saying of the manufacturer, that alpaca wool rather interferes with the silk than the wool trade. But we have our doubts as to the naturalisation of the animal. The high climates of Peru are certainly as cold as our Highlands, but one of the elements of our condition is wanting there, namely, the humidity. Our rains have been found to rot the feet of foreign sheep, to which the cold alone would have done no harm. We remember Sir John Sinclair getting home a flock of some such creatures, and sending them out to winter on the Pentland hills, with greatcoats on their backs. He quite forgot to supply them with shoes and leggins also, and hence, if we recollect rightly, they were all dead mutton before the end of the season.

Immediately within the door of this second room, there is a water tank, designed to exhibit in an appropriate manner models of steam and sailing vessels, including a peculiarly interesting set of models, "constructed by a committee of the British Association appointed for ascertaining the best forms of vessels." We pass this, and come to a table presenting a variety of cutlery and other instruments, including "a six-barrelled self-acting revolving pistol;" a huge razor,

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"with a view of Chatsworth House beautifully etched on the blade;" a piece of mechanism composed chiefly of two gems, "for correcting the edges of surgeons' cutting instruments;" and "an improved pivot castor for heavy furniture, constructed so as to have a constant supply of oil;"—the two last being the invention of Sir John Robison. Here also is an old Tyrolese matchlock, a similar weapon formerly belonging to Tippoo Saib, and a horn of great length, brought from Abyssinia by Bruce. Vain were it to detail the multitude of similar articles which immediately follow; but we must advert to what struck us as a good, because a useful and instructive idea, namely, trays containing articles of hardware, in all their various stages of manufacture, from the rudest to the most polished. Pins, buttons, files, gun-locks, German silver articles, &c., were thus illustrated. Some exquisite specimens of turning, from the private lathe of Sir John Graham Dalyell, were also here exhibited.

At the head of the room, "a Paisley shawl loom, with draw-boy," was seen in full operation. Here also stood a large case, containing Mr Alexander's electric telegraph, a model of Mr Ponton's being exhibited at the other, under the care of Mr Dunn, optician. Having lately treated of electric telegraphs in general, we shall not enter further into the description of these, than to say that Mr Alexander's produces 42 signals by means of as many wires, while Mr Ponton's, by some short-hand sleight, gives as many signals by means of three wires—a circumstance which we only mean to state as a matter of fact, and not as any proof of the superiority of the one telegraph to the other, on which point we have not had an opportunity of forming a judgment. We may, however, take this opportunity of adverting to the fact that, for some months past, the telegraph patented by Messrs Cooke and Wheatstone has been in operation between Paddington and West Drayton, on the line of the Great Western Railway, the communication being in that case effected by "metallic wires made to operate on fine magnetic needles, which point to twenty letters of the alphabet marked upon the dial, being acted upon by electric currents passing through coils of wire placed immediately behind them." This telegraph requires five wires throughout the length of the intervening space; but Mr Wheatstone has invented a new plan, by which only two wires will be required, and "so extremely simple, that any person, without any previous acquaintance with it, can send a communication, and read the answer." It appears that the expense of laying down such an electric telegraph along a line of railway will be about L.300 per mile. There may also be placed in the same tube different sets of wires, for the use of different companies or individuals: for instance, one might be for the use of the railway company, another for the service of government, and a third for general commercial purposes. If any party entertained a fear of their correspondence being tampered with, they might correspond by cipher, "of which an extremely safe and simple mode had been devised, enabling a person to communicate with a thousand correspondents so as that it should be impossible for any one of them to read what was intended for another." Mr Wheatstone proposes, in the case of a railway telegraph, to have, at every distance of a quarter of a mile, posts through which the magnetic wires can be carried up, and with an apparatus at the top. The guard, with a portable instrument, might at any of these stations communicate a message in either direction, so as to give warning of the approach of the carriages under his charge. Thus the risk of collisions would be considerably diminished.

The remainder of the tables in the second room are covered with a profusion of objects of art, and models of mechanism, which our space will scarcely allow us to touch upon. One small carved group in ivory, "Death sparing neither age nor sex," by Fiamingo, attracted general attention by its extreme beauty. A series of specimens of papier machée articles, by Messrs Jennens and Bettridge, of Birmingham, and a series of ornamental boxes and other articles, by Messrs Smith of Mauchline, showed to what a pitch of elegance, in form and pictorial design, some of even our manufactures of little or humble pretension have now attained. Another object generally admired was a "Warwick vase," done in terra cotta at the Garnkirk Works, near Glasgow. The only other object we have room to notice, is a *chimney-sweeping* machine, the invention of Mr Malcolm Muir, of Glasgow. This was exhibited at work upon a wooden chimney reared for the purpose at the end of the room. The mechanism for sweeping consists of a series of rods, connected by joints, which, like those of a clasp-knife, allow of a bending only in one direction. By means of these joints, the series of rods can be wound up upon a reel, so as to be readily carried about from house to house. The reel containing the wound-up rods being brought close in front of the supposed fire-place, a man fastens a brush on the extremity of the first rod, inserts this into the chimney, and then, beginning to turn the reel, causes the series to unwind, open, and proceed, like one long connected rod, up the chimney, driving, of course, the brush before them. To keep the united rod right in the centre of the vent, and to enable it to make lateral turnings in conformity with the turnings of a chimney along a wall, each individual rod is furnished with a wheel of about nine inches diameter, revolving upon an axis fastened in it, and there are other joints permitting of flexure to either side, but not forward or backward. The unwinding goes on, joint after joint proceeds up the chimney, which, the better to exemplify the principle, is bent almost at a right angle; and finally, after a few minutes have elapsed, the spectator sees the brush appear above the top of the vent, near the ceiling of the room. The importance of this machine, as a means of doing away with "climbing-boys," is so obvious, that we heartily wish it may come into general use.*

NOTICES OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE SCOTTISH INSTITUTION (EDINBURGH), FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

This institution was noticed in the Journal some years ago, while as yet it was in its infancy. Some may recollect its being described as an attempt to combine all the useful and ornamental branches of a young lady's education under one roof, at a comparatively moderate fee. To be more particular, a certain number of teachers—all of them men standing in the first rank of their profession in a city which acknowledgedly takes a lead in education—associated themselves for the purpose of establishing a school apart from their ordinary classes, where young ladies, for one slump fee (twenty guineas per annum), might acquire all those accomplishments which, taken under separate masters of the same reputation, usually cost a much larger sum. We learn with pleasure that this plan has been completely successful. The average attendance at the Scottish Institution for the last three years has been eighty; the season just commenced has brought even a larger number of pupils, many of them from distant parts of the world. At the same time, other establishments following the same plan have met, we believe, with a fair share of success; and private teaching in the same branches has been in no degree injured. The Scottish Institution is now conducted in a large house in the most elegant part of the city. The branches taught in the establishment, each under a first-rate master, are twelve—namely, junior English department; writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping; elocution and composition, history and geography; piano-forte, singing, theory of music and elements of composition; drawing and perspective; mathematics, with its more interesting applications; French language and literature; Italian language and literature; German language and literature; dancing and calisthenics. There are also lectures, by gentlemen of equal attainments, on chemistry, including electricity and galvanism; natural philosophy, including astronomy; geology and mineralogy; botany, zoology; and ancient and modern history. It is obvious that no young lady could learn all these things at the same time, at least with the same rapidity as when a few things only engage her attention; but a choice may be made, and it is a principle in the institution to afford a long and deliberate course of instruction at the same rate at which a short and hurried one is usually obtained. At the head of the establishment there is a lady exercising all the functions of the superior of a boarding-school; four governesses are retained to assist in the musical department, and one in the French; while the junior school has also an assistant. Such an amount of teaching power, at so moderate a rate of cost to individual pupils, is perhaps unexampled: indeed, nowhere but in such a city as Edinburgh, where education may be said to be a staple production, could any thing exactly like this institution be expected to exist. One of its most important effects is to make the ornamental branches of education more accessible than formerly to the middle classes of society. Another is to introduce physical science into the education of the upper classes. At the beginning of the present season, a new and important feature was added, namely, a normal school for governesses, for which the existing elements of the institution certainly furnish great advantages.

THE LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

We have before us the Report for 1839–40 of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, one of the greatest establishments of the kind in Great Britain, or perhaps in the world. Many points in the conduct of this institution are worthy the special attention of those who have the management of others of the same kind throughout the kingdom. It was established in June of the year 1825, under the patronage and presidency of the late Mr Huskisson, then member for the city. It continued for some subsequent years to flourish in a manner worthy of so great a seat of commerce and enterprise, and, in 1835, the foundation-stone of a handsome and massive building, for the purposes of the establishment, was laid by Lord Brougham, a fund being provided for the erection by subscriptions. All subscribers of ten guineas were appointed members for life. The ordinary members of the institution consist of individuals above the age of fourteen, who subscribe one guinea annually. The main privileges of membership consist in the use of the library, and admittance to the schools and lectures connected with the establishment. Life members, and those paying 21s. per annum, have a right to the admittance of such of their sons as are under twenty-one years of age, to the lectures, the evening schools, and the library, on paying 5s. for each per annum. Members who have no sons present, may send apprentices, aged from fourteen to twenty-one, on the same terms. Wives and daughters of members to be admitted to the lectures and library, on paying each 10s. 6d. annually. The election of officers, and all ordinary business, is managed by ballot-voting at general meetings.

The number of members belonging to the institution, in March 1840, is thus stated in the report:—"512 life members; 1595 annual members; 43 quarterly members; 655 sons of members; 266 apprentices of members; and 389 ladies." The recent income of the institution is described as unprecedentedly great. The following is an abstract of the accounts:—The available funds for 1839–40 (from March to March) amounted to L.9273, 17s. 4d.; the subscriptions of members, and receipts from lectures and evening classes, for the year, being L.3229, and the rest, exclusive of balances on hand from the preceding year, being chiefly derived from receipts on account of day-schools, open to ordinary payment. The large sum of L.7130 was expended on teachers' salaries and other expenses of the establishment; and the institution, after all other demands for the year were settled, could spare L.1490 to the building fund, for the completion of a sculpture gallery, which was in the course of being added to the establishment.

The institution, it will therefore be seen, is in a most flourishing condition as regards the indispensable article, money. Respecting the schools in connexion with the institution, and in which lies its great and peculiar utility, the report must be allowed to speak partly for itself. It is proper, however, to remark, in the first place, that the schools of the institution are of two kinds, the evening ones being intended, generally speaking, for young men who are already engaged in the pursuit of some trade, and whose early education has been more or less imperfect; while the high and preparatory day-schools have the character of ordinary academical seminaries, for the bestowal of a perfect course of instruction on the young. "The evening schools (says the report) consist at present of eighteen departments, conducted by twenty-six masters, and containing, in all, about 650 pupils, to whom instruction is afforded in English grammar, composition, geography, history, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, navigation, chemistry, natural philosophy; the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages; landscape drawing; practical, perspective, architectural, mechanical, and naval architectural drawing; ornamental and figure drawing; painting, modelling, vocal music, and rhetorical delivery." Detailed accounts of the condition of each of the classes for these branches are then given, and the results of the various courses are equally creditable to teachers and taught. Great, indeed, must be the benefit to the mechanical arts of the country from such instructions as are derived by young tradesmen at the following class. "The number on the list of the mechanical drawing class, under Mr Thomas Baker, is 48. The average attendance is about 30. This class is chiefly composed of apprentices—engineers, millwrights, pattern-makers, smiths, moulders, and coach-makers—with a considerable number of young students." Nor can we omit noticing particularly the class for vocal music, in which "there are about 70 pupils, who are now divided into two sections, a senior and a junior. To each of these, in consequence of the great numbers, it has been found necessary to devote a separate evening. Without a single exception, the pupils are deeply interested in their pursuits; their progress has been proportionably rapid; and when the directors consider the influence of music in refining and elevating the character, they confidently expect that this class will be found to be not merely attractive, but useful in the highest sense." Thirty years ago, this combining of the agreeable with the useful would have been called a wild waste of time. But the human mind, with all its wants and powers, is now better understood.

The library of the institution, and its museum, are thus noticed. "During the past year, upwards of L.200 have been expended on the purchase of suitable works, and nearly 3000 books have been added, by purchase or donations, to the library, which now contains in all upwards of 6000 volumes. This great increase in the number of books has induced the directors to allow members three volumes of a single work at a time, instead of one volume as formerly. Twelve of the most esteemed monthly and quarterly periodicals have been introduced into the library, the numbers being received as soon as published. As might have been expected, the increase of readers has been so great as to justify the increased expense which has been incurred, and to demand a still further expenditure in the purchase of useful works, whenever the funds shall be able to meet the outlay. At present the number of readers on the list is 1210; and the average daily number of books distributed is 200.

The Museum has been recently fitted up with shelves, and lighted. A curator has been appointed, by whose exertions the numerous specimens, chiefly of ornithology, which have been either purchased or presented, have been arranged. At present, the museum is open to members every Saturday, from twelve to five; and it is intended that, whenever the collection increases so greatly as to induce a more crowded attendance of visiters, greater facilities shall be given to members for its inspection. To the pupils

* Since the above was written, steps have been taken for the laudable object of establishing a permanent exhibition of models and manufactures in Glasgow.

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of the various schools, it is expected that this department of the institution will be of the utmost service."

Not the least valuable feature in the conduct of this establishment is the delivery of lectures in connexion with it, upon all manner of important subjects. "Since March 1839, twelve courses of lectures, or in all, eighty lectures, have been delivered to audiences varying in numbers from 800 to 1400. The subjects have been diversified as much as possible, that all classes of members might find something suited to their various tastes and pursuits in life." Organic chemistry, animal mechanics, electro-magnetism, astronomy, vegetable physiology, landscape painting, steam power, &c., are but a few of the subjects lectured upon—the lecturers being among the first men of the day in their respective departments.

The institution is preparing to open an exhibition of objects illustrative of science, arts, and manufactures, such as that noticed in our present number. "No exertion will be spared to render it worthy of the institution and of the town, and the co-operation of all the members is earnestly requested, in order that the institution may not only be assisted by the proceeds, but that the collection of articles may be such as to instruct as well as amuse and gratify the public."

The report, after noticing the preceding points, concludes with an account of the state of the day-schools of the institution, where a complete education is given to boys. "Your committee have peculiar pleasure in stating that the Lower School has not been left behind in the general progress of the institution. In March 1838, it contained 221 pupils, and 3 masters. In March 1839, it contained 429 pupils, and 10 masters. It now contains 470 pupils, who are under the care of 12 masters, and are divided into eight classes, including the two which belong to the preparatory department. Experience only could demonstrate the possibility of teaching and keeping in order, without the fear of corporal punishment, so large a number of boys, of so various ranks, in all classes of advancement, many of whom have been sadly neglected, and almost all of whom have been imperfectly taught. The only two serious evils still prevalent in the schools, though both are much diminished, are the practice of irregular attendance at school on the part of many, and the rudeness and unseemliness of behaviour, which are the natural results of early improper education, and of want of intercourse with refined society. The preparatory department now contains 80 boys, most of whom are between 7 and 9 years of age. An additional master has been appointed, and the directors, in November last, reduced the fees of this department from 15s. to 10s., and for members' sons, from 12s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per quarter, in order that a still more numerous class of society might avail themselves of its advantages. This department derives peculiar interest from the consideration that the intellectual, and still more the moral, welfare of the whole school, depends greatly on the age at which the pupils are subjected to its mild yet firm discipline. The earlier a child enters the school, the more likely is he to improve in knowledge, and to escape the contagion of evil habits." The branches taught in the Lower School are numerous—arithmetic, mathematics, geography and history, grammar, the French language, natural history, natural philosophy, &c., being amongst the most prominent objects of study. The "High and Preparatory Schools" are attended by 356 pupils. Here instructions are given in almost every department of useful knowledge, six years being the term of a complete course. The classics form a branch of the teaching in these schools, and we are pleased to see classes also for dancing. "A Juvenile Library and Museum have likewise been established, the first containing volumes of a kind most attractive and useful to boys." We ought not to omit notice of the prizes given to the pupils, both of the day and evening schools. These are bestowed, in some cases, for general scholarly excellence, in others for models of engines, drawings, &c.; and, in the latter instances particularly, cannot but have a great effect in stimulating the ingenuity of the pupils.

Upon the whole, this establishment combines such a vast number of objects, and works them out upon a scale of such magnitude and liberality, that we feel the sketch now given of it to be very imperfect. It combines the purposes at once of a reading-room and a library, of a school and a lecture-room, of a museum and an exhibition-gallery; and, in short, possesses in itself every requisite for the entertainment alike and instruction of the young and old, rich and poor, of a great community. Smaller towns cannot possibly imitate the scale on which matters are conducted in the Liverpool institution, nor is it necessary that they should; but the wise and generous combination of amusement with utility is what may be widely copied. The musical courses, the exhibition of arts, and the museum, are what we chiefly refer to. If it be imagined by any one that the instruction given in the Liverpool institution is too comprehensive, and that a tradesman, whether master or man, can derive no benefit from his initiation into the mysteries of so many different arts and sciences, we would beg to answer this doubt in the concluding words of the report:—"What is the use to ME of this or that branch of knowledge? is a question more frequently than wisely asked. If the obvious and direct bearing of any branch of knowledge on a peculiar profession, be the test of its utility or desirableness, the labours of education may be greatly diminished. But not to mention that, in these days of rapid and startling improvement in all mechanical, commercial, and scientific matters, every profession, nay, the humblest trade, will yet require for its successful conduct a much wider intellectual range than was ever before imagined—mental cultivation in itself, and for its own sake, is our highest, our ultimate aim, and to try its value by any inferior or extrinsic standard, is to display our own ignorance of its nature and importance. Your committee trust that it will ever be the object of those to whom the management of this institution may in after years be confided, to send forth, as far as possible, its pupils imbued not merely with technical and practical science, but with general knowledge; and not merely with knowledge, but with wisdom, sound feeling, clear views, and the power of appreciating excellence and beauty wherever they may be found. The truly educated man is he who combines the learning and reverent spirit of the past, with the inquiring and improving tendencies of the present, and the brilliant expectations of the future; whose mind, in the words of an eloquent writer, 'resembles an eastern palace, in itself magnificent, and its wide spaciousness adorned and filled with diversified treasures; its lofty turrets commanding an ample horizon, circling field, flood, and mountain, art's stately gardens and nature's wild loveliness; and its hundred gates ever open for the welcoming of each worthy guest, from all earth's regions, far or near.'"

RECOLLECTIONS OF CEYLON SPORT.

MY FIRST ELEPHANT HUNT.

COLD, wet, and hungry, after a ten hours' ride over the bleak, rugged mountains in the interior of Ceylon, we at last hailed with satisfaction our long-wished-for bungalow—the place we had fixed on as being most appropriate for our scene of action with the birds, beasts, and fishes of the creation. No sooner did the white walls of our future domicile attract the major's eye (than whom a finer specimen of a well-fed Scot never broached a whisky-tub), than the jungles around re-echoed with his jolly shout, and digging his brawny heels into the ribs of the Tattoo pony that carried him, and which really was, I believe, the lightest weight of the two, away we went, with a total disregard and indifference of all mortal accidents. Brandy-pawnee, pale ale, cheroots, and a hot dinner, in perspective, it required more than the power of man to stop him, so making a Chifney rush of it, five minutes brought us all (five in number) to a commodious jungle habitation, that had been built some time before by a sportsman of Ceylon, both for his own amusement, and also for the benefit of such of his brethren in the craft as might at times feel inclined to risk their life and limbs in warfare with the elephants, with which the place abounds. The country in which the said abode is situated resembled an English park somewhat out of repair; clumps of large forest trees being interspersed at intervals, and the ground carpeted with smooth elastic turf, while the countless herds of spotted deer that lay scattered over it, the wild gaudy peacock, and the jungle fowl that we put up in all directions, gave promise to the sportsman of glorious sport. "The major," under whose fatherly protection we had placed ourselves, in addition to his other good qualities, was a most excellent cook. His stews were unexceptionable; a bottle of Madeira in them generally prevented any body, except himself, knowing what they were made of; and should they be overdone, underdone, or the ingredients rather tough, in went another half bottle, which, in the major's estimation, was a specific remedy for all culinary irregularities. Moreover, our friend evinced none of those affectations (which I know some of my sporting friends do) of not eating the game they shoot. The old soul was never half so happy and pleased as when masticating a tough old pea-fowl that he had shot, cooked, and served up himself. But we are digressing. Having put our nags into the best place we could find for them (and, luckily, jungle ponies are not over fastidious in their ideas of local habitation), we commenced tapping and overhauling the commissariat, a supply of provisions enough to have lasted us for a six months' siege. We all agreed that it was no advantage working on empty stomachs, and we were too old soldiers to rely on our guns for subsistence. Having satisfied our inner man for the present, we proceeded to business, getting ready the guns and ammunition for the morrow's slaughter, while "the major" was sent off to cook the dinner. This was served up in due time, and as gladly welcomed by a party of hungry subs as a brevet company would have been, the portly old major bringing in the last dish himself, with an expression of cannibalism on his features that would have petrified a rhinoceros. Oh! ye gods, that dinner! It was all the same to our worthy cook, which had come to hand first—whisky, Madeira, or water. The soup was a compound of all three, with a half-boiled hare in the middle of it; while a goodly piece of boiled beef tasted far more of "Old Tom" than anything else. But who would grumble? Here we were thirty miles from any habitation, except those of the denizens of the forest—modern Robinson Crusoes out elephant-shooting—so pass the bottle and keep up the song was our motto, till the small hours warned us that steady hands and clear heads would be a requisition for the morning's work; so into bed we turned, considerately helping, in the first instance, those whom the potency of the major's cookery had rendered incompetent to turn into theirs. The morning came, and with it a pretty considerable quantity of headaches, while numberless anathemas were bestowed on the major's soup and cooking propensities. In this case it certainly was not the wine—"It was all the beef," as some one said. The major was the only one on whom his cookery had not visible effect, and he actually gloated over the sufferings of what he called a parcel of unseasoned hogsheads. However, we gained our point, and the major was turned out of the kitchen, except in the stewing department, for which we gave him an allowance of a half bottle of whisky and one of Madeira daily, and he supplied any deficiency he thought might exist with Cayenne pepper. Having dressed, we lighted our cheroots, and started on our ponies for the jungle, in which we had received intimation that a herd of elephants was feeding; each of us being armed with three or four double-barrelled guns, carried by natives, as in case of the first fire missing the mortal spot, there is generally time to take the second gun, and if not kill, at least turn the animal from you. The natives that carry the supernumerary guns are, for the most part, staunch, steady hands, and will not run unless in very imminent danger.

The old elephant-finder having guided us to the jungle, lost no time in finding the position the brutes had taken up; there were five females, with as many young ones. To get within shooting distance of an elephant (and we never fire at them with any certainty of killing at above ten paces), it requires nearly as much caution as to get near a hare in her seat, going against the wind, &c. However, they scented us long before we could get at them in this instance, but, unluckily for themselves, made a rush in the direction we were standing. They came down in line. At the first shot from the major, we poured in our broadside (none of us except him had been out elephant-shooting before) and on the smoke clearing off, we found two of the beasts stretched dead on the ground. The major had killed one, but who killed the other, out of so many who fired with the same sized ball, would be no easy matter to find out. While reloading, I observed something, about a dozen yards off, in the bushes, and sincerely hoped it might prove to be a cheetah (much nobler game in Ceylon than the elephant), but I was disappointed; for on approaching, I found it to be the calf of one of the dead elephants, about two feet in height. I immediately secured him, and walked him off prisoner of war. I kept this same youngster for nine months afterwards, but he grew up such a thief and dissipated character, clearing at times the whole of the bazaar, and rifling all the fruit shops, &c., that I was obliged to have him destroyed.

We now agreed to separate, and make two parties, or we should never be able to identify the elephants each of us might kill. This we were not long in arranging. H. and myself, taking "a line of our own," were eventually the most fortunate of the party. We had scrambled on for about five miles in the midst of herds of deer, at which we dared not fire, for fear of alarming the elephants, when we espied an elephant not twenty yards off, standing in the jungle. He evidently saw us, and was in hopes that, by remaining stationary, he might escape our observation, but his stars had fated otherwise, and on our coming to closer quarters, off he bolted at a long trot. H. fired—his right-hand barrel did its duty, and the brute fell on its knees wounded. We ran up, put a ball through its head, and finished him. I must own, if ever I felt envious, it was at the moment I saw the tail (the trophy we preserve of our game) find its way into his shooting-coat pocket. Elated by our success, we went forward with *sanguine* and *sanguinary* expectations of sport; nor were we disappointed. On emerging from the jungle, we discerned a herd of fifty elephants feeding about a quarter of a mile before us. To get up to them, we used every possible means in our power, now creeping like snakes on our bellies, and now lying perfectly still for minutes together, until our exertions were crowned with success, and we rose at last within about eight yards of the whole herd. I fired at the head of the nearest animal, but he merely shook it, stared at me, and walked away, evidently disgusted at my daring impertinence, while I felt mortified above every thing. My left barrel was still loaded, and the brutes were now in the most admired state of confusion, some retreating, others charging, until a noble fellow thought me worthy of his notice, and picking me out for single combat, came at me. Steadying my back against a tree, with my gun at my shoulder, I let him come within six paces, when a slight pull of the forefinger sent an ounce ball into his brain, and he dropped dead at my feet. Never do I remember to have experienced such a moment of intense excitement as at the fall of that noble brute to my gun. It was a matter of life and death, as I could not retreat had I wished it, and had my gun missed fire, I should never have lived to record this day's adventures. The others immediately took to the jungle, and the crash of fifty elephants rushing through a forest jungle beggars all description. We were now far from the bungalow, and the sun was beginning to get unpleasantly warm, so we turned our steps homewards, in hopes of falling in with our *compagnons de chasse*. They had been nearly as fortunate as ourselves, and

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on emptying our pockets we mustered eight tails—fair sport for griffs at the work—and pale ale and cheroots was the first order of the day. Of that jolly party one has since fallen a victim to his zeal. My companion of the morning went out elephant-shooting some months after, his gun missed fire in front of an elephant, and the brute transfixed him with his tusks. Poor boy, he deserved a better fate!—*Sunday Times newspaper.*

CAUSES OF DEPRESSION IN THE LABOURING CLASSES.

First, how much of this depression is to be traced to intemperance! What a great amount of time, and strength, and money, might multitudes gain for self-improvement by a strict sobriety! That cheap remedy, pure water, would cure the chief evils in very many families of the ignorant and poor. Were the sums which are still lavished on ardent spirits, appropriated wisely to the elevation of the people, what a new world we should live in! Intemperance not only wastes the earnings, but the health and the minds of men. How many, were they to exchange what they call moderate drinking for water, would be surprised to learn, that they had been living under a cloud, in half stupefaction, and would become conscious of an intellectual energy of which they had not before dreamed! Their labours would exhaust them less, and less labour would be needed for their support; and thus their inability to cultivate their high nature would in a great measure be removed. The working class, above all men, have an interest in the cause of temperance, and they ought to look on the individual who lives by scattering the means and excitements of drunkenness, not only as the general enemy of his race but as their own worst foe. In the next place, how much of the depression of labourers may be traced to the want of a strict economy! But how many waste their earnings on indulgences which may be spared, and thus have no resource for a dark day, and are always trembling on the brink of pauperism! Needless expenses keep many too poor for self-improvement. And here let me say, that expensive habits among the more prosperous labourers often interfere with the mental culture of themselves and their families. How many among them sacrifice improvement to appetite! How many sacrifice it to the love of show, to the desire of outstripping others, and to habits of expense which grow out of this insatiable passion. A labourer having secured a neat home, and a wholesome table, should ask nothing more for the senses; but should consecrate his leisure, and what may be spared of his earnings, to the culture of himself and his family, to the best books, to the best teaching, to pleasant and profitable intercourse, to sympathy and the offices of humanity, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art. Another cause of the depressed condition of not a few labourers, as I believe, is their ignorance on the subject of health. Health is the working man's fortune; and he ought to watch over it more than the capitalist over his largest investments. Health lightens the efforts of body and mind. It enables a man to crowd much work into a narrow compass. Without it little can be earned, and that little by slow exhausting toil. For these reasons, I cannot but look on it as a good omen that the press is circulating among us cheap works, in which much useful knowledge is given of the structure, and functions, and laws of the human body. It is in no small measure through our own imprudence that disease and debility are incurred, and one remedy is to be found in knowledge. Once let the mass of the people be instructed in their own frames—let them understand clearly that disease is not an accident, but has fixed causes, many of which they can avert—and a great amount of suffering, want, and consequent intellectual depression, will be removed. I will mention one more cause of the depressed condition of many labourers, and that is sloth, "the sin which doth most easily beset us." How many are there, who working languidly and reluctantly, bring little to pass, spread the work of one hour over many, shrink from difficulties which ought to excite them, keep themselves poor, and thus doom their families to ignorance as well as to want! In these remarks, I have endeavoured to show that the great obstacles to the improvement of the labouring classes are in themselves, and may therefore be overcome. They want nothing but the will.—*Channing's Lectures on the Elevation of the Working Classes.*

TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The employment of the savages by the French and British, and of bloodhounds by the Spaniards, to destroy their enemies, are among the most atrocious acts which Christendom has been called to witness. * * The records of history cannot furnish a more cold-blooded, heartless document, than the official report of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the British commander-in-chief, dated Albany, 13th August 1763, and communicating the result of Colonel Grant's expedition against the Cherokees. He states, that Colonel Grant had burnt fifteen towns, and all the plantations of the country; destroyed fourteen hundred acres of corn; and driven about five thousand men, women, and children, into the woods and mountains, where, having nothing to subsist upon, they must either starve or sue for peace. * * Not a vestige remains of any permanent advantage derived by the Indians from the cessions [of land] and sacrifices they made. Their actual relations with the British may be emphatically stated in few words. *They were useful, and were used, in war to fight, and in peace to trade.* Queen Anne, indeed, presented sacramental vessels to the Mohawks, and other furniture for a chapel; and this is about the extent, as far as we have been able to discover, of the direct interference of the British in any plan to improve the moral condition of the Indians.—*North American Review.*

[The above, we believe, is all true. The British cannot be sufficiently blamed for their inhumane treatment of the aborigines, not only in America, but in Australia and South Africa; in fairness, however, the reviewer should extend his indignation to those cruelties now practising by his own countrymen in Florida, where the natives are in the course of being hunted down and exterminated by blood-hounds from Cuba.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND FROM THE VICINITY OF ABBOTSFORD.

Here, upon the waveful Tweed,
Haunt of love and song decreed,
Prone beneath a willow tree,
Shall I chant a stave to thee.

Would that thou wert with me here,
Now when July warms the year,
And the Tweed careers below,
Bright and breakless in its flow,
Save where trouts leap here and there,
Bathing in the sunny air;
While, upon the adverse bank,
May be viewed, in stately rank,
All the trees which he, the lord,
Ever-famed of Abbotsford,
Planted with his wondrous hands,
Pleasure-givers to the lands.
Peeping o'er the leafy screen
May the turrets, too, be seen,
Of the bright "romance of stone,"
Builded by the Mighty Known.
Towers, and crystal streams, and trees,
Ever may the gazer please;
How much more should such as lie
Now before my charmed eye,
Steep'd in twilight, dewy, cool,
Like the landscapes of a pool!

Oft on such an eve have I
Wander'd through these woods hereby,
Musing on the mightiest mind
Kernell'd e'er in earthly rind;
While from every shrub and tree
Issued floods of melody.
There the mavis pour'd its song,
Like old wine, mellow and strong,
Calling answers, pleased and loud,
Even from those echoes proud,
Which were wonted to rejoice
At the master-minstrel's voice;
There the blackbird's stirring note
Through the woods was heard to float;
And the finch's whining plain
Mingled with the linnet's strain;
And an hundred other lays
Made an evening hymn of praise,
Such as caused that vast arcade,
Bedded by the dark green glade,
Once and oft to nod with glee
To the pleasing minstrelsy.
On the hilly slopes in view,
Propp'd against the arc of blue,
Mark'd I then the heather bell,
Grasping close the mountain swell;
And the broom's bright flowers were seen,
Stars of gold in skies of green;
And the fox-glove's purple cup
Seem'd to drink the breezes up;
While, upon some brown scaur-side,
Waved old Caledonia's pride—
Emblem fit, in form and deed,
Of her bold and hardy breed,
Who, upon their island rocks,
Laugh to scorn a foeman's shocks.
As the breeze with deeper plain,
Seems to start away again,
When its rash, assailing wing
Meets the thistle's wardful sting,
So, e'en so do Scotland's foes
Still repent their hostile blows.
Well the Minstrel might declare,
"Breathed I not my native air—
Saw I not the heather bloom—
Heard I not the wild bee's boom—
Once as every year ran by,
Surely, surely I should die!"
Such a scene, and such a land,
Well may poet's love command!

Die he did! and, well-a-day,
Short thereafter was the stay
Of the daughters of his race,
Who drew life but from his face!
Brief thereafter was the span
Of the sweet and gentle Anne,
Who for her great father bore
Such a love as child before
Never felt, nor may feel more.
When the complete progeny
Of bright works that cannot die,
From that wondrous brain were born,
And the earthly case was worn
By the inward fire away,
And the debt was paid of clay,
Thou, the poet's gentlest child,
Felt a woe so deep and wild,
That, if this should e'er be said,
Thine was grief beyond all aid.
Soon did that absorbing pain
Burst the bonds of life in twain;
In the tomb wert thou laid low,
Victim of that filial wo.

Who can wander through these woods,
Or behold these pleasant floods,
Nor thus dwell on thee and thine,
Poet of the living line?
Many a flower is scatter'd there,
Nursling of the sunless air;
But the most I prize by far,
One that, like an earth-born star,
Seems to shrine the name of Scott,
Saying still, "Forget-me-not."
Yes! sweet flower, so brightly blue,
Eye which Flora may look through
When she scans man's acts below,
Scott shall ne'er oblivion know!
While old Scotland lasts, his name,
Fitly form'd for mutual fame,
Shall with her's still co-exist,
First in honour's lofty list.
Till his land and race are not,
Glory be to Walter Scott!

T. S.

SINGULAR PRISONERS.

James Swan, an American merchant, was committed to the prison of St Pélagie [in Paris], on the 28th of July 1808, for a sum of 625,640 francs (upwards of L.25,000), and re-passed the gates, for the first time, on their opening to the Revolution, on the 28th of July 1830, twenty-two years afterwards, to a day. This man, possessed of a fortune amounting to nearly four millions of francs, denied the justness of the claim beyond the sum of six or seven thousand francs, and determined to pass his life in prison, rather than obey a judical sentence which he considered unjust. Having, first, caused it to be intimated to his wife and children that he would disinherit them to the last farthing of his property if they paid the debt, he furnished his prison apartment in a style of princely magnificence, and hired, in the Rue de la Celé, opposite the gates of St Pélagie, a spacious dwelling, with coach-house and stables, for his friends, cooks, &c. For the former class, he kept two carriages; and they were commissioned to appear for him, and spend his money, in the Bois-de-Boulogne, public streets and promenades, balls and theatres. "A curious original was James Swan. He strutted and attitudinised in his prison, like Chodruc-Duclos in his rags: it was his method of flinging a defiance in the face of society. Consistent in his determination, he was preparing to return to his prison, after the events of the 'three days,' when, on the 31st of July, he was seized with apoplexy at his temporary lodging," and consigned to the closer and longer imprisonment of the grave. The motives of the well-known M. Ouvrard are less honourable, though the consequences to himself were less severe. Not disputing the debt for which he was detained, he yet refused to pay it, and determined, like Mr Swan, to undergo his imprisonment, which, as a Frenchman, could not, in his case, exceed five years. He, too, led a life of princely expenditure in his prison; and, amongst other instances of his extravagance, it is told of him that, for the purpose of adding a neighbouring room to his establishment, he paid the debt of the prisoner who occupied it. "One day, when M. de Villèle, the Finance Minister, was dining with him, the latter urged him to settle matters with Séguin, representing the scandal which his conduct reflected on the government, which had so long retained him as contractor-general. '*Parbleu*, Monseigneur!' replied Ouvrard; 'you speak very much at your ease. I am here for five years, for five millions of money: I gain, therefore, by my imprisonment, one million a year; and if you know of any speculation at once more lucrative and sure, I am not obstinately wedded to *this*, observe! In that case, I will pay to-morrow.'" For the sake of its honourable contrast, we may add to these the case of Dante, the Conde de Foscolo, patriarch of Jerusalem, who was incarcerated for 100,000 francs, at the suit of a curé of Paris, and liberated by an accidental omission in the deposit of the *aliment* money required by law on the part of the detaining creditor, after an imprisonment of upwards of six years. "But the patriarch was an honest man. When he had recovered his liberty, and was under no further compulsion to do so, he paid every farthing of his original debt; and the curé eventually lost nothing but those costs which a more evangelical spirit would have prevented his incurring."—*Athenæum reviewing Maurice's History of Prisons, a new Parisian work.*

CHOICE OF PAPERS FOR ROOMS.

Many elegant patterns are displayed on coloured grounds: the effect may please in one room, which in another will be displeasing; yet the cause will be inexplicable: light, more or less, will account for the difference. Coloured grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In London, this is an essential matter of consideration; even in the country, the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colours fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a coloured ground; for the same reason, the doors and other wood-work should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colours. Another failure in effect—little suspected in the choice of colours, even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent—is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even where sparingly introduced, ay, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white (as in large concert rooms), it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is unsatisfactory; and a room with blue grounded paper and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similarly decorated with buff or "flesh" colour would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, if blue would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and *then* not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh, or pink and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colours around them; and blue is trying; white, with a *hint* of blush, or tint of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint, "picked in" with pale slate to correspond. Rooms hung with or painted scarlet are rich, but very dismal, and invariably look less than if adorned with a light tint. They require also to be illuminated more, and much earlier in an evening, than those with pale colours. Towards dusk, scarlet appears black: let any person doubting this try the fact, by wearing a scarlet cloak or shawl, and look at it as the shades of twilight advance. Yellow, and buff, and pink, can be scarcely better discriminated by candle-light than can blue and green.—*Correspondent of Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

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MALINGERING*—NOT MILITARY.

"And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective comes by cause."
Hamlet.

THAT old fox upon two legs, Charles Maurice Talleyrand Prince de Benevento, was one day told that an experienced French courtier and statesman of his own stamp had been seized with a fit of the gout. Immediately on receiving this piece of intelligence, Talleyrand fell into a fit of musing, or seemed to do so. He was asked what was the tenor of his thoughts. "I am just reflecting what peculiar interest old —— (naming the courtier in question) can have in being gouty at present."

This anecdote shows in a remarkable manner the difference between ordinary men's ideas and those of great conductors of affairs. The common mind would have seen nothing in the illness but something to be lamented for the sake of the man afflicted; but the politician knew that his friend had a reason for every thing, not even excepting his gout, and he accordingly thought of nothing but to divine what object the old gentleman had in view on the present occasion. Talleyrand's acuteness brings us in mind of a circumstance in the life of Pope Sextus V., a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth. While a simple cardinal, he was a man comparatively without influence, and had, to appearance, very little chance of attaining to be head of the church. But he surmounted all obstacles. His predecessor, a very old man, grew ill, and evidently was not long for this world. A mighty contention arose between the two parties who entertained the strongest hopes of filling the chair of St Peter. The college of cardinals was divided into two factions, so nicely balanced in strength that neither side could be confident about the issue. Meanwhile, the hero of our anecdote took no part with any of the candidates. "For his part, he was an infirm man; all the ailments that flesh is heir to had settled in his poor frame; he wished all parties well, but with the toils and struggles of the busy world he had no longer any concern." The candidates for the popedom beheld and pitied their poor colleague, and, each of them being afraid at that particular moment of the issue of a contest, they adopted the idea, probably upon a hint given, that it would be the safest plan for both to push the infirm cardinal for the time into the chair. He was, they thought, too much debilitated to perform its duties without aid; they would govern for him, and he would not be long in their way. Accordingly, when the popedom became vacant, the cardinal was made Sextus V. But what was the surprise and dismay of the two candidates, when they beheld the new pope arise from his couch, cast away all signs of debility, and stride to his coronation with a vigorous and stately step, that spoke of years to come of health and strength! They had been outwitted, and had nothing for it but to succumb to the sway which they had brought upon themselves, and which proved of the firmest order, and far more durable than they had been led to anticipate.†

The reader will now, we apprehend, be fully aware of the value and importance of a little timely infirmity. One can easily suppose that, if a minister were beginning to decline in the favour of his sovereign, a few days' confinement with some severe malady might give him such a claim upon the sympathy of his master as would tend to stay his downward course. If he were accused of some great mal-administration, an illness, described in the bulletins as likely to prove fatal, might save him from an impeachment, for who could think of taking stern measures with a poor helpless old man already at the point of death? It would obviously be for the interest of such a man not to get well until the minds of his enemies and of the public had been in a great measure turned to some new subject of engrossing interest. Much may of course depend on the way in which a statesman manages his illnesses. It would never do if he were to turn too suddenly ill immediately after his falling into danger. He should foresee a coming storm, and take to his chamber in time. Perhaps it might even be advisable for a minister in critical times never to be *too well*, so that, let danger come ever so suddenly, he could clap on his nightcap in an instant, and appear quite as sick as there was any occasion for.

In the walks of ordinary life, a few well-managed appearances of infirmity prove, in their own limited way, of not less consequence. We would fain take a lenient view of the foibles of humanity, but believe it may be safely averred, that one-third of the young gentlemen, and (truth compels us to add) young ladies, who complain without ceasing of defective vision, and, on that plea, keep eye-glasses dangling over their necks, can see quite as far into a millstone as the most sharp-sighted of their neighbours. Perhaps a great part of the mystery lies in the fact that two eyes are common to all of mortal mould. They are vulgar things, which every plebeian can boast of possessing, and of possessing, for the most part, in a very acute and exercisable state. There lies the rub. The eyes cannot be taken out, to distinguish the high-bred from the low-bred, but they may be deprived, at least in seeming, of that healthiness which characterises the vision of the vulgar. Hence, in most instances, the black ribbon and the pendent eye-glass of the young *malingerer* of fashion. Cowper, indeed, suggests another reason, in the case of a senatorial candidate, whom he thus describes:—"He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wears suspended by a ribbon from his button-hole." But though this may be an explanation of the custom, as true as it is ingenious, in the case of senators, every eye-malingerer is not an M.P., and our first solution of the matter, we imagine, is the more generally correct one. The depreciatory phrase "rude health"—as if in the extremest good health there could be any thing rude!—indicates the feeling which leads some people to despise the vulgar blessing of good eyes, and support the optician.

It is true that there are peculiar advantages in the plea of weak sight, and the use of eye-glasses. What a charming latitude young ladies and gentlemen, with eye-glasses and spectacles, allow themselves, as regards staring and the cutting of acquaintances, either out of doors or at assemblies and parties! If any individual, unspectacled or unglassed, were to fix his eye upon a fair neighbour, in the downright persevering way in which every young gentleman, provided with such appendages, thinks himself entitled to do in the boxes of the theatre, a challenge or a knock-down from the protector of the fair one stared at would be the certain consequence. But the all-excusing glasses protect the malingerer from any such troublesome results. Then, again, look at that young lady with the eye-glass. How coolly she turns her eye upon an almost immediate neighbour of her own sex, and seems as if she were about to send an account of her whole habiliments to the *Belle Assemblée*. Nay, with what superlative nonchalance she turns her glass upon the *gentleman* opposite, so distinguished by moustache and fur collar. If an unglassed lady were to attempt this latter feat, she would assuredly be set down as void of all delicacy—totally wanting in that modesty which is the best ornament of her sex.

The ears, not less than the eyes, may be the seat of a simulated infirmity, either through affectation, or for purposes useful to the simulator. Sir Mungo Malagrowther was a magnificent example of the comforts and advantages derivable from a convenient deafness. That renowned knight, it will be remembered, heard nothing but what it suited him to hear. A dun was a personage who might have roared into his ear for a month, and all in vain; while any word that related to the advantage of Sir Mungo, never fell in vain on Sir Mungo's organs, though whispered ever so lightly. There be Malagrowthers yet stirring in the world. Some, too, are deaf because good ears are vulgar possessions, and because, as in the more familiar case of eye-malingering, it is deemed a base thing to participate even in the blessing of good hearing with the common mass of humanity.

Has it been generally noticed that medical men are a class who become amazingly soon old and infirm? A young man passes surgeon, or is capped physician, and settles down in some town to practise. He may retain his youthful aspect for a short time; but by and bye, particularly if he be a man of sense, he begins to present the appearance of incipient age. He walks with slow steps, and perhaps stoops a good deal. His eyes seem to fail him, for he assumes a pair of spectacles of a staid and venerable kind. His lately flowing locks appear to get rapidly thin, and he perhaps mounts a goodly middle-aged wig. His dress is in accordance with this change. White neckcloths, and a sombre, gravely-cut suit of black, take the place of the smart Belcher neckerchiefs and round green hunting-coats, in which he once used to shine; while a cane is ever in his hand, to support his steps from place to place. The alteration is great and surprising. You know him to be considerably under thirty, and you would declare his looks to be those of a man of five-and-forty. "Hard work," you may be disposed to say, "must that of a surgeon be." But you are on a wrong scent entirely. The young doctor is as vigorous as ever, and, if you saw him sit down to a book, after entering his own snug apartment, you would see him toss his venerable spectacles aside, being able to see a vast deal better without than with them. If you possessed his confidence, you would hear him laugh heartily as he detailed his various manœuvres for simulating age and infirmities. The cause of all this is plain. Nobody, he found, would believe that so young-looking a man had acquired any medical knowledge, or would intrust the care of their bodies to him. The ladies, above all, he found difficult to satisfy on this point. Age, then, being the only qualification he wanted, he thought it a pity if so many others, acquired with vast labour and expense, should go for nothing, and resolved that, since they would have him old, why, he would just be old, to the best of his ability, accordingly.

No one who has had the pleasure of being unwell in early life—when mammas and aunts were incessantly haunting his bed-room with coddlements and delicacies of all kinds—can be at a loss to divine why people at a maturer period of life like so much to be a little indisposed, or even a little lame. We have known a young gentleman walk about with his arm in a sling for weeks after all the genuine consequences of his

* "Malingering—a term applied to the simulation of diseases by soldiers, with a view to avoiding duty, or obtaining their discharge."—*Dictionary of Modern Terms.*

† Sextus V. reigned five years, namely from 1585 to 1590.

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accident had vanished, and only part with the dear ensign of infirmity with the greatest reluctance. We have known young ladies "keep their sofas" for months, in a style of languor and paleness no doubt most effective upon their beaux, all through that severe cold which—lasted, in a genuine state, only about eight days. We reverence age; but yet it is to be feared that the pleasure of being attended to by grand-children, of having great chairs wheeled about for one, and footstools placed conveniently in front of said chairs, and neat spindle-shanked tables put down by their side for tea or book, beside the evening fire, is too tempting for elderly flesh and blood, and keeps many a worthy old gentleman far longer ill than he has any need to be.

Malingering, indeed, is obviously too ready a means of securing a dawdling sort of sympathy and attention, as well as of staving off the consequences of error, not to have been extensively made use of by mankind. The very child of three years, when conscious of having done something calling for reproof, will drawl out, "Mamma, I'm not well—I've a sore stomach," calculating that mamma can never be so cruel as speak severely to a babe in his alleged circumstances. Just the other day, we observed in an American newspaper that the feelings of the people of Baltimore had recently been moved by seeing a mercer's shop suddenly closed, and a piece of crape kept for days upon the knob of the door. At length some who knew and had extended credit to the party, called at his residence, and found that he had gone no one knew whither. The door was then opened, and the shop found to have been stripped of every article of "dry goods" except that magical piece of crape, which had sentinelled the door to such good purpose. Here was the same principle at work. Most creditors will acknowledge that they have found nothing so apt to baffle them in their endeavours to obtain payment of debt in difficult cases, as an appearance, real or pretended, of illness on the part of the debtor. The course of law is effectually obstructed by the course of medicine, and the justest claim is hushed to silence beside a sick-bed. Hence it is that in novels debtors are scarcely ever taken to jail except in the last stage of severe, though rarely well-defined illness, and striking tableaux are formed from the entering of the undertaker's men and the sheriff's officers at the same moment. In any kind of contested case between man and man, *he* is sure to have a great advantage over his opponent, who can contrive first to be seized with some alarming malady. It comes to nearly the same thing if he only have some dear member of his family in the alarming state, for that equally entitles him to sympathy, and will probably be not less fatal to his adversary. Even to be able to make it appear that one is much older than his opponent, may give one some advantage. "I am now an old man" somehow tells very affectingly, however ridiculous the postulate which it prefaces, or bad the conduct which it is designed to excuse.

These speculations serve to illustrate a truth of some importance, namely, that there is much more benevolence in the world than there is conscientiousness. An appeal to the feelings of mankind tells in a moment; an appeal to their sense of justice comes poorly off in comparison. One may have reason and right both upon his side in the clearest manner, and yet, if the opposite party can only work a little on the public pity, his pleadings will be all in vain.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

SECTION OF GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOLOGY.

THE Geological Section, as formerly remarked, was attended on this occasion by almost all the first-rate men connected with the science—Buckland, Lyell, De la Beche, Agassiz, Murchison, Philips, &c.—besides many of less elevated standing, but who have already proved themselves skilful investigators. It was the section which attracted uniformly the largest audience, and was attended, we were somewhat surprised to remark, by the largest proportion of ladies. Some papers of very great interest were read before the section; and to the best of these we now propose devoting some attention.

BACKWARD CASCADES OF THE RIVER ST JOHN.

Some remarkable features of the river St John in New Brunswick were explained by Dr James Robb.* The St John is of the size of the first-class European rivers. Draining a large region, it discharges a prodigious quantity of water into the Bay of Fundy, especially during the spring floods, when the tides rise to the height of 35, 50, and even sometimes 60 feet above the ordinary level. The river being ten miles in breadth, but in several places contracted into narrow channels, at one place into a strait of 300 feet, a strange phenomenon arises, namely, that on the coming back of the tide, it pours through these channels into the wide spaces beyond, in the form of magnificent cascades. Thus, the St John may be said to have waterfalls going backwards, or against the direction of the river.

* Thursday, September 17.

IDENTITY OF THE COMPOSITION OF COAL WITH THAT OF VEGETABLE MATTER.

The Association had committed to Mr Johnston, the clever young professor of chemistry in the Durham University, the duty of drawing up a report on the application of that science to geology. Mr Johnston now brought forward the result of his investigations respecting coal. He finds that all kinds of coal are *composed of precisely the same elementary substances as wood*, only combined in different proportions. These elements are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. In lignite, the nearest approach to the original wood, to 160 parts carbon, there are 78 hydrogen and 48 oxygen. In the Newcastle caking coal, there are, to 160 parts carbon, 56 hydrogen and 8 oxygen. In the Welsh anthracite, again, in which all external appearances of the vegetable origin are lost, and which is only a dry hard black mass, to 160 parts carbon, there are 33 hydrogen and 3 oxygen. The kinds of coal in which there are greatest proportions of hydrogen, the element which gives flame—as, for instance, the cannel coal—are always found uppermost, the longer chemical action and pressure having apparently caused the lower beds to lose more of their hydrogen. Anthracite, which has least hydrogen, is always lowest. Mr Johnston, at the end of his report, announced his opinion that the matter of coal had in most instances been produced on the spot, and not drifted, as some geologists have supposed—an opinion for which, notwithstanding Professor Philips's objections, we think the evidence greatly preponderates. Dr Buckland paid Mr Johnston the just compliment of saying that his report formed an epoch in the investigation of the formation of coal.

RAISED BEACHES.

Dr Robb, in his paper on the river St John, stated that, along the course of that river, there were terraces one above another on the sides of the vale, and all of them parallel. They are composed of sedimentary matter, in which fragments of rock are found. [He was asked if shells were found, and answered, only a few, and these of marine kinds; but the country, from having no limestone, and from the great length of the winters, was, he conceived, unfavourable for the formation of shells.] The terraces, he said, are distinctly marked, and he exhibited sections of them. Similar terraces were found on other North American rivers, and he was inclined to consider them, as Dr Darwin had done the Glenroy terraces, as beaches raised into their present situation by successive upheavals of the land.

This interesting subject was further illustrated by a paper read by Mr Smith of Jordanhill; but, as we lately gave a short account of Mr Smith's speculations on this subject,* we shall here notice his statements very briefly. Of the superficial beds in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, the uppermost is a sand; next is a brick clay, interlaminated with sand, containing marine shells; then, the hard blue clay called in Scotland the till. There were evidences of all of these being formed after the tertiary period, or period of the highest rocks. Between these and the sandstone, there were three other beds of sand. In some of these beds, forty feet above the present sea-level, great quantities of sea-shells were found, containing about 15 per cent. of shells not now existing. What was most remarkable, the shells in some of these beds resembled those of shell-fish which now inhabit arctic regions, *seemingly showing that a much colder climate had at one time existed in our island.* The president, Mr Lyell, expressed his belief that, both in North America and here, there had been a change to a warmer or at least more uniform climate. He adverted to the possible connexion of Mr Smith's discovery with the theory of erratic blocks. [This theory is, that the large detached stones now found far from their native beds of rock, have been transported in seas to their present situation, attached to *icebergs*, from which they had been dropped, the bottom of the sea on which they fell being afterwards raised so as to become dry land.] Mr De la Beche said he had been struck by Mr Smith's statement that the beds in which the shells were found, were forty feet above the present level of the sea; and he asked if this was about the maximum height. Mr Smith answered that it was nearly so; when Mr De la Beche remarked that forty feet was also the maximum of the elevation of a raised beach in Cornwall, Devonshire, &c., as ascertained by the gentlemen of the Ordnance Survey. It was, he said, a remarkable coincidence, and would seem to show that a change in the level of the sea and land had taken place over a large area. [We believe, Mr De la Beche might have said the whole island of Great Britain, as a raised beach of about the same height is found in the north of Scotland, as well as in the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and in the southernmost extremity of England.]

* See a paper on Changes of Level in the Earth's Surface, in No. 427, published on the 4th of April 1840.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S ACCOUNT OF THE GLACIERS AND MORAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

No communication to the Geological Section attracted greater attention than an address which Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel delivered,* respecting the glaciers of Switzerland. He particularly drew attention to facts relative to the manner in which the glaciers move. He attributes their movement to the continual introduction of water into all their minutest fissures, which water, in freezing, continually expands the mass. What follows is an account of his communication drawn up under his own eye:—"The bases of the glaciers, and the sides of the valleys which contain them, are always polished and scratched. The fragments of the rocks that fall upon the glaciers are accumulated in longitudinal ridges on the sides of the ice, by the effects of the unequal movement of its middle and lateral masses. The result is longitudinal deposits of stony detritus, which are called *morains;* but as the glaciers are continually pressed forwards, and often in hot summers melted back at their lower extremity, it results that the polished surfaces, occasioned by friction on the bottom and sides, are left uncovered, and that the *morains*, or curvilinear ridges of gravel, remain upon the rocks formerly covered by the ice, so that we can discover, by the polished surfaces and the *morains*, the extent to which the glaciers have heretofore existed, much beyond the limits they now occupy in the Alpine valleys. It even appears to result from the facts mentioned by Professor Agassiz, that enormous masses of ice have, at a former period, covered the great valley of Switzerland, together with the whole chain of the Jura, the sides of which, facing the Alps, are also polished, and interspersed with angular erratic rocks, resembling the boulders in the *morains*, but so far different, that the masses of ice, not being there confined between two sides of a valley, their movements were in some respects different—the boulders not being connected in continuous ridges, but dispersed singly over the Jura at different levels. Professor Agassiz conceives that at a certain epoch all the north of Europe, and also the north of Asia and America, were covered with a mass of ice, in which the elephants and other mammalia found in the frozen mud and gravel of the arctic regions, were imbedded at the time of their destruction. The author thinks that when this immense mass of ice began quickly to melt, the currents of water that resulted have transported and deposited the masses of irregularly rounded boulders and gravel that fill the bottoms of the valleys; innumerable boulders having at the same time been transported, together with mud and gravel, upon the masses of the glaciers then set afloat. Professor Agassiz announced that these facts are explained at length in the work which he has just published, '*Etudes sur les Glaciers de la Suisse*,' illustrated by many beautiful plates, which were laid before the Geological Section. Professor Agassiz is also inclined to suppose that glaciers have been spread over Scotland, and have every where produced similar results." He concluded by saying that he meant to follow up his researches in the Highlands of Scotland, where he confidently expected to find evidence of such glaciers having existed, particularly around Ben Nevis.

[It may here be remarked that Professor Jameson, some years ago, published an account of moraines which he had discovered in Norway, in districts where no glaciers are now to be seen. Mr Darwin more lately found glaciers reaching down to the level of the sea on the coast of Chili, in latitude 46°, that is, eleven degrees nearer the equator than Ben Nevis. These particulars will form a suitable preface to the following letter which Professor Agassiz addressed to Professor Jameson, from Fort Augustus, on the 3d of October, after he had visited Glenroy and Ben Nevis. It was designed for publication in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal;* but being too late for the current number of that work, it was communicated to the public through the medium of the *Scotsman* newspaper. The discovery of morains on Ben Nevis is certainly a most interesting circumstance; but we must, with all humility, confess that we dread some rashness in the learned professor's conclusion respecting the terraces of Glenroy, the perfect levelness and parallelism of which seem to us irreconcilable with the idea of their having been laid by any thing but quiescent water:—"After having obtained in Switzerland the most conclusive proofs that at a former period the glaciers were of much greater extent than at present, nay, that they had covered the whole country, and had transported the erratic blocks to the places where these are now found, it was my wish to examine a country where glaciers are no longer met with, but in which they might formerly have existed. I therefore directed my attention to Scotland, and had scarcely arrived in Glasgow, when I found remote traces of the action of glaciers; and the nearer I approached the high mountain chains, these became more distinct, until, at the foot of Ben Nevis, and in the principal valleys, I discovered the most distinct *morains* and polished rocky surfaces, just as in the valleys of the Swiss Alps, in the region of existing glaciers; so that the existence of glaciers in Scotland at early periods can no longer be doubted. The parallel roads of Glenroy are intimately connected with this former

* Tuesday, September 22.

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occurrence of glaciers, and have been caused by a glacier from Ben Nevis. The phenomenon must have been precisely analogous to the glacier-lakes of the Tyrol, and to the event that took place in the valley of Bagne. It appeared to me that you would be glad to be able to announce, for the first time, in your extensively-read journal, the intelligence of the discovery of so important a geological fact."]

THE SKIPPER'S STORY.*

It's about four years ago, I was strolling one evening down the side of the harbour at Cove, with my hands in my pockets, having nothing to do, nor no prospect of it, for my last ship had been wrecked off the Bermudas, and nearly all the crew lost; and somehow, when a man is in misfortune, the underwriters won't have him at no price. Well, there I was looking about me, at the craft that lay on every side waiting for a fair wind to run down Channel. All was active and busy; every one getting his vessel ship-shape and tidy, tarring, painting, mending sails, stretching new bunting, and getting in sea-store; boats were plying on every side, signals flying, guns firing from the men-of-war, and every thing was lively as might be—all but me. There I was, like an old water-logged timber-ship, never moving a spar, but looking for all the world as though I were a-settling fast to go down stern-foremost; maybe as how I had no objection to that same; but that's neither here nor there. Well, I sat down on the fluke of an anchor, and began a-thinking if it wasn't better to go before the mast than to live on that way. Just before me, where I sat down, there was an old schooner that lay moored in the same place, for as long as I could remember; she was there when I was a boy, and never looked a bit the fresher nor newer as long as I recollected; her old bluff bows, her high poop, her round stern, her flush deck, all Dutch like, I knew them well, and many a time I delighted to think what queer kind of a chap he was that first set her on the stocks, and pondered in what trade she ever could have been. All the sailors about the port used to call her Noah's Ark, and swear she was the identical craft that he stowed away all the wild beasts in during the rainy season. Be that as it might, since I fell into misfortune I got to feel a liking for the old schooner. She was like an old friend; she never changed to me, fair weather or foul; there she was, just the same as thirty years before, when all the world were forgetting and steering wide away from me. Every morning I used to go down to the harbour and have a look at her, just to see that all was right, and nothing stirred; and if it blew very hard at night, I'd get up and go down to look how she weathered it, just as if I was at sea in her. Now and then I'd get some of the watermen to row me aboard of her, and leave me there for a few hours, when I used to be quite happy walking the deck, holding the old worm-eaten wheel, looking out ahead, and going down below, just as though I was in command of her. Day after day, this habit grew on me, and at last my whole life was spent in watching her and looking after her: there was something so much alike in our fortunes, that I always thought of her. Like myself, she had had her day of life and activity; we had both braved the storm and the breeze; her shattered bulwarks and worn cut-water attested that she had, like myself, not escaped her calamities. We both had survived our dangers to be neglected and forgotten, and to lie rotting on the stream of life till the crumbling hand of time should break us up timber by timber. Is it any wonder if I loved the old craft; or if, by any chance, the idle boys would venture aboard of her to play and amuse themselves, that I hallooed them away; or, when a newly-arrived ship, not caring for the old boat, would run foul of her, and carry away some spar or piece of running rigging, I would suddenly call out to them to sheer off, and not damage us. By degrees, they came all to notice this; and I found that they thought me out of my senses, and many a trick was played off upon Old Noah, for that was the name the sailors gave me.

Well, this evening, as I was saying, I sat upon the fluke of the anchor, waiting for a chance boat to put me aboard. It was past sunset, the tide was ebbing, and the old craft was surging to the fast current that ran by with a short impatient jerk, as though she were well weary, and wished to be at rest: her loose back-stays creaked mournfully, and, as she yawed over, the sea ran from many a breach in her worn sides, like blood trickling from a wound. Ay, ay, thought I, the hour is not far off; another stiff gale, and all that remains of you will be found high and dry upon the shore. My heart was very heavy as I thought of this, for, in my loneliness, the Old Ark was all the companion I had. I've heard of a poor prisoner who, for many and many years, watched a spider that wove his web within his window, and never lost sight of him from morning till night; and, somehow, I can believe it well; the heart will cling to something, and, if it has no living object to press to, it will find a lifeless one: it can no more stand alone than the shrouds can without the mast. The evening wore on, as I was thinking thus; the moon shone out, but no boat came; and I was just determining to go home again for the night, when I saw two men standing on the steps of the wharf below me, and looking straight at the Ark. Now, I must tell you I always felt uneasy when any one came to look at her, for I began to fear that some ship-owner or other would buy her to break up, though, except the copper fastenings, there was little of any value about her. Now, the moment I saw the two figures stop short and point to her, I said to myself, Ah! my old girl, so they won't even let the blue water finish you, but they must set their carpenters and dock-yard people to work upon you. This thought grieved me more and more. Had a stiff sea-wester laid her over, I should have felt it was natural, for her sand was run out: but just as this passed through my mind, I heard a voice from one of the persons that I at once knew to be the port admiral's.

"Well, Dawkins," said he to the other, "if you think she'll hold together, I'm sure I've no objection: I don't like the job, I confess, but still the admiralty must be obeyed."

"Oh, my lord," said the other, "she's the very thing; she's a rakish-looking craft, and will do admirably; any repair we want, a few days will effect: secrecy is the great thing."

"Yes," said the admiral, after a pause, "as you observed, secrecy is the great thing."

Ho! ho! thought I, there's something in the wind here; so I layed myself out upon the anchor stock to listen better unobserved. "We must find a crew for her, give her a few carronades, make her as ship-shape as we can, and if the skipper—ay, but there is the real difficulty," said the admiral hastily, "where are we to find the fellow that will suit us? we can't every day find a man willing to jeopardy himself in such a case as this, even though the reward be a great one."

"Very true, my lord; but I don't think there is any necessity for our explaining to him the exact nature of the service."

"Come, come, Dawkins, you can't mean that you'll lead a poor fellow into such a scrape blind-folded?"

"Oh, as to that," said the other, "there are plenty of scoundrels in the fleet here fit for nothing else. Any fellow who has been thrice up for punishment in six months, we'll draft on board of her; the fellows who have only been once to the gangway, we'll make the officers."

A pleasant ship's company, though I, if the devil would only take the command. Ho, ho! thought I, I've found you out at last; so this is a secret expedition; I see it all; they're fitting her out as a fire-ship, and going to send her slap in among the French fleet at Brest. Well, thought I, even that's better; that, at least, is a glorious end, though the poor fellows have no chance of escape.

"Now, then," said the admiral, "to-morrow you'll look out for the fellow to take the command; he must be a smart seaman, a bold fellow, too, otherwise the ruffianly crew will be too much for him; he may bid high, we'll come to his price."

So you may, thought I, when you are buying his life.

"I hope sincerely," continued the admiral, "that we may light upon some one without wife or child; I could never forgive myself"——

"Never fear, my lord," said the other; "my care shall be to pitch upon one whose loss no one would feel; some one without friend or home, who, setting his life for nought, cares less for the gain than the very recklessness of the adventure."

"That's me," said I, springing up from the anchor-stock, and leaping between them; "I'm that man."

Had the very devil himself appeared at the moment, I doubt if they would have been more scared. The admiral started a pace or two backwards, while Dawkins, the first surprise over, seized me by the collar, and held me fast.

"Who are you, scoundrel, and what brings you here?" said he, his voice hoarse with passion.

"I'm Old Noah," said I; for, somehow, I had been called by no other name for so long, I never thought of my real one.

"Noah!" said the admiral; "Noah! Well, but Noah, what were you doing down here at this time of night?"

"I was a-watching the Ark, my lord," said I, bowing, as I took off my hat.

"I've heard of this fellow before, my lord," said Dawkins; "he's a poor lunatic that is always wandering about the harbour, and, I believe, has no harm in him."

"My lord," said I, boldly, "I am not mad. Misfortune and calamity I have had enough of to make me so; but, thank God, my brain has been tougher than my poor heart. I was once the part owner and commander of a goodly craft, that swept the sea, if not with a broad pennon at her mast-head, with as light a spirit as ever lived beneath one. I was rich; I had a home and a child: I am now poor, houseless, childless, friendless, and outcast. If, in my solitary wretchedness, I have loved to look upon that old bark, it is because its fortune seemed like my own. It had outlived all that needed or cared for it; for this reason have they thought me mad, though there are those, and not few either, who can well bear testimony if stain or reproach lie at my door, and if I can be reproached with aught save bad luck. I have heard, by chance, what you have said this night; I know you are fitting out a secret expedition; I know its dangers, its inevitable dangers; and I here offer myself to lead it; I ask no reward; I look for no price. Alas! who is left to me for whom I could labour now? Give me but the opportunity to end my days with honour on board the old craft where my heart still clings: give me but that. Well, if you will not do so much, let me serve among the crew; put me before the mast. My lord, you'll not refuse this; it is an old man asks, one whose grey hairs have floated many a year before the breeze."

"My poor fellow, you know not what you ask; this is no common case of danger."

"I know it all, my lord; I have heard it all."

"We," said the admiral, "must speak together again. Be here to-morrow night at this hour; keep your own counsel of what has passed; and, now, good night." So saying, the admiral took Dawkins by the arm, and returned slowly towards the town, leaving me, where I stood, meditating on this singular meeting and its possible consequences.

The whole of the following day was passed by me in a state of feverish excitement which I cannot describe; this strange adventure breaking in so suddenly upon the dull monotony of my daily existence, had so aroused and stimulated me, that I could neither rest nor eat. How I longed for night to come!—for sometimes, as the day wore later, I began to fear that the whole scene of my meeting with the admiral had been merely some excited dream of a tortured and fretted mind; and as I stood examining the ground where I believed the interview to have occurred, I endeavoured to recall the position of different objects as they stood around, to corroborate my own failing remembrance.

At last the evening closed in; but, unlike the preceding one, the sky was covered with masses of dark and watery cloud, that drifted hurriedly across; the air felt heavy and thick, and unnaturally still and calm; the water of the harbour looked of a dull leaden hue, and all the vessels seemed larger than they were, and stood out from the landscape more clearly than usual; now and then a low rumbling noise was heard, somewhat alike in sound, but far too faint, for distant thunder; while, occasionally, the boats and smaller craft rocked to and fro, as though some ground swell stirred them without breaking the languid surface of the sea above.

A few drops of thick heavy rain fell just as the darkness came on, and then all felt still and calm as before. I sat upon the anchor-stock, my eyes fixed upon the Old Ark, until gradually her outline grew fainter and fainter against the dark sky, and her black hull could scarcely be distinguished from the water beneath. I felt that I was looking towards her; for long after I had lost sight of the tall mast and high-pitched bowsprit, I feared to turn away my head, lest I should lose the place where she lay.

The time went slowly on, and although in reality I had not been long there, I felt as if years themselves had passed over my head. Since I had come there, my mind brooded over all the misfortunes of my life; as I contrasted its outset, bright with hope and rich in promise, with the sad reality, my heart grew heavy, and my chest heaved painfully; so sunk was I in my reflection, so lost in thought, that I never knew that the storm had broken loose, and that the heavy rain was falling in torrents. The very ground, parched with long drought, smoked as it pattered upon it, while the low wailing cry of the sea-gull, mingled with the deep growl of far-off thunder, told that the night was a fearful one for those at sea. Wet through and shivering, I sat still, now listening, amid the noise of the hurricane and the creaking of the cordage, for any footstep to approach; and now, relapsing back into a half-despairing dread that my heated brain alone had conjured up the scene of the day before. Such were my dreary reflections, when a loud crash aboard the schooner told me that some old spar had given way. I strained my eyes through the dark to see what had happened, but in vain; the black vapour, thick with falling rain, obscured everything, and all was hid from view. I could hear that she worked violently as the waves beat against her worn sides, and that her iron cable creaked as she pitched to the breaking sea. The wind was momentarily increasing, and I began to fear lest I should have taken my last look at the old craft, when my attention was called off by hearing a loud voice cry out, "Halloo there! Where are you?"

"Ay, ay, sir, I'm here." In a moment the admiral and his friend were beside me.

"What a night!" exclaimed the admiral, as he shook the rain from the heavy boat cloak, and cowered in beneath some tall block of granite near. "I began half to hope that might not have been my poor fellow," said the admiral; "it's a dreadful time for one so poorly clad for a storm; I say, Dawkins, let him have a pull at your flask." The brandy rallied me a little, and I felt that it cheered my drooping courage.

"This is not a time, nor is it a place, for much parley," said the admiral; "so that we must even make short work of it. Since we met here last night, I have satisfied myself that you are to be trusted, that your character and reputation have nothing heavier against them than misfortune, which certainly, if I have been rightly informed, has been largely dealt out to you. Now, then, I am willing to accept of your offer of service, if you are still of the same mind as when you made it; and if you are willing to undertake what we have to do, without any question and inquiry as to points on which we must not and dare not inform you. This is the plan: as soon as that old craft can be got ready for sea, or some other, if she be not worth it, you will sail from this port with a strong crew, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Your destination is Malta; your object to deliver to the admiral stationed there the dispatches with which you will be intrusted; they contain information of immense importance, which, for certain reasons, cannot be sent through a ship of war, but must be forwarded by a vessel that may not attract particular notice. If you be attacked, your orders are to resist; if you be taken, on no account destroy the papers, for the French vessel can scarcely escape re-capture from our frigates, and it is of great consequence these papers should remain. Such is a brief sketch of our plan; the details can be made known to you hereafter."

"I am quite ready, my lord: I ask for no terms; I make no stipulations. If the result be favourable, it will be time enough to speak of that. When am I to sail?"

* * * *

I do not shorten sail here to tell you what reports were circulated about Cove, as to my extraordinary change in circumstances, nor how I bore my altered fortunes. It is enough that I say, that in less than three weeks I weighed anchor, and stood out to sea one beautiful morning in autumn, and set out upon my expedition.

I have already told you something of the craft. Let me complete the picture by informing you that, before twenty-four hours passed over, I discovered that so ungainly, so awkward, so unmanageable a vessel, never was put to sea: in light winds she scarcely stirred, or moved

* This portion of a very clever and amusing book, "Charles O'Malley," is reprinted here, with the permission of the publishers, Messrs W. Curry, Jun. and Co., of Dublin.

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as if she were water-logged; if it came to blow upon the quarter, she fell off from her helm at a fearful rate; in wearing, she endangered every spar she had; and when you put her in stays, when half round she would fall back, and nearly carry away every stitch of canvass with the shock. If the ship was bad, the crew were ten times worse. What Dawkins said turned out to be literally true: every ill-conducted, disorderly fellow, who had been up the gangway once a week or so—every unreclaimed landsman, of bad character and no seamanship—was sent on board of us; and, in fact, except that there was scarcely any discipline and no restraint, we appeared like a floating penitentiary of convicted felons.

So long as we ran down the Channel, with a slack sea and fair wind, so long all went on tolerably well; to be sure, they only kept watch when they tired below, and reeled about the deck, went down below, and all just as they pleased, and treated me with no manner of respect. After some vain efforts to repress their excesses—vain, for I had no one to second me—I appeared to take no notice of their misconduct, and contented myself with waiting for the time when, my dreary voyage over, I should quit the command, and part company with such associates for ever. At last, however, it came on to blow, and the night we passed the Lizzard was indeed a fearful one. As morning broke, a sea running mountains high—a wind, strong from the north-west—was hurrying the old craft along at a rate I believed impossible. I shall not stop to recount the frightful scenes of anarchy, confusion, drunkenness, and insubordination, which our crew exhibited; the recollection is too bad already, and I would spare you and myself the recital; but, on the fourth day from the setting in of the gale, as we entered the Bay of Biscay, some one aloft descried a strange sail to windward, bearing down as if in pursuit of us. Scarcely did the news reach the deck, when, bad as it was before, matters became now ten times worse, some resolving to give themselves up, if the chase happened to be French, and vowing that, before surrendering, the spirit-room should be forced, and every man let drink as he pleased. Others proposed, if there were any thing like equality in the force, to attack and convert the captured vessel, if they succeeded, into a slaver, and sail at once for Africa. Some were for blowing up the old schooner with all on board; and, in fact, every counsel that drunkenness, insanity, and crime combined, could suggest, was offered and descanted on. Meanwhile, the chase gained rapidly upon us, and before noon we discovered her to be a French letter of marque, with four guns, and a long brass swivel upon the poop-deck. As for us, every sheet of canvass we could crowd was crammed on, but in vain; and, as we laboured through the heavy sea, our riotous crew grew every moment worse, and sitting down sulkily in groups upon the deck, declared that, come what might, they would neither work the ship nor fight her; that they had been sent to sea in a rotten craft, merely to effect their destruction; and that they cared little for the disgrace of a flag they detested. Half furious with the taunting sarcasm I heard on every side, and nearly mad from passion, and bewildered, my first impulse was to rush amongst them with my drawn cutlass, and, ere I fell their victim, take heavy vengeance upon the ringleaders, when suddenly a sharp booming noise came thundering along, and a round shot went flying over our heads.

"Down with the ensign!—strike at once!" cried eight or ten voices together, as the ball whizzed through the rigging. Anticipating this, and resolving, whatever might happen, to fight her to the last, I had ordered the mate, a stanch-hearted resolute fellow, to make fast the signal sailyard aloft, so that it was impossible for any one on deck to lower the bunting. Bang went another gun, and, before the smoke cleared away, a third, which, truer in its aim than the rest, went clean through the lower part of our mainsail.

"Steady, then, boys, and clear for action," said the mate. "She's a French smuggling craft, that will sheer off when we show fight, so that we must not fire a shot till she comes alongside."

"And harkee, lads," said I, taking up the tone of encouragement he spoke with, "if we take her, I promise to claim nothing of the prize. Whatever we capture, you shall divide amongst yourselves."

"It's very easy to divide whatever we never had," said one. "Nearly as easy as to give it," cried another. "I'll never light match or draw cutlass in the cause," said a third.

"Surrender!"—"Strike the flag!"—"Down with the colours," roared several voices together.

By this time the Frenchman was close up, and ranging his long gun to sweep our decks; his crew were quite perceptible, about twenty bronzed stout-looking fellows, stripped to the waist, and carrying pistols in broad flat belts slung over the shoulder.

"Come, my lads," said I, raising my voice, as I drew a pistol from my side and cocked it, "our time is short now; I may as well tell you that the first shot that strikes us amidship blows up the whole craft, and every man on board. We are nothing less than a fireship, destined for Brest harbour to blow up the French fleet. If you are willing to make an effort for your lives, follow me."

The men looked aghast. Whatever recklessness crime and drunkenness had given them, the awful feeling of inevitable death at once repelled. Short as was the time for reflection, they felt that there were many circumstances to encourage the assertion; the nature of the vessel, her riotous, disorderly crew, the secret nature of the service, all confirmed it, and they answered, with a shout of despairing vengeance, "We'll board her; lead us on." As the cry rose up, the long swivel from the chase rung sharply in our ears, and a tremendous discharge of grape flew through our rigging; none of our men, however, fell; and, animated now with the desire for battle, they sprang to the binnacle and seized their arms.

In an instant the whole deck became a scene of excited bustle; and scarcely was the ammunition dealt out, and the boarding party drawn up, when the Frenchman broached to and lashed his bowsprit to our own.

One terrific yell rose from our fellows as they sprang from the rigging and the poop upon the astonished Frenchmen, who thought the victory was already their own; with death and ruin behind, their only hope before, they dashed forward like madmen to the fray.

The conflict was a bloody and terrific, though not a long one; nearly equal in number, but far superior in personal strength, and stimulated by their sense of danger, our fellows rushed onward, carrying all before them, to the quarter-deck. Here the Frenchmen rallied, and, for some minutes had rather the advantage, until the mate, turning one of their guns against them, prepared to sweep them down in a mass. Then it was that they ceased their fire, and cried out for quarter. All, save their captain, a short thick-set fellow, with a grisly beard and moustache, who, seeing his men fall back, turned on them one glance of scowling indignation, and rushing forward, clove our boatswain to the deck with one blow. Before the example could have been followed, he lay a bloody corpse upon the deck, while our people, roused to madness by the loss of a favourite among the men, dashed impetuously forward, and, dealing death on every side, left not one man living among their unresisting enemies. My story is soon told now. We brought our prize safe into Malta, which we reached in five days. In less than a week our men were drafted into different men-of-war on the station. I was appointed a warrant-officer in the Sheerwater, forty-four guns; and as the admiral opened the dispatch, the only words he spoke puzzled me for many a day after.

"You have accomplished your orders too well," said he; "that French privateer is but a poor compensation for the whole French navy."

Many years afterwards I found that our dispatches were false ones; intended to have fallen into the hands of the French, and mislead them as to Lord Nelson's fleet, which at that time was cruising to the southward to catch them. This, of course, explained what fate was destined for us; a French prison, if not death; and, after all, either was fully good enough for the crew that sailed in the old schooner.

POETRY OF FRANCE.

EIGHTH ARTICLE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a poet of a very different stamp from Pierre Jean de Beranger, and of a genius much less decidedly national, or at least less akin to that which characterises the past poetical literature of France. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the genius of Lamartine is truly national, but that his poetical tendencies and powers have been modified by, and moulded upon, models very unlike any afforded by his own country either in old or recent times. The poetical luminaries of modern England, and more especially Wordsworth and Byron, are the high exemplars which Lamartine has set before himself, and the result has been a marked commingling of the spirit and tone of these two bards in his compositions. The latter are as pure as the writings of Wordsworth as regards moral and religious sentiments; but the temperament of the French poet was ardent and impassioned as that of Byron, and hence the calm and philosophic gravity of the great Lake poet will be looked for in vain in the productions of the continental bard. In a word, Lamartine is something of a *religious Byron*. But, though we rank the French poet highly, we would by no means place him beside either of his English contemporaries in point of real poetical merit. His writings are beautiful and highly imaginative, but their excellence is marred by diffuseness—by a want of condensed power both in thought and language.

These observations will introduce to our readers a brief specimen of Lamartine, being the opening of a long poem addressed to Byron, who was then in life. It will be seen how deeply the strangely-mingled qualities of the English poet had impressed the mind of the French writer:

Thou, whose true name not yet mankind have glean'd,
Mysterious spirit, angel, man, or fiend!
Be thou a genius or of good or ill,
Byron, I love thy wild strange music still—
More than the roar of winds, or thunder's voice,
Mingling in tempest with the torrent's noise!
Night is thy sojourn, horror thy domain.
Like thee, the eagle scorns the lowly plain;
King of the wilds, he seeks the rugged rocks,
By winter blanch'd, and scarr'd by lightning-shocks;
Shores strewn with shipwrecks by the angry flood,
Or fields by war all blacken'd o'er with blood;
And, whilst the gentler bird that sings and grieves,
Builds upon flowery banks its nest of leaves,
He of Mount Athos spurns the awful crown,
And hangs his eyrie where abysses frown;
And there, alone, engirt by quivering limbs,
Whence o'er the rocks black gore for ever swims,
Joying in cries from many victims sent,
Rock'd by the storm, he sleeps in fierce content!
Thou, Byron, like this brigand of the air, &c.

This terrible comparison refers, it will be understood, to the wild and mocking way in which, in his later days, Byron allowed himself to speak of the virtues and failings of man, and, indeed, of all that involved his best interests. Lamartine, in the sequel, endeavours to reason Byron into submissive resignation to the decrees of Heaven—an attempt which at least shows the earnest nature of Lamartine's own mind. The object of the address, as we find from his letters, only smiled at the other's simplicity. The French poet further showed his admiration of the English bard by adding a canto to Childe Harold, describing the close of the real Childe's pilgrimage on earth. Enough of this subject, however. Our readers will doubtless prefer another specimen of Lamartine's poetry to our prose. The following little piece is from one of his books of "Harmonies, Poetical and Religious:"—

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

What time thy heavenly voice preludes
Unto the fair and silent night,
Wing'd minstrel of my solitudes,
Unknown to thee I trace its flight.

Thou knowest not that one remains
Beneath the trees hour after hour,
Whose ear drinks in thy wondrous strains,
Intoxicated by their power;

Nor that the while a breath of air
Escapes but from my lips with grief;
And that my foot avoids with care
The rustling of a single leaf;

Thou deemest not that one, whose art
Is like thine own, but known to day,
Repeats and envies in his heart
Thy forest-born nocturnal Lay!

If but the star of night reclines
Upon the hills thy song to hear,
Amid the branches of the pines
Thou couchest from the ray in fear.

Or if the rivulet, which chides
The stone that in its way doth come,
Should speak from 'neath its mossy sides,
The sound affrights and strikes thee dumb!

Thy voice, so touching and sublime,
Is far too pure for this gross earth:
Surely we well may deem the chime
An instinct which with God has birth!

Thy warblings and thy murmurs sweet
Into melodious union bring
All fair sounds that in nature meet,
Or float from heaven on wandering wing.

Thy voice, though thou may'st know it not,
Is but the voice of the blue sky—
Of forest glade, and sounding grot,
And vale where sleeping shadows lie;

It blends the tones which it receives
From prattlings of the summer rills,
From trembling rustlings of the leaves,
From echoes dying on the hills;

From waters filtering drop by drop
Down naked crag to basin cool,
And sounding ever, without stop,
While wrinkling all the rock-arch'd pool;

From the rich breeze-born plaints that flow
From out the branchy night of trees;
From whispering reeds, and waves that go
To die upon the shores of seas;

Of these sweet voices, which contain
The instinct that instructeth thee,
God made, oh nightingale, the strain
Thou givest unto night and me!

Ah! these so soft nocturnal scenes,
These pious mysteries of the eve,
And these fair flowers, of which each leans
Above its urn, and seems to grieve;

These leaves on which the dew-tears lie,
These freshest breathings of the trees—
All things, oh Nature, loudly cry,
"A voice must be for sweets like these!"

And that mysterious voice—that sound,
Which angels listen to with me,
That sigh of pious night—is found
In thee, melodious bird, in thee!

This piece forms a very fair specimen of the poetry of Lamartine. There may be a want of the tangible and substantial about it, but, in place of these qualities, there is a fine dreamy beauty, both of sentiment and imagery, and much eloquence of language. At some future time we shall return to Lamartine. In the mean time, one or two pieces by other French authors lie before us, which may perhaps please our readers. Alfred de Vigny is one of the cleverest novel writers of modern France, and he has also composed some most beautiful poetry. The subjoined lyric, which we select merely because it is at hand, being quoted in a very able notice of the writer in the Westminster Review, seems to us very spirited, though we mean not to record any approval of the ultramarine tendencies displayed in it. These are perhaps allowable, however, in the case of a sea-rover addressing the lady of his love.

SERENADE.

Come and fear not, gentle one,
Come o'er the sea;
Portionless and all alone,
Come thou with me.
See! how gaily in the sun
My pennons fly
Over mast, and sail, and gun!
'Tis a shell—yet, peer'd by none,
King there am I.

Land was made but for the slave,
Fair love of mine!
But the free, the bright, the brave,
Theirs is the brine.
Mystic stores its waters have
Of joy and glee;
Every murmur from its wave
Speaks of love, and chants a stave
Of liberty!

Our old friend Beranger treats a similar subject in a strain more to our taste. With his usual skill in effecting such infusions, he makes the following verses to Adèle the vehicle, as the reader will see, of sentiments, not very original, perhaps, but manly, cheerful, and free-spirited. In one sense, Beranger never wastes a line. Be the subject what it may, he treats it so as to inculcate some practical truth.

BEAUCOUP D'AMOUR.

Despite what wisdom's voice may say,
I fain would gather heaps of ore,
And at my true-love's feet would lay,
With pleased haste, the golden store.

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Then daily would I satisfy
Each lightest wish, Adèle, of thine:
No jot of avarice have I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

To make immortal my Adèle,
Were I with powers of song inspired,
My verse, which still on her should dwell,
Would be from age to age admired.
Thus may the future's memory
Our graven names one day entwine:
I have no wish for fame—not I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

If Providence should deign to place
My steps upon a kingly throne,
Adèle that splendid dream should grace,
And all my rights be hers alone.
To please her more, I willingly
Would see a court around me shine:
Ambition!—none of it have I,
But boundless is this love of mine.

But why these vexing vain desires,
Since every wish Adèle doth crown!
More happiness true love inspires,
Than grandeur, riches, or renown.
Then, let me on that bliss rely,
Which fate can never make me tyne;
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor rank have I,
But boundless, boundless love is mine!

These various specimens from the poetical stores of modern France, may be closed with another piece, the production of one who filled a high place in that country in days not long past, Hortense Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and wife of Louis Bonaparte. For a time, it will be remembered, Hortense sat on the throne of Holland. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, and deeply attached to her native France. The subjoined lines, entitled "The Charms of Fatherland," were written by her when about to return to that land after a long exile. Happy for the poor lady that she did not live to see her eldest son sent to a dungeon there, a captive for life!

I go to see my own dear land once more;
I go to die where first I saw the light!
How much your loss, ye cold ones, I deplore,
In whom the thoughts of home no thrill excite!

Ye fields, of childhood's joys the teeming scene,
With hosts of tender recollections sown,
The twofold charm ye offer us, I ween,
Of recent joys mix'd up with those long gone.

All here below feel more or less the tie
That draws us where our infant cradles lay;
Sweet sympathy, which makes life lightly fly,
And from the grave takes ev'n its gloom away!

Wearied with absence, lengthen'd out too long,
Of former pleasures I delight to dream;
My heart revives, and Hope inspires my song,
And still is home, dear home, the cheering theme.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW VESICATORY.

WHILE nothing can be more dangerous to society than the nostrum-vending of incompetent persons, and the latitude given to it by our existing laws, on the other hand it is clear that any real advance in remedial science ought to be warmly hailed as conferring a blessing of the most direct possible kind upon humanity. In Edinburgh, within these few months, a discovery of this order has been made, which, in our opinion, merits being universally known. Counter-irritation, in the case of internal disease, has been too long approved of by the medical world for any doubt to be entertained of its utility; and, of all the counter-irritants that have been tried, cantharides, or Spanish flies, have been found the most convenient and efficacious. In fact, with the exception of mustard cataplasms in mild cases, no other blisters are now in use. These blisters, however, have their disadvantages. In the first place, they are apt to produce the very painful affection called strangury, and in many instances cannot be used, in consequence of that accompanying mischief. Again, the pain of the cantharides blister is very considerable, and this not only while the skin is being broken, but also afterwards, from portions of the flies adhering to the spot, and keeping up the irritation unnecessarily. A third point to be remarked is, that the blister very seldom rises so equally as is desirable. From unequal spreading of the plaster, or unequal mixing of the flies, a vesicle is produced in one spot and not in another, and, in short, many small irregular vesicles are caused, instead of a single perfect one. Other defects in the operation of the cantharides blisters might be noticed, but these will suffice for the present purpose.

Two ingenious young chemists, Messrs Smith of Duke Street, Edinburgh, have discovered a new vesicatory, or blister, liable to none of these objections; or rather they have discovered a new mode of using the cantharides, by which all its advantages are obtained without any of its disadvantages. This new blistering article is very elegant in form, being manufactured in sheets resembling those of common white adhesive plaster. It is, in fact, a *paper impregnated with the effective essence of cantharides*. A slip of this, cut of the proper form, is applied in the usual way, and, under ordinary circumstances, raises a complete vesicle in from six to twelve hours upon the skin of an adult—in a lesser time, in short, by an hour or two, than the old blister would take. The application is peculiarly cleanly. No whisky or other stimulant need be applied to the skin beforehand, as formerly done; and, when the new vesicatory is removed, no vestige of the cantharides remains behind, to excite strangury or cause a continuance of pain. The difference between the two processes, we repeat, is great as regards efficacy, neatness, cleanliness, and ease of management; and the perfect unity, also, of the vesicle produced, is a point of superiority not less remarkable.

It was from accidentally seeing its operation in private, some time since, that our attention was called to this new vesicatory. But we have subsequently learned that it has been already put to proof by a large portion of the medical public, and found to possess such superior efficacy, as renders it desirable that the discovery should be widely known. In addition to numbers of private physicians and surgeons, the Royal or Public Infirmaries of Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other places, have used this substance largely for a number of months, and it has gradually superseded the use of the old blisters in their practice. After employing it in several hundred cases, the medical people of the Edinburgh Infirmary have found it in no one case to produce strangury, an affection formerly most troublesome to themselves and their patients. The desired effects have been produced, on the other hand, with almost unfailing certainty, whatever part of the frame the vesicatory was applied to, and whatever the degree of toughness (no unimportant point) characterising the patient's skin. The apothecary of the Aberdeen Infirmary has certified to his use of it in between one and two hundred cases, within a few past weeks, and it has only failed to produce the full effect in about six instances. [The old blister, in a third of the cases, might perhaps have produced at least very imperfect vesication.] No strangury has followed the use of the new blister, and its cleanliness and convenience are highly commended.

We have noticed this subject, in the belief that the improvement now made in the materials of vesication will render the practice of counter-irritation, so common now-a-days in cases of disease, far less painful to the sufferer, as well as more convenient, safe, and effective. To keep silence, while aware that the means for attaining an end so desirable exist, would be nothing less than inhumane.

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES.

An improvement in the surgical branch of the medical art is something even more important than a beneficial discovery in the department of the Materia Medica. The cure of squinting, by division of the muscles that move the eye-ball, was formerly adverted to. The same principle of cure has been extended to other deformities. A contracted arm or leg, a bent body, or a twisted neck, depends in most cases upon the very same fundamental cause to which squinting is attributable—namely, a shortening or contraction of the muscles, or of their tendonous endings. Hence the remedy is the same—the division of the muscular or tendonous fibres in fault. Dr Stromeyer of Hanover, at present Professor of Surgery in the University of Erlangen, was the surgeon who first effected a cure of bodily deformity, by operating in the manner described. This took place in the year 1831. The same gentleman proposed the extension of his discovery to the cure of squinting, but was not himself the first who successfully carried it into practice. Dr Duffenbach, a distinguished surgeon of Berlin, having witnessed the consequences of one of Dr Stromeyer's operations, in the person of a medical man now residing and practising in London, immediately took up the invention, and by him was it first successfully applied to the cure of obliquity of vision.

Drs Stromeyer and Duffenbach operated in their respective districts, with signal success, in hundreds of cases of deformity in the arms and legs. The invention found its way, a year or two afterwards, to Paris, and many remarkable cures have been effected there. In one late instance, a distinguished Parisian surgeon divided not less than forty muscles (we write from memory) in the body of a deformed person. The British surgeons have been long in taking up this operation as a regular part of their professional practice, but we have no doubt that it must soon gain ground and favour among them. An intelligent medical man, resident near our Scottish metropolis, has sent us some remarks upon this subject, with a particular account of Dr Stromeyer's mode of operation, to which we have much pleasure in giving a place in our columns. It is painful, "in walking along the streets (says our correspondent), to see both old and young people, of both sexes, and sometimes of great personal attractions, walking upon very high-heeled boots, or supporting themselves upon stilts, from deformities in their feet and limbs. If of the fair sex, they very naturally do their utmost to conceal any thing of the kind, but their awkward gait betrays the existence of some defect. If such persons knew that there is a mode of curing the majority of these affections, and that hundreds of cases have already been cured, they would surely hasten to inquire of their respective medical men if their own individual cases were similarly remediable."

The deformity consists, it has been said, in a shortening of the muscles, or contractions of the tendons. These are cut, and then the part is stretched to its natural shape, and kept in that position for weeks or months. For instance, "we often see people with one of their feet pointing straight downwards to the ground, and the heel five or six inches above it, and who walk with a boot having a heel of corresponding height. Now, this affection is caused by extreme shortness of the thick tendon running for some inches above the heel (called *tendo Achillis*); and if this tendon be cut through, two or three inches above the heel, just as we would a piece of rope, and if we apply any apparatus so as to bring the foot to a right angle with the leg, and lengthen the interval between the cut ends, a cure is effected. The tendon is cut with a small scythe-shaped knife, with or without a button at the end of it; but the skin is left quite uncut, except to the extent of a quarter of an inch, where the knife is introduced. The operation is completed in fifteen or twenty *seconds*; the pain is very trifling, and only a few drops of blood come away. At other times we see feet twisted inwards or outwards, and the persons walking upon the side of the foot next the ground, the other side being one, two, or more inches above it. These affections generally depend upon contractions of the muscles acting upon the inner or outer side of the foot; and the tendons of these muscles must be cut through, along with that tendon already spoken of (the *tendo Achillis*), which in these cases also exercises great influence. Contractions often exist in the muscles whose tendons form the hamstrings, and then the patient has a knee projecting several inches before the body. To cure him, he must literally be hamstrung, and a suitable apparatus then employed to straighten the leg. The hands often have their fingers turned into the palms, from burns, &c., and they can only be put to rights by cutting through the tendons, or tendonous bindings at fault, and then stretching out the fingers upon splints, or pieces of pasteboard or wood. Such contractions are common in the elbow and neck; and the principle of cure in these cases is precisely the same as in the others." Whether or not the divided tendons or muscles be perfectly united by tendonous or muscular fibres, the junction formed is at least so far complete that power of motion is restored to the part operated upon.

"As these deformities are often hereditary, it is really a matter of conscience to get rid of them as fast as possible, inasmuch as no individual, if curable, is justified in running the risk of propagating such to his or her children. It is much to be desired, then, that these affections, at once distressing to their possessors, and an eyesore to the community at large, may be extirpated from amongst us."

OLD BURGHAL REGULATIONS.

THE Maitland Club, an association of gentlemen who print old manuscripts for their own private use, have just completed a second volume of what they call their *Miscellany*, in which, amongst other curious matters, we find certain acts and statutes of the magistrates of Edinburgh, extending from the year 1529 to 1531. These acts throw some light on the age to which they refer.

The town-council seem to have at that time thought themselves not more seriously called upon to interfere for the maintenance of just weights and measures amongst tradesmen, than for the fixing of prices, and the prevention of retailing. They ordain, for instance, "that na brouster na dry tapster tak apone hand to sell ony derrar aill fra Monunday furth at nixt cummys na xvi d. the gallonne, and at it be guid and sufficient aill of the price forsaid;" [that is, that no brewer or dry tapster take upon hand to sell any dearer ale, from Monday next forward, than 1s. 4d. per gallon, and that it be good and sufficient ale of the price aforesaid.] The penalty is to be 8s. for the first fault; for the second, the ale is to be distributed gratis; to punish the third, the public officers are to bring "thar caldrone or kettellis to the crose, and ding thame throw with ane puncione, and spane thame fra the operation for zer and day;" [to bring their caldron or kettles to the cross, and drive a puncion through them, and debar the proprietor from his trade for a year and a day.]

"Baxtarris," that is bakers, are, in like manner, ordained to bake their bread of good and sufficient stuff at twopence the eighteen-ounce loaf—the honest bailies never once reflecting, to all appearance, how the baker was to be sure of purchasing his flour at such a rate as to afford the bread at that price. He was to have "bot ane buth" [only one shop] in which to sell his bread; and no huxter was to retail his bread: all this under pain of banishment from the town. Candlemakers are to sell their candles at sixpence a pound where rag wick was used, and fivepence where the wick was of *hards* or lint. The same penalties which enforce these regulations are imposed upon all who shall melt their tallow "on the fore gait," that is, the front street—in itself a curious trait of our early city customs.

"Stabillaris" are enjoined under severe penalties to have their stables well "furnest with hek and mangear, and with sufficient lokis for the durris, for sure keiping of the horsis." Prices are fixed for corn and hay; and where these articles are bought from them, they are to charge no stable fee. On the other hand, no other class of persons are to sell or "regrait" oats and hay, under severe penalties.

People dealing in poultry and wild fowl are or-

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dained to come openly with them to the cross, "and nocht to be halden in covert under clokis or gounis, nor yit in thair houses." They are to hold their market in this open manner during certain hours. Severe penalties are threatened to all who shall buy such articles from strangers to sell again in the town, otherwise than at the market cross. The same strong measures are taken "that na maner of persone, man nor woman, regrait nor by eny fische, to tap nor sell agane to the nychtbouris of the toune," till twelve o'clook noon, or from ane till six in the afternoon; "item, that na maner of persone, man ner woman, regratouris of fische, eggis, butter, cheise, frute, or uther syk stuff, hald ony maner of burdis or cramis to sell syklike stuff upon the hie gait, nor under staris, bot in thair awin house, under pane of bannasing of the toune;" [that no manner of persons, men or women, regrettors of fish, eggs, cheese, fruit, or other such stuff, hold any kind of boards or stalls to sell such stuff, upon the High Street, nor under stairs, but in their own houses, under pain of banishment from the town.]

The penalties were not imposed in the spirit of empty menace. Not long after the act respecting stablers, we find five women banished all at once, because they had "contempnandlie brokin the said statutis, and coft [bought] corn and aittis in greit to regrait agane." The pain of banishment is visited upon many others for the like offences. It is to be observed, however, that, in some instances, the defaulters are in a short time allowed to return, on their friends giving surety for their paying obedience to the town's statutes in future. Thus "Gilbert Skeillis" gives surety for his wife, that she would never again buy hay or oats to sell again; whereupon "the said Gilbertis wyf was relaxit agane to the fredom of the toune as scho was obefor [as she was of before] or [ere] scho was bannist the samyn."

There is reason to conclude that the motive of all these proceedings was a good though mistaken one. There are various statutes respecting hucksters, or retailers, showing that the profit made by these parties on their goods was regarded as an oppression of the lieges; an idea which is still found to exist amongst the working classes in some of our manufacturing districts, but which, we need scarcely say, is totally unsound. In the statutes under notice, every means are taken to compel those who raise country produce to appear in the market and sell it themselves, as if it had been possible thus to obtain the articles at the mere cost of production, the worthy provost and baillies not observing that the producer required in that case to be remunerated for the time he spent as a merchant, and that probably a huckster, combining the goods of many producers, could have afforded to sell the articles at a cheaper rate. An amusing example of the anxiety of the magistracy to keep down prices, is given in a statute "anent seruandis," as follows:—"Item, that because thar is na seruand woman, or nurys [nurse], that gettis in ane gude mannis hous throw hir seruice v or vj merkis, bot scho will tak ane hous of hir awin [take a house of her own], and be ane browstar or huckstar, quharthro the nychtbouris of the toune ar hevelie hurt, *and the meit and drink rasit darer throw the bying of the samyn at the second or thrid hand*, that tharfor na seruand woman pas fra hir seruice and tak ane hous, without scho be mariit or pas to the bordall, except scho haif the licence of the provest for gud rationabill causis, under the pane of banasing." For a broker or forestaller of wool and hides to be even seen speaking to the persons who brought those articles to market, on a market day, was an offence visited with punishment. The statute on that subject shows in a peculiar manner how strongly, under the impulse of convenience, private parties were inclined to that division of labour which is really most for their advantage, notwithstanding every effort of erroneous legislation to make them take a different course.

Some familiar traits of the time are communicated in these statutes. We find, for instance, David Cristeson banished "because he is ane young stark fallow [a young stout fellow], and beggis, and will nocht wirk for his leving." For the same reason, banishment is inflicted on "Richman that singis with the lass and beggis." John Anderson, keeper of the tolbooth or jail, obliges himself to keep the statutes of the town in time coming, "under the pane of the daling of ane barell of ale, till gif utheris exempill till brek the said statutis in tyme coming." Leper folk are forbidden to appear in any market, under pain of being burnt in the cheek and banished the town. The provost and baillies order that Jonet Anderson "say na displesour nor injuriouse language till Thomas Wauchope nor his spouse, nother oppinlie nor priuatlie, under the bane of bannesing of the toune." Margaret Smith of her own free will comes before the council, and obliges herself, "that fra this tyme furth scho sall nocht use na injurious wordis, blasfeme, nor schame, Dene Alexander Creichtane, vicar of Sanct Cuthbertis Kirk, nother in word nor deid, under the pament of x li [ten pounds] til be gevin till Sanct Gelis werk." The council seem to have thought themselves entitled to interfere in every thing. They statute and ordain that no person give any wool to card or spin out of their own houses, except "till honest wedowis or honest falit [disabled] personis houshalderis, under the pane of xl s." This would be from an anxiety to benefit the poor, for whom there was then no public provision of any kind.

A striking proof of the frequent acts of violence then taking place in the open streets, is found in a statute, referring to the slaughters and murders committed in "tymes bypast," on account of the officers and neighbours not rising to resist and punish the same; and ordering that "every merchand and craftisman haiffand foir buthis [having front shops], that thay haif in thair said buthies ane ax, or twa, or thre, as thay have servandis, and to cum incontinent to the provest and ballies reddy to fortefy and manteine thar our men and justice." It also appears that the children then exercised their combativeness as actively as their seniors, for we find an act against "Bikkyrringis betwix Barnis," providing that, "forasmekle as thar has bene gret bikkyrringis betwix barnis and followis in tymes past, and diverse tharthrow hurt in perrell of thar lyffes, and, gif sik thingis be usit, thar mann diverse barnis and innocentis be slane and divisione ryse amangis nychtbouris tharthrow, theirfor we charge straitlie and commandis, that na sik bikkyrringis be usit in tymes to cum, certifing that and [if] ony persone be fund bikkyrrand, that thar faderis and masteries sall answer and be accusit for thar deidis, and gif thai be vagabondis, thai to be scurgit and bannist the toune." It is but justice to the sixteenth century to state, that these *bikkyrringis betwix barnis* continued to be frequent upon the streets of Edinburgh down to about the year 1810.

The statutes include a period during which the plague visited Edinburgh, and we are presented with many curious notices of the regulations which were thought necessary to be enforced on such an occasion. In October 1529, the disease is spoken of as raging at St Andrews and other places beyond the Forth. People are therefore forbidden, under great penalties, to approach Edinburgh from those districts, or to receive merchandize from the same quarter. On the 23d of November, learning that the disease had spread in St Andrews mainly from a mistake which prevailed at first, namely, that it was "the het seiknes," the council ordain that all sick persons in Edinburgh keep by themselves, and that notice of them be given to the town officers, under pain of banishment. At the same time, none are allowed to pass to the north of the Forth, without the provost's licence. Sick persons appear to have been obliged by formerly existing statutes to go and take up their quarters on the common muir without the town; for Thomas Mereleys, at his own desire, is allowed to come back from the muir to his house in town, "with his self, wyf, barnis, and guddis, unclengeit," he becoming obliged, upon his life, goods, and heritage, that no infection shall come within his house through the "unelenging" of his goods. In February 1530, finding that the danger deepens as the spring advances, still stricter statutes are made on all these points. On the 18th, Margaret Cok is condemned by an assise for coming from St Andrews with infected clothes, and sentenced to be burnt in both cheeks and banished. On the 20th, the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith are forbidden to attend the fair at St Monanes, a village in Fife, to which it might be supposed that persons with infected goods would be likely to come. The existence of infected persons in the town is first spoken of on the 25th of May, and all the statutes are again renewed; people are also forbidden to buy or sell old clothes; persons keeping swine are commanded to restrain them from appearing on the street; and then follows the most sensible ordinance of all—"Forasmekle as ther is gret fylth within this toune, baith on the hie gait and in closis [both in the High Street and the alleys leading from it], and ale the guttaris of the toune ar full of filith, quharthrow infectionne may spreid and ryse, That tharfore euery man and woman dicht and mak clene befor ther durris and closis, and clenge away the filith tharfra, under the pane of punising of thar personis and gudis at the prouest will." People having houses to let are at the same time forbidden to let them to vagabonds or trampers. Individuals who have been "in Gladois hous the smyth, or oney other houses that are now suspect of this contagius seiknes," are commanded to reveal the circumstance to the town's officers. Servant women who have hitherto been in the habit, while conveying their master's clothes to the water to wash, of taking "this womanis coller and that womanis curche," to wash along with their master's clothes, are forbidden to do so any more, as "it is unpossable to keep the toune clene gif sik thingis be usit."

On the same day, a woman who had been in the houses of infected persons, and was now infected herself, without revealing either circumstance, is sentenced to be burnt on the cheek and banished the town for life, and to remain on the muir till she be recovered, under pain of death. On the 4th of June, a woman who had a daughter sick without giving information, is sentenced to the like punishment, "all her barnis" being at the same time adjudged to perpetual banishment. Several cases of the same kind occur throughout June and July; but at length, in August, when probably the danger had become greater, concealment of sick friends is punished with death! An unfortunate tailor, David Duly by name, had a wife sick; he kept her concealed in his house, and even, while she was ill, went to attend mass in St Giles's kirk, thereby "doeand at was in him till haif infekkit all the toune." For this he was adjudged to be hanged on a gibbet before his own door. The sentence seems to have immediately been carried into execution, for, in the afternoon of the same day, we find an entry stating that Duly had been hung up, but that the "raip" had broken, and he escaped at the will of God, for which reason, and because "he is ane pure [poor] man with small barnis, and for pete of him," the council banish him instead. A few months afterwards, we find that several women were actually put to death ["drounit in the Quarrell holis at the Grey-frier port"] for concealing their sickness. Throughout August, the business of "clenging," that is, we presume, of completing quarantine, proceeds under the regulation of various statutes. But even after suspected or sick persons had given full satisfaction of their purity from the disease, and had been allowed to come back to their homes with their goods, they were still forbidden to attend mass amongst the other clean people.

Such were a few of the doings and sufferings of our citizens in "the good old times!"

KENNEDY'S NARRATIVE.

THE late campaign of the British army upon the Indus has been attended with the effect, now so common in such cases, of adding one or two entertaining and not uninstructive works to the current literature of the day. The "Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing" was one of the earliest of these productions, and it has lately been followed by a "Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kaubool in 1838–9," by Dr Hartley Kennedy, one of the principal medical officers present on the occasion.* Dr Kennedy's narrative comprises a pretty regular view of the whole movements of the campaign, but, to civilians like us, the sketches of personal adventure embodied in such publications, seem always of greater interest than the semi-official parts of the narrative; and the majority of our readers will probably agree in this preference. In the succeeding notice, therefore, we shall only trace the operations of the army in so far as may be necessary to tack together such interesting extracts as chance to fall under our eye.

In the first place, a word may be premised on the objects of the war. The rich and populous districts on the line of the Indus and its springs, comprising Sind, Kandahar, Herat, Peshawar, and others, had long been tributary provinces of the powerful Afghan kingdom of Kaubool, but had been latterly split into separate and independent principalities. Runjeet Sing, an ally of Britain, had become raja of the Punjaub and of Peshawar. Among other changes arising from the disturbed state of the country, Shah-Shooja, legitimate sovereign of Kaubool, and properly also of Sind, had been expelled from his throne by Dost Mohammed, a soldier of fortune, whose brothers had likewise become masters of Kandahar. When the Persians advanced to besiege the Indo-Persian city of Herat in 1837, the British became suspicious of their ulterior designs, and the more so as Dost Mohammed went openly into their interests, and began to menace the native allies of Britain. The result was, that the governor-general found it necessary to suppress the usurper of Kaubool, and, by restoring Shah-Shooja to his throne, to settle the provinces of the Indus on a new, secure, and peaceful footing.

With this object in view, the British forces under Sir John (now Lord) Keane left Bombay in November 1838, and were transported by sea to the mouths of the Indus. Marching inwards, the army sustained considerable hardships from various causes, the cholera appearing in the ranks before Christmas. On the 29th of January, at which time alarms were beginning to be raised regarding the approach of the enemy, the following strange and fatal personal adventure took place. A hunting-forest, called a *shikargah*, in the neighbourhood of the encamped troops, was observed to be in flames, and "many of our officers (says Dr Kennedy) rode out to witness it. Among others, Doctor Hibbert of the 2d or Queen's Royals, and Lieutenants Spark and Nixon of the same regiment, proceeded thither on foot with fowling-pieces and rifles, expecting exercise on the wild animals driven by the fire out of the burning forest. Lieutenant Halkett of the same regiment accompanied them on horseback; and when they plunged into the thickest parts of the wood, and he found it impossible to accompany them, returned to camp, little dreaming of the melancholy fate awaiting them. No servant, and only one dog, was with them; and the poor beast the same evening returned to camp. On their not returning in the evening, some alarm was felt; and as we had supped full of rumours of war for some days before, it was conjectured that they might have been made prisoners by the Beloochies.

On the following morning two parties of cavalry and irregular horse were sent in search of them; and, sad to say, a villager who had been cutting wood in the forest, and probably found it convenient to follow the course of the fire, had discovered and led the way to where their bodies were found, half buried in the smouldering and still hot ashes of the long grass and brushwood by which their clothes had been destroyed.

More pitiable objects were never seen than the three bodies as brought into camp: not a vestige of their clothes remained; the extremities were partially consumed; and the blackened skin, and the limbs

* In two volumes. London: R. Bentley.

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stiffened into the most frightful distortions, with the features almost entirely defaced, exhibited to their friends the most distressing spectacle that can be imagined.

An inquest was immediately assembled, and a verdict of 'Accidental death' recorded. No sign of sword-cut or gun-shot wound appeared on their bodies; nor could it have been supposed that three energetic young men, well armed, could have met a violent death from the enemy without having given some account of their assailants. The relics of their clothes, such as metal buttons, were found on the spot. The barrels of their guns were a valuable booty when found, and were easily carried off: it was not wonderful that they were not found; but parts of the stocks remained, showing that they had been burnt. The bodies had evidently not been rifled; Dr Hibbert's gold rings were left on his fingers; and all three showed, by the injury received, where their powder-flasks had exploded on their sides; and one of the party being left-handed, the side on which the injury appeared indicated the character of the occurrence which occasioned it. This further proves another most satisfactory circumstance, that their sufferings must have been short; since no three men could possibly have been long surrounded by fire with their senses about them, without ridding themselves of their gunpowder.

A close examination of the spot where the bodies were found, which was not very far from where Lieutenant Halkett had last seen them, seemed to show that they had ascended a tree from which to shoot such animals as might fly from the forest: some sudden change of wind appears to have brought the fire on them. One of them seemed to have dislocated his wrist, and to have broken the bones of his arm, in leaping, no doubt, wildly from the tree: his comrades may have perished through a vain attempt to rescue him." They were buried in one grave.

On the Indus, near Kurachy, the first town taken by the army, our author witnessed a most primitive mode of fishing for an oily fish called the *pulla*. "At these places we first saw the pulla fishery on the Indus; a piscatory pursuit which more nearly reduces the human form divine into an aquatic beast of prey than Izaak Walton, or any disciple of the 'gentle craft,' could have contemplated by the silver Thames. A large, light, and thin earthen vessel of the strong and unequalled pottery of the Indus' clay, and thoroughly baked, forms the fisherman's float: it is fully four feet in diameter, and about thirty inches high; of a very flattened form, and exceedingly buoyant. On this the fisherman balances himself on his stomach: covering the short neck and small aperture at top, and launching himself forth on the current, paddles with his legs behind to steer his course, drifting with the stream, and holding his pouch-net open to receive the prey, which, when caught, he deposits in his reservoir, the vessel he floats on."

The army reached Kandahar, without encountering any other enemy than bands of flying plunderers, who were so dexterous as to steal camels, as well as baggage, almost from under the noses of the owners. The usurping chiefs of Kandahar had fled, and here Shah-Shooja was formally nominated to the sovereignty of the Affghan or *Douranee* empire. Resuming the march towards Kaubool on the 30th of June, the army again began to suffer, not from regular enemies but roving robbers. Many murders were committed on stragglers. For example, two officers chancing to see two natives "standing knee-deep in water, in a somewhat unusual manner, approached them to satisfy their curiosity: their movement not suiting the parties alluded to, they fled precipitately; and, on their moving, the body of one of our followers, whom they had murdered, and on which they were standing to keep it out of sight until the gentlemen should have passed, rose to the surface, and was rolled over by the stream. The murderers, I believe, escaped." In the beginning of July, the army arrived before Ghizni, a strong fortress held by the troops of Dost Mohammed, and which was taken on the 22d of July, by blowing up the gate and scaling the place. Dr Kennedy mentions some curious wounds and escapes which took place in the contest. "Captain Raitt of the Queen's Royals, when wounded in the hand, was cut down, and felled to the ground by a sabre-blow, which happily inflicted only a moderate cut, being parried by the steel plate of his grenadier wing on his right shoulder; when down, another blow, which must otherwise have proved mortal, was fenced off by the metal lid of his drinking horn slung to his side. Lieutenant Simmonds, Adjutant of the Queen's Royals, afterwards again severely wounded at Khelaut, owed his life to his having one of his official memorandum-books and his silk handkerchief in his cap: a heavy ball, apparently from a jingal, severely wounded him in the head, notwithstanding the protection of the book, and, passing downwards, was again parried by the plate of his shoulder-strap."

Dost Mohammed, alarmed by the capture of Ghizni, fled from Kaubool, and the British entered that city without opposition. Kaubool is a place of considerable extent, and remarkable for the beauty of its vineyards and fruit-gardens. The people, like half the natives of India, thieve unremittingly. Our author describes the quartermaster-general of the forces as having one morning appeared before his military companions in a most ludicrous garb. He wore a red nightcap, and had a cloak wrapped about him, which was all too short to conceal the owner's entire want, at the moment, of any other vestment whatever. The truth was, having ridden before the army to fix on a spot for the camp, he had gone to sleep for the night in his little tent, and had been robbed before morning of every stitch of clothes but those on his recumbent person—the cap, namely, and cloak. "Let the reader imagine one of the best-looking and best-dressed staff officers of the army," appearing before his comrades, when the troops came up, in such a plight! At Kaubool, Shah-Shooja was in reality made a king, and, by British influence, presented with a capital and a people. The war was now ended. Dost Mohammed's flight left the seat of authority vacant, and it was only afterwards necessary to send detachments to reduce Khelaut and a few fortresses yet occupied by enemies. The 26th of September 1839, saw the army begin its march homewards, with the satisfaction of having fully accomplished the objects in view.

We shall close our notice with an isolated anecdote or two. In coming down the Indus in Sind boats, our author and his friends were almost devoured by rats. "When we compared notes in the morning, after our night's adventure, it was evident that Scott had been most familiarised in rat experience: 'I did not care,' said he, 'at their scampering in couples over my bed, and coming down bump upon me from the ceiling; but when one hungry villain clapped his cold paws upon my cheek, and sniffed about with his cold nose over my eyes and up my nostrils, I could stand it no longer!' I certainly should have jumped about vehemently had I been pawed and nosed after the same fashion; but let Colonel Scott's experience warn all future voyagers on the Indus to embark with a cat in their company." The following anecdote shows much penetration on the part of the officer concerned:—"Sir David Ochterlony was once able to make a most advantageous move on the Nepaul frontier by attending to a native tradition, that, some fifty years before, an elephant had been sent from some rajah of the low country to some rajah of the Nepaul hills. The legend was inquired into, and found to be true; the road the elephant had travelled was sought for, traced; and a British column, following the route thus discovered, not by accident, but by judicious and sensible inquiry, was enabled to turn the enemy's position, and penetrate into a district that had been considered inaccessible."

In conclusion, we feel called upon to express our regret that Dr Kennedy should have been led to introduce so many deprecatory remarks regarding the general conduct of the campaign. His position, surely, did not render such observations imperative, yet they are frequent, and greatly mar the otherwise agreeable tone of his book.

A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRALIA.

The South Australian Record gives the following description of a whale-chase, from the journal of a gentleman just returned from South Australia. The characters are Fell and Frank, two whalers at Encounter Bay; Solomon Sanguine (fictitious name), the guest of Fell and Frank, and, though a novice, a devoted sportsman; and Bob and Dick, two natives.

"In the midst of breakfast Bob entered, bawling out, 'There she clouts (spouts)! there she clouts!' Fell started up, and told his guest that it was a whale, and that he would now have an opportunity of gratifying his longing desire. The boat was instantly manned, and Mr Sanguine, by Fell's instructions, took the midship oar, one of the men being left out, as such boats are only fitted to contain the crew and no more. The whale was close in-shore, and a few strokes brought them alongside. Mr Sanguine laid out lustily at his oar, and was excited to the highest pitch, but ever and anon kept peeping over his shoulder for a sight of the object of pursuit, whose spoutings he could only hear. 'Come, come, Mr Sanguine,' says Fell, 'a good whaler minds only his oar, trusting to the headsman for the rest; but never mind. Stand up, Frank.' Frank was instantly on his feet, and the whale rose under the bows of the boat. 'Give it her, my lad,' says Fell; and in a moment the iron was buried in her side. 'Peak your oar, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell. Although the former did not understand the phrase, yet he was sharp enough to do as the rest did, and that correctly. The line was by this time flying out, and the fish sounding; in a trice she commenced running, and a turn being taken with the line round the lugger-head, the boat was soon skimming the water with great velocity. Solomon, rubbing his hands, hitching his shoulders, and seeming ready to jump overboard, in the height of ecstacy, exclaimed, 'This is glorious! Talk of the Manchester and Birmingham railways! they are nothing.' But here his speech was interrupted, and his frenzy cooled, when he cast his eyes at each side of the boat, and observed the water rising high above the gunnels. It may be necessary here to state, that it is only the rapidity of the motion that prevents the water from rushing in and filling the boat on these occasions. Solomon had no time to philosophise; but seeing the water several inches above the gunnel of the boat, he did not know how soon it might be as many feet; so he inhaled a prodigious quantity of air, and invoked the whole host of Neptune to aid him in his journey to the shore, as he was no great hand at swimming. His fears were, for the present, groundless; the whale began to rise, and his attention was now engaged by the rowers hauling in the line, with their faces turned inwards. Solomon did as he saw the rest doing, and his gigantic strength was perceptible enough on the boat, for, by the time that the whale reached the surface, the bowman had hold of the harpoon shaft. The headsman, Fell, from his proximity, was enabled to have 'a set on' the fish with the lance, which had such an effect, that it sickened and sounded, so that they were obliged to slack line again.

The calf which belonged to this female, in the hurry and fright having lost its mother, mistook the boat for her, as often happens, and coming alongside rubbed the boat with its noddle, and endeavoured to clasp it with its fins, to the great detriment of the boat's equilibrium. Solomon, not much liking this visiter, called out to Fell, 'The little creature is more plague than its mother; for any sake give it a poke and send it adrift, or it will turn us topsy-turvy.' Fell only laughed; but, to ease him of his terrors, struck it gently on the head, and down it went. The respite was but short, for the mother, which rose head first, close alongside the boat, almost touched Solomon, who viewed it with a mixture of astonishment and awe, as, like a huge black rock, covered with barnacles, it emerged from the deep. His taste for the marvellous was further gratified by observing her carrying her sick cub on her fin. His feelings were fast rising to a climax, when the whale spouted blood to a terrific height, the gurgling sound of which drew Solomon's attention that way; but he only turned his head in time to discern the falling column, which descended with great violence on his unfortunate pate, half choking him and half filling the boat. 'Sampson slaying the Philistines, or Whitechapel on a Friday, is mere shakings to this!' shouted Mr Sanguine. But, alas! his troubles were only beginning; for the irritated creature passing under the boat, with one blow of its enormous tail sent the boat into the air, and the crew into the water. For a moment every one was immersed; but when Fell rose to the surface, he beheld Solomon, who had alighted on the whale's back, lying at full length there, puffing, striking out, and struggling, with all the appearance of a drowning man contending strongly for life. 'Keep up a good heart, my boy,' cried Fell, to whom such scenes were every-day work; 'and make for the bottom of the boat!' Solomon, who, from the first, seemed recalled to a state of consciousness by Fell's friendly voice, looked wildly round, and replied, 'That's all very good, but a swimmer of my capabilities had better remain where he is.' Fell, pushing a pair of oars before him, towards Solomon, answered, 'Yes, yes; but your foundation is about as unstable as the house that was built on sand.' 'By Jupiter, that's true,' said Solomon, 'so here's for it;' and casting himself from the whale, with one or two ungainly strokes seized the blade of an oar, and was thus towed to the boat, on the keel of which he mounted, and shook his fiery locks much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog. His first inquiry was if they were all safe; and being answered in the affirmative, asked for a quid of tobacco, as he observed all his companions busy chewing, and which he considered must be necessary under such circumstances.

A relief boat, manned with black fellows (Bob Headsman and Dick Steersman), came up, and Fell and his crew jumping into it, left the black fellows, who were only in their element, to right the boat, while they followed after the whale, which had gone but a short distance, and having picked up the line, soon terminated his existence. Solomon, in the height of his excitement, strongly besought Fell to kill the calf also, as he considered that it had been the cause of all their troubles. But on Fell saying that nature's law hardly allowed us wantonly to destroy that which was of no utility to us, and might hereafter be of great benefit, he at once coincided with him, and asked how he behaved under the trying circumstances. Fell briefly replied, 'Like a man,' which seemed to soothe the last billow of his wrath.

The whale was towed home, and the newly-elected member ceased not for a moment on the way to expatiate with rapturous enthusiasm on the splendid sport of the day, at the same time venting his spleen on the pap-eaters at home, and picturing the benefit they had that day conferred on mankind, as well as holding forth learnedly on the happy prospects that this new world presented to generations yet unborn. Let them clear the surface of the earth of game, still the deep would annually yield its myriads of whales to gratify the hunting propensity of man, and supply him with many of the requisites of life.

The boats were hauled up, and the different members proceeded to their respective huts. Fell was detained on the way, but Frank and Solomon found a blazing fire awaiting them—no trifling comfort under present circumstances. They were horrid-looking creatures, particularly the latter, from the quantity of blood clotted all over them. Mr Sanguine was, however, quite unconscious of his odd plight, and was with difficulty prevailed on to strip, scrub, and put on dry clothing. It was dark when Fell entered; the dinner was just set, and Mr Sanguine was looking himself round, and extolling his whaler's dress to the skies. 'How easy it sits, how comfortable it feels, how handsome it looks,' said he; 'and all for the price of a pair of fancy slippers. What silly folks are they in England, and the higher in life the more foolish; as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer—as helpless as calves, ay, ten times more so than whalers'—but here he was interrupted by Fell, who was standing beside him, highly delighted at the happiness of his guest, as well as amused at his ideas of utility and contempt of foppery. 'Yes, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell, 'how often do we see the whale's calf, newly ushered into the world, show considerable instinct at self-preservation. You saw one to-day sink beyond the reach of our stroke to avoid harm; how often do we see them cling to their mothers' paps, or take shelter under her fins, as she bounds with them through the deep, flying from her foes. Nor does the mother ever forsake them. This day, Mr Sanguine, while you triumphantly rode on the whale's back, you owed your life to the mother's mistake—she thought you were her calf. It is, indeed, nothing uncommon for a whale to remain on the spot, and be lanced to death, afraid of moving her tail, with which at one stroke she could scatter her enemies, lest she should injure her young, preferring present death to flying for her life and mourning her lost offspring.' Mr Sanguine here interrupted Fell by observing, that 'It is very fortunate, in-

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deed, that they take care of their young for the sake of preserving the breed.' Fell resumed: 'How many mothers do we see of the human species, who, in point of natural affection, would bear but a miserable comparison with the whale! How many mothers are there in the polite circles who bring forth and send their children abroad to be watched by the alien and the stranger, regretting only the pains they endure, the time they are shut out of society, the inroads made on their beauty, and only looking anxiously forward to the moment when they will again be able to rush into new scenes of dissipation; but the whale's greatest delight appears to be in nourishing its young, and shielding it from danger, until her tender trust is able to shift for itself, ofttimes eighteen months and upwards.'

By this time they were unconsciously seated round the dinner-table; the cook had shown great justice to the dishes—the flavour of the soup, made of the kangaroo's tail, was beyond anything that Solomon had before tasted. The kangaroo steaks were, in his opinion, only surpassed by the fried smell, a part of the whale near the tail which is very delicate eating, to which Mr Sanguine did ample justice, and praised it as much. In the middle of his enjoyment he did not forget to deplore the degeneracy of the age, and their apathy for any great or noble enterprise, and calculated how many families could live comfortably for many days on the delicate parts of the whale they had killed. Afterwards, the tale and song went merrily round, to which Mr Sanguine contributed abundantly, and in the midst of his joy he was heard repeatedly to declare that he never knew what happiness was before."

"MAXIMS, MORALS, AND GOLDEN RULES."

[Selected from a neat little work, bearing the above title, published by J. Madden & Co. London: 1839.]

Forbear to *sport an opinion* on a subject of which you are ignorant, especially in the presence of those to whom it is familiar. If it be not always in your power to speak to the purpose, it certainly is to hold your tongue; and though thousands have remembered with pain their garrulity, few, as an ancient remarked, have had reason to repent their silence.

The sure way to be deceived is to believe ourselves more cunning than others.—Rochefoucault.

It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments, when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road, when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed, "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?"

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—Lavater.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.—Colton.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.—Pub. Syrus.

I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants as delightfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

He who gives for the sake of thanks, knows not the pleasure of giving.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.—Colton.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; "'Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—Izaak Walton.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.—E. W. Montague.

If you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village; if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a city.—Colton.

In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration.—Coleridge.

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed *his* hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying, through *his* mouth, all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.—Jortin.

If a man had no person whom he loved or esteemed, no person who loved or esteemed him, how wretched must his condition be! Surely a man capable of reflection would choose to pass out of existence rather than to live in such a state.—Reid's Essays.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.—Colton.

A kind refusal is sometimes as gratifying as a bestowal: he who can alleviate the pain of an ungracious act is unpardonable unless he do so.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—Bishop Hall.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—Seed.

A great means of happiness is, a constant employment for a desirable end, and a consciousness of advancement towards that end.

He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—Bishop Berkeley.

Of all sights which can soften and humanise the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.—Southey.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.—Colton.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.—Miss Talbot.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—Bacon.

We are often infinitely mistaken, and take the falsest measures, when we envy the happiness of rich and great men: we know not the inward canker that eats out all their joy and delight, and makes them really much more miserable than ourselves.—Bishop Hall.

If 'tis a happiness to be nobly descended, 'tis no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or no.—La Bruyere.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—Dr Johnson.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence: forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—Lavater.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals: no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—Sir Walter Scott.

Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—Zimmerman.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know beside.—Tillotson.

It is an old saying, *that charity begins at home;* but this is no reason that it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—Cumberland.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.—Pope.

ERROR OF GIVING MEDICINE TO INFANTS.

Many mothers are continually administering medicines of one kind or another, and thereby deranging instead of promoting the healthy operation of the infant system. Instead of looking upon the animal economy as a mechanism constituted to work well under certain conditions, and having, in virtue of that constitution, a natural tendency to rectify any temporary aberrations under which it may suffer, provided the requisite conditions of action be fulfilled, they seem to regard it as a machine acting upon no fixed principles, and requiring now and then to be driven by some foreign impulse in the shape of medicine. Under this impression, they are ever on the watch to see what *they can do* to keep it moving; and, altogether distrustful of the sufficiency of the Creator's arrangements, they no sooner observe a symptom than they are ready with a remedy. Such persons never stop to inquire what the *cause* is—whether it has been, or can be, removed—or whether its removal will not of itself be sufficient to restore health. They jump at once to the fact that disease is there, and to a remedy for that fact. If the child is convulsed, they do not inquire whether the convulsions proceed from teething, indigestion, or worms, but forthwith administer a remedy *to check the convulsions;* and very probably the one used is inapplicable to the individual case; and both the disease and the cause being in consequence left in full operation, instead of being removed, the danger is increased. * * I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that a child can encounter few greater dangers than that of being subjected to the vigorous discipline of a medicine-giving mother or nurse; and wherever a mother of a family is observed to be ready with the use of calomel, cordials, anodynes, and other active drugs, the chances are that one-half of her children will be found to have passed to another world.

Even when the child is under the care of a professional adviser, it is by no means safe from the risk arising from the exhibition of heterogeneous medicines. Whenever a child is seriously ill, there is not only great anxiety on the part of the mother, but much sympathy on the part of friends and neighbours, every one of whom has her own story of what was done with such another child in the same situation, and the great good obtained from such and such medicines. In vain the mother may urge that the physician has seen the patient, and already prescribed a different course. Entreaties are poured in with an earnestness proportioned to the danger, just *to try* the vaunted remedy *without telling the doctor* or interrupting the use of his medicines. Anxious for the relief of her child, the mother often yields before her better judgment can come into play to prevent her, and in a short time the child perhaps suffers from this abuse of incompatible or dangerous remedies, which aggravate the original disease. Those who are accustomed to reflect before they act, would be amazed if they were to witness the perilous follies sometimes perpetrated in this way, and the perfect self-complacency with which the anticipated results are looked for from the individual doses, no matter how much they may counteract each other. * * * *

The system of concealment from the family physician, into which the adoption of "every body's" advice is so apt to lead, is itself an evil of the first magnitude. By inducing him to ascribe effects to wrong causes, it necessarily tends to mislead his judgment, and may thus render him also unwittingly an instrument of mischief. The maternal anxiety which lies at the root of the error is highly natural, and every sensible practitioner will make allowance for its impulses, even where they are ill-directed and annoying to himself. But the fair and proper way for the mother is, not to act upon the suggestions of others without the knowledge of the medical attendant, but to state simply, and in an honest spirit, that certain suggestions have been made, and inquire whether they meet with his approbation or not. If they do, they will then be adapted by him to the necessities and peculiarities of the individual case, and the different parts of the treatment be carried on consistently and safely. If, on the contrary, they do not, the physician will have an opportunity of assigning a reason for his disapproval, and of pointing out the greater fitness of the means already employed; and if the parent shall not be satisfied with this explanation, but still insist on the suggestion being tried, he can then either decline farther responsibility, or take care that the trial be made with as much safety and prospect of advantage as possible.—*Dr Combe on the Management of Infancy.*

RARE DOINGS OF A TAILOR.

The bridge over the Teith at Doune is well worth a passing notice. It is a strong, sturdy erection, though upwards of three hundred years old, and the work of a tailor. In the parapet is the following inscription, still distinctly legible: we shall modernise the spelling. "In God is all my trust, said Spittel. The tenth day of September, in the year of God, 1535 years, founded was this bridge, by Robert Spittel, Tailor to the Most Noble Princess Margaret, Queen to James the Fourth." Mr Spittel was not ashamed of his profession, for, in addition to the designation in the inscription, he has ornamented the parapet with the characteristic emblem of a large pair of scissors! There is a tradition in the district concerning this worthy knight of the *shears*. There was a ford and ferry about half way between the present bridge and Doune Castle, and Spittel had frequently to pass the ford. The fare was a doit, but Spittel had no smaller coin than a bodle (equal to two doits), and having been at former times ill pleased with the inattention of the ferryman, he very coolly took out his shears, clipped the bodle in two, and gave one-half to the ferryman! The careful tailor grew rich and prosperous, and was a public benefactor. He built two other bridges; one at Bannock, and another at Tullibody; and he founded an hospital in Stirling, from which widows and orphans are still relieved and supported. Queen Margaret's tailor was, therefore, no ordinary man. He placed a motto on his hospital at Stirling, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," and he surmounted it again with a representation of his *shears*—the source of all his liberality. Is Queen Victoria's tailor as proud of his shears, or as well disposed to devise liberal things?—*Inverness Courier.*

CURIOUS CALCULATION.

The following interesting account was taken on the 12th of August, by a gentleman from Yorkshire, at the soap-manufactory of a relative situate in King William Street, London Bridge, of the number of carriages, of various descriptions, which passed from eight in the morning till eight in the evening:—

From 8 o'clock till		9	903	From 3 o'clock till		4	975
9	...	10	997	4	...	5	1053
10	...	11	895	5	...	6	712
11	...	12	1015	6	...	7	771
12	...	1	984	7	...	8	894
1	...	2	806				
2	...	3	905	Total			11010

This averages 970 an hour, or 15 in every minute; and it is fair to presume that there is no street in the world where so many carriages pass and repass in one day. On the 1st of September last this gentleman engaged several persons, in order to ascertain the number of foot passengers which passed the factory from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, and the result was as follows:

From 8 o'clock till		9	3600	From 3 o'clock till		4	4480
9	...	10	4460	4	...	5	5280
10	...	11	4380	5	...	6	4480
11	...	12	4620	6	...	7	3945
12	...	1	3900	7	...	8	6720
1	...	2	3840				
2	...	3	4200	Total			53503

This statement will be found equal in number to 4455½ per hour, or 74 in every minute. The number of persons supposed to pass in and with carriages (averaging two to each) amounts to 22,020, which, added to the above, makes a total of 75,505 passengers in 12 hours.—*Sunday Times.*

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GLORY.

THE love of fame is, in the main, a generous passion. It does not form the highest of motives, but it is very much superior to many. In its more elevated moods, it approaches even the highest, for then we overlook the earthy present, and contemplate only the praise of posterity—of those we can never know, nor hear, nor see, nor in any way profit by. Apart from this, it will be found that the motives of laudable deeds are mostly material; pains to be avoided, or pleasures to be enjoyed. This alone is an ideal, an intellectual breathing. It is the unbought grace, and will often influence those in whom a sense of religion is dead, or moral ties disregarded. Such being the social importance of a desire of renown, it is of consequence that the passion should be rightly directed, and ignominy or honour justly awarded.

In the early ages, glory was founded on beneficence. Acts useful to man alone raised a mortal to the skies. This was the beginning of hero-worship. All the more celebrated characters who fill the Pantheon of the ancients, earned divine honours by meritorious services, by encountering trials and dangers, by ridding the earth of monsters, of nuisances and oppressors, or by useful arts, discoveries, and inventions. Bacchus taught the use of the vine, and of honey; Æsculapius the art of curing diseases. Ceres instructed men in agriculture; Apollo and Orpheus were the inventors of music. Theseus is renowned as the determined foe of robbers and wild beasts; Castor and Pollux of pirates, by which they encouraged navigation: and amongst the labours of Hercules, we have no doubt that one for which he earned as much praise as for any other, was that cleansing of the Augean stable, which has been the prototype of so many reforms of later days. From such characteristic attributes, and in spite of fabulous mystification, it seems clear that the early Pantheon of the ancients was strictly an aristocracy of *talent and desert*. Its basis was of the Benthamite order, utilitarian; and no one could scale the Olympian heights, and win the glorious apotheosis of a sidereal mansion, save through deeds of valour, philanthropy, or patriotism.

Illusions less profitable to mankind succeeded these dazzling chimeras of a poetical age. The chief was the love of conquest. Heroic toils cease to consist in the abatement of public grievances, in slaying the ravaging lion of Nemæa, in cutting off the heads of the Lernean hydra, or in rescuing a suffering community from an oppressive tribute by the destruction of the devouring Minotaur. In lieu of such patriotic services, heroes occupied themselves in destroying each other, and in subduing and laying waste their respective territories. This was the pride of imperial Rome, her thirst being for universal sway; and the same passion for domination had previously animated the monarchies of Persia, Babylon, Assyria, and Macedon, and the petty and belligerent republics of Greece. It was the corruption of true heroism, whose primitive application consisted in the godlike vocation of doing good to mankind; for which laudable devotion the benefactors were translated to heaven.

A similar perversion of what was meritorious in origin continued through subsequent ages. The hyperborean glories of Odin and his hall of skulls, or of the heroes of Ossian, are too remote to be dwelt upon; but the reign of Charlemagne offers a better defined era. The exploits of this illustrious warrior were mainly directed against the Saracenic invaders, and to the conversion of the Saxons and other German nations to Christianity. The triumphs of the Cross continued for centuries, in western Europe, to be the guiding star of heroic enterprise. Glory consisted in the diffusion of the Gospel; and Jupiter and Mars were supplanted by the renown of St George of Cappadocia and Montjoye St Denis, whose names became respectively the rallying battle-cries of England and France. This pious fervour attained its meridian heat during the Crusades. In these famous expeditions, the energies of Europe were concentrated; all were roused, from prince to serf; and history offers no other example in which so universal, generous, and ardent an enthusiasm was elicited. The Trojan war, a similar enterprise of associated princes, was for an object which sinks into insignificance in comparison. In the mediæval conflicts of Palestine, the single disinterested object sought was to rescue the holy sepulchre from infidel profanation. The struggle was bravely maintained for upwards of a century, under great disadvantages from climate and distance. The flower of European chivalry perished by the sword or disease; and the multitudes and treasure sacrificed in this romantic undertaking are quite incalculable, showing the vast extent of disinterestedness of which men are capable, when once their sympathies are thoroughly excited.

Passing over the religious wars of the Protestant Reformation, we come to the illusions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the votaries of a vain-glorious ambition, of this period, stands prominently forward Louis XIV. of France. His history is a lesson to princes, and even to private persons. In him we have a striking example how natural abilities and good dispositions may be perverted by vicious education. Accustomed from earliest infancy to hear only what flattered his pride and depraved tastes, he never learnt what was truly just and elevated in conduct. He was perpetually reminded of the vast power he was born to, never of its correlative duties; of his surpassing greatness, but never how that greatness could be most beneficently illustrated. His long reign, in consequence, was a grand mistake, which he discovered when too late to repair its errors. France never recovered under the elder branch of the Bourbons from the evils entailed by his mistaken policy. She was enfeebled and impoverished by his profitless wars; the choice of her population were slain in battle; the finances were disordered; the industrious orders were weighed down by burdensome imposts, and the seeds of those calamities were sown which ripened into destructive maturity under his successors. The king himself in old age exhibited the usual conclusion of a weak and misspent life—becoming the victim of an intolerant superstition, of self-reproach and disappointed schemes. The people rejoiced at his death, having discovered the emptiness of those objects in which he had wasted the national resources, and by which they had been dazzled in the earlier part of his career.

Contemporary with the latter period of this king's reign, flourished Charles XII. of Sweden. He had drunk heroic inspiration from the pages of Quintus Curtius, and sought to rival the exploits of the Macedonian hero. Without refinement, or sympathy with aught save toil and danger, Charles was formed by nature for the conqueror's vocation. War was enjoyment to him, which he followed as disinterestedly as some individuals do the chase; only, in lieu of a pack of hounds he had a nation in leash, and his game did not consist in partridges and hares, but his brother potentates, whom he deposed or hunted out of their territories, apparently more for sportive occupation than any just cause or settled purpose of extending his dominion. His career was of short duration. For a moment Europe was astonished at the dashing attempt of the adventurous Swede to revive the ancient drama of universal conquest; but the visionary aspiration was dissolved by the decisive victory of Pultowa, won by Peter the Great—a more prosaic but useful prince, whose leading aim was the civilisation of his own subjects, not the disturbance of his neighbours.

The philosopher-king of Prussia, Frederick II., cannot be reckoned among ordinary conquerors. Much of his reign was certainly spent in desperate warfare, but his wars mostly originated in politic ambition. His paternal kingdom was small, and he sought, by availing himself of circumstances, and of pretexts for aggression not always defensible, to enlarge its boundaries. Louis XIV., indeed, was the last among the old monarchs of Europe who sought to embody Asiatic ideas of empire and regal magnificence. The miserable results of his ostentatious efforts, their enfeebling effects on France and neighbouring states, afforded lessons of instruction that tended greatly to abate the pride and pomp of soldiering. Diplomacy, in place of physical force, began to be more frequently resorted to in the settlement of national differences. The wars that did occur, and in which England participated, mostly originated in commercial jealousy, in disputes about the possession or boundaries of colonies, or grew out of the electoral dominions of the Brunswick family, or were expressly undertaken for the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, as the best guarantee of general peace and security.

This system continued without essential derangement till the burst of the French Revolution. By this great commotion former ideas and relations among states were disturbed. France became, in the European family, a sort of outlaw, carried away by energies and principles that had no previous type or existence. After undergoing rapid and extraordinary mutations, alternately the dread and astonishment of Europe, she found a temporary resting-place from internal conflicts under the sway of a chief who owed his elevation to her divisions, and his strength to her necessities. Napoleon Bonaparte was formed exclusively on the antique model of Pagan grandeur. He had the ambition of Julius Cæsar, with the craftiness of the Carthaginian Hannibal; and to the end of his public life, Plutarch's heroes formed his standard of excellence. His career is a brilliant episode in modern history, but, like that of the Swedish Charles, Alexander, Tamerlane, and Zinghis Khan, has left few traces proportioned to the vast physical power he called into action. Thrones were overturned, and nations overrun, but it was the lofty flight of the eagle, or the ravages of a hurricane that touched only the high places, leaving the solid structure and heart of European society not materially altered. France owed to his restlessness her greatest humiliation, and the illusions of military glory with which she was transported under his guidance, were as irrelevant to public happiness as those of an impracticable liberty, with which she had been previously intoxicated.

The honours paid to the memory of Napoleon, by the removal of his remains from St Helena, are not a flattering exponent of the spirit of the times. By the apotheosis of his ashes, the god of war is invoked; for in war consisted his chief eminence. It shows, notwithstanding the spread of science, that the objects of idolatry in the modern are not greatly remote from those of the ancient world. Popular rites continue sanguinary; victims still smoke on bloody altars, and the incense of carnage is not unsavoury to the nostrils. This is to be lamented, for, though military force is as yet necessary for defence from both external and internal aggression, it is, in its offensive character, the most detestable of all things. War in itself was

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not glory at the beginning, for the first heroes were the benefactors of mankind; and it never has been, and never will be, true glory. For ourselves, we are for the revival of the primitive worship, divested of its corruptions. Ceres and Apollo are the deities who should enjoy our votive offerings, and not Mars and Bellona. We should wish to see honour and glory given to the men who, by useful suggestions and acts, by pleasing accomplishments, and the furnishing of innocent enjoyments, should ensure greater happiness to greater numbers; still more to those who, by improving the moral nature of their fellow-creatures, made them better for both time and eternity.

STORY OF JOSEPH RIDGE.

Master Joseph Ridge was a very worthy individual, but such a one as seldom has played the part of hero in tale or history. The county of Surrey had the honour of giving him birth, and there he passed his early days. His parentage could by no means be called distinguished; his father, Gaffer Ridge, being but a plain hedger, and his mother, Goody Ridge, being a personage who had not married below her station—a roundabout way of saying that Joseph's immediate progenitors were both of the humblest class of society. Young Master Ridge was the only son of his parents, and was born to them in their mature years. He would have been called by most people a regular bumpkin; and certainly he had been nurtured in a way suitable to that appellation, and had every prospect of passing through life in such a state of Arcadian simplicity as to render the term enduringly appropriate. But, though Joseph Ridge might be a bumpkin, he was one "with capabilities," and so time proved.

In his boyish days, Joe wrought, as boys usually work, about a farm adjoining his natal cot; and, as he grew stronger and older, he began to help his father, who had a considerable amount of employment, and was beginning to feel the weight of years. Our young hero had a good heart, and usually assisted his father in a dutiful and manful way; but at times he showed a soul above hedging, and diverged from its sober engagements into pursuits which most folk called idle, and which the neighbouring manorial lords were apt to regard as high misdemeanours, worse than treason against the state. In general, however, Joe behaved himself like a good boy, and Goody and Gaffer Ridge were very proud of him.

One day Joe was returning alone from his regular toils, with his bill over his arm. He was wearied, but went on whistling cheerily, and ruminating at intervals on the comforts attending the consumption of fried bacon, and other little restoratives for a tired frame. A carriage came up behind him, and on reaching his side drew up. A respectable-looking servant out of livery, who was seated on the coach-box, looked hard at Joe, and then leapt down. "Stop a moment, if you please," said he civilly to our young labourer. Joe did come to a pause, but looked a little surprised. The man stared at him for a few moments longer, and then said, "I think I can't be in a mistake. Yes, you are the man. I have a note for you." As he spoke, he tendered a little unsealed and undirected billet to our hero.

"A letter for me!" returned Joe; "bless you, sir, you must be mistaken. Nobody writes to *me!*" "That may be," replied the other, "but this note *is* for you; I am sure it is," and he held out the paper again to Master Ridge. The latter took it into his hand, looked at it all ways, and then scratched his elbow. "I be'nt very good at reading hand of write," said he; "perhaps you would be good enough to do it for me?" The servant took back the letter, saying quietly, "It is from Lord S——." At this name, which was that of one of the greatest men of the district, and a minister of state, Joe's face turned suddenly to all colours of the rainbow. The memory of various little peccadilloes flashed rapidly across his brain, and he thought to himself—"Well, hang it, Joe, you *are* in for it at last!" The billet, however, gave no countenance to his fears, but on the contrary bore an opposite tenor. It merely desired the party "to whom the letter should be delivered, to accompany the bearer, without a *moment's delay*, to the house of Lord S—— in London, where something might perhaps be disclosed of advantage to his future interests."

"Oh, ho!" cried Joe, a little relieved, "it can't be me he wants. You have come to the wrong hand. My name's Joe Ridge. I am a poor hedger-lad, and have come, you see, from my work—up there by the canal side." This disclosure, which he expected to be perfectly decisive, had no effect whatever. The man-servant only smiled, and said, "I don't at all wonder at your surprise, young man. All will be explained to you. I know your name, and I am sure of the letter being for you, and you alone; and I advise you to come immediately with me, as it will perhaps be for your own good."

Joseph Ridge was perfectly confounded. To be sent for by a lord was something altogether out of the line of his wildest conjectures. While he stood in mute amaze, the servant said, "Time presses. The more quickly you come, the better pleased will his lordship be." "But I must go and tell father and mother," replied Joe; "and I must put on my Sunday's jacket." "Pooh, pooh!" said the servant, "come away just as you are." As he spoke, he led the half-reluctant Joe to the carriage, and was about to pull down the steps. "Come," cried Joe, bursting into laughter in spite of his confusion of mind, "that is a bit over much! *me* go into a carriage! No, heaven love you, I'll go on the dicky, if I must go at all." "That won't do," said the man; "you must go inside, and I shall pull down the blinds." He then half forced our hero into the carriage, bill and all, let down the blinds, shut the door, and in a few minutes the vehicle was off for London, which was not above eight or nine miles distant.

Master Joseph Ridge had some humour about him, and, notwithstanding the almost alarming oddity of his situation, he could not at first help laughing heartily, though not loudly, to find himself so suddenly become the inmate of a nobleman's carriage. "Polly Woodward thinks herself a cut above me—and so she is, 'cause her father's a farmer; but if she could see me now," thought Joe, "how she would stare!—and mother! Talking about mother, I must let her know, directly I can do it, where I am. I won't vex the old soul for ever a lord in the land!" After making this commendable reflection, our hero fell into a profound fit of musing on the possible cause of his lordship's summons. "It can't be the girn I set on Monday was a week," thought Joe; "no, no—the constable would have been the gentleman picked out to visit me had it been that." Another term of meditation succeeded, and then, on a sudden, our young rustic started up, and clapped his hands. "I have it!" cried he joyfully; "his lordship has seen me handling the bill, and wants to make me head hedger upon his grounds hereabouts. Oh, my eye! what news for father!" And poor Joe, overcome with the anticipation of his parent's joy, lay back in his seat, and wept. An honester or more honourable tear was never shed in noble's carriage!

The end of the journey arrived, and the carriage was driven to the door of Lord S——'s splendid mansion in —— Square. The dusk had fallen in, and Joe was delivered from his place of confinement without observation. He was ushered into a private room, and the unliveried servant went to inform his lordship of the arrival of the visiter. In a few seconds the man returned to bring him to the presence of Lord S——. Having never been in London before, Joe's confusion and tremors had returned on being whirled through the crowded streets, and were strengthened at sight of the magnificence around him in Lord S——'s house. Looking at his clumsy hob-nailed shoes, he said hurriedly to the servant, "Shouldn't I take them off?" "No, no," returned the other; "but you need not bring your hedge-bill with you," continued he with a smile, seeing that our confused hero had lifted that weapon, so formidable to hawthorn boughs and green leaves. Joe laid down the bill, and followed his guide to a small but handsome apartment, where sat Lord S—— alone.

Lord S—— was a pale, weakly looking man of middle age. His countenance was fine, but wore a sensitive, nervous expression, indicating more than even the usual languor of luxurious life. The moment that Joe entered, the peer looked fixedly at him, and turning to the man-servant, who had remained in the room after carefully closing the door, he said, "You are right, William; this is he—the very person." His lordship then turned away, and seemed embarrassed—as much so as poor Joe. But the great man recovered himself apparently by an effort, and looking directly at our hero, said, "You know me, young man!—you recognise me!" Joe had seen his lordship several times in the country, and he said, with tolerable composure, "Yes, my lord." The peer again turned his head away for a moment, and then resumed—"It is needless to waste words. I will do much for you, if you will be *prudent*. Can I depend upon your discretion, young man!" Our rustic understood so far what was meant as to know it was fitting to reply, "Yes, my lord." "Then we understand each other—*fully?*" said Lord S——, with emphasis. "Yes, my lord," poor Joe *said*, but what he *thought* was something very different. "Then, let this subject never be adverted to again. William," addressing the servant, "I know your attachment to me. You hear my wishes. Never let the subject of this evening's meeting be mentioned between us again!—do not even think of it to yourselves!" An expression of pain and confusion passed from his lordship's face as he said to Joe, after a pause, "I will do much for you, young man. I think you have the appearance of good natural abilities, and you shall have wherewithal to cultivate them—you shall have education. You are not yet too old for it. Afterwards, I will take care of your fortunes. Remember only my wishes."

Joseph Ridge was re-conveyed to his parents on the morning succeeding this memorable evening. What were his reflections on the subject of it, it is scarcely possible to describe, the issue of the interview having been so extraordinary—so different from all that he had anticipated. His natural shrewdness led him sometimes to conjecture that there was a huge mistake under the whole affair; but against this conclusion stood out the fact, that the man-servant, and through him Lord S—— also, assuredly knew his name, and who and what he was. A strange notion as to his parentage came across his mind; he might have been a son of Lord S——, placed in infancy under the charge of Goody Ridge; but then he and his reputed father Gaffer Ridge were as like each other as two peas. All was mystery, in short; but Joe had sense enough to resolve upon holding his tongue at all events, and letting the tide of fortune carry him whither it chose. He told his parents that Lord S—— had seen him working, thought him an amazingly clever fellow, and was going to make a man of him. But he also said to them that the whole affair would be blown up if they talked about it. The old people were quite ready to believe Joe a genius; but their questions were troublesome to him. From these he was delivered two days after, being then carried to London, and put to school, while Lord S—— promised to make up privately for his loss to the old people, a promise which he amply fulfilled.

If a bumpkin, Joseph Ridge was certainly rather a clever bumpkin. He profited rapidly by the advantages afforded him, and in the course of no great time became a fair scholar. He was now well clad, well lodged, and well fed; and had sense to see that by strictly following up his lordship's wishes, he had a chance of rising in the world, but none otherwise. He therefore attended to his lessons diligently. In due time he was called, for the *second* time, before Lord S——. "I have the best accounts of you, Joseph," said his lordship; "and am told you are now fitted for a respectable situation. I have got a clerkship for you." Poor Joe was now able to put his gratitude into decent though embarrassed language. "Gratitude!" said the nobleman, interrupting him, "you owe me no gratitude. You have been prudent, and merit every thing I can do for you. Allude no more to this subject. It is painful to me."

Joseph Ridge went away pleased, but more surprised than ever. Again he teased himself with thinking whether or not he could bear some secret relationship, if not that of a son, to Lord S——; but there was no satisfaction to be got in this quarter. He could not doubt his being the son of Gaffer and Goody Ridge, and *their* lines of descent were known to the whole parish. "Never mind," thought Joe, "up the ladder I go, push me what may." And up the ladder of fortune he did go. Lord S—— raised him step by step, and at last fixed him, while still very young, as junior partner in a thriving commercial house. In his course of luck our hero forgot neither his poor old father and mother, nor any other old friends. They shared in his prosperity.

Mr Joseph Ridge had been in his new situation for several years, when William, the confidential servant of Lord S——, came one day with a hurried summons for him to appear at the bedside of that nobleman, who was declared to be dying. Joseph went without delay. "I have sent for you," said his lordship, speaking in a faint voice, "to thank you for having preserved my secret so well." "Secret! my lord," said Joseph. "Yes, I can now talk of it—I could not bear to do so before. It is little that a dying man cares what is said of him, yet you must promise to preserve silence still"— His lordship grew exhausted. He pressed the hand of Joseph, and the latter returned the pressure, and this seemed to satisfy the dying peer. Friends and physicians came round him, but he never spoke again.

After all was over, Joseph, more confounded than ever, was retiring from the house, when William, the servant, stopt him and took him into a private apartment. The man was sorrowful, but he composed himself, and said to Joseph, "I have sometimes thought, Mr Ridge, that a mistake was made in your case. Do you, or did you ever know the secret cause of my lord's notice of you?" "To be candid," said Joseph, "I never did." "You have been made a man of, then, by a fortunate accident," replied the other. A pause now took place, and William seemed thoughtful. "You must feel curious to know the truth," said he at length, "and I believe you are too grateful to my lord to disclose it to the injury of his memory. I will tell you the whole. My lord was, you know, an able statesman, and altogether a man of great talents; but he was constitutionally nervous and sensitive in the extreme. One day, some years ago, a circumstance connected with public business drove him into a state of temporary derangement. He rushed down to his seat in Surrey, accompanied only by myself. When there, he went out alone, about mid-day, and precipitated himself into the canal. Fortunately, I had watched him, and I managed to get him out. A young countryman stood on the opposite bank at the time. He had seen the deliberate attempt of my lord, and rushing up, though he could not help us, saw my lord recover—in short, saw the whole affair. The cold bath effectually restored the reason of Lord S——, but then came upon him a feeling of dreadful alarm lest his suicidal attempt should get wind. The idea of being despised as a lunatic, and the prospect of losing place, character, and influence, almost hurried his proud and sensitive mind back into its former state, and he gave me instant orders to search for the sole witness of the scene (whom he himself had seen), and to bring him away, in order to secure his silence at any cost. I was left to do this, and his lordship, though ill, rode off for London, to make a public appearance that evening, lest the worst should come out. I found you out, learnt your name, watched you at work near the spot, and was convinced

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you were the very person, your dress and appearance being the same with that of the individual wanted. You know the rest. I went for the carriage, and you were in London that evening. His lordship's shrinking dislike to enter on the details of the subject caused the mistake to be confirmed, and *I* never spoke of it, because to me his commands were ever law. He thought your look promising, and took the course that he did with you, in the hope of being safer with an educated man than a boor."

"I was not the person," said Joseph. "Well, well," said William, "my poor lord could well afford all he spent on you. The mistake has done no harm to any one, certainly not to you."

It indeed made the fortune of honest Joe Ridge. These matters occurred a good while ago, but we believe there are some of Joe's descendants yet living, who bear the double name of Woodward Ridge.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

SECTION OF MATHEMATICS AND GENERAL PHYSICS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable paper read at this section, both for its scientific character and its popular interest, was one by an American gentleman, named Espy, respecting the laws governing storms. Mr Espy is, we understand, a gentleman of moderate fortune, who, instead of giving himself up, as most Americans of his class do, to mercantile pursuits, has devoted himself from an early period of life to investigations in meteorology, and thereby excited no little wonder amongst his more practical compatriots. A brief notice of some part of his speculations formerly appeared in the Journal, but not in so conspicuous a manner as to preclude our here giving a summary of his entire theory.

Mr Espy, whose address to the section occupied two hours, commenced by stating that he had found, by examining simultaneous observations made in the middle of storms, and all round their borders, that the wind blows inwards from all sides of a storm to its central parts. If the space overspread by the storm be circular, the wind blows to a central point; if oval, it blows towards a line extending through the longest diameter. He stated that he had been able, within the last five years, to investigate seventeen storms, not one of which formed any exception to the general rule. As an illustration, he presented a map of Great Britain and part of Ireland, exhibiting the direction of the wind in twenty-two different places on the night between the 6th and 7th of January 1839, when so much damage was done to the shipping around our coasts, and particularly at Liverpool. It appeared that at all the points where observations were made in Scotland, beyond the Forth and Clyde, the wind came from the north-west. In all the places throughout the east and central districts of England, it was from the contrary direction, south-east. On the west coast, again, from the Mersey to the coast of Ayrshire, the wind was, after 10 o'clock at night of the 6th, from the south-west. It appeared, indeed, that the wind on this occasion blew from all around towards a point somewhere in the south of Scotland, or the German ocean immediately to the east of that district.

In all the other cases, precisely similar phenomena had been observed. With the aid of the Franklin Institute, Mr Espy had got a correspondence established with individuals in various parts of North America, extending from Canada to Georgia, a space of a thousand miles. These individuals were requested to record the precise period when storms occurred in their neighbourhood, their duration, the direction of the wind, and the state of the barometer and thermometer, when the parties had such instruments. The history of nine storms was obtained in this way, and they were all wonderfully similar. In the centre of the storm there was a calm, and the barometer was there low. The storm had, besides, a progressive motion eastward. In one case, for instance, the centre would be in the western states, and the eastern states would have an east wind; next day, the storm had travelled eastward, a calm prevailed in the eastern states, and an east wind on the coast; on the third day, the wind blew from the west in the eastern states. Thus the centre appeared to travel from the western states to the coast, and from thence into the Atlantic Ocean. Mr Espy had also examined the accounts collected by Mr Redfield and Colonel Reid, of various storms and hurricanes in the West Indies. The form of these seemed to be more nearly circular, and their progressive motion, as Messrs Redfield and Reid showed, was north-westward. It is this progressive motion which has given birth to the idea that the currents of air in these storms form vortices revolving horizontally. Mr Espy says that he has examined the data collected from the log-books of ships, by the gentlemen mentioned, and when those which are strictly *simultaneous* are compared, they agree completely with his theory, and show that the winds did not revolve horizontally, but blew inwards to a common centre.

This blowing inwards to a centre, Mr Espy conceives to be the consequence of the sudden and powerful ascent of a column of air at that centre, from the atmosphere being there more heated than elsewhere. The column, as it ascends, expands, in consequence of being always less and less under pressure. In its ascent, it takes up with it the aqueous vapour with which it has chanced to be charged. It is here necessary to advert to what scientific men call the *dew point*. Many must be familiar with the phenomenon of a bottle of iced wine, or any other bottle containing very cold liquor, being introduced into a room which has been warmed by a large company, when immediately dew begins to be formed on the outside of the bottle, the coldness having condensed the aqueous vapour of the surrounding air. The highest temperature at which the bottle would condense the surrounding vapour, is called the dew point: that degree of temperature depends on the quantity of vapour in the air, and is therefore variable. As a column of air ascends, it loses, in consequence of expansion, 1¼ degrees of temperature of Fahrenheit for every hundred yards of ascent; in other words, it rapidly becomes cool, and acquires the power of condensing the aqueous vapour with which it is charged, or which may be immediately around it. Thus cloud is formed, and ultimately rain. If that vapour, in its ascent, continued in the same state in which it was below, the changed temperature would affect it in this manner to a far greater extent than we see in nature: the effect is moderated to a considerable extent in consequence of the expansion which at the same time takes place in the vapour. The vapour, in short, becomes thinner as well as the air, but not in the same ratio. It is affected in this way only to the extent of ¼ of a degree of Fahrenheit for every hundred yards of ascent, being a full degree less than the extent to which the air is affected by expansion. It follows that, as soon as the column rises as many hundred yards as there are degrees of Fahrenheit between the temperature of the atmosphere and the dew point, cloud will begin to form. When the vapour condenses, it will give out the latent caloric into the air, which will prevent the ascending air from cooling more than half as much as it would otherwise have done on its further ascent. Thus, the higher the column of air rises, the warmer it will be when compared with the air on the outside of the cloud at the same height. For every degree that the cloud is warmer, it will be a certain amount lighter than air at zero; and thus under the cloud the barometer will fall, and the air will run in under the cloud and upwards, with a velocity of upwards of 240 feet per second. Mr Espy first inferred the existence of these ascending currents over the space where a calm prevailed on the surface of the earth, but was afterwards able to prove it, and to prove, too, that they always attend the formation of clouds. For this purpose he sent up large kites, and he invariably found that, long before they reached the under surface of the cloud, they were strongly dragged upwards, and often carried violently out of his hands. In explaining the formation of clouds, he has an instrument of his own contrivance, which shews how vapour is condensed and rendered visible, by the cold produced by the dilatation of the air. Water-spouts are another of the effects of these upward currents, which are, in Mr Espy's theory, the key to the principal phenomena of meteorology.

This may be taken as an outline of the theory, and of the observations on which it is founded. Mr Espy deduces from it several observations bearing on the practical concerns of life; and these we take from an excellent report of his paper in the Athenæum:—

"As air cannot move upwards without coming under diminished pressure, and as it must thus expand and grow cooler, and consequently form cloud, any cause which produces an up-moving column of air, whether that cause be natural or artificial, will produce rain, when the complement of the dew point is small, and the air calm below and above, and the upper part of the atmosphere of its ordinary temperature.

Volcanoes, therefore, under favourable circumstances, will produce rain—sea-breezes, which blow inwards every day towards the centre of islands, especially if these islands have in them high mountains, which will prevent any upper current of air from bending the up-moving current of air out of the perpendicular, before it rises high enough to form cloud, such as Jamaica, will produce rain every day—great cities where very much fuel is burnt, in countries where the complement of the dew point is small, such as Manchester and Liverpool, will frequently produce rain—even battles, and accidental fires, if they occur under favourable circumstances, may sometimes be followed by rain. Let all these favourable circumstances be watched for in time of drought (and they can only occur then), and let the experiment be tried; if it should be successful, the result would be highly beneficial to mankind. It might probably prevent the occurrence of those destructive tornadoes which produce such devastation in the United States; for if rains should be produced at regular intervals, of no great duration, the steam power in the air might thus be prevented from rising high enough to produce any storm of destructive character. Independently of its utility to the farmer, it would be highly useful to the mariner in the following way:—As the very time and place of the commencement of the rain would be known, it would be easy to find out in what direction from the place of beginning it moved along the surface of the earth, and also its velocity of motion, and the shape that it assumed from time to time in its progress. Now, this knowledge is the principal thing wanting to enable the mariner, who has the power of locomotion, to direct his vessel so, when one of these great storms comes near him, as to use as much wind in the borders of the storm as will suit the purposes of navigation—for Heaven undoubtedly makes the wind blow for his use, and not for his destruction, provided he becomes acquainted with the laws to which it is subject. From the preceding principles, he will be able to know in what direction a great storm is raging when it is yet several hundred miles from him, for the direction of the wind alone points it out. If, however, the storm should be of such great length, moving side-foremost, as to preclude the possibility of avoiding it, he will at least be enabled to know in what direction to steer his ship, so as to get out of the storm as soon as possible. For example, if it shall be found that storms between the United States and Europe always move towards the east, then it will manifestly be improper to scud with the wind in the latter part of the gale, when the wind is blowing from the westward, because this would be to keep in the storm as long as possible. The sailor also will be able to know when he is out of danger; for when a great storm has passed off to the east in middle and high latitudes, and to the north in low latitudes, on the north of the equator, he will know that it never returns; and therefore he will not be afraid to spread his sails to the wind, before the calm of the annulus comes upon him. The mariner will finally be able, by observing storm-clouds on their approach, to ascertain the direction in which storms move; for these storm-clouds frequently exhibit themselves above the horizon in the form of an arch; and if the highest part of the arch approaches towards the zenith, then is the storm coming from the point where the arch first appeared.

When a storm has a much greater diameter from north to south than from east to west, the wind will not blow towards a central *point*, but towards a central *line*, which may be called the major axis of the storm.

On the northern end of the storm, if it moves towards the east, the wind will change round *without* a lull, by north towards the west—and on the southern end of the storm, the wind will change round *without* a lull, by south towards the west; but in the middle of the storm the wind will change *with* a lull from easterly to westerly.

When the storm is of great length north and south, the lull in the central parts may be experienced simultaneously, at considerable distances apart, north and south, which could not be the case if the storm was round; and as this occurs frequently on the coast of the United States, it is certain, from that circumstance alone, that the centre of storms is frequently a line of great length; and, moreover, as the wind in the first part of the storm is frequently south-east, and in the last part of the storm north-west; and as the barometer falls successively from north of west to south of east, it seems highly probable that these storms of oblong form move towards the south of east.

In the West Indies, from Barbadoes to Jamaica, it is known, by the invaluable labours of Redfield and Reid, that the hurricanes there move from the south-east to north-west; therefore, if the wind springs up violent from north-west in those parts, the mariner may be sure that a hurricane is coming upon him if he remains stationary; and if it springs up in any other direction, he will know in what direction to sail to avoid its violence."

ABBOTSFORD.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

WE take up the description at the point where it was broken off, having still the armoury, drawing-room, and library, to notice. All of these look out upon the Tweed, and are places of interest, from the contents they display. The mere enumeration of the remarkable objects in the armoury, though the room be a very small, or rather very narrow one, would make a goodly catalogue; and it is in reference to these objects principally, that the world has cause to regret Sir Walter's non-completion of his "*Reliquiæ Trottcosiance*," a catalogue of his rarities, which he had projected and even commenced, and which would certainly have been rendered by him a very entertaining work. Arms, as is fitting, predominate in the armoury; and, among the articles of that nature, not the least interesting to a Scotsman is the gun of Rob Roy, an immensely long weapon, of Spanish manufacture. It is marked with the initials of the freebooter, R. M. C., Robert Macgregor Campbell. The purse of the same renowned individual hangs on the walls of the armoury, but not that immortal purse shown by him to Nicol Jarvie, which is described as having been curiously guarded with a small pistol, the contents of which were likely to be lodged in the body of any one opening it without a knowledge of the secret. The present purse is merely a leather spleuchan, of a very plain kind, and likely to have been used by "Rab" in his honest drover days. Its authenticity is unquestionable, Mr Train having procured it from an immediate descendant of the original possessor.

The armoury contains the gun of another famous mountaineer—famous, we must say, in despite of national prepossessions, for much better things than our own Highlander. The weapon in question belonged to Andrew Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, from whose lieutenant it was obtained by Sir Humphry Davy, in reward for having cured him of a fever. It forms an almost ridiculous contrast to the musket of Rob Roy, being even stuntedly short, and having two barrels. If these arms are interesting, still more so, in the opinion of most visiters, will be a pair of pistols

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that hang over the mantel-piece of the armoury. They are about a foot long, and very plain articles, though they were once the property of an emperor, and that emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. They were found in his carriage at Waterloo, and presented to Scott by the Duke of Wellington. A single pistol, of a much more ornamental character, is to be seen opposite to them. This is a relic of Claverhouse, and has a handle finely inlaid with ivory. Whether or not it be the weapon which he used at Drumclog, and which is specially alluded to in Old Mortality, Sir Walter alone, it is probable, could have told us. Among other guns or fire-arms in the armoury, some Persian weapons may be mentioned, as beautiful specimens of workmanship, their stocks and butts being of wrought silver and ivory. There are also many specimens of antique fire-arms, such as the original matchlocks, which were discharged like modern cannon, by match or lintstock. Many of these may have histories attached to them, but their antiquity now forms their only interest.

Swords and other edge-weapons are abundant in the armoury. One sword has a deep interest, both from its beauty of make and the associations connected with it. It is the sword of the gallant Montrose, and was presented to him by Charles I.; though, from the arms of Prince Henry being wrought on the hilt, it would appear originally to have been the property of the elder brother of Charles. The weapon is of elegant shape, and has a magnificent appearance, from the sheath being covered with crimson stuff, crossed by strong bands of silver. A more costly sword in the armoury is that presented to Sir Walter himself, by the Celtic Society. We can only describe this as a gorgeous article, with a sheath of elaborately chased silver; but it is, on the whole, inferior in chaste and tasteful beauty to the sword of the great marquis. Scimitars, claymores, axes, tomahawks, arrows, javelins, darts, &c., from all quarters of the world, and of all ages, are also to be seen in this apartment. Scarcely a nation upon earth, savage or civilised, has not contributed something, in the shape of a warlike weapon, to the stores of Scott's armoury.

Miscellaneous rarities are numerous. We have Prince Charles Stuart's spurs, very massive ones, and seemingly of solid gold. We have still more massive spurs here, relics of the moss-trooping days; and hard-skinned indeed must the steed have been, which could resist a hint from spikes one to two inches in length, and proportionably thick. Spurs almost as large are to be seen, said to be from the "Spanish main," or rather from the Spanish colonies, for the Buccaneers of that region would certainly have their hands more often upon "the ocean's mane," than on that of the horse. The identical pair of thumbikins which crushed the hands of Professor Carstares, hang above the mantel-piece. This instrument consists simply of two small parallel bars of iron, made approachable by a screw, and between which the victim's unlucky thumb was squeezed. These very thumbikins have before now pressed royal fingers, King William having submitted to be operated on with them, but only in a gentle and experimental way. An old hunting flask, made of leather, belonging once to "bonnie King Jamie;" an iron box found in the chapel of Mary of Guise, in the Castlehill of Edinburgh; a *mazer*, or drinking-horn, one of a set which Robert the Bruce provided for the use of lepers frequenting the hospital called King's Case, founded by the Bruce himself, near Ayr, in consequence of receiving personal benefit from a medicinal spring there; a Canadian horn of large size, with a map of Upper Canada and its lakes, most ingeniously and not incorrectly carved upon it by a native Indian; the identical slippers of Tippoo Saib; an old hat—a very old hat, indeed—which was worn for ages at the installation of the burgesses of Stow, a village of great antiquity on the Gala; and, lastly, a necklace of human bones—may be specified as worthy of notice among the remaining articles of interest which the armoury contains. Out of many hundreds of rarities, we have not, we hope, trespassed on the patience of the reader by mentioning these few.

Passing eastwards from the armoury, the visiter enters the drawing-room, a large and lofty apartment, rich in its furniture and walls, and not without curious contents of a different kind. As to the walls, they are covered with "splendid Chinese paper" (to use Scott's own words), a present to him from his cousin, Hugh Scott, of the Raeburn family, who had it made purposely for his great relative in the land of tea and pagodas. The windows, doors, and other wood-work, are of Jamaica cedar, and, being well varnished, have a rich and beautiful appearance. The common chairs, again, are an ebony set, presented to the poet by George IV., and really worthy of the rank of the donor. There are two finer chairs, however, in the room, large elbow ones, brought from the Borghese palace at Rome, and presented by Constable to Scott. They are in boxwood, with figures and foliage elaborately carved upon them, and are truly exquisite specimens of this kind of manufacture. The magnificent bibliopole was in nothing more magnificent, in his palmy days, than in his donations, and this the rooms of Abbotsford show, in the case of many other articles besides these chairs. But enough of mere furniture. The paintings of the drawing-room form a more intellectual object of attention. Among them we have Raeburn's well-known and admirable portrait of Scott himself, sitting in the open air, with a book in his hand. We find also a fine original of "glorious John" (Dryden), with his "grey hairs floating about (to use Mr Lake's words) in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old bard in one of those tremulous moods in which he appeared, as we are told, when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast." A portrait of Lady Scott exhibits to us a *petite* figure, with dark eyes and complexion, and foreign-looking, on the whole. We see here, also, the comely Scottish countenance of Anne Scott, and, beside her, a decent old-world-like lady, who stands for Miss Rutherford, the poet's near relative. These are nearly all the paintings in the room.

On an antique table of mosaic marbles, between two of the drawing-room windows, stands a large porcelain vase, of most beautiful workmanship, being that presented to Sir Walter by Lord Byron, along with a silver urn filled with bones from the Piræus. The urn had upon it the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," but it is not now shown to visiters. It has not, however, we believe, gone the way of the letter originally accompanying the donation, which some one carried off—a piece of rascality most unserviceable to the author of it, as the letter never could or can be shown, the knowledge of the theft having long been universal. The only other object of interest in the drawing-room which we shall notice, is a curious and valuable clock, given to Scott by the Duke of York, who was a great clock-fancier. It is a gilded, foreign-looking article. With its silk damask hangings, fine paper, mirrors, and other ornaments, the drawing-room of Abbotsford altogether would do honour to any palace.

For general grandeur as an apartment, however, the library exceeds all the other rooms of the house, being of oblong form, and about fifty feet by thirty in dimensions. The wood-work, including the book-shelves, is of Jamaica cedar, "finely pencilled (says Sir Walter) and most beautiful, something like the colour of gingerbread." The hangings are of "superfine crimson cloth (he says) from Galashiels, made of *mine own* wool." The roof is also of carved wood, either oak or cedar, probably the latter, and the chairs are of old oak. All these things, forming the staple furniture of the apartment, give it a very rich appearance, and the presence of some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, all in fine order, tend in no degree to detract from the general effect. The cases are wired in and locked. One painting only has a place in the library, and it is a full length of the present Sir Walter Scott, in the uniform of the fifteenth hussars, and with his horse by his side. The picture is by William Allan, and is placed over the mantel-piece. Opposite to it, and prominently placed in a large recess terminating in a bow-window, is a fine cast of the bust of Shakspeare, taken from the Stratford monument; and in a central niche in the east wall of the room, upon an elegant stand of porphyry, is a marble bust of him, who alone of all whom the isle of Britain has produced, has a fair claim to be named along with the great dramatist—namely, Sir Walter Scott. This is the bust, so well known from the numberless casts of it, which Chantrey executed for the poet himself, and, being of the purest white marble, is not less admirable as a work of art than as a likeness. The expression of the countenance is at once perfectly natural and noble. It was after his death that the bust of Scott was placed here. At the west end of the library there is another bust (a cast). It is the likeness of William Wordsworth, and exhibits a head of beautiful and Miltonic formation.

Among the objects occupying the centre of the library floor, there are but two which appear worthy of special notice. One is a large writing-cabinet of ebony, richly figured, which was once used by George III., and was presented by his heir to Sir Walter, being a match to the ebony chairs. The other is a desk of peculiar construction, having four slopes, which can be moved round at the will of the writer, thus enabling him to consult a number of works at one time. Scott used this desk in the composition of the Life of Napoleon, a production which rendered it necessary for him to have hosts of authorities under his eye at one and the same moment.

A catalogue of the books in the Abbotsford library has been recently published by Mr Cadell. In antiquarian lore particularly, the collection is rich beyond measure. The books are arranged according to their subjects, British history and antiquities, for example, occupying one range of shelves, and foreign literature another. It would be vain to particularise individual works. Many of them are presentation-copies, and gifts from friends. Constable contributed, among other things, a splendid set of the Variorum Classics, and George IV. a ten-volume folio copy of Montfaucon's Antiquities, bound in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms. We have now only a few concluding remarks to make upon Abbotsford. It is entirely a place of show, every one must admit; and nothing establishes this fact more satisfactorily, than a glance at the second floor of the house. The huddled and uncomfortable character of the bedrooms on the second floor, and, in short, of all parts of the house excepting the exhibition rooms that have been described, can escape no one's notice. There is here and there a piece of rich furniture on the second floor, but there is no order or judgment shown in the construction and arrangement of the parts. The comfort of the family-occupants has formed no part, apparently, of the projector's views. The provision of sleeping-room to the greatest possible number of persons, seems to have been the main object in his thoughts, and that object he has certainly attained. Passing from this point, we may observe that there is but one article of a curious nature on the second floor, which we shall advert to. This is a large chest which was sent from Italy to Sir Walter, as the identical chest in which the beautiful young bride (Ginevra) hid herself on her marriage-day, out of a frolicsome wish to baffle the search of her newly-wedded lord; and out of which chest she never came, until the lapse of many years had converted her beautiful frame into a mouldering skeleton. A spring-lock had shut her in, and all search for her proved vain. Mr Rogers tells this story finely in his "Italy," and the English song of the "Mistletoe Bough" does the same thing also very effectively. It is proper to state, however, that Sir Walter was ultimately led to entertain strong doubts of the authenticity of the chest sent to him, from the annoying fact that Italy has a box with similar claims in two or three of her principal cities. Besides, the chest at Abbotsford has not the spring-lock. However, Sir Walter's may be the right one—the real Socia—and if visiters are romantic enough to get over the difficulties mentioned, let them shed a tear over the deathbed of Ginevra. We have told the truth.

Such as it is, with all its faults and all its beauties, Abbotsford will certainly be a place of pilgrimage to the nations in the times to come. At this hour, the throng of visiters to the spot is something altogether surprising, and among them are strangers from all quarters of the globe. We may expect the shrine to be still more fondly reverenced in after days, for, if the present dare prognosticate respecting the tastes of the future, the productions of Scott may be expected to charm the leisure hours of civilised man in all ages.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MAKING A PRINCIPLE OF THINGS INDIFFERENT.

It is right to watch the first approaches to real error, which often take a very indifferent and unalarming appearance; but there is no need for making a principle of matters which, from their absolute nature, never can be any thing but indifferent. The possession of a steady, well-balanced mind, to distinguish between what is important and what is indifferent, is a great blessing, for the opposite subjects its possessor to much ridicule, and on many occasions to no small inconvenience. It is generally against the lesser customs of society, the little formalities and ways which human beings fall into when massed in communities, that those liable to this error lift up their testimony. They become conspicuous, accordingly, as odd or disagreeable persons, and lose much of the credit to which for other reasons they would be entitled. They never do this; they can't endure that; they avoid another thing: all of these being matters which an angel might submit to without tinging the tip of one of his snow-white feathers. We have known a literary man of this order, who made a principle of spelling *music* and *public* with a final *k*, because it was more Saxon; yet at the same time subtracted a *t* from *Scottish*, because so it was done in Latin. We have known an artist make a world's wonder of himself by dismissing a neckcloth, alleging that neckcloths are antagonistic to the natural grace of the human figure. He was perhaps right in his opinion; but a man nevertheless looks foolish in this country without a neckcloth, or something serving the same end. The line of defence usually taken up by an odd person is, "I have a right to do in this matter as I please: no one has any right to interfere." No doubt of both propositions; but then is it worth while to assert or act upon a right of so worthless a nature? And, again, though no one has a right to interfere, every one has a right to laugh, and every one does laugh accordingly: is it worth while, we would ask, to subject one's self to so much ridicule for so small an object? It is the disproportion between a trivial oddity, and the ridicule encountered for its sake, that makes the practice so absurd. As much good martyrdom is thrown away, perhaps, in affecting a different length of hair from the bulk of mankind, as, if bottled up and kept over, might prove the means of overthrowing some great national evil. The fault lies partly in a kind of moral *elephantiasis*, which makes little things appear huge; but there is also a morbid self-esteem at the bottom of it—a self-esteem which makes it seem better that we should be singled out for *something*, however ridiculous, than be swamped amidst the common herd. The true philosophy is to do as others do in all trivial matters, amongst which is to be included the whole range of external manners, dress, eating (within moderation), speaking, and so forth, and only to stand up against things which really portend or do evil, it being quite enough for any man to incur odium as a dissenter from the serious delusions and vices of his fellow-creatures, without also causing them to laugh at him for affecting to consider that as a matter of principle which their common sense has set down as a thing of not the slightest consequence.

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THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE.

A calculation lately made by a French journal, places in a striking light the importance attached to the profession of a journalist in France. In July 1830, *forty-four* journalists, including the editors, conductors, and publishers of the principal news-sheets of Paris, signalised themselves by protesting against the ordinances of Charles X. The extraordinary influence acquired since that era by the press, and the extent to which public situations were thrown open to talent by the Revolution, is made remarkably apparent by the position in which a considerable portion of these forty-four individuals have for some time stood. The following list exhibits the state of the case :—

M. Thiers, chief editor in 1830 of the newspaper called the *National*, has been for a considerable period *Prime Minister* of France.

Mignet, co-editor or permanent writer in the same paper, is now Keeper of the Archives to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Counsellor of State, and an Academician.

Carrel, another co-editor, was killed in a duel, otherwise he would certainly have now been in very high office, supposing him willing to accept of any thing of the kind.

Chambolle, also co-editor, is a Deputy of the Chamber, and is now intrusted with the conduct of the official or ministerial paper, the *Siècle*.

Peysse, also co-editor, is Director of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Rocke, also co-editor, is Keeper of the Public Library of Paris.

Gauja, manager of the same paper, is at this time Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais.

M. Dejean, one of the editors of the *Globe*, is now a Counsellor of State, and was recently Director of the Police of the kingdom.

De Remusat, co-editor of the same, is now *Minister for Home Affairs*.

De Guizard, also co-editor, is a Counsellor of State, and Prefect of the Aveyron.

M. de Jussieu, editor of the *Courrier des Electeurs*, is Prefect of the Ain.

M. Cauchois-Lemaire, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, is Principal Keeper of the Archives.

Année, co-editor of the same, is a Counsellor of State.

M. J. Coste, editor of the *Temps*, is a Pensioner of the State, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Baude, co-editor of the same, is a Counsellor of State.

Hausmann, also co-editor, is Sub-Prefect of a department.

Barbaroux, also co-editor, is Solicitor-General of the Isle of Bourbon.

Chalas, also co-editor, is Under-Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior.

Billard, also co-editor, is an Ex-Prefect.

M. Larrèguy, editor of the *Commerce*, is now a Counsellor of State, and Prefect of the Charente.

M. Bohain, editor of the *Figaro*, is an Ex-Prefect, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Roqueplan, co-editor of the same, is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

M. Leon Pillet, editor of the *Journal de Paris*, is a Master of Requests, and Acting Director of the Opera.

In all, out of the forty-four protesting journalists of 1830, *three* are dead ; *six* are now no one knows what or where ; and *fourteen* have remained independent, in the same position as formerly. At least *twenty-one* have been loaded with employments, wealth, and honours, during the ten years intervening since the Revolution.

Why, it may be asked, and asked with some indignation, is not literary talent equally advanced and honoured in our own country ! Before feeling indignant on this point, it would be well to make sure that the advancement of literary men in France is an indication of a sound and desirable state of things. Public writing, we are told, is now adopted in that country by young persons of talent as one of the paths to eminence, just as the law, the church, and the army, used to be. Most of the ambitious and turbulent spirits take this course, and the public press of Paris is accordingly rather marked by earnest endeavours on their part to acquire importance, than by any conscientious regard for what is for the public interest. Every means are taken to raise and keep up a flame about all kinds of things, that papers may be purchased, and the editors made great men. The interests of these gentlemen and of the public are therefore, we would say, not one, and the public peace and welfare is just so far endangered. Right and safe elements of power must, we fear, be considered as wanting in a country, where merely to inflame the human passions by extravagant writing is a ready means of attaining to high station and influence.

It would also be well to ask if our literary class, as a whole, are of a character to make it desirable that they should be advanced to places of high trust. There is certainly an immense display of literary talent and industry in the country. According to Mr Bent, the number of books published in 1838 was 1550 (by the way, the number in 1828 was only 842, though there were then no cheap publications to ruin the trade). There are above 30 quarterly, between 200 and 300 monthly, and an infinitude of weekly periodicals, besides nearly 500 newspapers, daily, weekly, and twice and thrice a-week. But of all this display of literary exertion, how much is devoted to mere amusement, how much to trivialities of all kinds, how much to the objects in which not truth but party is concerned, how much to the great object of making the worse appear the better reason, obfuscating the common sense of the plain-sailing public, and misleading into all kinds of error and delusion ! If all this were subtracted, we fear that the account would look pretty much as a certain celebrated tavern-bill would have done, supposing the deduction of the sack. Admirable things there are no doubt in our literature, and some men of virtue belong to it ; but, take it as we will, it cannot be said to be pervaded by any defined philosophic or moral spirit tending to the permanent benefit of our race, or to be in the main any thing but a vain show of intellect. We must confess that we should like to see its men animated more generally by some lofty and abiding principle, before we could wish them as a class to be advanced to state situations of any considerable degree of responsibility.

MR J. S. BELL'S WORK ON CIRCASSIA.

HUMAN nature being ever the same, it is not surprising that past history should be often reproduced in action, scene and characters alone being changed. At this hour, the struggles of the Swiss with Gessler, and of the Scotch with Edward I., are in the course of being renewed on the shores of the Black Sea, the parties in the present case being, the Circassians on the one hand, a handful of semi-civilised, but vigorous-natured people, and on the other the colossal government of Russia. This contest has been carried on since 1828, without the least mark of languor or shrinking on the part of the Circassians ; and now, from some late triumphs, they seem to be more thoroughly exempt from Russian bondage than at any time since the commencement of the war. Of the general features of the contest within the last year or two, and of the character and peculiarities of the Circassian people, we have a striking and attractive account before us, in a new work by Mr J. S. Bell, who resided for a considerable time on the very scene of action.*

The territory of the Circassian people is well defined in its limits, being confined, or nearly so, to the space between the north-eastern shore of the Black Sea, and the large river Kûban. The nation, which is chiefly of Tatar descent, was of the Christian faith four or five centuries ago ; but the influence of Turkey, at one time predominant in the country, caused the establishment of Islamism as the national religion. Properly speaking, as Mr Bell shows, the Circassians were always an independent race, governed by their native chiefs ; but a pretence of suzerainship, put forth by the Porte, led to the insertion of a clause of cession in a treaty between the Turks and Russians, on which the latter ground their claim of authority. What was the exact nature of Mr Bell's mission to Circassia, does not appear very clearly, but he was certainly received by the whole nation as an agent accredited, to a greater or less extent, by England. They bestowed on him the sounding appellation of the "greatly honoured, the ever-constant, the nobly-descended Lord Misr Bell ;" though, as it might have been inconvenient at times to repeat all this, they also assigned to him the every-day title of "Yakûb Bey." In point of hospitality and politeness, the Circassians are described by our author, from experience as well as observation, to be superior perhaps to any other nation in the world. When residing in one part of the country, he used to be presented by messengers from other quarters with the "respects of hundreds of men, women, and children," all unknown to him ; and was often told that, wherever he might choose to go, "not one, but a hundred thousand doors," were open to receive him. He further observes—"From all I have seen, I feel inclined to pronounce the Circassians, in the aggregate, the most genuinely polite people I have ever known or read of." Their politeness, moreover, seems not to be superficial, or of that kind which displays itself only to strangers. It is universally practised among themselves, and goes beyond forms or mannerism. "A matron on a visit here frequently pays the girls a visit ; and I observe when she approaches, whether they be seated before the cottage or inside of it, they invariably rise (intimates and relatives as they are) and remain standing till she seats herself. The same respect is shown to the male visiters when they enter the cottage, and to me when I pass even at some distance from its window. One or other of these girls invariably, and sometimes all our females, accompany such female visiters as they have to the confines of the territory of the hamlet, and a young one, married or unmarried, is never allowed to go home alone." To old men, of whatever rank, the Circassians pay the same Spartan-like respect. This may be partly form, but not so in the following case. Mr Bell speaks of often seeing "some happy band of neighbours, old and young, males and females, busily engaged in weeding their crops with the hoe or hand, and singing together some lively air to lighten the labour, which they sometimes intermit to come around me, offering some of the refreshments they generally have with them ; a light for my pipe, or to joke a little. Thus they aid each other alternately, and their crops in general have the cleanly appearance of one of our nursery-grounds. If a traveller pass while this or any other agricultural occupation is going forward, he almost invariably cries out 'Rabestûakho' (May it be productive !) ; and the rules of good-breeding equally require that, when he encounters a flock of sheep or goats, he should not press on, but wait until the shepherd has gathered them to one side or other of the pathway, when he exclaims to him 'Bowhapshi' (May you have increase !)"

One of the most charming forms in which our author saw the good feeling, or politeness, if you will, of the Circassians exemplified towards one another, consisted in the care and attention bestowed on the wounded and the sick. "The custom of females visiting the wounded men is universal, and shows, at all events, a kindliness of feeling among the people. The visit of the bright-eyed maidens to the young wounded warriors, must contribute greatly to the diffusion of courage. I have repeatedly seen two of these maidens, one of them the sister of Hassan Bey, sitting by the couch of my patient, fanning and paying him other delicate attentions, among others that of combing the tuft of hair on the apex of the head, generally worn by young men." The freedom permitted to young unmarried females, in walking abroad and uncovered, is strikingly at variance with the rules to which married females are subjected. "The house and society of the married female are inaccessible, as in Turkey, to all males except those of her own family, the ataliks of her children, and the members of her husband's fraternity, who have free admission at all times. When she goes out to visit her female friends, her head and face are closely veiled, and her whole figure enveloped in a cloak ; she must avoid meeting males, or, unless they be serfs, stand respectfully aside till they pass. But the maid—whose tight corslet covered in front with clasping plates of silver, and skull-cap ornamented with knobs and lace of silver, give her somewhat of a martial appearance, as if the panoply of her innocence were proof against all assaults ; while her pendant tresses, flowing skirts, and gentle gait, preserve the feminine character of her figure, and, if she be tall, give it much of dignity and grace—sallies forth unveiled, and upon occasions she fearlessly, but never with effrontery, enters amid groups of men. The tall handsome girl I have repeatedly seen entering the guest-house here when filled with men, to visit the wounded warrior, has made me think more than once of the 'Maid of Orleans' performing this military duty to her companions in arms." Bright colours—red, yellow, and blue—are the favourite hues in the dresses of the Circassian maidens, but the long veils of the matrons are white as driven snow. We cannot help quoting, for the benefit of the followers of fashion here, the remarks of our author on the Circassian dresses generally. "How superlatively ridiculous do some of the follies of what is called civilised life become when one's mind has got a little 'unsophisticated' by living among an artless people ; when one contrasts the ceaseless dance of fashion in Europe, and all the monstrosities in turn produced—the hats, petersham, tally-ho, and clerical—the small and large-collared, broad and swallow-tailed coats—the apoplexy-inducing neckcloths and stocks of our men—and the bonnets and sleeves, of all possible forms and sizes, of our women—with the simply elegant and unvarying attire of these Asiatics, whom we reckon among barbarians !"

One practice which the Circassian mothers have long followed, of girding the waists of their girls with leather bands, when they are very young, and leaving these for many years, is still prevalent, Mr Bell says ; but of late years they have wisely "abated the tightness" of these cinctures to a great extent, and diminished their hardness.

The Circassian men, in a state of peace, occupy their time chiefly with pastoral and agricultural concerns, and are governed by their chiefs and elders, who assemble in congress on great national occasions. Excepting in one point to be noticed, there is much practical freedom in their communities, and, doubtless, it is their acquaintance with this blessing that has made them enter with such gallantry into their unequal contest. Some instances of patriotic devotedness and personal bravery are recorded in the work before us, which would have done honour to the days of Leonidas and Cœur de Lion. In a skirmish with the Russians, "they observed a tokav of the neighbourhood who was in advance of them, and at one side of the advancing body of Russians, draw his sabre and rush alone into the midst of it. He was atalik of my host's second daughter, and a person of singular intrepidity. He had been wounded on the head by a ball only an hour before, and was no sooner bandaged than he engaged ten or twelve others to perform with him this feat of devotion, saying, 'Better to effect something and perish, than be subdued like women.' At the subsequent exchange of dead, the Russians said that, unless they had witnessed his prowess and hardihood, they could not have believed in them." Wounds are despised by the young *braves* of Circassia. Mr Bell once had for a patient "Osmond, a former ac-

* Journal of a Residence in Circassia during 1837, 1838, and 1839. By James Stanislaus Bell. London : Edward Moxon.

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quaintance, a remarkably brave young warrior from Adughûm, who only ten days before had received a concussion of the brain and other injuries by a fall with his horse. On the second day of his visit, when the roar of the firing was almost incessant, he became perfectly miserable; chatteringly bewailing, in the corner where he lay, his hard fate, that he had not died to prevent his being left to be degraded to a woman. His impatience at length became so great, that he had himself dressed to set forth, notwithstanding that his right arm is almost powerless, his right eye entirely so (from the falling of the eyelid), and the vision of the left greatly impaired, and all my arguments about the imprudence of such an attempt; but on coming to the examination of his *kasirs* (the cartouche-tubes on the breast), he found that some kind friend, during his late insensibility, had wisely relieved them of the powder." Osman, however, went off immediately; but whether he found means to go to the field or otherwise, our author did not learn. Nor are the old men one whit behind their juniors in chivalrous gallantry. Mr Bell met an aged chief who had left his home for the field, and was told the following anecdote of him. "I have just heard from *Kûsht* Vardan, who says that a few days since Haseah and he having found themselves in presence of a considerable body of Russian horse, the former, whose beard is already all blanched, turned to him gaily (for he is full of gaiety and spirit), and merely saying, 'Follow me,' dashed in among the enemy with his sabre, and cut his way through without receiving any injury. Vardan, who enjoys a high character for bravery, candidly owns he had not courage to follow such an example."

The female slaves who are sent from Circassia, are principally, if not entirely, derived from an inferior caste, who stand in the relation of serfs to the landed proprietors of the country, as is the case in Russia. Serf-girls are still sold by the Circassian proprietors, though the disgraceful trade is much less extensive than formerly. Yet, when their fate is at the worst, these poor girls have hopes, which soothe their distress. "Two serf-girls of this establishment—about twelve or thirteen years of age—have just been sold to a merchant going to Constantinople. Twelve horse-loads of merchandise have arrived in payment of them—a sight that sickens my British stomach, however it may operate on a Turk's. The girls have been here to kiss my host's hand at parting, on which occasion the hearts of both of them seemed greatly convulsed; and one with reddish hair (and therefore keener feelings) shed floods of tears, which went nigh to set mine a-flowing. Parting, however, is always painful; and I trust these two girls may be sustained by the ambition I believe common here among the youth of their sex—of becoming wives to nabobs of Stambûl."

One of the most remarkable features in the social policy of the Circassians, consists in the existence of numerous septs or fraternities, the members of each of which hold themselves to be of one stock, and do not intermarry. The young people of each fraternity look upon one another in the light of brothers and sisters. A union of this kind may contain from two or three hundred to two or three thousand families. The members are bound to protect each other in danger and distress, and to assist in paying those fines which constitute the chief legal punishments of the country. If a member is condemned to capital punishment, his fraternity inflict it. Altogether, these fraternities of Circassia bring one forcibly in mind of the Scottish clans. Mr Bell mentions the following case illustrative of the criminal procedures of Circassia. "As we passed the temporary court of justice—a thatched shed—we had further proof of proceedings having terminated, by its being set fire to, as is invariably done. The delinquent in this case *appears* to have been insane, as he had killed a boy, and wounded two other persons of a family he had conceived himself aggrieved by, and had entered a house for the purpose of killing one of my countrymen whom he expected to find there. His fraternity had consequently put him to death in the usual manner, by throwing him into the sea with his arms tied; yet his family and fraternity are bound by the Circassian ideas of justice to pay the legal fines for his offences. It may easily be conceived that such institutions, though at variance with our notions of justice in the west, are yet highly conducive to good order, each family and fraternity being deeply interested in watching the conduct of each individual connected with them, lest they should be amerced for his misdemeanour.

The fines payable in this instance were two hundred oxen for a boy killed, and thirty for a young man and two for a woman wounded, the latter having been less severely injured. Of these only the former has yet been exacted; the parents of the boy having received the value of sixty oxen, and their fraternity the remainder. The payment of the other two is fixed for next summer, and will be proportionably divided among the sufferers and their fraternities. The cause for such division is, that the family and fraternity of the delinquent are amenable in similar proportions.

So far as I can learn, insanity is almost unknown in this country. It appears to be a curse attendant on the complications of civilisation and commerce."

We have now quoted pretty freely from Mr Bell's volumes, endeavouring to choose such passages as would at once illustrate the character of the Circassians, and exhibit the very interesting nature of the work, which has the additional attraction of numerous engravings.

The principal drawback in the character of the people under our notice, is their recklessness in shedding human blood. They are certainly not blood-thirsty, but seem to know no other arbiter in disputes than cold steel or the bullet. Much must be allowed, however, for position and training, and, taking such things into account, we would say that, upon the whole, the Circassians seem to have in them the materials of a noble race of people. Let us hope, that in the event of a new arrangement of eastern affairs, our statesmen will at the same time discover some mode of restoring peace to the north-eastern shores of the Black Sea.

The following closing anecdote will show the honesty of the Circassians. "During almost the whole four months I have been in this valley, I have slept alone out of doors; first under a great pear-tree, on a green within the enclosure of this hamlet, and latterly on a stage, which Hassan Bey, of his own accord, ordered to be erected for me in an orchard, slightly enclosed, and which overhangs a deeply-wooded glen. This glen communicates with the valley, in which there are no houses all the way to the sea. On my couch, on this stage (which in fine weather, such as we generally have, is my house), sundry articles of high value here, such as my watch, silver snuff-box, silver-mounted dagger, knives, &c., lie throughout the day frequently (during my walks for exercise) quite unprotected; and at night, the four plum-trees which form my leafy shelter are hung with my clothes and other appurtenances; yet have I never missed a single article, although my retreat is well known to all the neighbours round; groups of whom, and of strangers, almost daily seat themselves on the grass around me. Nor must it be forgotten that my person also is of no little value, on account of the price set upon it by the munificent offer of the Russian general in the neighbourhood." The reward was 2000 silver roubles.

SHAKSPEARE'S JEST-BOOK.

In *Much ado about Nothing*, Benedick alleges of Beatrice that she had her good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. Overlooking an erroneous surmise of Mr Steevens, this book seems to have been a small black-letter volume published in the reign of Henry VIII., under the title of "*Tales and Quick Answeres, very mery, and pleasant to rede*," and which, consisting of a centenary of anecdotes, had probably come to bear the familiar appellation of the Hundred Merry Tales. A copy of this volume was in the Duke of Roxburghe's celebrated collection (now in that of the Duke of Marlborough), and from it a new edition was produced a few years ago,* with the additional title of "The Hundred Merry Tales, or Shakspeare's Jest-Book."

The contents of this volume are extremely curious. The anecdotes strongly illustrate the simplicity and rudeness of the middle ages, and also, we fear, speak of a time when men were more easily amused than they are at present. The language is extremely quaint, the construction faulty, the words variously and venerably ill-spelt, and the stops almost invariably misplaced. The moral reflections which are made to accompany many of the stories is an amusing feature in the collection; for their *naïveté* frequently excites a smile, even when the "mery tale" itself would fail to do so. The following selections from the volume will, we think, make good these remarks:—

Of hym that folle in to the fyre.

A felowe that was frowarde to his wyfe, vsed to be oute drynkynge many tymes verye late. So on a nyghte he taryed so longe oute, that his wyfe wente to bedde, and badde her mayde make a good fyre, and tarye vp for hym. About xij. of the clocke home he came, and as he stode warmynge him by the fyre his hede was so tottye, that he felle in to the fyre. The maydo seing him fall ranne vp cryenge to her maistres, and sayd: Alas my maister is fallen and lyeth longe straughte in the fyre. No force mayde, said her maistres, let him lye and take his pleasure in his owne house, where so euer him listeth.

Of Papirius pretextatus.

Aulus Gellius reherseth, how the Senatours of Rome on a tyme helde a great counsaile. Before which tyme the senatours chyldren, called of their garmentes *Pueri pretextati*, vsed to come in to the parlement house with theyre fathers. So at this tyme a chylde called Papyrius, cam in with his father and herde the great counsayl the which was straytely commaunded to be kept secrete tyll hit was decreed. Whan this chylde came home, his mother asked him what the counsaile was. The chylde answered, hit oughte nat to be tolde. Now was his mother more desyrous to knowe hit than she was before: wherfore she enquered more straitly and more violentlye. The chylde beinge sore constrayned of his mother, shortelye deuysed a propre merye leasynge. It is reasoned in the parlemente (quod he) whether of both shulde be more profytable for the comon welth, a man to haue ii. wiues or els a woman ii. husbandes. Whan she harde him say so, her mynde was pacified: and forth with she wente and tolde hit to the other matrones.

On the morowe a great company of the moste notable wyues of Rome came to the parlemente house weping, and humbly prayen: that rather one woman shuld be maryed vnto ii. men than ii. wemen to one man. The Senatours entringe in to the court, what with the sodayn assembling of the wyues and of their request, were right sore astenied, than the childe Papyrius stode forth, and enformed the senatours, how his mother wold haue compelled him to vtter the secrete counsayle: and howe he to content her mynde, feyned that leasynge. For which dede the Senatours right hyghly commended the childes fydelite and wytte. And forth with they made a law, that no child after that (saue only Papirius) shuld come in to the parlement house with his father. And for his great prudence in that tender age he had gyuen to hym, to his great honour, this surname *Pretextatus*.

Wherby ye may se, that the hygh treasure of man, and greattest grace, resteth in well ordrynge of the tonge. The moste prudent poete Hesiodus sayth: The tonge shulde not ronne at large, but be hydde as a precious treasure. For of all the membres of man, the tonge yll ordered is the worste. The tonge blaspemeth God: The tonge sklaundereth thy neyghbour. The tonge breaketh peace, and stereth vp cruell warre, of all thynges to mankynde moste mischefull, the tonge is a brcker of baudrye: the tonge setteth frendes at debate: The tonge with flatterynge, detraction, and wanton tales enfecteth pure and clene myndes: the tonge without sworde or venome strangleth thy brother and frende: and brefely to speake, the tonge teacheth cursed heresyes, and of good Christiens maketh Antichristes.

Of kynge Lowes of France and the husbande man.

What tyme kynge Lowes of Fraunce, the xi. of that name, bycause of the trouble that was in the realme, kepte hym selfe in Burgoyne, he chaunced by occasion of huntinge to come acqueynted with one Conon a homely husbande man, and a plaine meanynge felowe. In whiche maner of men the hygh princes greatly delyte them. To this mans house the kynge ofte resorted from huntynge. And with great pleasure he wolde eate radysshes rotes with hym. Within a whyle after whan Lowes was restored home, and had the gouernaunce of France in his hande, this husbande man was counsailed by his wyfe, to take a goodly sorte of radysshe rotes and to go and gyue them to the kyng, and put him in mynd of the good chere, that he had made hym at his house. Conon wolde nat assent therto, what folysshe woman qued he, the great princes remembre nat suche smalle pleasures. But for all that she wolde not reste tyll Conon chose out a great syght of the fayrest rootes, and toke his iourney towarde the courte. But as he went by the way, he yete vp all the radysshes saue one of the greattest.

Conon peaked in to the courte, and stode where the kynge shulde passe by: By and by the kynge knewe hym, and called hym to hym. Conon stepte to the kynge and presented his rote with a gladde chere. And the kynge toke it more gladly, and bad one, that was nerest to hym, to laye it vp amonge those iewels that he best loued: And than commaunded Conon to dyne with hym. Whan dyner was done he thanked Conon: and whan the kyng sawe that he wolde departe home, he commaunded to guye him a thousande crownes of golde for his radisshe rote. Whan this was knowen in the kinges house, one of the court gaue the kyng a propre mynion horse. The kyng perceiuing, that he dyd it, bicause of the liberalite shewed vnto Conon, with very glad chere he toke the gyft, and counsailed with his lordes, how and with what gyft he myght recompence the horse, that was so goodly and faire. This meane while the picke thank had a merualous great hope, and thought in his mynde thus: If he so wel recompensed the radysshe roto, that was gyuen of a rusticall man: howe moche more largely wyl he recompence suche an horse, that is gyuen of me that am of the courte: whan euery man had sayde his mynde, as though the kynge had counsayled aboute a great weyghty matter, and that they hadde longe fedde the pycke thanke with vayne hope, at last the kyng sayd. I remembre nowe, what we shal gyue hym: and so he called one of his lordes, and badde hym in his eare, go fetche hym that that he founde in his chambre (and told hym the place where) featly folded vp in sylke. Anone he came and brought the radysshe roote, and euen as it was folded vp, the kyng with his owne hande gaue it to the courtier, sayenge: we suppose your horse is well recompensed with this iewell, for it hath cost vs a thousande crownes. The courtier went his way neuer so glad, and whan he had vnfolded it, he feund none other treasure, but the radysshe rote almoste wethered.

Of the plough man that sayde his pater noster.

A rude vplandishe plough man, whiche on a tyme reprouynge a good holy father sayd, that he coude say all his prayers with a hole mynde and stedfaste intention, without thinkyng on any other thynge. To whome the good holy man sayde: Go to, saye one *Pater noster* to the ende, and thynke on none other thynge, and I wyll gyue the myn horse. That shall I do, quod the plough man, and so began to saye, *Pater noster qui es in celis*, tyll he came to *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*, and than his thought moued him to aske this question: yea but shal I haue the sadil and bridel withal? And so he lost his bargain.

Of the fryer that brayde in his sermon.

A fryer that preached to the people on a tyme, wolde otherwhyle crie out a loude (as the manner of

* London: J. Childay. 1831.

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some fooles is) whiche brayenge dyd so meue a woman that stode herynge his sermone, that she wepte. He parceyuyng that, thought in his mynde her conscience being prycked with his wordes, had caused her to wepe. wherfore whan his sermon was done, he called the woman to hym, and asked what was the cause of her wepynge, and whether his wordes moued her to wepe or nat. Forsoth mayster (sayde she) I am a poure wydowe: and whan myne husbande dyed, he lefte me but one asse, whiche gotte parte of my lyuynge, the which asse the wolues haue slayne: and nowe when I hard your hyghe voyce, I remembred my selve asse, for so he was wonte to braye bothe nyghte and daye. And this good mayster caused me to wepe. Thus the lewde brayer, rather than preacher, confuted with his folysshenes, wente his waye: whiich thinkynge for his brayenge lyke an asse to be reputed for the beste preacher, deserued well to here hym selfe to be compared to an asse.

For truely one to suppose hym selfe wyse
Is vnto folysshenes the very fyxste gryce.

Of the wyse man Piso, and his seruaunt.

A certayn wise man called Piso, to auoyde greuous ianglynge, commaunded, that his seruauntes shulde saye nothinge, but answere to that that thei were demaunded, and no more. Vpon a daye the sayde Piso made a dyner, and sent a seruaunt to desire Clodius the Consull to come and dyne with him. Aboute the houre of diner al the guestes came saue Clodius, for whom they taryed tyll hit was almoste nyght, and euer sente to loke if he came. At laste Piso sayde to his seruaunt: Diddest thou byd the Consull come to dyner? yes truely sayde he. Why cometh he nat than? quod Piso. Mary, quod the seruaunt, he sayde he wolde nat. Wherfore toldest me nat so incontinent? quod Piso. Bycause, quod the seruaunt, ye dyd nat aske me.

By this tale seruauntes may lerne to kepe theyr maisters biddyng: but yet I aduise maysters therby to take hede, howe they make an iniunction.

HAMMERSLEY'S BANK.

THE following account of Messrs Hammersley and their bank (Pall Mall, London), which lately stopped payment, is given in the *Circular to Bankers*. The manner in which Mr T. Hammersley is described to have been led on from one speculation to another—the new scheme always to redeem the loss from that which preceded it, but always making matters worse—gives a startling insight into the higher walks of business in this commercial country.

"Some fifty or sixty years ago, the old and eminent banking-house of Herries and Co. was the only firm in England which had adopted the practice of issuing notes payable on presentation, or at a few days' sight, at various large towns throughout the continent of Europe: it was a circulation of the greatest possible convenience, safety, and utility to travellers and temporary residents in foreign countries, and it was very properly, and with much foresight as to the consequences, so arranged by the introducers of the practice as to render the accommodation to the applicants or the public easy and economical to them, so that they always felt obliged for the opportunity of resorting to it. It was also, no doubt, a lucrative kind of business to the issuers of the notes. The amount of this circulation must have been greatly curtailed by the French revolutionary war; but still it was almost an exclusive field, and it had, as may fairly be assumed, rendered a good return to the enterprising firm with whom the practice originated. The war must terminate; and those who were in possession of the field of operation, and were acquainted with all the circumstances, places, persons, and details necessary to the conduct and management of such a business, would have great advantages on the renewal of intercourse with the continent of Europe. Few persons knew any thing about the extent of the profits of this kind of banking business; but among those few would be the confidential clerks of Messrs Herries, and one of them was the late Mr Thomas Hammersley, the father of Mr Hugh Hammersley, just deceased.

Mr Hammersley quitted his position as clerk, and entered into co-partnership with Messrs Morland and Ransom, under the firm of Morland, Ransom, and Hammersley. This firm did not remain united many years, and it was understood on its dissolution that there was a balance of loss to be borne by each of the several parties. It might not be a very large one, at least not amounting to a sum that could materially impede the operations of a great and substantial London banking firm; but supposing it to be not more than L.20,000 for Mr Hammersley's share, it was to that extent a load on that gentleman's shoulders in his subsequent struggles. He then, upwards of thirty years ago, formed a co-partnership under the firm of Hammersleys, Montelieu, Greenwood, Brooksbank, and Drewe—a union which would seem to promise great results in profit, seeing that Mr Greenwood was in the high tide of prosperity as the leading army-agent and the confidential friend of the Horse Guards, and that other members of the firm were capable by their connexions of introducing valuable business to the new banking-office.

It happened, however, that the new firm was under the principal direction of a mind deeply imbued with the bold and confident spirit of the times—a spirit which is in perfect contrast to that which governs the conduct of almost all experienced bankers of the present day. They pushed their accommodation for the purpose of acquiring business, or they granted such accommodation on the representations of parties, too readily. Among these was a bank at Honiton, in Devonshire, which failed many years since. It is said that the accommodation granted to this bank at its highest point considerably exceeded L.230,000. It was given principally in the shape of bills, accepted by Messrs Hammersley and Co.; and it was an understood arrangement between the parties, that the sum of this kind of circulation to be constantly kept afloat should be about L.200,000. Bills of this description, drawn on purpose to obtain bank-notes by discounting them, could not at this day be made to work at all; they even then moved heavily in certain quarters, and we believe, if it had not been for the friendly aid and co-operation of a director of the Bank of England, now deceased, the whole scheme of raising money by this kind of circulation would have broken down much sooner than it did.

Before the failure of this Devonshire Bank, Messrs Hammersley and Co. reduced the balance from its highest point, which is variously stated at sums between L.280,000 and L.300,000, as well as they could, by getting available securities and otherwise. For the final balance, which, after all practicable reduction had been effected, amounted, we believe, to L.180,000, they accepted, we were many years since informed, 1s. or 1s. 6d. in the pound; consequently, the real loss upon this account would not be less than from L.160,000 to L.170,000. It would be instructive if we could toll by what means and gradations borrowers contrived to involve Messrs Hammersley and Co. in this large and ruinous liability. The bankers at Honiton made a great show of possessions in land, upon which securities for the advances would be given; but, according to our information, these were no further available for the payment of the great debt than we have above stated. Whether the then existing partners of the firm of Hammersley and Co. took each his share of this enormous amount of loss, or it was left as an incubus on the bank to be liquidated by the accruing profits of that establishment, we do not know. The latter seems the more probable, seeing that the firm was gradually stripped of every one of its members, except the lamented Mr Hugh Hammersley.

Whilst the firm was subject to the aforesaid influence—viz., was under the direction principally of its founder, Mr Thomas Hammersley—other losses of considerable magnitude were incurred, either by that gentleman individually, or by the house over which he presided. There was one with an office-bearer in his Majesty's Treasury, amounting to a sum approaching to L.46,000. What portion of this sum may have been subsequently liquidated by the connexions of the party on whom the obligation rested, we do not know. Then there was a much larger sum which Mr Thomas Hammersley advanced to a firm for the manufacture of soap carried on in the borough of Southwark. The loss here, we believe, was little, if any thing, short of L.80,000. The history of this soap manufacture would be interesting and instructive if related circumstantially in detail; we must episodically advert to some of the leading facts, for they are pregnant with warning to men of property and such as have the command of large sums of money.

An ingenious person of the name of Phelps, professed the art of making soap of a better quality than any other manufacturer of the article could produce. The profession was not a vain one, no regard being had to the cost, as the product exhibited bore evidence. On this showing, he induced men of great property to join him with capital, without careful examination; costly works were raised, and the best plant was formed that labour, materials, and money could furnish. They soon found, however, that profit did not ensue from this large outlay, and Mr Phelps then suggested that the great profit lay in the making of alkali, and the firm consequently undertook the manufacture of that article; still there was no profit, and the adventure had at this stage absorbed too much money to admit of the consideration of retreat from the enterprise. 'Go ahead' was then the signal-flag of the times; so the firm turned merchants, and would fetch their tallow in their own ships from St Petersburg. It was during the war; the tallow-laden ships were seized, and carried into one of the Danish islands. This was a great blow to the firm; and to recover their property they mustered a sufficient force to go and attempt to cut out and retake the ship or ships, and in this they succeeded. One large ship was on its passage home from the Danish port, with a cargo insured for more than L.40,000, when the captain and crew descried a smaller vessel, to which they gave chase, with the intention of capturing it; but which, when they came near to it, they found to be an American, with whose country we were at peace, and they dared not touch it. They then steered for London, but the ship and cargo were burnt before they reached port, the crew alone escaping; and the underwriters refused to pay one shilling, because the ship had been out of the prescribed course in chase of the Americans. In this, and such other ways as great manufactures on novel plans are incident to, several hundred thousand pounds were lost by Messrs Phelps and Co.

We continue the recital. Mr Phelps succeeded in getting for his co-partner Mr Bracebridge, proprietor of Aston Hall, near Birmingham, the park and fine old mansion of which estate is now in the occupation of Mr Watt, the son of the celebrated James Watt. Mr Bracebridge set up a bank at Warwick, but he was soon driven out of that field from want of confidence to conduct so responsible an office; he paid all the creditors of the bank, and gave it up. The means, however, from his mercantile adventures had restored him to such straits, that he was constrained to sell his reversionary interest in those two valuable estates of Aston Hall in Staffordshire, and Bostock Hall in Cheshire. And we believe it to be not extravagant to say that, if this gentleman had been content to live within his income, and had not turned banker and soap-boiler, he would at this moment be in possession of landed property worth very little short of a million sterling, which is for ever alienated from his family. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the different consequences flowing from providence and improvidence, than the fact that a part of that same estate of Aston Hall was purchased by Mr Whitehead, banker of Warwick; and from its proximity to Birmingham, it is likely to become a property of great value.

Why do we refer to these circumstances? Because they are, even in this naked sketch, pregnant with instruction. A great London bank has stopped payment, holding deposits which are stated to amount to L.650,000, and having promissory-notes circulating in all parts of the continent of Europe, amounting to a very considerable sum; and, as we believe, it is brought to this state, not from any misconduct on the part of the late possessor and director of the office, as far as the management of the funds intrusted to him is concerned, but from the misconduct of those who preceded him. Mr Hugh Hammersley inherited a lucrative business encumbered with dreadful losses. A long course of years might have brought about solvency, and laid a solid foundation of wealth. We are bound to explain these things, and to trace the evil to its sources. These sources are mainly—

1. A loss on Mr T. Hammersley leaving the firm of Morland, say - -	L.20,000
2. A loss with the Honiton bank, which we put down, - - - - -	160,000
3. A loss in the soap factory, - - -	80,000
	L.260,000

We believe that, under the management of the late Mr Hugh Hammersley, this large sum was in the course of gradual liquidation from regularly accruing profits. There is no doubt that a very valuable description of business had been attracted to the office, and we believe if the disaster had occurred a few years sooner, the creditors would have received a smaller dividend—the assets being now stated to be equal to the payment of about 15s. in the pound. The rapid sliding away of property from opening the sluice of improvident confidence, and the slow recovery of it by care and circumspection—for a quarter of a century has elapsed since any of the losses here stated were incurred—are notable facts, worthy of the consideration of all bankers and merchants."

MILITARY SYSTEM OF FRANCE.

[The following condensed and accurate account of the military system of France is extracted from the second part of Messrs Adam and Charles Black's new System of Geography, abridged from the works of Malte Brun and Balbi; a work evidently prepared with extraordinary care and with the benefit of an unusually extensive command of information, and which, when completed, as designed, in one volume, must be the most economical book of the kind which we possess.]

THE French have always been fond of military glory, and have invariably placed the most unhesitating confidence in their prowess in war. Their arms have, indeed, at various times been crowned with the most splendid success, and yet no nation has ever experienced greater reverses or more signal defeats. At present, the French government maintains a large standing army, rated, even on the peace establishment, at 311,412 men, and 62,142 horses. This force is composed of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. The infantry consist of 67 regiments of infantry of the line, of three battalions each; 21 regiments of light infantry, also of three battalions each; 3 battalions of light infantry of Africa; 8 companies *de discipline*; 4 companies of pioneers; 3 battalions of zouaves; and a foreign legion of three battalions. The cavalry consist of 2 regiments of carabineers; 10 regiments of cuirassiers; 12 regiments of dragoons; 8 of lancers; 12 of chasseurs; 6 of hussars; 3 of chasseurs d'Afrique; 1 regiment of regular spahis of Algiers; 1 regiment of Bonah; 1 regiment of Oran. The artillery consist of 14 regiments of twelve batteries each; 1 battalion of pontoniers; 12 companies of artillery workmen; and 6 squadrons of train of the parks of artillery, each including six companies. The engineers consist of 3 regiments of sixteen companies each, and various other bodies. The total number of infantry, in 1839, was 205,100; of cavalry, 49,000; of artillery, 22,700; of engineers, &c., 28,500; besides 28,500 gendarmes, or armed police, dispersed in small bodies throughout the kingdom. The war establishment is rated at 420,265 men, and 121,892 horses. The army is recruited partly by voluntary enlistment, and partly by conscription; but the latter is greatly modified since the time of the Emperor Napoleon; the numbers required being now limited to 40,000 annually, and the period of service to six years, while great latitude is allowed in the procuring of substitutes.

The gradations of military rank are, sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, chef d'escadron, colonel, marechal

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de camp, lieutenant-general, and marechal of France. Promotion is never obtained by purchase, and not often by special order; more than half the appointments take place by seniority. The number of marechals of France is at present ten; but by the new regulations it is to be fixed at eight in time of peace, and may be increased to twelve in time of war.

Not content with military glory by land, the French have been equally ambitious to become a great naval power, but have not hitherto succeeded in rendering themselves formidable by sea. After a century and a half of continual effort and frequent conflict, their fleet was almost annihilated by the battle of Trafalgar, and subsequent minor engagements during the late war. Since the peace, the government have paid the utmost attention to the navy, and are now prepared, in the event of war, to send a powerful fleet to sea. According to the budget of 1839, there were in active service, 8 ships of the line, 12 frigates, 16 corvettes or sloops, 24 brigs, and numerous other vessels; and the amount of their crews was 20,317 men. The number in commission at 1st January 1840, was—Ships of the line, 13, from 80 to 120 guns; frigates, 13; corvettes, 19; brigs, 33; gunbrigs, 9; schooners, cutters, advice-boats, transports, &c., 578; steam vessels, 25. By royal ordonnance of 1st January 1837, the navy in time of peace is fixed at 40 ships of the line, 50 frigates, 40 steamers, and 190 smaller vessels. The smaller vessels are to be kept afloat; but only half of the ships of the line and frigates are intended to be launched, the other half to be kept on the stocks in different stages of building.

As soon as a young man has been apprenticed in the coasting trade, or has made two voyages at sea, or has been employed two years in the fisheries, he is registered in the lists of the district to which he belongs. Besides this class of mariners, all other persons, be their ages what they may, who enter merchant vessels, or engage in the fisheries, are inscribed in the registers as soon as they have seen service; nor is any exception made in their favour, though they may have previously stood their chance of the ballot for the army, or have served their time in its ranks. The record of their names in the register of mariners is all that is necessary to fix that liability upon them; and in their case, as well as in that of every regularly bred seaman, this liability continues till the age of fifty. They all become as much the property of the state as the Russian serf is of the landowner at the moment of his birth. Whenever sailors are required for the naval service, the naval prefect announces to the local supervisor or commissary the quota of men to be supplied from each district. The latter thereupon directs the syndic of the navy to send him twice or thrice the number of men required, and he makes such selections from them as he thinks proper. No exemption whatever is admitted; and there is no appeal from the will or caprice of the commissary. The total number of individuals, of all descriptions, employed in the sea service, as at 1st January 1838, was 110,589, among whom there were 10,836 captains, shipmasters and pilots; and of that number 272 belonged to the public, and 6946 to the mercantile service.

As connected principally, though not exclusively, with the army and navy, we may mention the Order of the Legion of Honour, which was instituted by Napoleon. The usual title to admission is the discharge of important duties, either civil or military; and in time of war, the performance of some action of great bravery. The gradations are—1. Chevaliers, of whom the number is unlimited; 2. Officers, limited by the laws of the order to 2000; 3. Commanders, limited to 400; Grand-Officers, to 160; and Grand-Crosses, to 80; but on 1st January 1840, the actual number of the members was —Grand-Crosses, 96; Grand-Officers, 206; Commanders, 829; Officers, 4491; Chevaliers, 44,393; in all, 50,015.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND MORTALITY.

Paradoxical as it may appear, it is certain that a man's health, nay life, is nearly as much in the keeping of those of whom he knows nothing as in his own. Of the three influences mainly acting on it—himself, society, and external nature—the first bears on it most intensely, the second most covertly, the last most constantly. Moral culture may teach the individual so to curb his passions and appetites, as to develop all the forces of his organisation in their most healthful scope; or its neglect may set them loose as the deadliest instruments of self-destruction. The social system acts upon us not only through its fashions and customs, but by the power of government; and an ill-considered impost, indirectly affecting the food, the habitation, or the clothing of the community, shall send more to their graves than ever fell by sword or spear. Climate is always so ameliorated by civilisation, that we may safely say that it forms no exception to the general fact, that all the sources enumerated as influencing life are greatly modifiable; so that, although we may not believe, with M. Quetelet, in the perfectibility of our race, we may yet be sure that all its numerous ills may be immeasurably lessened. Nothing is truer than that the mortality of a kingdom is the best gauge of its happiness and prosperity. Show us a community wallowing in vice, whether from the pamperings of luxury or the recklessness of poverty, and we will show you that there truly the wages of sin are death. Point out the government legislating only for a financial return, regardless or ignorant of the indirect effects of their enactments, and we shall see that the pieces of silver have been the price of blood.—*Quarterly Review.*

ADVISERS.

The following specimen of the shrewd humour of James Smith was intended to have been included in a notice of his "Memoirs and Comic Miscellanies," which lately appeared in the Journal, but was postponed for want of room:—

There is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley Street. It consists of a father, a mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America Square; Charles, the younger son, is in the law; the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *advice* stirring about London, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be, given: nobody thanks you for it; indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was old Partington well settled in Upper Harley Street, in a most commodious situation, inasmuch as it commanded a corner view of the outside of the Diorama, with a peep at the little statue of the late Duke of Kent at the top of Portland Place—when he received a visit from his crony, Mr Chapman, of Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, who called to give him some advice as to his recent proceedings.

Mr Chapman commenced his harangue in one of the accustomed forms: "Now, Mr Partington, I am sure you have too much good sense to be offended at what I am about to say." Mr Partington assured him, in answer, that he had a great deal too much good sense; whereupon the adviser, in reply, began to descant upon the extreme folly of Mr Partington in quitting his city residence to sojourn in Upper Harley Street. The adviser reminded the advisee of those happy days when, Bedlam being then standing upon London Wall, they used to walk up and down Moorfields in front of the iron gates of that edifice, for half an hour before dinner, to get an appetite; a needless ceremony, but persisted in notwithstanding. Mr Partington owned, with downcast eyes, that such had been their practice; but alleged in his defence, that nobody lived in the city at present—"even Bedlam has deserted it," exclaimed he, with a sigh. "True," answered the adviser, "and if you had removed your quarters to St George's Fields, I should not have so much wondered; but what the deuce could draw you to Upper Harley Street? Let me now advise you as a friend: if you have not yet signed and sealed, declare off, and come back again. We have dined with you once, in the way of friendship; but, my dear Jonathan, when you could have us all to dinner in a ring-fence, within one hundred yards of the Royal Exchange, what could put it into your head to drag us four miles off, to cut your mutton in Marybone parish?" Mr Chapman now retired, and Mr Partington took his advice as children take physic, by canting it out of the window the moment the apothecary's back is turned. The lease was executed that very morning, and Mr Partington, notwithstanding a strong internal aversion to the hot chalky dusty corner of the Portland-road, became tenant of the house in Upper Harley Street for twenty-one years, from Christmas-day then last past. Men in the spirit line are not to be advised with impunity.

While this affair was transacting in the small back apartment behind the dining-room (the only one in the whole house which a married man can call his own, and even this is apt to be invaded by hats, canes, and umbrellas, out of number), advice was going on at a great rate in the front drawing-room up stairs. Mrs Chambers was full tilt at Mrs Partington, advising her how to manage her family. "My dear Mem (for to this diminutive is our French Madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school." "Down! Mrs Chambers, I don't quite understand you." "No!—only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: nerves, bile, toothache, asthma, and every thing of that kind—all springs from the spine." "Well!—but, Mrs Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? My girls ride in St James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there; and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot." "Horseback!—only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet. Now, you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman. I was quite in despair about her: only conceive!—no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Dr Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the *long gaiters*.'" "Long gaiters, Mrs Chambers!—a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive young lady"—— "Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon: it's the best thing in the world; let me advise you, as a friend, to try the long gaiters.* I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it I don't know; but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry pie-crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? we have already gained two inches; and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure. Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures: I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth." "Poor girls, don't they find it very dull?" "Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim. Let me advise you, as a friend, to follow my example."

Mrs Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor Street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley Street. Mrs Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partington, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughters' back-bones over to their good behaviour; and the two Misses Partington, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley Street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a whitewashed ceiling!

* Qu. Elongators?

LINES TO MURPHY.

[The following lines, which first appeared some months since in a periodical work of limited circulation, are obligingly placed at our disposal by the author—the same individual who composed "Tonis ad reste Mare."]

Oh, Murphy, Murphy, I am sure afraid
You're but a poor and sorry common-tator;
A very tyro in the weather trade,
And all unfit for Jack Frost's legislator.

Your foggy days, alas! are clear and fine,
Your cold and rainy all are warm and sunny;
Each following day belies your every line,
And proves your want of science and of money.

What ails your hail that it will not come down?
Why does your Phœbus fib us, too, like this?
Why does your thunder disappoint the town,
In your ephemeral Ephemeris?

Your meteorologic logis pray revise,
Your problems too, so very problematic;
And if, moon-struck, you still must theorise,
Let not your comet course be so erratic.

Your reign will end before the rain begins,
And down to Zero sink your reputation;
Fog, Meteor, Vapour, all will kick your shins,
And change your altitude to declination.

The powers above—Aries, *et cetera*,
Libra, Aquarius, Sagittarius—all
Will be indignant at thy exposé,
And stop, methinks, thy Comic Annual.

The planets, too, will doubtless join the wars,
Stop thy diurnal, annual rotation;
And, thy Urania mania marred by Mars,
Thou wilt not well escape a good gyration.

But fare you well, my weather-beaten boy;
I'll bid good-bye, with every wish that's kind:
May all your future days be fine and dry,
And you still make a breeze and raise the wind.

S. W. P.

RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.

The following circumstance is as true as it is singular. A few years ago two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property, found a scrap of paper on which was written, "Seven Hundred Pounds in Till." This they took in the literal sense, and examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks before), there was a folio edition of Tillotson's Sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word "Till" on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him. On his replying in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them, and on carefully examining the leaves, found bank notes, singly dispersed in various places of the volumes, to the amount of seven hundred pounds! But what is perhaps no less remarkable than the preceding, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him, and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done; but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations, they had been returned, and had been in the bookseller's shop till the period of this very singular discovery.—*Odd Fellow.*

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

Dean Swift says, the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE NORE AND THEREABOUTS.

To continue these rambling sketches of home travel—the reader may be reminded that we stopped in our journey through Hampshire, to spend a quiet Sunday amidst the interesting antiquities of Winchester and St Cross. Departing from this scene of William of Wykeham's glories, and now one of the least altered of Old England's oldest cities—leaving the green and soft luxuriance of the vale of the Itchin, we proceed on our way by rail to London, and in little more than two hours we are turned out from the mixed train to be mixed among the busy crowds of the metropolis.

Some writers—my Lady Morgan for one, if we recollect rightly—have a very convenient knack of vaulting at a bound over an interval of time in their narratives, by giving a dashing line of stars—the said stars being all that the reader gets for some darkly mysterious part of the story which it would puzzle the author to explain. On the present occasion it would be remarkably easy to follow this excellent example, but as plain dealing is more to our taste, we shall just say, in a few words, that we pass over an interval of three months, and are again, during the fortnight or three weeks of "farewell summer," once more upon our rambles from home. In short, we are again in London, ready for all sorts of inquiries and excursions.

I had gone, I do not know how often, up and down the Thames. Sheerness, and Tilbury Fort, and Purfleet, and Gravesend, and the old cocked hats and wooden legs which daily air themselves on the terrace at Greenwich, were all perfectly familiar to me. But somehow or other I had never got round the Nore, in the direction of Margate; and so now I resolved to pay a brief visit to a few places in this quarter of the Kentish coast.

The opportunities for making such an excursion are now exceedingly plentiful. In the days of old, the only means of transit consisted of the Margate hoys, a class of small sloops which carried you in a couple of days, wind and weather permitting, to the place of your destination; but now, what a change!—smart steamers dash off daily from London Bridge, and in five or six hours disload their hundreds of gaily-dressed passengers on the jetties of Herne Bay and Margate. In one of the most active of these well-managed boats, the Red Rover, we one morning placed ourselves; and in due time were brought abreast of the Isle of Sheppy and adjacent parts in the mainland of Kent. This part of the coast, it is necessary to explain, forms the great airing ground of the good folk of the metropolis. During "the season" as many as two or three thousand persons are daily landed and carried back to town. But Saturday, in particular, forms the great day for these excursions; the toiled and stupefied tradesman, who has been stewed up for a week amidst the streets and lanes of the city, on that day gets off to pay his accustomed visit to his wife and family—to enjoy a few hours' fresh air on the beach on Sunday—and to return again on Monday to his desk and dingy counting-house.

From all I could learn, there are two kinds of summer recreation in these places of resort—one consisting of actual rustication and airing at Herne Bay or Ramsgate, and another of imaginary rustication and airing among the fashionable lounges and tea-gardens of Margate. Another thing may be mentioned; the resort to either of these places is almost exclusively of persons east of Charing Cross—that is to say, citizens with their wives and families, or young ladies and gentlemen of the same class, who wish to spend money any way, but "genteely," if possible; and what half so genteel as spending it for a few weeks on the amusements of Margate!

With these preliminary explanations, we now land, in the first place, on that part of the coast where the real and more sober-minded rusticators resort. Herne Bay, as this place has been called, is quite of modern date; and its name, as may be inferred, is derived from the ancient village of Herne, which is situated about a mile inland, on the high road to Canterbury.* The coast at this spot is eminently suited for a watering-place. Unlike the greater part of the adjacent district, the shore has a fine slope, in the form of a sandy and pebbly beach, to the water, and may at all times be reached from steamers with perfect comfort, by means of a beautiful and substantial jetty of three quarters of a mile in length. The country, backwards, all the way to Canterbury, is of a soft undulating character, well plenished with woods and copses, and dotted over with old-fashioned hamlets and trimly thatched farm-buildings and cottages. The walks, therefore, whether along the grassy downs which overhang the sea, or into the rural scenery beyond, seem well adapted for the summer solacement of the overworn inhabitants of the city. Some ten or twelve years ago, Herne Bay, by the activity of a few rash speculators, became "all the rage," and buildings and streets, on a superlatively grand scale, sprung up in all directions. From one cause or other, however, the tide of popularity did not last a sufficient length of time, and the building lots being retained at enormous prices, the projected town stuck after it had been begun, and in the present day we find it composed of many partially finished edifices, and rows of streets standing like so many loop-holed and ragged ruins. Nevertheless, the place, as Brown would have said, has capabilities calculated to carry it over this great initiatory misfortune, and these are leading gradually to its settlement and improvement.

Along the shore there is a remarkably neat terrace-like walk for promenaders. Adjacent are bathing-houses, numerous dwellings for visiters, and two hotels of large dimensions in full operation; during my short stay, a very handsome church was consecrated by the archbishop for the use of the inhabitants, regular and transient. It would be very inexcusable to pass over in this notice, however slight it be, the good deeds done to the town by a benevolent and wealthy patroness, Mrs Thwaites, relict of an opulent merchant in the city, and who devotes no small share of her property to charitable and public purposes. Unlike the generality of mankind, who only leave wealth to their fellow-creatures when they can no longer make use of it themselves, this well-disposed lady, having taken a fancy to Herne Bay, has largely assisted in the support of free schools for the place, and lent her charitable aid to the poor of the neighbourhood. She likewise, a few years ago, erected, at a considerable expense, a tall and handsome clock-tower on the sea-promenade, which may be seen at a great distance. Although totally unacquainted with this lady, there seems such a degree of rationality in the disposal of her superabundant wealth, that I feel much pleasure in holding up her conduct to imitation.

Herne Bay forms a good starting-point for those who wish to explore the antiquities and geological character of the coast. About three miles to the eastward, on the verge of the sea, stand those remarkable objects of antiquity, and land-marks, the towers of the church of Reculver. To this spot I hastened to pay a visit. In front is the wide expanse of the German Ocean, studded here and there with vessels making for the mouth of the Thames from the Downs or continental ports; on our left is the Isle of Sheppy, darkly pictured on the horizon, and on the right that flat expanse of prairie or meadow land, which occupies the filled-up channel between the mainland and Thanet, whose higher grounds close up the scene. Nowhere, on the coast of Great Britain, have such extensive changes been effected by the sea and other causes, on the dimensions and configuration of the land. On a prominent knoll, now carried completely away by the waves of the ocean, once stood the castle of Raculf-cester, an early station of the Romans, and, latterly, a seat of the Anglo-Saxon king, Ethelbert. During this latter period, a church of great extent was built adjoining the castle; and it is the towers of this edifice, popularly called the Reculvers, which now stand as the most prominent objects on the whole line of coast. On attaining the spot, we find that the sea has washed away at least a mile of the land, leaving for several miles a precipitous cliff, which is daily lessening in bulk. In dread of these rapid encroachments, the church has been many years abandoned, and is now an open desolated ruin—the only complete portion remaining being the two towers, which are preserved as land-marks for mariners: The sea has not, as is generally reported, reached the building, but it has carried away a half of the burying-ground around it, and numerous remains of mortality project from the face of the cliff, and are scattered along the beach. To prevent, if possible, farther inroads, the Trinity House has caused the erection of a paved bulwark for a considerable distance along the shore; and it is evident, that unless some precautionary measures of this kind be speedily adopted elsewhere, a very considerable loss of land must ensue. The extraordinary carelessness hitherto shown on this point, is far from creditable. At present, as we are told by Mr Lyell, the loss of land, by the washing away of the clayey and chalky cliffs, is at least two feet per annum; and it is calculated that the whole island of Sheppy, now measuring six miles in length by four in breadth, will be annihilated in half a century.

It is interesting, in a geological point of view, to remark, that while the precipitous and some other parts of the coast have been diminishing annually, land has in one spot been accumulating with equal rapidity. Casting our eye south-eastwards from the Reculvers, as I have said, we observe a flat tract of rich meadow land, as like the polders of Holland as any thing in this country. This tract, which is embellished with trees, fences, and farm-offices, was once an arm of the sea, which stretched from Sandwich to near the Reculvers, and through this navigable channel the Roman fleets used to sail on their way to and from the Thames. About the time of the Norman Conquest, the Channel became impassable, from the accumulation of earthy matter; and in the fifteenth century it was crossed by a bridge. Since that period, all vestige of water course has disappeared, if we except the wet ditches which here and there intersect the enclosed fields. It will be understood, therefore, that Thanet is no longer an island, but a portion of the mainland of Kent, and forms a bold piece of country, with the North Foreland, Margate, and Ramsgate, on its exterior and sea-washed extremity.

Having sufficiently explored the environs of Herne

* Herne was the first cure of the pious Ridley, afterwards bishop of Rochester and London; and here he resided for several years, discharging the duties of his pastoral office with great zeal.—*Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. viii. Herne church, to which I paid a visit, contains a number of objects as old as the fifteenth century; among others, is a monumental brass figure over the tomb of Lady Philip, wife of Matthew Philip, sometime Lord Mayor of London; she died in 1470, and is represented in the dress of the times.

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Bay and the Reculvers, the place to which we next proceeded was Margate, a steamer carrying us thither in rather less than an hour. I am sorry to say that I was disappointed with Margate. Let the reader conceive the idea of a bold chalky line of cliffs, closely overhanging the sea, and in a notch, at a part lower than the rest, a cluster of red brick houses, spreading in irregular or plain lines into the country, with two or three church spires, and tall barrack-looking buildings, and he has a tolerable idea of the town. There is no beach for walking upon, and the accommodation for bathing in the sea is very limited. The town is approached by a long wooden jetty; but it is so low, that the sea at high tides washes over it. Adjoining is a well-built harbour, which, however, is left dry at low water. A more unfavourable spot for a sea-port or watering-place cannot well be imagined. The streets, straggling upward from the harbour, are as narrow as the lanes of the city; and how families should come hither for fresh air, is beyond my comprehension, because they must be obliged to live in houses nearly as confined as those they have left. Margate, however, as already hinted, derives its chief support from being a favourite scene of fashionable racket and amusement during the dull autumnal season in town. In walking through the narrow streets, you observe bazaars, which form lounging places for the idle; and in each is seen a gambling or raffling table for those who wish to try their luck. There are likewise several houses which offer the choice of hot bathing and music; and besides these means of killing time, there are public concerts and dances, at which the height of city splendour is exhibited. The best point in the Margate arrangements are the numerous respectable boarding-houses, where, on moderate terms, you may reside for a short time in a very agreeable manner. At these houses, parties of pleasure are made up for the day, the expense for cars and refreshments during the excursion being defrayed by general contribution. It is a recognised point of etiquette among the persons who thus become acquainted for the time being, that they are not in any respect supposed to know each other when they return to town; a watering-place acquaintance being like that contracted in a stage-coach, which terminates at the end of the journey.

From Margate, a variety of short trips may be made to places of local importance. Within a short distance, in an easterly direction, is the retired watering-place called Broadstairs (a corruption, by the way, of Bradstow), which is resorted to much more for tranquillity and sea air than Margate. Taking a short cut by the main road, across the high cultivated grounds of Thanet, we reach Ramsgate, at a distance of four miles from Margate, and find that, with the same foolish crowding together of streets, it is far superior as a place of healthful resort. Ramsgate occupies an exceedingly striking situation, partly in a hollow leading up from the shore, but more particularly on the top of the cliffs which bound this hollow on each side, and fronting the clear expanse of sea. The cliffs here are from sixty to seventy feet in height, and being of pure white chalk, have a light dazzling appearance. By flights of well-constructed steps, the lofty terraces on which the straight lines and crescents of houses are placed, are connected with the wide stretch of fine sands beneath. These sands are among the finest I have any where seen, and are only inferior to those at Portobello, near Edinburgh, which, I have no hesitation in saying, are unmatched for extent and beauty. At the time of my visit to the Ramsgate sands, the weather was clear and beautiful, and they were crowded with promenaders, as well as lady invalids on neatly saddled donkeys, pacing easily along the margin of the rippling tide. Opposite the central and lower part of the town is the harbour, which is of modern erection, and upon a most extensive and substantial scale. On account of the want of natural harbourage for shipping along this bold line of coast, there is no place of refuge, in the case of storms, between the Downs and the Thames; and to obviate this serious deficiency, the harbour of Ramsgate has been erected at an enormous outlay, which is met by a tax on all vessels passing, whether they use the harbour or not. The harbour is of a circular form, nearly enclosed with broad stone piers, and contains a superficies of about forty-six acres. It is never left dry by the tides, and by means of reserved masses of water and sluices, it is scoured of the sand-banks which have a tendency to accumulate within its bounds. On the occasion of extremely heavy gales from the east and north-east, hundreds of vessels of all nations may be seen fleeing to this famed harbour for succour, which is afforded to all with an equal degree of liberality. In fine weather, the piers, which are smoothly paved with granite, offer a most agreeable marine parade to the numerous transient residents. The character of Ramsgate, as I learned on inquiry, differs very materially from that of Margate. Along with Broadstairs, it is resorted to by a higher and more expressly health-seeking class of visitants, and its very aspect conveys the notion of something more refined and tasteful.

In the course of the day which I spent in Ramsgate and its vicinity, I did not omit to visit the favourite excursion terminus at Pegwell Bay, at a mile and a half's distance to the south. Here, on the edge of the mouldering cliff, stand a few houses in an apparently perilous situation, for the sea has, in the course of time, formed a bay, and is now within a few feet of the walls of the dwellings. At this extreme south-eastern corner of Thanet, we are presented with a most extensive prospect seawards. The eye in a clear day commands the outline of the sand-hills and cliffs on the French coast from about Calais to Dunkirk, a distance of at least thirty miles, the sparkling interval of ocean being dotted over with white sails, and streaked with lazy currents of blue smoke issuing from the steamers which are almost always seen plying in the Downs. More immediately at hand, on the right, we have a full view of the low silted-up shore on which are situated the ancient cinque-ports of Sandwich and Deal, also the groves amidst which Walmar, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, reposes, and beyond them the cliffy knolls which overhang the town and port of Dover. We have here, indeed, a prospect of the spot on which, fifty-five years before the Christian era, Julius Cæsar arrived with his war galleys and conquered the aboriginal inhabitants of our island; and here, also, in subsequent times, was the landing place of Saxons and Danes who came to the country on a similar errand. It was likewise somewhere within this territory, which may well be defined as the portal of England, that St Augustine arrived about thirteen hundred years since, and spread a knowledge of that Christianity which now illuminates the whole of Britain.

But I must stop, for the present, this narrative of past events and modern appearances, and conclude with an agreeable piece of information to all future tourists to the spot, that Pegwell Bay has the happiness to possess an inn on the very brink of the precipice, where you may at once study the progress of disintegration from the eternal washing of the waves beneath, and enjoy the comforts of a lunch on shrimps and bread and butter—such being the repast for which Pegwell Bay has for ages been highly, and, I have every reason to believe, justly celebrated.

THE ANTI-HEBREW EPIDEMIC.

Among the moral epidemics of Christian society—at least of Christian society in a low state of civilisation—may be ranked a violent and suspicious dislike of the Jews. This feeling has broken out at various times, and in many different countries, since the commencement of our era, and has raged destructively for a season, like the plague, cholera, or any other physical disorder to which mankind are liable. The source of the affection is in some measure obvious. The tenacity with which the Jews cling to the faith and customs of their forefathers, and the comparative mystery attending their various ritual observances, have led to the belief that they also preserve in secret the same sentiments of aversion and hate, which caused the martyrdom of the founder of Christianity. In Great Britain, certainly, and other countries advanced in knowledge, these illiberal views do not now prevail; but they are far from being extinct among the less educated Christian communities. The recent persecution of the Jews of Damascus will be remembered by every one; and in Poland, but a few weeks ago, a similar case occurred, though it excited less attention, from the comparative harmlessness of its consequences. Even in England, however, but a few centuries ago, the most extraordinary notions were entertained respecting the practices of the Jews. The prioress's story, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, contains abundance of passages which show that the poet believed the Jews to be capable of any cruelty. The prioress relates that "in Asie, in a great citee," where there was "among Christen folk a Jewerie," a child was slain by the Hebrews, because, "as he came to and fro, full merrily would he sing and cry, 'Oh alma Redemptoris! (mother of the Redeemer) ever mo!'" A miracle is described as having followed, the little boy continuing to sing "Oh alma Redemptoris!" from the pit into which his mangled body was cast. Then—

> "With torment and with shameful death, each one,
> The provost doth these Jews for to starve
> That of this murder wist. * * *
> Therefore with wild horse he did them draw,
> And, after that, he hung them by the law."

At the close of the poem, Chaucer refers to another case, exclaiming,

> "Oh young Hew of Lincoln! slain also
> By cursed Jews, as it is notable,
> For it was but a little while ago."

The boy of the Asiatic city and young Hugh of Lincoln were but examples of a dreadful criminality ascribed in the middle ages to the Jews. This unhappy race were generally believed to make a practice of stealing away and murdering Christian children, in order to use their blood to leaven some of the substances to be eaten in the course of their rites. The superstition is not yet extinguished in some parts of the world. In the late case which occurred in Poland, a young woman came forward and gave evidence that she had been seized by her master, a Hebrew, and had been confined to a room in his house, where she had been bled several times against her will, to yield the leaven alluded to. The story was readily believed by the credulous public, with whose prepossessions it tallied only too strongly; and several Jews were imprisoned and misused for the imputed crime. But the young woman, seised with remorse, soon afterwards retracted her accusation, and admitted that she had been prevailed upon to make the statement by her lover, a young man at enmity with some of the Jews, and who had invented the story for her. The only foundation for the charge lay in circumstances most honourable to her master. The girl had been ill, and had been bled in the usual way by the family surgeon, whom the master had called in from the most humane motives, besides lavishing other kindly attentions upon his ungrateful servant. The case could not stand against such disclosures, and the Jews were acquitted.

So lately as the end of the sixteenth century, the popular idea of a Jew in England included every imaginable criminality. Shakspeare, in his Shylock, has in some measure pandered to this prejudice; but his Jew is spotless innocence compared to the Barabas, or Jew of Malta, depicted by his immediate predecessor Marlow:—

> "As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
> And kill sick people groaning under walls:
> Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
> And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
> I am content to lose some of my crowns,
> That I may, walking in my gallery,
> See 'm go pinioned along by my door.
> Being young, I studied physic, and began
> To practise first upon the Italian:
> There I enriched the patents with my train,
> And always kept the sexton's arms in use
> With digging graves, and wringing dead men's teeth.
> And, after that, was I an engineer,
> And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
> Under pretence of serving Charles V.,
> Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
> Then, after that, was I an usurer,
> And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
> And tricks belonging unto brokery,
> I filled the jail with bankrupts in a year,
> And with young orphans planted hospitals,
> And every moon made some or other mad—
> And now and then one hang himself for grief,
> Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll,
> How I with interest had tormented him."

This horrible autographical picture must not be disregarded, as if it were merely the fruit of a poet's imagination. The character of Barabas was but an embodiment of the vulgar fancies entertained respecting the Jews; and while terming them vulgar, it is fitting also that we should call them absurdly and extravagantly erroneous. As far as the point can now be determined by the cool-judging eye of posterity, they seem to have been utterly without foundation. They prevailed widely, however, and led to epidemical outbreaks of persecution, most destructive in their results to the scattered children of Israel.

Both before and after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Jews were subjected to repeated massacrings by the Romans, in Rome, Egypt, and elsewhere; but although the peculiar religious faith of the Jews was in part the cause of these misfortunes, political motives had a still greater share in producing them. It was after Christianity had expelled Paganism from the various countries of Europe, that the Jews began to suffer those particular persecutions which fall within the scope of our present notice. In the twelfth century, a band of two hundred thousand men assembled in Europe for a crusade against the Saracens. At this period the Jews were numerous in France, Germany, and other regions of the Continent, and prejudices ran high against them. By way, therefore, of losing no time, the vast band alluded to commenced their labours for the cross by massacring the Jews in every city which they passed through. At Cologne, Worms, Treves, and other places, great numbers perished in this way. Conversion or death were the alternatives placed before them, and they almost uniformly preferred the latter of the two. Some of the Jews of Treves, warned of the approach of the crusaders, gathered together their children and killed them, to "prevent their being subjected to the insult of Christian baptism." A band of Jewish women belonging to the same place went to the side of the Moselle, and, having loaded their clothes with stones, threw themselves into the river, where they perished. Many similar scenes took place on this occasion. While the crusading mania lasted in Europe, the Jews were kept, altogether, in a most miserable condition. The pretence for misusing them was usually some imaginary crime of the kind already described. In the year 1171, for example, many of the Jews of Blois were burned, on a charge of having crucified a Christian child, in mockery of the Passion of Jesus. In England, in the year 1144, while the throne was occupied by Stephen, the Jews of Norwich were persecuted on a charge of murdering in like manner a boy named William; and in the sixth year of Henry II. (1160), the Jews of Gloucester were maltreated on the faith of a similar accusation.

In the reign of Dagobert, about the year 640, the Jews had been banished from France. They were permitted to return, however, and remained without further molestation till the twelfth century, a period

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so fatal to their race in Europe. At that period Philip Augustus resolved again to expel them, ostensibly on account of their crimes, but in reality because of their great wealth. In his reign they possessed, it is said, one-half of the whole property of the city of Paris. Philip Augustus first gave a statutory quittance to all the Christians of his kingdom of the debts they owed to the Jews, only causing a fifth part to be paid to himself for the good act; and he then gave the Hebrews their choice of baptism or banishment. With all the moveables left in their possession, the majority of the poor Jews consequently left France in July of the year 1182. Seven years afterwards, the Jews of England, also, were treated in a most barbarous way. Richard Cœur de Lion, then upon the throne, had given orders that none of that race should approach his palace during the holding of a solemn birth-day festival. Ignorant of these orders, some of the leading men of the Jews went to the palace with presents for the king, suitable to the occasion. They were repelled with insults, and the people, observing this circumstance, attacked the little band, and killed several of them. A rumour immediately spread through London that the king had commanded the extermination of the whole of the Jews, and the imaginary order was fulfilled in that city to the letter, with great accompanying cruelty. Other cities caught up a like impression, and assassinated the majority of the Jews within their respective bounds. The most deplorable scene of all took place at York. There the Jews were very wealthy and numerous, five hundred being the amount of the men among them, exclusive of women and children. The whole of these people shut themselves up in a tower, and were there besieged by the populace. Finding no mode of escape open to them, the Jews resolved to fall by their own hands, rather than expose themselves to the tender mercies of their enemies. Each head of a family took a razor, with which he slew first his wife and children, then his domestics, and finally himself. Either in this awful manner, or by the hands of the populace, every Jew of York perished!

During the thirteenth century, the continued excitement relative to the Crusades left the Hebrew people no rest or safety. In the year 1240, Duke John of Britanny banished them from his dominions, and, in 1936, they were vilely misused in Spain. Elsewhere, similar scenes took place at the same period. The compiler of the Causes Célèbres, while detailing these and other persecutions which they suffered, gives instances of the crimes laid to the charge of the Israelite tribes. In 1220 (says he) a boy, named Henry, was killed by them in Alsatia; in 1225, a boy at Norwich; in 1236, several children at Fulda; in 1255, a child of nine years at Lincoln (Chaucer's "Young Hew of Lincoln"); in 1261, a girl of seven years in the Marquisate of Bade; in 1287, a child at Berne, and another in the same year at Munich; in 1289, another in Suabia; and so on. In truth, however, wherever the Jews were peculiarly wealthy, there such accusations are found to have sprung up against them in plenty. The history of their various banishments from France gives us clear and unimpeachable proof of the true source of such charges. Having once fairly stripped them of their property, for example, Philip Augustus showed what his original motives had been, and that he had no sincere fear of their practices, by allowing them to return, and they afterwards remained unmolested in France until they had accumulated sufficient wealth to tempt cupidity anew. Then again were charges brought against them, and they were robbed once more of a great part of their means by banishment. For the sixth or seventh time, they were thus treated by Louis XIII., so late as the year 1615, being expelled from France by statute. In other countries, similar alternations of repose and persecution, and from similar motives, characterised the history of the Jews.

Our readers may now have had nearly enough of this subject, and we shall only refer to another case in which the Jews sustained persecution, at a comparatively recent era. In the year 1669, the wife of a peasant, living within a short distance of the city of Mentz, left her dwelling to water some linen by the side of a neighbouring stream. She was followed by her son, a child of three years old, whom she soon after missed from the spot where she had left him, and which was but twenty or thirty yards from the stream. She looked around for him, but in vain; and equally fruitless was the subsequent search of the father of the child and other friends. At last, the father was informed by a man whom he met on the highway near Mentz, that a Jew had passed shortly before on horseback, with a child before him. This clue was followed up, and a Jew named Raphael Levi was finally charged with stealing and murdering the child. The ancient prejudices of the people, dormant for a time, broke out with the fury of an epidemical fever, and the whole of the Hebrews of Mentz fell under the ban of popular distrust. In a wood adjoining the spot where he disappeared, was found the body of the missing child, so much lacerated and mangled, that, but for violent prepossessions, men would certainly have at once ascribed the mishap to a wolf. But this natural solution of the mystery found no favour with the people, and Raphael Levi was executed. He remained firm to the last, even under the torture, in his denial of all share in the death of the child; and the same constancy was shown by various others who were put to the question on the same account. As might be expected, other accusations were brought at the same time against the Jews of Mentz, and a due amount of fines and confiscations followed—as might also be expected.

It is lamentable to see such scenes revived at the present day, in the face of all reason and justice. By the interposition of the more civilised portions of the Christian world, they have been put a stop to, however—let us hope not soon to be renewed. If occasion does require it, the British public may be encouraged to the same generous interference by having the folly and destructiveness of such prejudices in past times laid before them, as has been briefly done in the present sketch.

BENEVOLA; A TALE.*

THIS pleasant and instructive little volume opens with an account of Benevola, the last of the fairies, a being of supernatural character, but not exempt from human error. She is represented as stopping one evening in an English village, near a cottage occupied by one Martin, a labouring man. A sister of Mrs Martin, who had formerly made an imprudent marriage with a player named Collins, comes up the street, in great distress, with two children, and is kindly received by Mrs Martin and their common mother, who lives in the cottage, and is blind.

A storm takes place, and an alarm is communicated that John Martin, coming along the village street, had been struck by lightning. The feelings of the various parties need not be related. In a few minutes, Martin is borne into his cottage insensible, and laid on a bed, where for some time he gives no sign of life except a faint low breathing. At length "an exclamation from Mrs Martin brought her sister and farmer Mitchell to the bedside. Martin appeared to be restored in some measure to consciousness; he raised his hand, and passed it several times before his eyes, as if to remove something which obstructed his sight.

'All is dark,' he muttered to himself. 'If I could but see the light once again!—no night could be so black as this.' Mrs Martin leant fearfully over him. 'John,' she said, 'my own dearest husband, speak to me—but one word only—tell me how you feel.'

'Is that you, Ann? Bring a light; let me see you. Why do you keep me in the dark?' 'It is not dark, dear John; there are two candles burning in the room, beside the fire-light.' The wretched man sat up, and, stretching out his arms, said, in a hoarse and faltering voice, 'Bring the candles close to me—closer, closer still.'

His wife held them to his eyes.

'Ann, I cannot see. Why do you not hold them nearer?'

'Indeed, John, I should burn you if I put them nearer; they almost touch your face.' He sank back with a heavy groan. Many took the candles from her sister's trembling hands; and the farmer, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, said, in a quivering voice, which he in vain attempted to render firm, 'Cheer up, Martin, the doctor will soon be here, and, I warrant, will do something for you.' But Martin made no answer. He said once, 'My poor Ann!' and a little afterwards, 'What will become of my children!' These few words alone showed on what his thoughts were fixed.

The deep stillness which reigned in the cottage was only broken by the low suppressed sobs of Mrs Martin and her sister, or by the hasty tread and cheerful whistle of a returning labourer.

At length the sound of horses' feet was heard. Farmer Mitchell started up, and, after some conversation with the doctor at the door, returned with him into the room.

Dr Nugent sat down by the bed, and attentively examined Martin's eyes.

'Is there any hope?' faltered the old woman. Her daughters could not put the question: they saw the answer in his countenance.

The doctor shook his head, said that he feared the sight was quite gone, but desired that Martin might be kept quiet; and promising to call again the next day, he gently pushed by the farmer, who was standing with a fee ready in his hand, mounted his horse, and rode off.

The fairy was much grieved by the touching scene she had just witnessed; and slowly and thoughtfully resumed her journey, reasoning thus with herself:—'How will this family be supported in future? Their means of subsistence entirely depended on the industry of the father: of the fruits of that industry they are now deprived. They must be reduced to a state of absolute destitution, and this by no crime—by nothing which good conduct could have prevented; not from idleness, which exertion would have overcome; not from negligence, which prudence might have foreseen and guarded against. To the other sister it may be objected, that she caused her own misfortunes by an early and improvident marriage; and bitterly has she paid the penalty of her imprudence. Not so with this. And from whom will the now wretched family obtain relief? Not from the higher classes, I fear; not from the opulent and wealthy—but, if at all, from their immediate neighbours; from that class which, although the most willing, is the least capable of rendering assistance. How many similar cases may not now exist in this apparently flourishing country? Surely such misery is susceptible of alleviation at least, if not prevention; surely it should not be by the poor alone that the poor, in such circumstances, are supported. Yet thus it will be, without some direct and powerful intervention; for among all ranks of people there is greater sympathy expressed for, and more readiness shown, in relieving the misfortunes of each separate class, by the members of that class, than is found to exist in any class which is distinct from, or unconnected with it. This seems universal.'

After long pondering on these things, Benevola exclaimed, 'There ought to be a law providing adequate relief, at the common charge, in all cases of destitution, from whatever cause arising. Where entire support is not needed, occasional assistance might be given. When an industrious man is unable to support a large family, the rent of his cottage might be paid, or an allowance might be made for supporting some of his children; and in dear times, and during periods of scarcity, food and employment might be found for those who really want it. The funds requisite for such a measure of relief might be levied from all proprietors of land, or from all persons renting land, in a ratio corresponding to the interest they severally possess in such land, or to the rent they pay; and I will not rest until a law of this kind is framed, and carried into effect in "merrie England."'"

Benevola then proceeds to London, and, working by some occult means on the feelings of the prime minister of the day, succeeds in bringing about the establishment of a poor-law, based upon the principles above adverted to.

Returning after many years from the sunny south, she once more passed through England; "when curiosity induced her to direct her flight towards the village which she had previously visited, and where her sympathies had been so powerfully excited.

It was no longer in the contented and apparently flourishing condition in which she had first seen it. The windows of most of the cottages were broken, and stuffed with rags; the walls were cracked and stained in many places by the weather, and the thatch was overgrown with long rank grass; the street, likewise, was broken into puddles, and littered with half-eaten turnips and rotten cabbage-leaves. In other respects the village looked much the same, excepting that a large red brick building had started up opposite the apothecary's shop, and several additional alehouses had been established. Mrs Martin's cottage had fared as the rest; the neat garden was destroyed, the flowers were dead, and sturdy thistles and wide-spreading docks and nettles flourished in their room.

A young woman stood at the open door, holding a dirty sickly-looking child in her arms; her gown was torn, and only fastened by a single pin, against which the child had just scratched its hand, and was crying aloud with pain, while its heedless mother stood watching the butcher's boy sweeping the week's accumulated dirt from his master's shop into the street.

The interior of the cottage was as comfortless as the exterior. A fire was burning in the rusty grate, but the hearth appeared never to have been swept. A ricketty table propped against the wall, a broken bench, a kettle, and a few wooden platters, were the only articles of furniture; and the floor was strewed with fragments of potatoes and greasy bread. In the middle of the room, upon a basket turned upside down, sat a man, his head hanging down, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground with a look of stupid sottish gravity. He was still young, but frequent intoxication had enfeebled his constitution, and given an appearance of age as well as vacant inanity to his countenance.

At that moment a man turned the corner, and came slowly up the street: his ragged dress and emaciated frame bespoke poverty and want. Whilst still at some distance, the woman called out to him, with a loud laugh, 'Well, Cousin Collins, which d'ye think is best paymaster now, farmer Grogan, or the parish?'

The man attempted to pass her without replying, but she took hold of his arm, and repeated her question. He then raised his eyes, and said, 'Farmer Grogan is not to blame; he would not have turned us off if he could have helped it; but the rates came so heavy upon him, that he could not afford to pay them, and give us full wages; so he was forced to take on the parish men, although he said he knew he should lose by it, for they did little more work than they liked themselves, and that badly, because they did not depend on him for their wages, but on the parish.'

'But I say, Collins,' continued the woman, 'what's the good, I want to know, of being the best workman, and the most industrious and sober man in the parish? What have you got by it? You are half-starved now, and will have to come on the parish at last. Why, here's Sall Mansfield and her husband—they get a shilling a-week for each of their children, and their rent is paid, though you and I know that he earns ten shillings a-week wages. He wasn't half

* London: Charles Knight. 1840.

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as well off before he came on the parish, for he was a lazy workman, and none of the farmers would employ him: but now they *must* find him in work, or support him and his family in idleness; so now you see he lives like a prince, with as much to eat as he likes, and plenty to spend in drink into the bargain.'

'He is an idle, drunken fellow,' said Collins, 'and his wife is no better. I wonder that you, Mary, keep company with such people.'

'Why,' said she, 'what's the use of holding one's head so high? You know, Mother Martin always declared it would break her heart to set foot inside a workhouse; and there she is living still, and as merry as possible.'

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mary Simmons, for talking in that way, when you know your mother almost starved herself to give you food, and worked like a slave, that she might send you to school and bring you up decently.'

'That's all very fine talking,' replied the woman, whom the fairy perceived to be Mrs Martin's daughter; 'but what was I to do with her, and two children of my own (which I had then) to support?'

'The parish made you an allowance for them, didn't it?'

'And so it ought,' replied Mary; 'I had as much right to it as the rest. However, I shan't waste my time in talking to obstinate people like you.' And, with a toss of the head, she returned into the cottage."

Collins goes home to a desolate hearth, a sickly wife, and dying child. He is in despair, and resolves to become, what his honest nature had long revolted from, a pauper. He goes to apply for relief, and, in his absence, his child expires through cold and hunger. Denied relief, he returns home half-frantic, finds his child dead, and curses the law which, by encouraging idleness, had deprived the industrious labourer of the reward due to his toil. Benevola, after witnessing these circumstances with grief, proceeds to the ale-house, where she sees men squandering on drink the allowances made to them by the parish to make up for their low wages, and to aid in supporting their children. "She saw that a reliance upon parish relief had destroyed the great principle of self-reliance and independent exertion; that it had blunted the finer feelings of our nature among the labouring population, and severed, or at least weakened, the social ties which unite the son to the father, the daughter to the mother. She became sensible that her mistake had been, not in affording relief to the destitute, but in giving it on too easy terms; in rendering relief too general and indiscriminate; and in not subjecting the asserted destitution of the claimant to some test to prove the reality of its existence.

She saw also that there was one other defect in the law which she had taken such pains to establish. It was therein declared that each parish should be compelled to support its own poor, and that each applicant should be relieved in the place in which he was born, or to which he belonged. Benevola had considered this a fair and equitable provision at the time, but she now perceived the injurious consequences it had produced; for no labourer would leave his own parish to seek for work elsewhere, as, in case of failure, it was there alone that he could obtain relief. The market for labour was thus necessarily contracted, and liable to great fluctuations.

Benevola found likewise, that it had apparently become the interest of the farmer to employ men who were in receipt of relief from the parish, instead of those who were not so favoured, as the former could afford to work for less wages, being in part supported out of the poor-rates, to which they naturally looked to make up all deficiencies. This of necessity disturbed the natural relations between the master and the labourer: the former had no longer an immediate interest in the welfare of his workmen; and the latter, suspicious of the farmer, and rendered in a great measure independent of him, by the portion of their wages which they received from the parish, became rude and surly in their manners, and idle and careless in their work; whilst the certainty of obtaining parish pay, in case of being out of employment, rendered them indifferent about the means of procuring it."

In short, Benevola becomes convinced that her first law was wrong, and she sets about the establishment of a new one, the main feature of which was, that the workhouse should be a test of destitution for the able-bodied. Having accomplished this object, she summers it again for some years in the south, but at length pays England another visit. Coming to the same village, she finds it in a better condition than even at first. The woodbines were growing as thickly as ever round Mrs Martin's cottage. "A labourer was about to unlatch the little garden-gate, when a gentleman on horseback rode up, and stopping opposite the cottage, called out, 'Good evening, Simmons. How have you arranged with farmer Greatrix?' The man touched his hat respectfully, and coming forward, said, 'Oh, thank your honour, pretty well at the last. Mr Greatrix was kind enough to say he would give me a trial; and after the first few months, he told me he was quite satisfied with me, and would take me on for the year.'

'But,' continued the gentleman, 'I want to know what effect the stopping of all parish pay, and the restriction of relief to the workhouse, has had on your condition. When the new law was passed, I was abroad, you know; and I want to learn all about its operation, and how you find that you are affected by it, from beginning to end.'

'Why, you see, sir,' said Simmons, 'settling his neckerchief, and twitching his coat-sleeves, proud of being thus questioned by a gentleman of so much consequence as Mr Hartland, 'when they first told us that no more relief was to be given out of the workhouse, all we who were in the habit of applying to the parish thought ourselves shamefully ill-used. A gentleman, and a member of Parliament, too, I believe, came down among us, and told us that we had as much right to support from the poor-rates as any lord in the land had to his estate. He said that we must take the law into our own hands, and do ourselves justice: that to separate man and wife, as was done in the workhouse, was against the Scriptures; in short, that government had neither the right, nor would it have the power, to carry such a law into execution, if we stood manfully up for our own privileges, as we ought to do. Well, sir, we all thought this very proper, and very fine—for he was a very clever gentleman, and talked away about our natural rights, and the Bible, and said that all men were made equal, and that the riches of a country lay in the labour of the people, and that the people ought to be served first, and have the power in their own hands—for a better than three hours; and his tongue was going all the while as fast as former Croft's mill in a high wind. But, somehow, we found that to break the law brought a punishment along with it; for when, according to his advice, we determined to smash the workhouse, and actually did break in the doors and windows, a party of soldiers was sent against us, and the most active amongst us were taken before the magistrates; and one, Tom Evans, was transported, and several of the rest were sentenced to imprisonment and the tread-wheel.

Well, sir, we didn't like this, you may be sure, and we then determined, one and all, to go into the workhouse when next they offered it to us; for we thought that it would never hold us all, and that then they would be obliged to return to the old custom of giving us parish allowance out of the house. But when the day came—it was on a Monday that relief was first refused—only one-half of us went in; I was among them; the rest got frightened and slunk off, leaving us floored.

However, we didn't remain in long, and were mostly out before the end of the first week; for we found that the old and the new workhouses were very different, and the guardians weren't to be frightened as the old overseer was. The farmers, too, after this offered us fair wages, and we all gradually fell to working again, and have continued so ever since; and we are now, I think, happier and better off than we were before, as we are employed regularly the whole year round; for a farmer can always find something to be done rather than turn his men off in the winter, especially when he knows that he would have to support them in the workhouse till spring comes round again; and that then he might not find them when he wanted them.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, with a smile, 'I am glad that you have thus found out the evils of the old, and the benefit of the new, poor-law. But did the farmers give you higher wages afterwards, on the lowering of the rates?'

'Why, no, sir, not exactly that, I think, although they ought to have done so; but then they have employed us constantly all the year round, which, you know, comes to much the same thing in the end.'

'And what has become of Dick Mansfield? Has he been poaching again?' said the gentleman. 'He has not been before me since my return.'

'Oh, sir, he and his wife shipped themselves off for America, and I'm sure the parish is well rid of them, at any rate.'

'And John Cole, and Sam Evans—what has become of them?'

'Why, Sam Evans died of a fever, brought on by drinking. His wife, you know, sir, was a tidy, industrious young woman. Well, we did not like her to go into the workhouse; so, with the help of some of the neighbouring gentry, we clubbed and bought her a mangle; and she and her family are now doing well. Cole has turned a tee-totaller, and is become very sober and industrious.'

'And where is your wife's mother—is she still in the workhouse?'

'Old Mrs Martin, your honour means. Oh, no, sir; the guardians said we must pay something towards her support, so we thought we might as well have her at home again. Poor old creature! I thought she would have died of joy before she got over the threshold; and my wife and me, we cried like a couple of children. And then she is so useful with us—she knits all the stockings, and better and faster than e'er a one in the village; and teaches the children, who are as fond of her as possible; and when my wife and me want a bit of good advice, we always go to Mother Martin: so now we would as soon go there ourselves, as send her into the workhouse.'

'There is one other family I want to ask you about—the Collinses,' said the gentleman.

Simmons shook his head, as he answered, 'We are all very fond of Collins, poor fellow; and the farmers always give him the lightest jobs to do. But he'll never be the man he was, sir; he has a bad cough at times, and nothing seems to cure him. Mrs Collins, poor thing, does all she can, but she's very sickly herself.'

The gentleman sighed, and after a short pause, said, 'Have you anything in the savings' bank?'

'Oh yes, sir, I've a matter of ten pounds; and I am in the labourer's sick-club, too, and my eldest boy and girl attend the new school.'

'I am glad to hear it. Good evening, Simmons.'

'Good evening, sir. I hope Mrs Hartland and the young ladies are pretty well.'

'Quite well, thank you.' And Mr Hartland rode on.

The fairy followed Simmons to the door of his cottage, and, as he entered, concealed herself in her old hiding-place.

A neatly-dressed good-looking woman was standing by an old-fashioned round oak-table, upon which stood a tea-tray, with some gay-coloured cups and saucers. She was busily occupied in cutting substantial slices of bread and butter, and upon Simmons's entrance she looked up and smiled, saying, as she poured some water into the teapot, 'What has kept you so long, Will, this evening? I fear the "Hen-and-Chickens" was too tempting for you.'

Simmons laughed at this mention of the 'Hen-and-Chickens,' to which, in former times, he had been too apt to resort, and explained the cause of his delay: then, taking the youngest child in his arms, he tossed it almost up to the ceiling, making the little thing laugh and crow with delight.

The elder children were gathered round their grandmother's knee: she was telling them a story; and it must have been a very interesting one, not only from the attentive and breathless eagerness of her little auditors, but even the old woman's knitting lay neglected in her lap, and her black-rimmed spectacles had been taken off, in order to give additional impressiveness to her tale. In the nicely-plaited cap and clean printed handkerchief, Benevola recognised Mrs Martin's tidiness of attire, as well as her mild intelligent expression of features in the old woman's face.

The fairy then passed on to the next cottage.

Close to the window sat a thin delicate-looking woman. She was working, and her needle seemed almost to fly through the cloth, so quickly did her fingers move. A little girl was sweeping up the hearth, and another 'wee todling thing' was trying to climb upon its mother's knee. There was an expression of patient sadness on her countenance, which told of past sufferings: but the smile which lighted up her worn features, as she stooped to kiss the rosy, laughing little urchin, seemed sweeter from its sorrow.

Uncertain, at first, whether it was indeed Mary Collins, the fairy leant forward to obtain a better view of the woman, who had again bent over her work; when hearing a step behind her, she turned, and saw Collins himself coming slowly up the little garden. His cheek was slightly flushed; but the anxious expression of his eye, and his feeble step, betokened ill health. Want, grief, and disappointment, had sown the seeds of a disease which was now fast hurrying him to an early grave.

Benevola sighed; and as soon as Collins had entered his cottage, continued her progress through the village, where everything wore an appearance of peace and comfort.

The kindly feelings between the master and the labourer had once more taken root; the money, before employed, in the shape of poor-rates, in encouraging idleness, now went to increase production. Wages had generally risen, and employment had certainly increased, on the abolition of the old law—the farmer finding it more conducive to his interests to employ a greater number of labourers on his land, and to give them higher wages, than to support them in the workhouse; whilst the labourer, depending on the farmer for his wages, found his advantage in industry and good conduct.

It is true that, in seasons of scarcity, privation must in some degree be experienced by all, and of course most heavily by the poorer classes, in consequence of the raised price of provisions: but an increase of price, if caused by a diminution of the usual supply, is, perhaps, the only means by which extreme distress can be averted; for, unless the quantity of food consumed be early reduced, the stock would be exhausted before the period for the new crop arrived, and the people, in the latter part of the season, would be left wholly without food. No human law can prevent these variations in the supply of the necessaries of life, or guard against the distress which they occasion. This can only be done by individual effort, care, and foresight; and hence the importance of industrious and provident habits in a people.

The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the grey sombre clouds of evening were gradually encroaching on the glowing west, when Benevola sprung from the earth, and once more directed her flight towards her native skies. The buoyant air seemed to bear her onward without effort; a radiant smile was on her lips, and her clear dark eye shone with more than usual lustre, as she paused to take a last look at the village, where she had at first unintentionally been the means of doing so much harm—and afterwards, when tutored by experience, of effecting so much good."

The object of this tale, as the reader will have perceived, is to delineate, in a fictitious form, the comparative characters of the old and new poor-laws of

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England. That the task is executed with taste, spirit, and feeling, the reader will have become equally well aware. Another and larger part of the volume is devoted to a similar view of the condition of Ireland before and since the introduction of the poor-law. We heartily recommend "Benevola" to public attention.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

It has been very striking, on some recent occasions, how completely both the Americans and French misunderstand the British. Any one who reads Thiers's History of the French Revolution—the only book which gives us any idea of the *French* feelings on that subject, at the time and since—will be satisfied that the great war of 1793 took its rise in a similar misunderstanding of British notions and feelings by the French people, and *vice versa*. On all such occasions, Nation A supposes Nation B to be animated by similar feelings to what it feels would animate itself in like circumstances; it supposes Nation B to have views and objects similar to its own; it imagines Nation B to contemplate every thing in that same light which arises from its own idiosyncracy or peculiarity of mental constitution. Now, the fact is, that Nation B has different feelings, objects, and ways of considering things, from Nation A altogether; and Nation A is therefore under a complete mistake. The mistake is usually mutual, and hence the two nations are said, quite truly, to *misunderstand* each other.

It becomes a curious question, if, since nations have each a peculiar mental organisation, it be *possible* that they can ever thoroughly understand each other. It is our belief that nations so different as the French and British, never will fully do so, though serious quarrels may nevertheless be avoided through the influence of the more rational on both sides, and time and increased intercourse may do much to enable them to see some important matters in the same light.

In nations there are parties, such as our Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, and sets of people, such as those we call the religious world, the fashionable world, the sporting world, &c.—all of whom are different from each other in mental organisation and acquired habits of thinking and feeling, just as nations are. If any one candidly inquires into the characters of these various parties and sets, he will find them all respectively attributing to each other views, objects, and ways of regarding things, which are respectively disclaimed, and which, in all cases, arise almost solely from peculiarities in the imputing parties themselves: he will find, in short, that they all misunderstand each other, exactly as nations do. Here, also, we do not see how any thing but mutual misunderstanding to a certain extent can be expected, considering that the parties are naturally so different that they never can see any one thing in exactly the same light.

To come down into private life. Some individuals are as diverse from each other as nations or parties. Constituted differently at the beginning, and trained throughout life to different convictions and different habits of feeling, they appear as if they had scarcely any one point of character in common. The simplest case presented to their understandings, is taken up by them quite differently, each considering it under the influence of his own governing sentiments, and each therefore coming to his own particular conclusion. When persons so diversely charactered are by any chance brought together, five minutes will not elapse before they are at loggerheads, unless they be both alike so much under the influence of the conventional rules of society as to put a disguise and a restraint on all they think and feel. It is utterly impossible that such persons, if much in each other's company, can avoid falling into what are called misunderstandings: their nature admits of no other result.

Is there any thing to give uneasiness to a benevolent mind in these speculations? Rightly regarded, we would hope there is not. The diversity in the characters of nations, parties, and individuals, is a natural institution, intended, we may be well assured, for ends upon the whole good. Instead of denying its existence or explaining away its results, let us look it straight in the face, and endeavour to make the best of it. Misunderstandings, it is scarcely necessary to observe, are constantly taking place, whether we think them avoidable or not. In regarding them as unavoidable under certain circumstances, it appears to us that we are just making the first step towards an improved course of conduct respecting misunderstandings. Suppose nations were fully aware how natural it is for them to misjudge each other, each would surely have reason to be more cautious in taking up the proceedings of the opposite party in an offensive light. "Ah, poor nation A," B might say, "that is just its way—always supposing its honour called in question, when no one is so much as thinking of it!" So, instead of whipping out Bilbo also, B keeps quite quiet, and the wrath of A soon going off, all is well again. The acknowledgment of this truth might also serve as a powerful reason for one nation abstaining from interference with the social or political arrangements of another. So little prepared as each must be to comprehend the likings, tendencies, and needs of another, how can it be presumed that any one is fitted to dictate to another in any thing? Did parties see that it is a decree of nature which ranges them under different dogmas, and sends them into different fields of speculation and amusement, they would see less to be offended with in each other. Individuals might in the same way agree to differ, as the Hibernian said, or come to an amicable understanding that they were not made to be friends, instead of persisting in a vain attempt to be harmonious, which only produced the greater discord. In short, by seeing the matter in this philosophical light, there would be far less of real misunderstanding between both large bodies of men and individuals, than what at present exists.

DIFFICULTY OF BECOMING GREAT.

Bacon speaks of one's having children, as giving hostages to fortune that he will never do any thing great. Perhaps the mere burden of a family is less obstructive of great actions, than the force of opinion and remark which every man more or less finds bearing upon him from relations and neighbours. This judging power, which every man sits under, is of great effect in repressing absurdities and preventing errors; but it also operates to an immense extent in chilling generous ambition and frustrating gallant enterprises. Many a man continues little, because of the tremendous battery of ridicule and blame which he knows would be opened all round him if he were to make the least effort to be great. Even the inclination to attain to superior mental cultivation and refinement of manners, is checked by the sneers of those who choose to continue ignorant and rude. It often, indeed, appears hard to say whether this private kind of public opinion which surrounds all men, does most good by maintaining a certain tolerable standard of conduct, or harm by so often repressing the tendencies of individuals to better things.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

At an early hour in the morning, and before railways were established, a gentleman arrived in a post-chaise and four at Winchester, on the road from Southampton to London. Having obtained fresh horses, he proceeded without a moment's delay; and had scarcely left the inn door when another carriage, from the same direction, with a single individual in it, drove up.

There was something in the countenance of this person, whose complexion indicated long residence in a warmer climate than that of England, which showed anxiety and the contemplation of some important subject; nor did the waiter fail to notice in one of the pockets of his chaise, when it stopped at the inn door, from which the other traveller had just started, either a case of silver-mounted pistols, or some instruments resembling those deadly weapons.

The first traveller, who had obtained a glance at the other, appeared considerably disconcerted, and immediately desired his post-boys to drive as fast as possible. He was obeyed, and reached Papinlane in a very short time; here he changed horses, and proceeded in the same rapid manner; and was congratulating himself on his progress, when, to his surprise, he perceived at a turn of the road, about a mile behind him, a chaise which he conjectured to contain the same person who had so nearly overtaken him at the first stage, and whom he supposed to be at least four miles in his rear.

"This is most vexatious," said he; "after all my efforts, I shall be too late! I must move faster." But he had on this part of his journey to deal with a steady, solemn kind of postilion on the near wheeler, who, having terribly overworked his horses during the preceding month of the Ascot races, and justly considering that ten miles an hour was now a very fast pace for them, was deaf to the traveller's earnest solicitations for increased speed.

The gentleman threatened—that had no effect; coaxed, but in vain. Jem shook his head; grunted out that "The roads never vent no vorser nor 'eavier for 'orses." The passenger showed gold between his forefinger and thumb. The drivers both declared, like honest and humane men, such as are rarely met in similar circumstances, that "they vouldn't hilltreat their cattle."

The traveller inside became agitated, and doubled his offered bribe for a gallop. "I vont kill my 'orses," said Jem, indignantly, "for hany money."

The gentleman threw himself backwards in despair; after a moment or two he leaned forward, put out his head, and then put it in again—seemed to labour with some oppressive secret, which he was about to impart. "Will you," said he, in a voice almost inarticulate from his earnestness—"*will you then drive to save a man's life?*"

The postboys looked back at him for an instant. He was evidently in extreme anxiety; his whole heart and soul were engaged in the object which had occasioned his journey; and now that they were informed of an adequate cause for haste, they became at once alive to its necessity. "Yes," pursued the gentleman, who saw at once the sensations he had happily produced, "if I am not with the high-sheriff of the city of London this day at one o'clock, an innocent man will be hanged."

"A man hanged!" rejoined Jem, tickling the flank of his horse with his only spur; "a man's life against 'orse flesh hany day. I'm blowed but ve'll make the cattle go if hits hin 'em."

And they did go at a frightful rate. Had an axle broken, a wheel come off, or any collision occurred with another vehicle, the results would probably have been most disastrous; and even the breaking of a trace, or the stumbling of a foundered horse, might have rendered all their efforts unavailing to save the life of the poor convict, now poised, as the drivers had been told in such a critical and appalling state of peril. It was altogether a *mad* hour of intense and absorbing interest.

As they entered on a common, Jem's hat was blown off by a gust of wind. He hastily pulled up a little, for he had a regard for the beaver independently of its value, and looked significantly at the traveller, who was counting minutes, as if he would have said—"May I get down and pick it up?" "No, no," quickly and decidedly said the other; "here, take mine."

Jem's head was encased in the new envelope; he was quite satisfied, and drove manfully to Basinstoke, where there was a solitary post-house.

"Turn out four posters instantly," roared the gentleman. "How many pair have you at home?" inquired he, breathlessly, of the head hostler.

"Five pair, sir."

He paused a moment. "Let a chaise and four start this moment before me to Hartley Wintney; turn out another chaise and four for myself; and let the remaining pair go with another chaise instantly to Papinlane, and remain there until evening. Can any other horses be obtained here or near us?" "No, sir!" replied the hostler in astonishment, thinking that the supply was already quite sufficient for any individual traveller.

"All right," said the gentleman; who, having first seen that the chaise and pair was dispatched in a gallop on the Papinlane road, and the two four-horse chaises ready (and all this was effected in five minutes), jumped into one of them, and, preceded by the other, dashed off at a furious rate.

The information had been passed from Jem and his comrade to the fresh postboys, that a man's life depended on their driving, and that the fees were munificent. This stage was run with speed accordingly. "Out with four horses immediately," was the order again issued and obeyed with promptitude at Hartley. The second chaise, however, was allowed to stop—and why that unoccupied carriage had been driven there as a pioneer to that in which the traveller sat alone, was a mystery to every one in the village who had witnessed its entrée, and especially to the postilions, who could not comprehend why the strange gentleman should have ordered it out in such a hurry, and paid them so liberally, for no apparent object—for what had the life of the condemned man to do with the movements of the empty chaise?

The mystery was not solved by the supposition that it had been sent for a physician, surgeon, accoucheur, or eloping lady; nor did it contain even a case of duelling pistols, nor any thing that could have furnished a solution of the cause for which it had been rattled along at such a desperate rate; nay, the puzzle was increased by the information of the postboys, that a third chaise, without a passenger to occupy it, had been dispatched by the same party in all haste back to Papinlane.

The door was again closed, the order to drive on repeated, and the gentleman within, amidst endless speculations, rolled away as before.

The most probable conjecture was, that the poor gentleman was deranged in his intellects, and under some hallucination had engaged the post-carriages, and driven so furiously. Yet, as he paid so very liberally for his unaccountable whim, and had sufficient cunning to detect any imposition practised to keep back any of the horses, no attempt was made to oppose his extraordinary proceedings.

The excitement of the gentleman, from whatever source originated, was rather increased than diminished when he jumped from the chaise into a cab, and approached the city along the Strand. The interposition of obstacles of every kind at Temple Bar and Ludgate Street was, in the state of his mind, intolerable, and he could have cried with vexation as his way was blocked up by rows of waggons and coaches.

Time pressed; he pulled the check string, and before the cabman could look about, was running along the Flagway in old Broad Street. The cabman roared after him—the traveller ran the faster—the hue and cry after the man without the hat increased—the pursued was rather fat and thick-winded, and was soon overtaken and collared by the pursuing police. In vain he expostulated, blustered, and proffered bribes; he threw his purse to the captors, told them to pay the cabman as much as they pleased, and assured them that he was Sir Benjamin Bustle, knight, alderman, and a city magistrate.

The policemen, who were lately nominated to that district of the city, and unacquainted with his person, very naturally disbelieved his assertion; and seeing him without his hat, and hearing the cabman, who had followed in their wake, declare that "the 'gemman' was honly unscrewed in the 'ead," were about to form the same conclusion, and conduct the prisoner to the nearest lunatic asylum, when, by one of those lucky coincidences which are not of frequent occurrence, a passer-by, known in the neighbourhood, recognised and identified the hurried and persecuted traveller as the real Sir Benjamin Bustle, and obtained his liberation.

The two gentlemen walked off arm in arm, and their first movement, through the noisy and laughing crowd,

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was to a hatter's shop, where Sir Benjamin—talking, however, earnestly the whole way to his friend—provided himself with a new hat, but with so much precipitation that it was unfitted to the head for which it was purchased.

His liberator seemed now as much disposed to rapidity of motion as the other: they both entered a carriage together, gave directions to the driver to stop at one or two houses, and then dismissed him.

The clock of one of the principal public edifices of the city had just struck four, as the friend of the traveller came out of the building with the jaunty step of one who had effected an important purpose. He was immediately met by Sir Benjamin Bustle, who whispered some question in his ear, to which the answer appeared most satisfactory, for the knight instantaneously exchanged his previous air of solicitude and doubt for that of self-satisfaction and quietude: as he walked alertly along with his friend, his brightened eye, rapid enunciation, animated action, and elastic step, as he seemed to detail the circumstances of his hurried journey, showed that he was at that moment a successful and happy man—he seemed at peace with all the world, and on especially good terms with himself.

If any close observer of the human character had marked his entire conduct and demeanour from the preceding evening at Southampton to the conclusion of his journey, and his present deportment, he would have felt certain that Sir Benjamin had been charged with an important mission of very difficult accomplishment, and that he had perfectly succeeded: he would readily have believed that the life of a fellow-creature—as intimated to the postboys—was the stake for which the indefatigable knight had run his rapid and anxious course. And the philanthropist would have honoured him for such exertions of a warm and active benevolence.

The facts, however, were these. Sir Benjamin Bustle had gone down in a stage-coach on the preceding day to Southampton, on some mercantile business: at the inn where he stopped was a gentleman who had just landed from Lisbon, and who was evidently too much debilitated by his voyage to proceed to London without a night's repose.

The travellers supped in the same room, and being both of the mercantile body, entered into conversation on commercial subjects; in the course of which an observation incautiously escaped from the Lisbon individual, which, if known on the Stock Exchange, would instantaneously produce a most influential effect upon the Portuguese funds, in which the London merchant had largely speculated, and in which the other also was deeply interested.

Sir Benjamin, being a very shrewd man, said nothing of his promptly formed resolution of starting at daybreak the next morning for the city, in order to have a new speculation in the Portuguese funds completed before the arrival of the other gentleman in town, or any possible communication from him by which the important intelligence could transpire before his own arrival.

Having at once perceived the bearings of the matter, he assumed an air of indifference, and avoided subsequent allusion to commercial subjects as much as possible; and, for the time, succeeded in satisfying the Portuguese trader that the importance of the disclosure he had unfortunately made had not been appreciated by his temporary companion; and, at all events, that there was no probability of the knight's going immediately to London, whence he had only that evening departed. Aware, however, of the vast importance of being himself in the metropolis, or communicating with his partners at the earliest possible hour next day, our Lisbon friend ordered a chaise to be ready at four o'clock in the morning, and departed at that hour precisely. His amazement, therefore, may be imagined, when he perceived that the carriage in advance of him at the first stage contained the portly and unmistakeable person of the alderman, whose movements now left no doubt of the real state of affairs.

This accounts for the race between the parties, and Sir Benjamin's apparent extravagance in engaging all the horses at Basinstoke in order to have them out of the way on the arrival of the foreigner, who could not in such a case overtake the other, who had fresh horses the whole way onwards, and the start of some minutes besides.

It has appeared that Sir Benjamin arrived critically in time for the attainment of his purpose. His available funds were applied by Mr Bankstock—a stockbroker, and the gentleman whom he so opportunely met in the street when detained by the police—according to the instructions given by Sir Benjamin, who felt assured (and the transactions of the next day proved that he was right) that by this knowledge of the circumstances which had occurred in Portugal at the departure of the merchant in a fast-sailing packet from Lisbon, he must in a few hours realise fifty thousand pounds.

He had unexpectedly derived the information on which the success of his speculation hinged, and taken advantage of it; and so far, perhaps, his conduct was not blameable in a worldly point of view, though his stratagem to prevent the progress of the rival speculator, and his pretence to the postboys of being employed on an errand of mercy, were unquestionably so. This, however, gave him little self-reproach, and he now congratulated himself on his exceeding cleverness in outwitting so many devoted fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Mammon.

Thousands of men, like Sir Benjamin Bustle, would travel far, and exert themselves to the utmost, to make the most of their pecuniary talents, who would not move fifty miles to save the soul or the body of a fellow-creature (supposing them to possess the power in each respect)—whose diligence in such a cause would be sloth, and whose solicitude would be apathy.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

SECTION OF CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

At this section, on the Saturday of the meeting, there was read an abstract of a report prepared and published by Professor Liebig, in consequence of a recommendation of the association, on the applications of organic chemistry in agriculture and physiology. The investigations of this foreign professor are of great value, opening up some new views of incalculable importance as to the nurture of plants, and promising to be of immense practical utility in the cultivation of the soil.

NEW CHEMICAL VIEWS RELATIVE TO AGRICULTURE.

The fertility of soils has hitherto been supposed to depend on a certain constituent in them, derived from the decay of former vegetables, and denominated *humus*. It was supposed that the carbon which goes so largely to the composition of plants, was derived from humus; in other words, that the same matter which constituted the carbon in plants of former years entered into the structure of new plants, and was thus used over and over again. The only modification of this view which physiologists admitted of, was, that the humus was first rendered soluble by lime, or the different alkalies found in the ashes of vegetables.

Mr Liebig has found all this to be incorrect and unsound. He has shown, from the known quantity of the alkalies in the ashes of plants, in relation to the carbon they contain, that only an insignificant fraction of the carbon could be derived from humus in this way. He has shown that humus, for its solution, requires no less than 2500 parts of water, an amount which all the rain that falls upon a field in the course of a year could not supply. Finally, he has shown that, even where large crops are annually carried from a field or meadow, the quantity of humus increases. The carbon of plants, he therefore argues, must be derived from other sources; and, as the soil does not yield it, *it can only be extracted from the atmosphere*. That small modicum of carbonic acid which is found in the composition of the common air, furnishes, he contends, the main part of all that vast amount of leguminous and farinaceous substance which is every year brought forth for the use of man and beast!

This opinion is not strictly new, but has never been fully appreciated by natural philosophers, partly in consequence of their imperfect knowledge of chemistry, and partly from certain objectionable experiments which were instituted by them to decide the point. Pure Carrara marble was pounded, seeds were sown in it, and sprinkled with carbonic acid water; but they did not thrive. The result was an inference against this theory. But Mr Liebig shews that several other conditions to the healthy growing of plants were wanting in these cases, particularly the presence of nitrogen and the earthy bodies which all plants contain.

Mr Liebig has inquired into the power which is really exerted on vegetation by humus. This substance, he finds, in its decay, is a continued source of *carbonic acid*, which it takes in from the atmosphere, and emits slowly. Tilling is useful as a means of allowing the atmosphere to get down to the humus, in order to impart to it carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of humus is the support of plants until they acquire leaves, which, becoming organs for extracting the same substance from the air, then supersede the necessity of that element being derived from another quarter. The *hydrogen* which also enters so largely into the composition of plants, is derived by them from water, decomposed, Mr Liebig thinks, under the action of solar light, and from which oxygen (its other element) is set free. He has established the fact that the third of the organic elements—*nitrogen*—is uniformly derived by plants from ammonia. Most unexpectedly, he has demonstrated that ammonia exists in a minute proportion in the atmosphere. It exists in plants themselves, forming the red and blue colours in flowers. It exists largely in manure of various kinds. Mr Liebig believes that manure only acts by the formation of ammonia. There are some other substances which have been observed to produce very favourable effects upon soils. Such is pounded gypsum (the stone from which plaster of Paris is formed). Such also are burned clay and powdered charcoal. It has hitherto been incomprehensible how these substances should have so fertilising an effect. In reality, they only act as a means of extracting ammonia from the atmosphere, ammonia being the medium by which nitrogen is imparted to plants. That nitrogen is thus extracted from the atmosphere, there is an indirect proof in the fact that it is found in lichens which grow upon basaltic rocks; also that our fields produce more of it than we have given them, and it exists in all kinds of soils and minerals which were never in contact with organic substances. It could only in these cases have been obtained from the atmosphere.

Plants contain certain varying, but always small proportions, of other and grosser substances, as demonstrated by their ashes. "Phosphate of magnesia, in combination with ammonia, is an invariable constituent of the seeds of all kinds of grasses. Plants also contain various organic acids, all of which are in combination with bases, such as potash, soda, lime, or magnesia. Of the different alkaline bases found in plants, Liebig finds reason to conclude, that any one may be substituted for another, the action of all being the same. But the number of equivalents of these various bases remains the same. The analysis of Bertherir and Saussure show that the nature of a soil exercises a decided influence on the quantity of different metallic oxides contained in the plants which grow upon it: that magnesia, for example, was contained in the ashes of a pine-tree, grown at Mont Breven, while it was absent from the ashes of a tree of the same species from Mont La Saile, and that even the proportion of lime and potash was very different. But although the composition of the ashes of these pine-trees was so very different, they contained an equal number of equivalents of metallic oxides; or, what is the same thing, the quantity of oxygen contained in all the bases was in both cases the same—being expressed by the number 9.01 in one case, and by 8.95 in another, a coincidence which had escaped the notice of the analyst himself. It is certain that particular acids exist in different vegetables, and are necessary to their life; some alkaline base is also indispensable, in order to enter into combination with the acids, which are always found in the state of salts.

The perfect development of a plant is therefore dependent on the presence of alkalies, or alkaline earths, and its growth is arrested when these substances are totally wanting, and impeded when they are only deficient. Hence it is, that of two kinds of tree, the wood of which contain unequal quantities of alkaline bases, one may grow luxuriantly in several soils upon which the other can scarcely vegetate. Thus 10,000 parts of oak-wood yield 250 parts of ashes, and the same quantity of fir-wood only 83 parts. Hence, firs and pines find a sufficient quantity of alkalies in granitic and barren sandy soils, in which oaks will not grow. Liebig supplies various additional illustrations of the influence of the alkaline metallic oxides on vegetation, amply sufficient to place beyond controversy these conclusions so important to agriculture and to the cultivation of forests. One of these may be quoted: a harvest of grain is obtained every thirty or forty years from the soil of the Luneburg heath, by strewing it with the ashes of the heath plants which grow on it. These plants, during the long period mentioned, collect the potash and soda from the decomposing minerals of the soil, which are conveyed to them by rain water; and it is by means of these alkalies that oats, barley, and rye, to which they are indispensable, are enabled to grow on this sandy heath.

The supposition of alkalies, metallic oxides, or organic matter in general, being produced by plants, is entirely refuted by such well-authenticated facts.

It is thought very remarkable, that those plants of the grass tribe, the seeds of which furnish food for man, follow him like the domestic animals. But none of our corn plants can bear perfect seeds, that is, seeds yielding flour, without a large supply of phosphate of magnesia and ammonia, substances which they require for their maturity. Hence these plants grow only in a soil where these three constituents are found combined, and no soils are richer in them than those where men and animals dwell together."*

We cannot here follow Professor Liebig into the applications which he makes of his discoveries to the purposes of the practical agriculturist; but these, we are assured, are of a most important kind.† In the mean time, the great truth seems now ascertained, that the soil is but an apparatus for elaborating vegetable substances out of the wind and water which fly around our globe. If we might be allowed a playful remark on such a subject, we would say that the old superstition of the chameleon living upon air is true after all, and true of all the other vertebrata, man himself included; only it is not upon air in its direct form that the multitudes of earth are fed, but upon matters drawn from it by a chemistry as subtle as it is sure in its working, and which affords a most striking illustration of the power of the Deity to work out the grandest ends from the most simple means.

A THIEVES' SOOTHSAYER IN MANCHESTER.

The public are not perhaps aware how much it is the custom in Manchester for young delinquents, before committing any offence, to consult some dealer in the "black art" as to the chances of their escape, or detection and punishment. A striking instance of this practice recently occurred in the case of a youth, who being apprehended in the act of committing a felony, declared that it was not his fault, or from any want of dexterity on his part, that he had been apprehended, but that it was his fate; for that Alexander the astrologer had predicted that he (the delinquent) would succeed in three thefts, and be taken in the fourth attempt, and

* Newspaper report.

† We gladly make reference to the volume in which Professor Liebig's investigations have been published. Taylor and Walton: London.

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that so it had turned out. Alexander being immediately apprehended by the police, was found with all the symbols of the "occult science" upon him; but he denied having any knowledge of these, and from some defect in the evidence against him, he was acquitted. This man (who is held in great reverence and fear by the young thieves in Manchester) is about sixty years of age, and has been for many years one of the greatest pests in the town.—*Neale's Juvenile Delinquency in Manchester.*

EASTERN SPORTS.

THE dedication of "Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands," a little work which has just passed through the press, is so extremely characteristic of the spirit which pervades its whole contents, as to be worthy of quotation:—"To his best and earliest friend, to the friend of the British seaman, and the pride of his profession, to 'Old' *Charley* Napier, C.B., Count Cape St Vincent, &c. &c., is dedicated this first production from the pen of his attached and grateful admirer, the author." It is proper to observe that this author, who so familiarly addresses the restorer of the Portuguese monarchy, is his near relative, Major E. Napier.* The style of the inscription would lead the reader to expect something lively and entertaining in the narrative which it prefaces, and in this respect he will not be disappointed. The major is a gallant soldier, fond of adventure, and abundantly stored with animal spirits—so much so, that they ooze from his pen at every page; and the "sports that mimic war," which he seems to have pursued with uncommon zest, afford him an abundance of incidents on which to build a lively and attractive narrative.

India was the chief scene of our soldier's recorded adventures. We shall begin our extracts with a scene from our author's eastern sports, which will probably amuse the reader as much as it has done us. "Whilst on the subject of dogs, I cannot forbear mentioning a pack which we attempted to set on foot, and which, from the variety of curs of which it was composed, went by the name of the *Bauberyt* Hunt. Our ambition did not extend beyond bagged foxes and jackals; however, on one occasion, after circulars had been issued to all the members of the Baubery, stating the time and place of meeting, no fox was to be had for love or money; we were completely *nonplussed*. At last a brilliant idea struck me: I sent my servant to the bazaar, with directions to catch a dog that bore the greatest resemblance to a jackal; he returned with an animal certainly in shape not unlike what we wanted, but not at all tallying in colour, our captive being perfectly white. It was, however, too late to replace him; our only plan was to *disguise* him as best we might. There happened to be some red paint at hand; we set immediately about his toilet, and no lady ever applied rouge with more effect: in five minutes he looked so beautiful that his mother would not have known him. But it was not in the power of paint to change the shape of his tail; therefore, having supplied ourselves with the brush of a defunct jackal, we cunningly fitted this to his spanker-boom with sundry pieces of whipcord; and putting the finishing touch to his dress by anointing him with oil of aniseed, he was carefully deposited in a sack, placed on the shoulders of a horse-keeper, and conveyed to a bit of jungle about a quarter of a mile from the meeting place, and four or five from the cantonment.

We mustered on that day a strong field; it was, moreover, cloudy, and promised good scent. Ten minutes' law was allowed to the 'painter;' the dogs were then put on his track, and went off full cry. Every one swore it was likely to be the best run we had yet had. I—n, an old Yorkshire breakneck, was in ecstacy. 'There he goes,' cried he, as we viewed the brute, 'there he goes! A fine fellow he is, and what a pace he keeps up! But hold hard, gentlemen; don't ride over the dogs.' I—n was the oracle of the hunt, and the *parry* was put down as a jackal of the first water. At first his long legs had the best of our little mongrel terriers, but their bottom soon began to tell. We were now running in view; and as we gained on him, several of the knowing ones began to be sadly puzzled; for although the paint was good paint, and had moreover been laid on thick, it was not entirely proof against bushes and water, and a piece of swampy ground we had just crossed had done a great deal towards softening the tints. To make short of a long story, the poor *parry* died the death amidst shouts of merriment from all who witnessed his *rouge* and false feathers. I said *all* who saw the fun—but no; there was *one*, our oracle, who did not enjoy the joke: he said it was a boyish trick, withdrew his patronage, and never more risked his reputation by joining the 'Baubery Hunt.'"

Those extraordinary creatures called adjutants, birds of great size which serve as scavengers for the barracks at Calcutta, seem to afford infinite amusement to the officers stationed there. Major Napier records the following incident, told by one of his companions, respecting these huge, gluttonous birds:—"Wishing to carry on my experiments with the adjutants, I enticed a favourite little Blenheim lap-dog, belonging to one of the ladies of the family, into the square, in view of the adjutants. The latter appeared at first undecided what course to pursue, a real Blenheim being a delicacy to which they had probably not been accustomed. In the mean time, the poor little dog, nothing abashed at the attention bestowed upon him, was sauntering carelessly and fearlessly along, as he might, under similar circumstances, have done at home, in a barn-yard well stocked with turkeys and fowls. At this moment, a huge adjutant gravely approached, and only moving the muscles of his countenance to yawn destruction on the unhappy little animal, took him quietly up, and the next moment he disappeared down the deep abyss opened to receive him. A piercing shriek warned me, in my place of concealment, that other eyes had beheld the metamorphosis of the dog into a 'swallow.' The next instant, a fair form, with dishevelled locks, was rushing across the square; but 'twas too late. The adjutant majestically soared aloft, and I beheld him alight on the highest pinnacle of a distant building, where, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief,' he leisurely and complacently appeared to await the progress of digestion."

But we are in a measure wasting time, for we imagine that our gallant soldier's adventures with animals of a more dangerous stamp than dogs and adjutants constitute the cream of his book. First, for a tiger-scene. "We thus (says the major, speaking of an excursion) sauntered carelessly along, until, as we approached the rock, an object attracted our attention which put us on the *qui vive;* it was the carcass of a sheep nearly devoured, and that recently. This smelt rather *tigerish*, particularly as the underwood at the foot of the rock was extremely thick and tangled, affording likely covert for a beast of prey; we therefore proceeded cautiously. Nothing, however, particularly fixed our attention until we had nearly reached the summit: here, on a ledge of granite overlooking a chasm many feet in depth, and in front of an aperture in the rock, we saw a quantity of tiger's hair, as if he had been in the habit of basking there in the sun. We resolved, therefore, to lie in ambush immediately above the fissure, which we supposed to be his den, and patiently await until he should emerge, when we might get a shot at him within a few feet, and before he could be aware of our presence.

But in this world the best concerted plans are liable to be frustrated. We had not been ten minutes in our position, when, instead of coming, as we expected, from under our feet, and allowing us to take him in the rear, a slight rustling in the bushes immediately in front of us was followed by a noble royal tiger, advancing most majestically along the ledge of rock. At first, he did not perceive us, and we allowed him to approach a few paces: he then looked up, viewed us, and made a dead stop. Not a second was to be lost; he was within twelve yards, and a single bound would have sent at least one of the party to eternity. We both fired instantaneously, and both with effect: he reared himself up on his hind legs, as if to make a forward bound, fell back, and rolled headlong into the abyss below. My ball had hit him between the eyes; G——'s had struck him in the loins.

I know not how *he* found himself; but I must confess that, although my hand was steady enough when I fired, after the business was over, and I was again proceeding to load, it felt *unkimmon* tremulous, much as if I had had a glass 'de trop' overnight. As to the poor devil of a black fellow who had accompanied us, he was a perfect chameleon, his polished black phiz being transmogrified into an ashy blue."

On another occasion, the major, when sporting alone, met and shot a large bear. He must have been in great peril, but he speaks of the affair as coolly as if he had been shooting snipes. Having heard of a most destructive bear, he sallied out with an old (and comparatively inefficient) native attendant, "determined, in spite of rocks and briers, to penetrate into the heart of his stronghold, and beard the lion in his very den; but in so doing I had to encounter a thousand difficulties, for, after proceeding some distance up the hill, I was often obliged to creep along on all fours through this intricate mass. I had just emerged from this awkward position, followed by Chennoo, when, at the turn of a rock, a large bear appeared within ten paces. The brute was advancing very slowly, and looking up in my face with the most ludicrous gravity, which I soon put an end to by giving him my left barrel through the head, whereupon the facetious monster rose capering on his hind legs; bang went No. 2 barrel, and over rolled friend Bruin, apparently lifeless. Immediately from the spot whereon he lay extended, arose a din which might have awakened the dead. For an instant I was taken quite aback, but soon recollected it to be a second edition of the music I had heard some days before from the top of the rock; and hastening to ascertain the cause, to my surprise I beheld two young cubs, holding on like sick monkeys by the long and shaggy coat of their prostrate dam, and roaring most lustily. I had no idea of letting the youngsters slip through my fingers; so running up, I laid hold of each by the *scruff* of the neck, and attempted to drag them off their maternal hold. In the mean time, the old lady, who apparently had only been in a trance, feeling something unusual going on, with an effort recovered her legs, and began with one fore-paw to wipe away the blood and brains which were trickling over her eyes and obscuring her visual organs. Luckily Chennoo, who carried my spear and rifle, was at hand, and, applying the muzzle of the latter to her ear, I settled her instanter. The young bears were carried off to our cantonment."

It would be difficult to have a fair conception of the amount of courage requisite to perform such an act as the following, with which Major Napier closes his sporting scenes:—"Before dismissing for ever these raw-skull-and-bloody-bone tales of tigers (a name which an old Indian is now almost ashamed to pronounce), I must relate one of the most daring and successful attempts at *muzzling* a man-eater to be met with in sporting annals.

On the high road between Madras and Hyderabad, and about sixty miles from the latter, is a small place called Nelcondah, situated in a narrow pass between two high hills. In the beginning of 182–, a tiger took up his residence in the abandoned old fort which crowns one of these eminences, and committed almost daily depredations on the numerous travellers passing on that much-frequented road. He at last carried his audacity to such a pitch, as to walk off in broad daylight with an officer's servant from the midst of a party of sepoys. On arriving at Secunderabad, his master, who was much attached to the poor fellow from having had him long in his service, related the circumstance, and Captain W——, of the commissariat, determined on avenging his death.

W—— ..... but why should I attempt any mystery in relating as gallant an action as was ever performed by a stanch votary of Nimrod? And such was Whistler, who will not, I am sure, feel annoyed in seeing his name recorded where it so well deserves a place. Well, then, Whistler, who was no novice at this sort of work, immediately started off to the scene of action with a couple of friends. On arriving at Nelcondah, scouts were placed on the look-out, one of whom shortly announced that he had discovered the retreat of the tiger, and led the party towards the top of the hill. Here, amidst a chaos of large rocks, he pointed to a deep chasm, at the end of which was a recess, where he said the animal had retired. It was, however, impossible to get sight of him without first dropping down a height of sixteen or eighteen feet into the den below, from which there was no retreat. Whistler hesitated not, took the fearful leap, and, fortunately alighting on his feet, saw the monster quietly reposing at the farther end of the den. He gave him no time to rise, but, with the quickness of thought, levelling his rifle, sent a ball through his brain, and extended him lifeless on the spot."

The volumes of Major Napier may be safely recommended to the general reader, as forming one of the very liveliest records of personal adventure lately produced from the press. The writer is of the clay from which our Clives and Nelsons were made; and it is impossible not to admire the spirit which leads such as he, in the absence of opposing foes of their own species, to expend their adventurous energies on contests with grizzly bears and Bengal tigers, the more dangerous adversaries, often, of the two.

* Scenes and Sports, &c., by Major E. Napier, 46th Regiment. In 2 vols. Henry Colburn: London.

† *Baubery* means noise or disturbance of any kind.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DRUNKEN SEA.

AN amusing and well-written allegory, by Dr James Henry of Dublin, under the above whimsical title, has lately been issued in the form of a small pamphlet, and we doubt not will assist the temperance movement in Ireland. We beg to offer our readers a few extracts from this Swift-like satire on intemperance:—

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea from the beach of Soberland, where you take shipping, as far as Point Just-Enough. The clear and smooth water is scarcely so much as rippled by the light breeze which wafts from the shore the fragrance of a thousand flowers. No mist ever broods upon the water, no cloud overcasts the soft blue sky. The glorious image of the sun by day, the silvery face of the moon by night, are nowhere seen to so much advantage as in the mirror of Pleasant Bay, for so this part of the Drunken Sea has been most appropriately named. The current being always towards Point Just-Enough, and the wind, if you can apply that name to the gentle breath which no more than fills your sails, always in the same direction, the passage is so smooth and easy that it not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himself close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of porter hogsheads, or wine pipes, or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing boats these vessels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage every where, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers, than those which are used by the poor. Besides the fares, there are certain tolls payable by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the imperial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the expense which is thus necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it, exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessaries. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessaries for the rich man's voyage as well as their own.

The voyage to Point Just-Enough becomes more and more agreeable the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more soft and balmy, the blue of the

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sky and water still more delicious, and even the sombre objects of Soberland, now somewhat in the distance, seem to acquire a certain mellowness and splendour from the new medium through which they are seen. In the mean time, a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; they experience an agreeable sensation of warmth, commencing at the pit of the stomach, and gradually extending from thence over the whole body; their pulse beats quicker and stronger; their breath acquires an agreeable odour, not unlike that of the sea on which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; their cheeks flush a little; their hands are sensibly warmer to the touch; their looks and gestures become animated; they feel increased strength and courage, and readiness for action; their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will; they regard themselves with more complacence, their neighbours with more charity; gentlemen become less solicitous about the seat of their cravats; ladies, of their caps and collars: all become less serious; less disposed to deliberate; less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty; less scrupulous about right and wrong; less tight-laced; not so very sober; more gay, good-humoured, frolicsome, frivolous; more inclined to singing, jesting, and light conversation; more voluble, energetic, eloquent; more ready to tell secrets, either of their own or their neighbours; more inclined to quarrel suddenly.

All voyagers to Point Just-Enough agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself: some say that it is farther off, others that it is nearer; some that it lies more to the north, others more to the east; many assert that it recedes as you approach it, while some maintain that it moves forward, and comes to meet you before you have more than half crossed Pleasant Bay.

The voyage homewards from Point Just-Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outwards; the air gradually loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colours; the current and wind, too, although gentle, yet being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience, as they return, some diuretic effect, as well as a slight degree of thirst, the latter of which continues after landing, and even until bed-time, unless removed by tea or coffee. The night's sleep is less soft and refreshing, but at the same time heavier than if no visit had been paid to the Point in the day; and on awaking the next morning, a degree of languor is experienced, and sometimes even a little throbbing at the temples, which symptoms, however, disappear either during the making of the toilet, or soon after breakfast, and are succeeded by a strong desire for another voyage to Point Just-Enough. This desire being gratified with as little delay as possible, the same sensations are experienced, and the same consequences ensue; and thus a habit is formed which increases in strength, until at last a daily visit to Point Just-Enough comes to be considered almost as a necessary of life.

Pleasant Bay is therefore covered from early morning until a late hour at night with boats conveying passengers of all ranks and descriptions to Point Just-Enough and back again. The intercourse is, however, by far the greatest from dinner-hour until tea-time, the evening being generally considered the most fashionable as well as the most convenient and agreeable time for the voyage. Some dine before they set out, but the greater number take their dinner on board.

Tipsy Island is always full of visiters. The sensations experienced on this island differ only in degree from those which are felt at Point Just-Enough. The pulse and heart beat a little quicker and stronger, the eyes become brighter, the skin hotter, the face more flushed, the voice louder, the gestures more vehement, the conversation less connected, the ideas rambling and incoherent. Some dance, some sing, some swear, some fight, all stagger about; some become loyal, others patriotic, some poetical, others philosophical; all are veracious, disinterested, magnanimous, chivalrous. It is usual to remain several hours, and even to pass the night upon the island. A few remain upon it for several days together; but as it is considered discreditable to be seen upon it in the morning, those who regard appearances usually leave for Soberland some time before daybreak; many fall asleep on the island, and are carried in that state to their boats. In the morning, all awake unrefreshed, with a parched mouth, hot skin, red eyes, aching head, and no appetite for breakfast, and spend the day drinking soda water at the great fountain on the quay of Soberland, which looks toward Pleasant Bay, and longing for evening in order to return to Tipsy Island, or at least as far as Point Just-Enough.

Tipsy Island is said to have been first discovered by Noah, who planted vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple, situated about the middle of the island, is in a high state of preservation. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and most of the illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, the names of many of whom are to be seen, carved with their own hands, upon the bark of the vines. Its daily visiters sing a song which runs nearly as follows:—

The sea, the sea, the Drunken Sea;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled monster lies,
Or like a cradled monster lies.
I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;
I am where I would ever be,
With heaven above, and hell below,
And ruin wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.
I love, oh, how I love to ride, to ride
On the fierce, the foaming, madd'ning tide!
When every wild wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;
And tells of Soberland far below,
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow,
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow.
I never was on the Sober shore,
But I loved the Drunk Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea,
For I was born, was born on the Dranken Sea.
The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour, in the noisy hour when I was born;
The storm it whistled, the thunder roll'd,
And the lightning seam'd the skies with gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child,
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a jovial life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never have sought or sigh'd for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea."

We recommend this excellent parody on the favourite song of "The Sea" to be sung at all public temperance meetings.

IMPROVERS OF AGRICULTURE.

It is curious, that many to whom improvements in agriculture are traced, were not professional farmers, but men engaged in other pursuits, who, with cultivated minds, turned their attention also to this subject. Thus, the first English Treatise on Husbandry was written by Sir A. Fitzherbert, Judge of the Common Pleas in 1534, and from this, Harte, Canon of Windsor, in his Essays on Agriculture, dates the revival of agriculture in England. Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," published in 1562, was a scholar of Eton, and afterwards of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, before he applied to farming and literature. Sir R. Weston, who was Ambassador from England to the Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia in 1619, introduced clover into England; his Discourse on the Husbandry of Brabant and Flanders was published in 1645, and is said to mark the dawn of the vast improvements which have since been effected in Britain. Evelyn, who is considered one of the greatest encouragers of improvements that has ever appeared, was, as is well known, a gentleman attached to literature and science, and often employed in the public service. He published, in 1664, his "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest-trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions," with many other works, which had a great influence in the improvement of the country. Jethro Tull, who introduced the drill husbandry, and published his work on Horse-hoeing Husbandry in 1731, was bred a barrister; he first made experiments on his own estate, and then practised farming.—*Royle on the Productive Resources of India*, newly published. [It might have been added, that Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, Mr Home of Kames (Lord Kames), and Sir John Sinclair, the three most eminent improvers of Scottish agriculture, were, the first and last, political characters, and the second a busy lawyer, who had no more interest in the soil and the increase of its productiveness than other gentlemen possessing moderate estates.]

EXTREME DELICACY.

The disposition to be agonisingly delicate, is well ridiculed in the following:—"Is there any thing the matter?" "There is, sir," was the host's reply. "Have I given any offence?" "You have, sir." "Really I am ignorant of it." "Such language won't suit here, sir." "My dear sir, what language?" "We were talking of soup." "We were." "You mentioned *ox-tail!*" "I did." "That's it, that's it, sir; that sent the ladies blushing out of the room—that's highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected from you." "Why, sir, I but called it by its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence; but I really do not know how I could have avoided it." "Then, sir, I advise you, when you have an occasion another time to speak of that particular soup, do not call it ox-tail." "No! but what shall I call it?" "*Fly disperser.*" "I shall remember the *fly disperser soup*, sir, rest assured."—*New York Paper.*

SUPERSTITION OF MR AND MRS COUTTS.

The most striking evidence of her superstitious prejudice used to cause much wonder among the guests: and this was presented on the steps at Holly Lodge, which are composed of beautiful blocks of white marble, that a statuary might envy; but the highest step is disfigured by two rusty, old, broken horse-shoes fastened to it, which she and Mr Coutts had found in the road, and they had caused these hideous bits of rusty iron to be nailed on the threshold to avert evil, and bring good luck. —*Memoirs of the Duchess of St Albans.*

AMERICAN CUNNING.

Some years ago, during the heat of a coffee speculation in Boston, when every body was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with prime green Rio, concluded, from signs which he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know, that the moment he, with his immense stock, began to sell off, the alarm would be taken, and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a gentle hint to mind his own business, he attended the sale and bade readily at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders, who knew that he had about four times as much on hand as they had, concluded that it was safe to do it when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought largely. While old Mr ——'s carmen were tumbling his purchases into the front door of his warehouse, five times as many were carrying coffee away from the back door. One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm, and prices declined a little. During the afternoon, a pretty large holder, who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr —— willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what it's going at to-day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as an ice-cream.

"It declined a little this morning."

"Did it?" responded Mr ——, with what seemed to his fellow-tradesman a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No; but I expected as much."

"Why, we shall be ruined if the prices go down!"

"Not all, I presume," replied Mr ——, with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you are into it deeper than any of us."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr ——, in well-feigned astonishment; "why, I have not a single bag in my store."

The next day the bubble burst, and a dozen grasping speculators, who had been for a month or two dreaming night and day over their golden gains, were ruined.—*American Paper.*

MILK AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

For those who have healthy and *unsophisticated* stomachs, milk appears to be one of the best articles of diet we possess. It is less stimulating than flesh, and more nutritious than vegetables. For persons who are disposed to febrile complaints, and who are not obliged to perform hard and exhausting labour, it is the most appropriate diet. But the stomach is a creature of habit. It can become accustomed to any kind of diet; and sudden changes are liable to derange its healthy action. To those accustomed to what is called high living, such as strong meats, strong drinks, and high-seasoned food of all kinds, the transition to a milk diet, which contains a considerably lowered stimulation, would probably be an imprudent change. When necessary, the change should be so gradual that the stomach should by degrees become accommodated to it.—*Beaumont's Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c., by Dr Combe.*

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY MRS NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to Heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer day was dying;—
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade—
And bending weakly to the thunder shower—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming;
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the last and least—
Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming,
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's Heart found room for ALL!

—*From the Dream, and other Poems.*

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A PLEADING FOR THE YOUNG.

TAKE a walk out of town with an old and a young dog, and see how different in all respects are their behaviour. While the elder gentleman trudges slowly but steadily along the road, turning little to the right or left, except for particularly odorous hillocks or more than usually interesting friends of his own species, the youngster is over walls in all directions, coursing through fields after sheep, hens, or nothing, barking for joy even when chased by indignant shepherds or old women; at one moment a quarter of a mile to the right; next moment seen descending the wall on that side of the road, and quick as an arrow up the wall on the other side; then presently heard faintly at half a mile's distance to the left; two minutes more, and he is again scrambling down the wall, and dancing after his tail on the road before you. Seeing manifestations so different, one cannot well resist the belief that these are animals under totally different influences. The same thing is to be observed of the respectable old mouser who sits washing her sober face by the cottage fire, not moving for a whole evening, as compared with the pranksome kitten who cannot see a straw move on the floor without rushing to make fun with it, or, if nothing is stirring at all, will caper merrily up into the air, pirouette, and come down again, saying, as plainly as natural language can speak, "I can't help all this folly, for I am young, thoughtless, and happy!" Indeed, the young of most creatures are mirthful and frolicsome, as if there were some ordinance to that effect in Providence, and a good end in view to result from it—as no doubt there is. It must arise from the state of the vital spirits (to use common language) of the animal, and must be designed to promote some process in organisation for which lively movement is requisite. Probably, the fact simply is, that the system of the young animal needs incessant exercise to firm and strengthen it, and, to cause this exercise to be taken, a restless, endless disposition to fun and frolic has been implanted. None but the *too* serious could say that this view is derogatory to the dignity of the lord of nature. God is the author of mirth and of all that can promote it, as certainly as he is the creator of the most solemn affections. We may even here remember that the most inspired of worshippers danced before the ark, and thought it proper to call upon his people to enter the temple "with joy."

Now, I would ask if, in all the range of human experience, an old dog was ever seen to express the least disapprobation of his junior, when the said junior was capering away beside him? Was the sagest old grimalkin ever known to interfere, when she saw her light-hearted son doing his best to entangle the bobbins of her mistress? Is there such a thing as an authenticated case of an elderly goat, with the most reverend of all possible beards, rebuking a kid for saying "Let's have a dance upon the heath?" I never heard of such a thing, and I do not believe that any young animal ever yet was snubbed by its seniors, let it be ever so outrageous in its fun. This is surely a most sensible thing in the grown-up people of the lower animal world, for, were they to do otherwise, they would assuredly be thwarting and impeding one of the processes of nature requisite for the welfare of their respective tribes.

The young of the human family are as sportive as the young of any known animals, and probably for equally good reasons; but how are they treated? Unfortunately, man is a very wise creature. He has a vast deal of rationality about him, a deep sense of propriety, and thanks God that he was not left to nature. He therefore sets himself to keep down the indecorous good spirits of the young, and to make them all as grave as himself as soon as possible. "Less noise there, youngsters, or you shall all be put out of the room." "No nonsense, boys; do you ever see me leaping over chairs in that way?" "Come, now, here are fifteen hexameters to be got by heart, and the first rascal that sniggers shall be whipped." Such are the amiable addresses of the elderly Bimana to *their* young; the consequence of which, if there is any truth in our theory, must certainly be, that the intentions of nature (to use no higher word) are in their case defeated to a certain extent, and the organisation in that degree marred and enfeebled.

Children are, altogether, most unfortunate creatures. The happy puppy is an independent member of the canine world, with every thing but a vote for a member of Parliament, in a few weeks from his birth. But the infant man is in tutelage for twenty-one years—and such tutelage! On many of the most essential points for the prosperity of their offspring, ninety-nine of every hundred fathers and mothers are as ignorant as they are of the quadrature of the circle. The predominating idea of almost all is to make the hapless little wretches intrusted to them as demurely wise as themselves. They have all of them a perfect recollection of their own sufferings under this process; but yet no one dreams that there is any thing wrong about it. It must have been all owing to the waywardness of the young mind that they were themselves restless and uneasy, if not dispirited and wretched, under the severe measures adopted by *their* parents. Or the severity had never been severe enough to accomplish the end. Wo be to the youngsters whose parents think they were not held tightly enough in by the generation antecedent! Children are not managed as children. They are treated as men and women, who, by some strange perversity in their nature, will not behave as men and women ought to do. The rebellious creatures won't sit still a minute, nor think for a moment. With splendid examples of decorum, rationality, and studiousness, constantly before them in their seniors, they *will* persist in every thing that is rantipole. Coaxing, bribing, thrashing—nothing will do. No, my friends, and that simply because the creatures are *not* men and women in a state of rebellion from the standard of propriety, but children, who will only be men and women by and bye, *if you will allow them to grow.*

Ponder well, ye parents dear. Only consider what children are. Receive into your minds, *if possible*, the idea that there is such a thing as nature, producing endless diversities of being, and fixing regulations peculiarly adapted for the welfare of each. Look at the analogous case of the young of the speechless animals, and be convinced that there is something in the restless bounding spirits of your own juveniles, which cannot safely be altogether repressed. Much play, free vent to the spirit of jocundity—that is the proper maxim for the management of young people, because it is what nature dictates. We often recollect with pleasure the qualification which a friend of ours asked for in a teacher for his children—"Can you laugh and make fun?" It was strictly philosophical. The boy is not learning any thing when he is amusing himself, but he is strengthening his brain that it may be better able to learn and to act when the good time comes. Is it not better to begin life with the good sound instrument, fit for the utmost duty its natural reach of power admits of, than with an enfeebled instrument which has only got a smattering of a great number of things it does not comprehend? Old and precise people like to see a quiet, grave child. In sober truth, there is nothing more alarming. It is almost sure to be an indication of some extraordinary quality of not a safe kind. There are varieties, of course; some are quieter than others; but for a young person to want all tendency to romping, and frolic, and gaiety, is, in the eye of a right philosophy, a thing not to be admired, still less to be desired, but, on the contrary, to be regarded with apprehension, and treated with care. A merry schoolmaster, I apprehend, is there particularly wanted.

Children, as a class, are also sadly exposed to the distempered feelings of their seniors. On the one hand, we have extravagant indulgence, vitiating the character almost before it has had time to show the first spring-flowers of its native innocence—on the other, austerity, ill-nature, and gloom, making all the May of life a November, checking the growth of the affections, and introducing distrust and fear where as yet unsuspecting confidence should reign. Of the two evils, I have no hesitation in saying that the first is the least. There is a time between childhood and manhood when the character may be said to go through a process resembling fermentation, and the effects of spoiling and of simply erroneous treatment of various kinds are in a great measure thrown off. But take away from a child all the joyousness proper to his young years, and let him only know his parents, or others that have been around him, as tyrants, and the evil is irreparable. His life has wanted an element. He has not known that morning sunshine of the breast which is the brightest of all moral sunshine. Treated himself without gentleness, affection, and mercy, he has not the call of a recollection of his own experiences to treat others with gentleness, affection, or mercy. He is rather disposed to revenge his own sufferings upon other people, as the genie confined in the barrel and thrown into the sea vowed to destroy whoever let him out. Thus sourness goes down like an estate with a family, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. How many a man known in public as a hard-natured person, unforgiving of debtors, inaccessible to petitions from the widow and orphan, rigid as a master and in all the relations of life, unbending even to gratify himself, might point, for the source of all his unfortunate qualities, to a parental home which was to him only a den of misery! If thus bad to those who had no share in blighting his infant happiness, how can he be good to those who did? It is surely most absurd to treat children harshly, and yet expect them to love and reverence us! In the common world, if we constantly rail at any one, call him contumelious names, beat him, and visit him with every kind of injustice, do we find that he loves us the more? Is not rather the slightest departure from civil usage the surest plan to produce aversion in both our equals and inferiors? How strange, when this is so clear, that we should suppose we can wound the self-esteem and sense of justice of a child, besides inflicting actual pain upon his flesh, and that he nevertheless will continue to love us! It is no doubt necessary to take firm measures with children, in order to keep them right in many instances; but a constant exhibition of harshness and oppression is not necessary, any more than it is in our ordinary intercourse with the world. Many men, however, who would not for a great deal use a word out of joint before company or in the transaction of business, allow themselves the latitude of Billingsgate and of a slave-owner in their intercourse with their children. It would be wrong to say that young people remember these insults and injuries as grown people

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would, for the mind at that time of life has not the same power of retaining impressions which it possesses in its maturity. But can we doubt that a general impression of the treatment received in the parental home is retained? I have heard men in middle life speak with heart-felt indignation of the cruel usage they had received from their parents, and make no scruple to avow any thing but respect for their memories. The long-protracted misery had eaten into their nature, and principle, though it could make them forgive, could not make them forget it. On the other hand, I have heard persons in mature life advert with melting tenderness to little acts of kindness extended to them in their childhood by parents and neighbours. No, no; the years of childhood never can become a blank in the memory. The incidents of those years may not in all instances be reckoned individually, but they tell in the mass. The rationally kind parent is thought of in association with the recollection of that happiness which he promoted or was the occasion of, and may hope to be treated in his own latter pupilage with a return of the courtesy and the humanity which he showed to his children; but for the severe parent what can be expected but that he should be looked back upon as the dismal deity who presided over a period of misery—an object of involuntary horror, loathing, and contempt?

Other sufferings the young experience in many instances, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances of their parents. The young of the poor, says good Charles Lamb, are not brought up, they are dragged up. But these are evils which it may be presumed no parents would see their little ones exposed to, if they could help it. Here, it may be said, they only undergo their share of the unavoidable hardships of life. And yet it is much more sad, somehow, to think of the children's share, than that of the parents. It may be because the former are so utterly helpless to screen themselves from or to remove out of the way of the evils of poverty—not even able to recognise what it is that produces their sufferings—while the parents have at least some control over their own fate. However the case may be in these respects, it is obvious enough that such sufferings tell as severely as any others upon the young, repressing the natural spirits, introducing sadness where joy should be, and leaving a memory of pain to cast its long shade over all the future years of life. It may be said of such children that they have had no youth. That delightful season, with all its associations, is a blank in the calendar of their lives. Can we doubt that, in their case also, evils flow, and will flow to the end of their days, from a defect so unnatural? Oh, parents, if by any means ye can spare your children any share of your own mishaps, be entreated to make every exertion to do so. Shelter the tender bloom of their minds from the blasts of misfortune. Let *them* sport, unknowing that *you* weep. Give them, if you can, a youth, and so ensure to them not only a positive period of happiness, comprising no slight part of their stated span, but also one of the highest sources of enjoyment for the remainder of their existence.

REPORT ON BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

The registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently presented to both Houses of Parliament his second annual report, which has been printed and published.

We now proceed to transfer to our columns some portions of the interesting information which is to be found in this report. The period embraced is the year ending June 30, 1839. The numbers registered in that period were, for the whole of England—

Births, - - - - -	489,540
Deaths, - - - - -	331,007
Marriages, - - - -	121,063

"which, compared with the numbers for the preceding year, show, for births, an increase of 80,828; for deaths, a decrease of 4949; for marriages, an increase of 9602." This decrease in the number of deaths, as compared with that of the preceding year, the registrar-general ascribes to a diminished mortality, and not to imperfect registration. "I have found no reason," says he, "to believe that the registration of deaths has been conducted with less care and efficiency than before; but in comparing recent returns of the causes of death with those of the first year of registration, I have found reason to believe that the mortality of that year was above the average, owing to the inclemency of the winter in the beginning of the year 1838, and to some epidemics, the prevalence and severity of which appear to have subsequently declined."

With respect to the proportion of the mortality to the population of England and Wales, it has been found impossible at present to do more than approximate to a solution of that important question, owing to the want of correct data for arriving at an estimate of the population. This difficulty will, however, be shortly obviated, for by an act* recently passed by the legislature, a commission, with the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages at its head, is to be formed for taking an account of the population of Great Britain, with power to divide the country into districts, and to appoint persons as enumerators for each district for taking such account. The period named for taking this account of the population, is the 1st of July 1841.

The registrar-general next adverts to the manner in which the records deposited in his office may be rendered useful in illustrating the condition of the people; and this appears to us the most interesting part of the report. The registers of marriages, for instance, are calculated to throw much light upon the state of education, with respect to the ability to write, among the adult population in England and Wales, every marriage almost being duly registered, and every register of marriage signed by the parties married, "those who are able writing their names, and those who are unable, or who write very imperfectly, making their marks." It must be borne in mind, however, that this will only enable us to arrive at the proportion of persons who are able to write *among those married*; and the portion of the whole population exhibited in the yearly returns of marriages is small. In the report before us it is estimated at about seven or eight marriages to one thousand of the population. "If, therefore, it be assumed that persons between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five constitute half the population (which the enumeration of ages in 1821 shows to be very nearly the case), it will follow, that of those who may be considered the marriageable portion of the community, about thirty in every thousand (or three per cent.) are married yearly. The portion, therefore, whose signatures appear in the marriage registers of a single year, is sufficiently small to be easily affected by accidental circumstances; and it cannot safely be asserted that the thirty in one thousand, from whose signatures we would draw an inference respecting the other nine hundred and seventy, may not happen to consist of more than the proportionate number of uneducated persons. It must not therefore be hastily assumed, upon the evidence afforded by the returns of a single year, that the inhabitants of any particular county or district are less educated than their neighbours. The experiment must be repeated often, and be attended with similar results, before this inference can be drawn with safety; and it is only when returns of the same description, given for several successive years, shall have exhibited similar facts, that it will be perfectly justifiable to arrive at any unfavourable conclusion with respect to any particular district."

From the registers of marriages deposited in his office during the year ending June 1839, the registrar-general has constructed a table, exhibiting the proportion per cent. in the metropolis, in each English county, and in North and South Wales, of the persons married who have signed with their marks. This return indicates a decided superiority with regard to education, or rather the ability to write, in the metropolis, as compared with the rest of England and Wales, and, next to the metropolis, in the north of England. The counties in which the proportion of persons married who are unable to write is greatest, appears to be in Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Monmouthshire, and Wales. There is one remarkable circumstance apparent in this table, namely, that throughout the whole of England and Wales, without a single exception, the ability of the men to write appears superior to that of the women. The proportions per cent., for the whole kingdom, of the parties who have signed the registers with marks, are thirty-three in the number of males, and forty-nine in that of females, the mean number being forty-one.

It must be remembered that these calculations regarding the ability to write give no insight into the amount and nature of the education *now* afforded in England, and that they are only applicable to the past, a period of between ten and twenty years ago. "Inability to write," says the registrar-general, "is, without doubt, indicative of considerable deficiency in other kinds of elementary education. Opinions will differ as to the extent to which such deficiency may from thence be inferred; and this is a question the solution of which I will not attempt."

We shall conclude our brief notice of the report before us with an extract of a novel and interesting kind, containing an account of the number of marriages that occur at the various stages of human life throughout this kingdom. "The average age at which persons are married in England and Wales has never yet been ascertained, nor do the returns deposited in this office enable me to do so with certainty; for the column headed 'age' in the register of marriage is required to be filled not by the actual ages of the parties married, but only by a statement whether each is of full age or a minor. There was, however, considerable misapprehension on this subject, notwithstanding my endeavours to circulate information, when the recent registration and marriage-acts first came into operation; and it appeared, on the reception of the quarterly returns of certified copies, that in many districts the precise ages of the parties married had been uniformly inserted. This being the case, and as the information is of a novel kind, I subjoin the result of an examination of the recorded ages in 4858 marriages, which, as they are not selected instances, but belonged to districts varying greatly in situation and character, and included every marriage in such districts, thus comprising persons of every class, may be presumed to be a fair example of the ages at which marriages occur throughout the whole kingdom.

Ages.				Men.		Women.
15 and under	20			159		688
20	25			2536		2527
25	30			1150		861
30	35			398		320
35	40			219		187
40	45			156		134
45	50			103		76
50	55			70		38
55	60			39		17
60	65			19		6
65	70			4		4
70	75			4		0
75	80			1		0
				4858		4858"

The result of calculations made on this abstract by the registrar-general, showed that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-seven years; for women, twenty-five years and a few months.

CHARLOTTE AND SUSAN—AN IRISH STORY.

Charlotte Murray and Susan Mills were companions in their childhood. The first of them was the daughter of a poor widow, who supported herself and her children by cultivating a few acres of inferior land, situated in a lonely part of the county of Clare. Charlotte, the eldest of the family, was trained in her youth to every species of rural labour, and more particularly to the task of bringing turf from the adjoining hills. In this occupation she was often joined by the children of the neighbourhood, and, in especial, by Susan Mills, the daughter of a farmer of the better class, who lived hard by. Susan did not absolutely require to work like Charlotte, but she followed the same employments as the latter, from a love of companionship and amusement. The two girls remained in their native place till they grew to womanhood, and by this time their respective characters were in part developed. Susan, who was very pretty, displayed an early love of dress and show. The other had neither the same inclinations, nor the means of indulging them, though she was scarcely less comely than her friend.

Susan was the first to quit her home. Her father declined in circumstances, and she had to look out for a place. She had, according to her mother's notions, received a good education—that is to say, she read fluently, could write a little, was very expert at her needle, and had a tolerable knowledge of mantua-making; she was generally handy, and had a good address. With such qualifications, it was not difficult for her to procure a place in a respectable family, where her business was to take care of children, and occasionally to wait upon her lady. This situation pleased Susan particularly. She received from her mistress frequent presents of clothes, which, by her expertness and ingenuity, she made look nearly as good as new, and which, though she was kept pretty busy, she contrived to display to the admiring eyes of the village beaux. When she had been about a year at Mrs Halford's, the widow Murray, understanding that a person was wanting there to assist the housemaid, and to do the drudgery of the nursery, applied for the place for her daughter, and obtained it. Susan was by no means pleased at this arrangement, as she did not desire to have another pretty girl to share with her in the attentions of the smart young men who frequented Halford Hall. Upon reflection, however, she judged that her own superior elegance of attire, and coquettish airs, would always ensure her a decided preference. Charlotte had, indeed, but little opportunity of attracting admiration, for she had a great deal to do.

Her early habits of laborious industry, however, enabled her to perform her task with ease and cheerfulness; she gave her whole mind to her business, and soon became the most efficient servant in the house. Susan, adroit and clever, was, while under her mistress's eye, an excellent attendant; but the moment she could escape with impunity, she made no scruple of leaving her business and running off in search of diversion. It was Mrs Halford's custom to visit the nursery every night, to see that the children were asleep and the maids in bed. One night after the lady's visit was over, Charlotte, who had been in a sound sleep, was awakened by the cries of one of the children who usually slept with Susan: on rising to see what was the matter, she was surprised to find that Susan had left the room, and was gone down stairs. Having quieted the child as well as she could, she returned to her own little charge, and continued awake, watching for the return of her fellow-servant; but one o'clock, two o'clock struck, and no Susan

* 3d and 4th Vict. cap. 99.

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appeared. She came at length stealthily up, and admitted, on seeing Charlotte awake, that she had been down stairs, having a drop of punch and a cup of tea with the cook, and one or two "boys," *cousins* of that personage. Charlotte remonstrated with her friend, saying how angry the lady would be at the children being left. Susan admitted this, but "if she had come up, sure you could tell her I only went down to warm a drop of milk for the child, and that you'd run and call me."

"I'd run and call you with pleasure, Susan; but as to telling any lies about it, it's what I wouldn't do for my own sister."

"Oh, you are mighty nice, indeed; maybe you'd be glad to tell a white lie for yourself yet."

Susan afterwards endeavoured to prevail on Charlotte to take advantage of the casual absence of their mistress, and join a junketting party by night.

"I thank you kindly for your good nature, Susan," said Charlotte; "but my mother charged me on my duty never on any account to leave the child I had the care of to another."

"Well, you must take your own way—I spoke for the best."

Having once resisted the temptation, every succeeding trial became more easy to Charlotte, particularly as her fellow-servants soon gave up as vain the attempt to persuade her to join them. But she had trials of another kind. Those who know any thing of young girls must be aware that it is a serious grievance to them, especially if they be handsome, to be obliged to appear in a dress inferior to that of their companions. Now Charlotte had determined in her own mind that she would save out of her wages what would help to pay the rent for her mother, whom she knew to be hard pushed to make it up. To effect this, it was absolutely necessary that she should purchase for her own use none but the plainest clothes. Meanwhile Susan, always flauntingly dressed, spent her time in gaiety. By means of great natural quickness, and various expedients, she had contrived to elude detection, not only with respect to her evening amusements, but to many little absences during the day, which she timed so well, that her mistress never missed her. There was scarcely a party, high or low, from that given in the exalted mansion of the thriving shopkeeper or collector of excise to the more humble festivities of the gardener's cottage, which did not boast of Susan as its greatest ornament. Admirers of all classes swelled her train, and she gave sufficient encouragement to each to retain him in her chains. Yet, with all these advantages, it may be fairly questioned whether Charlotte were not in reality the happier of the two; she enjoyed that constant serenity of mind which the consciousness of having performed our duty to the best of our ability produces, and she had not left it in the power of any one to injure her by reports to her disadvantage; while Susan, on the contrary, lived in constant fear lest any of her manœuvres should be betrayed by some spiteful enemy or treacherous friend.

The long wished-for Easter at length arrived, and Charlotte set out with a light heart to visit her friends, taking with her the small sum which she had accumulated by her industry and self-denial. Her mother, and her little brother and sister, were watching for her at the door; and their joy at seeing her, and the widow's surprise and gratitude at sight of the little sum she had saved, amply repaid her for all her sacrifices. A young sailor, who had come up from the shore, where he occasionally resided, to visit a cousin who lived upon the mountain side, chanced to be in the widow's house at the moment when Charlotte entered; and had not her whole mind been absorbed by the joy of meeting her friends, it is probable that she would have noticed him more than she did, for there was something striking and pleasing in his appearance. He was tall, of a fine figure, and, though but a common sailor, he had, by seeing something of the world, acquired an ease of manner and deportment not usual in his sphere of life, while his open honest countenance had lost nothing of the ingenuous expression it bore when first he left his native village. This young man, who was a good judge of beauty, and did not consider fine clothes necessary to make a fine woman, was attracted by Charlotte's rosy cheeks and soft blue eyes, but he was still more struck by the affectionate pleasure he saw in her countenance at the meeting with her family. And when he heard from his cousin of her dutiful conduct towards her mother, and the self-denial she had practised in the performance of it, he longed to be better acquainted with her—he visited her mother's cottage every evening during her stay, and was more and more pleased with her conversation.

Soon after Charlotte returned to her place, she happened to go at an unusually early hour to the breakfast-room to seek for some of the children's things which had been forgotten there the night before. As she approached the door, she thought she heard a key turned in a lock in a hurried manner, and on entering, she saw Susan carrying away something in her apron. A lump of sugar, dropped as she went out, showed what that something was. Charlotte had always wondered how her fellow-servant, even with her superior wages, could afford tea morning and night, while she herself took strabout or porridge. A suspicion arose, in spite of Charlotte's desire to think well of Susan; and when the latter offered some of her tea to her early friend, the offer was not accepted. Charlotte also ventured to remonstrate with Susan on the score of the encouragement given by the latter to a squireen called O'Flaherty, a wild young man, and who was even said to have a wife already, though one deserted by him. But the remonstrance was unheeded.

About this time, a young man of respectable station, named Davis, began to pay some attentions to Charlotte, and on one occasion asked her to go to a sort of fair and dance at some distance, where Susan and others were to be. Mr and Mrs Halford were from home with the children, and "there could be no harm," Susan said, "in going." But Charlotte had not asked leave to absent herself, and her well-regulated mind shrunk from any act unknown to her master and mistress. At the same time, she had a great desire to see the sport with others. After being long pressed by Susan, Charlotte retired to the nursery, and sat down to consider. before the young beaux came to escort the party. "If I wait for the boys," said she, "it is all over with me; I shall never be able to resist their persuasions and flattery; I'd best take myself out of the way before they come. And it's what I'll do," said she, starting up and running in search of the old gardener, a staid, prudent man, and very good-natured. To him she hastily explained the state of her affairs. "And now, Thomas," said she, "what I'll do is this—I'll go and hide behind the high yew hedge by the garden gate, till the bustle is over, and they are all gone; and when you hear them calling for me, do you tell them that I went out of the way purposely, and that it's useless to wait for me." The gardener promised to obey her directions; and she retired to her hiding-place, where she waited about an hour, which appeared to her at least three. She was so tired of waiting, that she said to herself, "They must have gone by though I did not hear them, and I may go out;" but just as she was preparing to emerge from her obscurity, she heard the voices of the happy party, laughing and talking as they passed. She distinguished Mr Davis's voice, repeating her name with expressions of regret. Soon the sounds died away in the distance; and when they were irrevocably gone, poor Charlotte's resolution gave way, and she indulged in a hearty fit of crying.

She at length dried her eyes, and, angry at her own foolish regrets, sat down with her psalm-book before the kitchen-fire, where the old gardener was smoking his pipe. A knock came to the door, and she thought some one had returned for her. She was so much agitated, that the old gardener was obliged to open the door; at which appeared, not Mr Davis, but a very different sort of person—the young sailor whom Charlotte had seen several times at her mother's. He entered with a smiling air.

"Will you receive a visiter from your own country, Miss Charlotte, who brings you news of your mother and family?" said he, producing a letter.

"My mother? oh, when did you see her—is she well?"

"Quite well, and commissioned me to deliver this into your own hands, and to bring her an exact account of your health and welfare; and I assure you I never received a commission with greater pleasure in all my life. I met some of your acquaintances going to a great party; upon my inquiring for you, they laughed, and said, they supposed you knew what you were about, and waited at home on purpose to receive me. I told them I was not so happy as to be able to believe that, as you knew nothing of my coming. And now, may I presume to ask how it happened that you did not accompany them?"

"I will tell you," said the gardener; "it was because she preferred her duty to her pleasure."

The young man looked at Charlotte with respect and admiration.

"I should count myself very fortunate," said he, "if Miss Charlotte would permit me to remain for an hour or two, to talk to her of her friends."

"And so you shall," said the old gardener. "Nurse and I are going to our dish of tea, and I invite you to take share of it, whether Charlotte asks you or not."

Willie Hewson, for that was the young sailor's name, contrived to make the evening pass so agreeably, that Charlotte ceased to regret the amusement she had lost; he told some humorous stories with great effect, sung several sea songs, and showed that ardent desire to please which seldom fails in attaining its object. From this hour, Mr Davis's attentions had no longer any chance of becoming acceptable to Charlotte; neither could her fellow-servants, by all their exaggerated descriptions of the delights of the show, cause one sigh of regret for the pleasures she had missed.

From the time of Susan's visit to the show, where she, it was well known, had met Mr O'Flaherty, her daily absences became so frequent, that her mistress's suspicions were at length awakened, and it was announced to her that unless she was more careful in her conduct, she must not expect to retain her situation. This intimation was received in sullen silence, and the next day, when Mrs Halford inquired for Susan, she was nowhere to be found. She had been seen in company with her lover early in the morning, and it was soon ascertained that they had gone off together. There were various reports concerning them for some days. It was at one time asserted that they were actually married.

Charlotte was now installed in her old friend's place, but she did not hold it long. Her mother grew so ill, that the dutiful daughter found herself incapable of staying away from home. She went home, and, by her kind tendance, restored the widow to some degree of health; but, alas! all her exertions could not keep the farm in their hands. They fell behind with the rent, and lost the ground. Then Charlotte was compelled to look for some other means of supporting her mother and the two younger members of the family. The only employment which she could think of was that of gathering sea-weed on the beach, about three miles from the cottage. This weed was sent to Limerick to make kelp. She spoke to her mother of the plan. "Charlotte dear," said she, "you don't know what you undertake, nor the slavery of it. You must be down upon the beach soon after break of day, and there you must stay till nightfall; and you'll have nothing to eat the whole long day but a few cold potatoes or a bit of bread, for you must be sensible that I could not spare the little girl to go with your dinner to you, and then you'll have to come home in the cold and the wet after a hard day's work; you don't know what it is."

"Mother dear, have not I been out many a bitter day upon the mountains, and was never the worse for it; and sure it's not harder on me than upon others; and wouldn't it be worse to me an hundred times to see you want? So, mother dear, with the blessing of Heaven, I'll begin on Monday morning."

Charlotte found it, as her mother had said, a hard life, but she was strong and hearty, and her health did not suffer. She pursued her work with diligence, even when winter made it more severe. Nothing occurred to her worthy of mention, till, one day, a ship came into the harbour, and a boat from it put William Hewson ashore. His eye caught the figure of Charlotte on the beach, and he was sadly surprised to see her appearance indicating such extreme poverty.

"Do my eyes deceive me," said he, "or do I really see Charlotte Murray?"

Charlotte, slightly colouring, replied—"You do indeed, Mr Hewson. Our circumstances are much changed since you were here, and I am doing my best for our support."

"It is like yourself, Miss Charlotte; happy the parent that has such a daughter, and happy the man who gains such a wife."

During the period that Willie Hewson remained at home, he regularly joined the party on the beach; and never had Charlotte found the most delicate work in her lady's dressing-room so agreeable an occupation, as that of gathering sea-weed on the beach, when thus accompanied. But the day at last arrived when he must depart upon another voyage: he sailed, however, with improved prospects, as mate to a small trading vessel bound for Guernsey and the coast of France. About a month after his departure, as Charlotte was one evening returning from the shore wet and weary, she saw her little brother Dicky running down the mountain path with a face of consternation.

"What is the matter, Dicky?" said she—"oh, speak! what is the matter?" "Charlotte dear," said Dicky, "mammy is very bad, very bad entirely—screeching with the pain. Hurry home!"

Charlotte did hurry home, and sure enough she found her mother very ill. Great was the distress of the daughter; and it would have been greater had not the storminess of the night brought to the cot a gentleman seeking shelter. He got a seat by the side of the fire, and there overheard a remarkable discourse for such a place. The family had not one penny in the house, excepting a pound-note intrusted by a cousin to the widow. This note Charlotte wished to use in bringing a surgeon and procuring medicines, hoping to make it up afterwards. The sick woman would not hear of this for an instant. Struck by the scene, the traveller caused the surgeon to be sent for at his own cost. The widow suffered much; but the medicines given to her brought relief, and on the following day she was pronounced out of danger. The kind traveller called to see her; and after learning how she was, asked Charlotte who "the Willie Hewson was, whose name she had invoked in her distress." Charlotte told with a blush; and the gentleman surprised her by announcing himself as a relation of Hewson, just returned from India. "I must see Willie's father, who is my own full cousin," said Mr Hewson. "I know not what he may be now, but he was the best-natured fellow that could be; many a scrape he got me out of in my wild days."

"And he is still an excellent, kind-hearted person," said the widow; "but, poor man, he is quite disabled this many a year, and has nearly lost the use of his limbs, with the hardships he went through at sea. But he has the comfort of as good a son as can be in the world, I believe; he maintains his father and brothers, and portioned his sister, and had her well married, though he could badly spare the money at the time. I'm sure, sir, you'd like Willie. I'm sorry he's absent at present."

Mr Hewson was much pleased with what he saw at the cottage of Willie's father, and still more with what he heard of the young man from less partial judges than the Widow Murray or her daughter. He promised to renew his visit when Willie should return from his voyage. This happened in the course of a few days: the voyage had been prosperous—the young sailor was in high favour with his captain. When Willie learned all that Charlotte had suffered in consequence of her mother's illness, he said—"There is but one thing to be done, my dear Charlotte, and that is for us to be married before I depart upon another voyage; we have enough now to maintain the two families when joined, though it would be too little for them when separate, and you and your mother will be the means of making my father comfortable in his old days. So no more objections, my love, but take your own faithful Willie for your protector for life."

"Oh, Willie dear, how could I burden you with another family—you that are struggling to support your father and brothers, and find it hard enough to do that?"

"I shall have double strength and courage, Charlotte, when once I have secured you mine; for often, when I have been far away upon the seas, the notion that something might happen, and I might lose you for ever, would come across me, and my very heart would sink within me."

How the debate between the lovers would have ended, though it may be surmised, can never be decidedly known, for it was interrupted by the arrival of the stranger, who declared himself happy in having at length an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a relation who stood so deservedly high in the esteem of his neighbours. Willie's appearance did not disappoint his cousin, who was pleased with the ingenuous modesty of his look and manner. As soon as they were in private together, Mr Hewson began to question him as to his views and prospects in life; and soon perceived that his surmises were just, and that to be united to Charlotte was the wish nearest to Willie's heart. "From what I observed during the night I passed in the Widow Murray's cottage," said Mr Hewson, "I do not think that you, my young friend, could choose from a better stock; and I for my part should be glad, while I am assisting my relation, to be the means of rewarding the self-denying honesty and contented industry of that family. Do you think you have acquired sufficient knowledge of seafaring business to make a fit captain of a small trading vessel?"

At these words, Willie Hewson's eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed with delight; but checking his transports, he answered modestly—

"It is not for me, sir, to judge about myself—I will refer you to my captain; but if an earnest desire to acquire nautical knowledge, and a close attention to the duties of

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my calling are of any avail, I believe I might venture upon such an undertaking."

"Very well; I will inquire into the business, and if I find you well qualified for it, I will, if you please, purchase a neat little vessel in which you may make short trading voyages that will not take you too long from your family; out of the profit of these voyages you shall, by degrees, pay me the price of the vessel. I shall also present you with a small sum as a portion for Charlotte, and this will serve to furnish your outfit, and to put your house in better repair."

The captain's report of William's diligence, prudence, and sobriety, as well as of his proficiency in all knowledge requisite for his station, was so satisfactory, that it confirmed Mr Hewson in his purpose. The vessel was purchased, and a tight little ship she was, and well rigged out; she was christened "The Lovely Charlotte," and on that same day Mr Hewson, acting the part of a father, bestowed the hand of her namesake upon the newly made captain. We will not attempt to describe the delight and gratitude of the youthful pair, the joy of their aged parents, nor the heartfelt satisfaction of the generous author of their happiness.

Charlotte was now in comparative comfort, and might, if she had chosen, have even lived luxuriously; but she was formed of a different temperament. Though Mr Hewson never proposed any time for the repayment of the debt due by Willie, the new-married wife thought that the task of restoration could not be too soon set about, and accordingly she at once began a course of frugality, which never ceased till she had paid up the whole sum, and had made her husband in reality master and owner of the Lovely Charlotte. Willie, or Captain Hewson, as we should call him, would often entreat her to give herself more indulgences; but she resisted all his persuasions. The consequence was, that her children were early inured to habits of economy, which served them through life.

And what was the end of Susan Mills? She came to see Charlotte, and boasted greatly of her grandeur. She invited Mrs Hewson to come and see her; but it was only after a lapse of several years that Charlotte, chancing to be near Carbery Lodge, as O'Flaherty's mansion was called, went to see her old friend, of whose history she of late knew nothing but by vague report. She was surprised, on entering the domain of Carbery, to see such an air of desolation all around: the fences were broken down, and the cattle strayed unheeded through the screen of fir-trees, where they were committing the most cruel devastations. Some children were playing near the hall door, which opening suddenly as Charlotte approached, a little boy rushed out sobbing violently with rage and grief; for the latter he seemed to have some cause, for his head was cut and bleeding.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Charlotte; "how were you hurt?"

"It was—it was mamma," said the child, crying more bitterly; "she banged the door of the press against my head, and all because that lying fellow there," said he, looking at his eldest brother, "told her I took the cake."

"And so you did, you dirty brat, with your ugly broken nose; you are the picture of old cankered granny—and mamma says so."

"Dirty brat yourself, I'm heir of Carbery Lodge."

Charlotte's little girl who had accompanied her, scared at the sounds of fraternal discord, to which she was unused, took refuge beneath her mother's cloak. "Oh shame, shame," said Charlotte, taking the wounded boy by the hand, "brothers to use such language to one another. Come with me, and I'll ask your mamma to put some plaster to your head to cure it." "No, no," said the boy, breaking from her, "I'll go and complain to grandmother."

Charlotte, shocked at this scene, knocked timidly at the door, which was opened by a fat woman, with a red face, and eyes that sparkled with rage; she had the handle of a sweeping-brush in her hand, with which she seemed prepared to oppose the entrance of the intruder. Upon seeing Charlotte, she stopped short; and after a pause exclaimed—"It is, it is Charlotte, I declare!" and her countenance relaxing from its stern expression, Charlotte, to her utter surprise, perceived that the fat red-faced woman was no other than Susan. Endeavouring to conceal her consternation at this discovery, she replied to Mrs O'Flaherty's complimentary speeches as well as she was able. "I'm sure I am happy to see you at last," said the lady; "better late than never. But I'm sorry you didn't see Carbery Lodge when my furniture was new; those children, there's no bearing them, they are so wicked, and so arch—see the figure they've made of every thing. It was only last night that brat smashed my beautiful chandelier that cost me my good three pounds; and see the way they burned my carpet, the rogues, with the poker."

The drawing-room did, indeed, exhibit the appearance of a place where all the imps of mischief had been let loose. The curtains, of a bright salmon colour, bordered with green, showed evident marks of dirty hands having been wiped in them; the sofa had been originally of the same hue, but had now exchanged it for that of the yellow clay regularly imported upon the children's shoes from the muddy ground before the door; then the gaudy beauties of the many-coloured paper on the walls were quite defaced by spots of grease and ink, dispersed over it with a profusion that seemed rather the effect of design than of chance—all, in short, within doors and without, bore the marks of reckless waste and comfortless extravagance. But nothing she had seen so much distressed Charlotte's feelings as the change in the appearance of her old companion. Six years before, Susan had been a very lovely woman, now scarce a trace of beauty remained; her face and neck, for the graceful turn of which she had been famed, were frightfully swollen; her cheeks, which had been tinged with the most delicate peach colour, were now of a fiery red, and blotched with scurvy; the pretty though coquettish expression of her countenance was exchanged for a look of lowering discontent; her figure, once so light and agile, was heavy and unwieldy, and her whole appearance gave too much colour to reports which had been spread of her having acquired a taste for spirituous liquors—reports which Charlotte had been unwilling to credit, but which a very disagreeable smell of whisky which pervaded the house too strongly confirmed.

"Well, and what will you take after your journey, Mrs Hewson?" said Susan; "a drop of punch would do no harm, and there's hot water ready," added she, rising to call the maid.

"Not any punch for me, Mrs O'Flaherty, I thank you kindly; but, if it wouldn't be too troublesome, a little tea would be the greatest treat you could give me, for it's a thing I don't very often use."

"And is that the case, my poor Charlotte? Well, I didn't think Captain Hewson was the sort of man to scrimp you that way! Why, even the wife of a common labourer sits down to her tea quite regular now-a-days; and he, that has such opportunities of getting it *cheap*, too, to deny you. Indeed, I'm very angry with him."

"Then you needn't, Mrs O'Flaherty. It isn't Willie's fault, indeed it isn't; for though he wouldn't get it the way you mean, for fear it would teach him to be a smuggler, it's often, from the very first, he pressed me to take it both morning and evening; but I considered that we were deeply in debt, and couldn't count any thing our own till we were clear; so I wouldn't be indulging myself, and I got only just what served the old people, that hadn't their appetites rightly."

"Well, to be sure, every one knows their own business best; but, for my part, I'd think myself fairly lost without my tea. The best I have, both green and black, and coffee, too—so you may take your choice."

"Coffee is very good, and Willie's always telling me so, but somehow it comes a little strange to me; so the black tea, ma'am, if you please, being what I'm used to, is what I'd like best."

"You shall have it, and I'm sorry you'll not let me order something more comfortable. As it happens, Mr O'Flaherty has taken away the key of the cellar in his pocket, or I could offer you a glass of wine, for we have both red and white in the cellar plenty."

"I don't in the least doubt it, ma'am, but wine is a thing quite out of my line."

While Charlotte was taking her tea, Susan began a long story of complaints, which may be too easily imagined to require any notice from us. It is sufficient to state, that Susan felt her domestic grievances the more keenly, because her attention was not called from them by the employments which generally occupy the time of those born in her station; and unable, from her want of education, to substitute the pursuits which interest the higher classes of society, she sought a temporary oblivion of her sorrows in the use of ardent spirits. This fatal resource, as usual, aggravated every evil, increasing the strength of her vindictive passions, till they rendered her an object of terror to her children, hatred to her servants, and disgust to her neighbours.

As Charlotte approached her own happy home, her spirits recovered from the depression produced by the scenes she had witnessed at Carbery Lodge; her little boys, who had been eagerly watching for her return, came running to meet her.

"Oh, mother, mother, how long you have been away; and the 'Lovely Charlotte' is come in, and father has brought such beautiful things—a gown all over moss roses for you, and a doll for Peggy, and a great big ship, with real mast and sails, for Tommy and me, and he's longing so to see you."

The gown all over moss roses was not requisite to hasten Charlotte's steps to meet her husband.

"This has been a prosperous voyage, my beloved wife," said he, as he embraced her. "I have cleared sufficient to discharge our debt to our generous relation. Such strict economy will be no longer necessary, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy those comforts from which you have so long debarred yourself."

Mr Hewson was much pleased by the integrity, industry, and self-denial evinced by his cousins in the early liquidation of their debt; and, like a prudent merchant, who, finding his first venture succeed, is inclined to risk another on a similar speculation, he began to consider in what manner he could best dispose of the price of the "Lovely Charlotte" for the benefit of his relations.

His namesake and godson, little George, though not quite such a genius as his fond parents fancied, was a fine intelligent boy, very assiduous, and desirous of improvement. Mr Hewson proposed taking upon himself the care and expense of his education, so as to fit him for entering as midshipman on board an East Indiaman, a situation where he would have the benefit of his relation's interest to obtain promotion, in case he deserved it. The delight with which this proposal, far exceeding their most sanguine hopes, was received by the parents, may be easily imagined.

Little George, profiting by the advantages bestowed upon him, conducted himself in such a manner as to give the greatest satisfaction to his friend and protector. When of a proper age, he was put on board an India ship, where his strict attention to the duties of his station obtained the approbation of his superiors. Rising gradually in his profession, he at length obtained the command of a vessel, and his benefactor had the pleasure of seeing him return from a successful voyage, as captain of an East Indiaman.

It was now in George's power to be of use to his brothers and sisters by his assistance. They were happily and respectably settled in life, while his continued good conduct, and dutiful affection towards his parents, rendered him the pride, delight, and support of their declining years.

Very different was the fate of the unfortunate Susan. Her love of spirituous liquors increased to such a degree, that her constitution, though naturally strong, could no longer withstand its effects. She lingered some months under a painful disease, uncheered by the kindness or sympathy of friend or relation, and sunk into the grave in the prime of life, with the painful conviction that her death would be regarded by her children with indifference, and hailed by her husband with undisguised satisfaction.

ENGLISH FARMERS' CLUBS.

Among the information of various kinds which we were able to pick up during a late visit to England, was the gratifying intelligence that there is an awakening interest in agricultural improvement on something like a general plan.

Two or three years ago, a great agricultural society was formed, on the model of the Highland Society of Scotland. This we noticed at the time as a thing auguring much good, and we are glad to find that the prediction is so far proved to have been a true one. For some time there have also existed local agricultural societies, which have in various respects proved advantageous in their respective districts. Other, and more familiar institutions, have at last sprung up. These are called farmers' clubs, and consist altogether of rent-paying agriculturists, it being essential to their existence and utility that no landed gentry, however much they may aid the exertions of their tenantry, shall belong to them. Composed of a class of men of similar pursuits, education, and ability, farmers' clubs are remarkable for an easy and agreeable sociality, free alike from the envy and the scarcely less mischievous veneration which beset a body composed of unequal classes. The institution of farmers' clubs is not exactly a new thing in Britain, for one has been in existence at Hawick in Roxburghshire for upwards of half a century, and we have heard of one or two more in other parts of Scotland. They are, however, new in England, and have spread chiefly in the last and present year; much of the credit of their origin being due, we believe, to Mr Shaw, the present active and intelligent editor of the *Mark Lane Express* and *Farmer's Magazine*. The leading object of these associations of farmers, is the diffusing of practical information on subjects in which all are professionally interested. The club meets once a-month, on an appointed evening, near the full moon; drinking or smoking, we believe, is not generally allowed; but simple refreshments, such as tea or coffee, may be introduced. A chairman is appointed to preserve order, and lead the conversation or discussion to topics calling for notice. A secretary keeps a journal of transactions and of papers read, and an abstract is periodically furnished for publication in the Farmer's Magazine, whereby the various societies throughout the kingdom obtain some idea of what the others have been engaged upon.

Looking over the first report of the Beccles Farmers' Club, we find, for example, the following topics agitated:—The most economic and best mode of cutting wheat; the most effectual means of destroying the "black caterpillar;" subsoil ploughing; the best steeps for grain; the best manner of keeping cart-horses, resumed from the November meeting. "The member who introduced the last question, stated it to be one of considerable difficulty, upon which it was not easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. After a few preliminary observations, the method of feeding horses with *cut chaff* was discussed and strongly recommended. As economy appeared the great desideratum, it was considered that a small portion of straw might be mixed with the hay for cutting, and that during the winter months bean-stalks might be given. Under these circumstances, however, an increased quantity of corn would be necessary. Some members stated that, when the allowance of hay or clover was stinted, it would be found desirable to grind the corn, by which means the chaff would be better consumed than when the corn was given whole. After a somewhat lengthened debate, the following was agreed to:—Resolved, that it is the opinion of this meeting, that the most approved method of keeping cart-horses is to allow them each twelve stones of hay per week, and one bushel of oats, or an equivalent of bear-meal and pollard, as winter keep; a small quantity of straw cut into chaff is considered advantageous in point of economy. Through the summer it is desirable to feed them upon tares or other green meat in yards, in preference to turning them out on the pastures. And also that yards, with hovels for feeding and lodging, are preferable to confinement in the stable, either winter or summer."

This short extract will afford a tolerably correct notion of the subjects and mode of discussion at these farmers' clubs. In fact, each speaker narrates his own experience for the benefit of his neighbours; and the territorial holding of each farmer may be described as a species of experimental farm, upon which new methods of culture may be practised. It is quite pleasing to learn that a taste for rational and scientific discussion has reached the farming class in England. That class, it is notorious, both from habits of thought and circumstances, has fallen behind the more active order of mechanics and traders. The clubs we speak of will, doubtless, help powerfully to quicken the intellect, and enrich, in a pecuniary sense, the very numerous body of cultivators. It may be stated, as a general truth in statistics, that each county in England could, with better skill, be made to yield produce to the value of one million of pounds sterling per annum above what is at present taken off the ground

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as crop. The scope for improvement, therefore, being immense, why not hasten to take advantage of it!

In an essay on the subject of these clubs, in the Farmer's Magazine for December 1839, the following observations occur:—"If, then, the farmers of England wish to extend their knowledge, and to improve their cultivation, through the discoveries of science, let them establish societies like the mechanics' institutions, at which they can discuss the merits of new discoveries, or the improvements in the practice of old, and profit by the experience of those who have had greater opportunities of devoting their time and attention to the science of agriculture. * * It has been impossible for persons engaged in agriculture to procure any books treating on that science but at a heavy outlay of money, purchasing them at their sole expense;" but by means of farmers' clubs, a library of the best works and periodicals in this department of literature will become readily available. The amount of subscription for support of the library and institution is trifling. "The experience of the Harleston Club proves, that five shillings per annum from each member, with no forfeits for non-attendance at the meetings, is amply sufficient to secure all the advantages contemplated."

Referring to the number of the Farmer's Magazine above quoted, for much useful information respecting the mode of instituting and conducting Farmers' Clubs, we close our remarks with explicitly recommending agriculturists in all parts of the United Kingdom to follow the excellent example now brought under their notice.

GURNEY'S VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.

Joseph John Gurney, a respectable member of the Society of Friends, and, as it seems, a preacher or missionary, having returned lately after a three years' absence in various parts of North America and the West Indies, has written and published an account of his journey, in the form of a series of letters to Henry Clay, Esq., of Kentucky.* Mr Gurney's object in performing this tour, was to observe the condition of the emancipated negroes in our colonies; and his reason for addressing his collected information to Mr Clay, will be comprehended from the following passage:—"On our return from the West Indies to the United States, my companions and myself spent ten days in the city of Washington, while Congress was in session. We found no difficulty in obtaining private interviews with the President, the secretaries of the different departments of government, and many of the most influential members of Congress of both parties. To these gentlemen we related the principal particulars of our West Indian tour, and stated the evidence with which we had been furnished, of the beneficial working of freedom among the negroes of the West Indies, in a pecuniary, civil, and moral point of view. Our narration was listened to with great attention, and by no individual more so than by Henry Clay of Kentucky. Notwithstanding the conspicuous part which that statesman has of late years taken in defence of the slavery of the United States, we had abundant proof that his mind is not steeled against a lively feeling of interest in the cause of emancipation; and we have a strong hope that the practical views developed in the present volume will ere long be embraced by him, in reference to the slave states of North America. In the mean time, as it was my object to convince the more reasonable of the pro-slavery party, I believed it best to address my letters to a gentleman who is generally regarded as belonging to that class. In making this selection, I had of course no reference to the side which he is known to take in the politics of the United States. It was my wish to interest persons of all political parties in America, in the same great cause of sound policy, justice, and humanity."

It can hardly fail to appear as somewhat Quixotic in an English Quaker to attempt to change the current of sentiment in the States respecting the legalised sale and slavery of human beings. Nevertheless, as every such attempt helps to disabuse public prejudice, and to increase the number of friends to emancipation, we have to thank Mr Gurney for his enlightened efforts, and trust to their swelling the tide of freedom. We are very glad to observe, that this conscientious describer of things as they are, fully corroborates the statements we lately had an opportunity of presenting from official documents, respecting the condition of the West Indian peasantry. We promise the reader some very delightful extracts on this highly important subject.

In company with Mahlon Day, and a young friend, who undertook to act as attendant and helper, Mr Gurney sailed from New York on the 22d November 1839, in the Camilla, with the design of proceeding, in the first instance, to Santa Cruz, a West Indian island belonging to Denmark, and in which slavery still exists. The sail into the tropical seas was exceedingly pleasant, after leaving a cold northern clime; and after a prosperous voyage of two weeks, the party landed at Fredericksted, or West End in Santa Cruz. Having made a tour to various parts of this very beautiful and productive island, which at the time was covered with the most luxuriant and splendid plants, the author is able to say something of the appearance and general condition of things. He mentions, that slavery in the Danish West Indies is much modified of late years, but still hangs as a dead weight on the energies of society. "I understand (he observes) that the slaves form about four-fifths of the population, and are in number about 19,000. Time was when the treatment to which they were exposed was harsh and severe, and then their numbers were constantly declining. Of late years, however, the Danish government has instituted various restrictions which have ameliorated the condition of the slaves. They are not allowed, as I understand, to be worked longer in the day than from six o'clock in the morning to the same hour in the evening, with intervals (not always long enough) for breakfast and dinner. Legal provisions are made respecting food and clothing. The driver in the field is not permitted to carry any more terrible instrument than a tamarind switch of moderate size; and twelve lashes with the rope, and a short period of solitary confinement (mostly, I believe, in a light room), are the extent of punishment which even the manager or master is permitted to inflict. This rope, however, is a dangerous instrument of torture; and I am told that the reduction of the allowed number of lashes, from thirty to twelve, is no matter of law, but the simple result of the imperative benevolence of the governor-general, Von Scholten. Any negro has a right to buy his own freedom; and, in case of need, the price is settled by a public appraiser. The consequence of these benevolent provisions is, that the condition of the slaves is improved, and their number is now kept up, with a very small increase." Nevertheless, the degradation caused by slavery in these islands, "the low physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the slaves, as compared with that of the liberated negroes of the British islands, is obvious and unquestionable. The worst feature of the system is the 'Sunday market,' as it is called. The slaves are allowed no one of the working days of the week for their own business. The consequence is, that multitudes of them throng from the country (often from a great distance) into the towns of Bassin and West End, on the first day of the week, with their provisions and fruits for sale. The rum shops are hard by the market places. The buyers, of course, misuse the day as well as the sellers; and the scene is one not only of busy traffic, but of noisy merriment, idleness, and dissipation.

It was very satisfactory to us to learn from our friend Captain Van Scholten, the brother of the governor-general (then in Denmark), that a commission had been appointed at Copenhagen, to inquire into the state of these colonies, with a view to emancipation. In the mean time, seven large buildings have been erected in different parts of the island, to serve as chapels and schools, for the religious and literary instruction of the negro population. They are not yet in use; but several of the planters are making laudable exertions for the education of their slaves in reading, and in a knowledge of the Scriptures. A coloured person of the name of Macfarlane, in every way adapted for the office, is employed for the purpose; this school circulates, with excellent effect, from one estate to another. Having been taught their moral and religious obligations, the negroes on these estates are already greatly improved, and are much more useful to their masters than in the days of their ignorance.

The schools held on the first day of the week, under the care of the members of the Episcopal church, at Bassin and West End, are attended by several hundreds of black, mulatto, and white children. Some of the planters and their wives are united with coloured persons and others, as instructors in these schools; and the blessed work is carried on, both among the teachers and the taught, without prejudice of caste or distinction of colour."

Mr Gurney adds the following piece of information, which suggests a valuable hint:—"We were glad to be informed of the existence of an institution in the Danish West Indian islands (derived of course from the parent state), which operates most beneficially in promoting the peace of the inhabitants. It is the Court of Reconciliation, in which all disputes and questions of civil right must be submitted to arbitration, before they can become the subjects of suits at law. In this court of amicable adjustment, such matters are almost universally settled. The consequence is, that the legal profession in Santa Cruz is nearly a sinecure, and can scarcely be said to exist at all. Such a provision would be invaluable in the British West Indies, where proceedings at law are a perpetual source of irritation and vexation." The writer might have added, that such an institution might, with equal propriety, be established in Britain, where the protracted and expensive process of litigation is a disgrace to the country.

Mr Gurney next sailed to St Thomas, another Danish island, where slavery happens to be on a much worse footing, and where he could not hear any favourable accounts of the black and coloured population. "There are but few married couples among them—loose and low habits appear to be general. No one can aver that slavery in St Thomas is attended by any one advantage, temporal, civil, moral, or spiritual." But worse than this can be said against the island. "The Spanish and Portuguese slave vessels frequently come to this port to be fitted up for their nefarious adventures on the coast of Africa; here they have free ingress and egress, without the smallest interruption from the Danish men-of-war on the station; and, on some occasions, they have actually received their supplies of gunpowder from the fort itself." Friend Joseph asks why these things are permitted in the face of British treaties, which is a question much easier asked than answered. Great Britain cannot act as police-officer to the whole earth.

Leaving this poor specimen of the Danish possessions, the author and his companions proceeded, on the last day of December, to Tortola, a British island, which presented quite another aspect. It is worth while to hear what were the writer's impressions in landing upon and perambulating this small insular territory. "We could not but feel an intense interest in making our first visit to a British island, peopled with emancipated negroes. Out of a population of nearly five thousand, there are scarcely more than two hundred white persons; but we heard of no inconveniences arising from this disparity. We had letters to Dr Dyett, the stipendiary magistrate, and to some of the principal planters, who greeted us with a warm welcome, and soon relieved us from our very natural anxiety, by assuring us that freedom was working well in Tortola. One of our first visits was to a school for black children, under the care of Alexander Bott, the pious minister of the parish church. It was in good order—the children answered our questions well. We then proceeded to the jail, in which, if my memory serves me right, we found only one prisoner—with the jailor and the judge! Our kind friend, Francis Spencer Wigley, Chief-Justice of the British Virgin Islands, happened to be there, and cheered us with the information that crime had vastly decreased since the period of full emancipation. I looked over the list of commitments to the jail, which, for the most part, are summary for petty offences, and observed that, in the last six months of 1837, the number committed was 186, and in the last six months of 1839, only 75; making a difference of 111 in favour of freedom. With regard to heavier offences, the three preceding courts of session (embracing a period of nine months) were occasions of perfect leisure—not a single criminal indictment at any of them.

In the afternoon, we presented one of our letters to William R. Isaacs, a most respectable old gentleman, who was once president of the island. He was confined to his bed with a sprained ankle, and kindly allowed me the use of his excellent riding-horse during our stay at Roadstown. He is himself a considerable proprietor, and was then acting as attorney to Reid, Irving, and Co. of London, owners, by mortgage tenure, of a large part of the island. In these two capacities, our elderly friend had *fifteen hundred* free negroes under his care; and since all his habits had long been associated with the old system, we could not but regard his testimony as of peculiar value. He speedily informed us, of his own accord, that his labourers were working well. 'I have,' said he, 'no complaint to make.' The fact that so large a proportion of the island had passed out of the hands of the proprietors, into those of the merchant and money-lender, was a conclusive evidence against slavery. With this evidence we could now contrast the happy testimony of our friend in favour of freedom.

The next morning we mounted our horses at an early hour, and, in company with Dr Dyett and R. V. Shew, an influential planter, visited President Isaacs' principal property. I observed a large company of negroes, male and female, at work on the brow of a lofty hill. I rode up to them, in company with the overseer, and found them heartily at work. They were engaged in the laborious occupation of holing—that is, digging holes with the hoe, for the reception of the canes—and protecting each hole (as was necessary on that steep declivity) with a firm embankment. Those who best understood the subject, freely acknowledged that their work was excellent. We afterwards witnessed similar scenes, and received accounts equally satisfactory, on the sugar plantations belonging to R. V. Shew and Judge Wigley. The wages of these labourers are small, only sixpence sterling per day, with a trifling increase during crop time; but I was assured that the privileges which they enjoy, of a cottage, with good provision-grounds, rent free, and plenty of pasture for their stock, at least double the amount of their wages. The present condition of the planters in Tortola is not very favourable, from long-continued droughts, and a consequent short crop; but I hope that more prosperous seasons will soon lead to an increase of wages. This is obviously the best method of preventing the migration of the peasantry to Trinidad, to which colony many of them have been lured by emissaries sent out for the purpose—under the hope of larger returns for their labour. In the mean time, I am quite willing to acknowledge, that the labourers of Tortola appeared to us to be in a condition of considerable ease and comfort.

Among the vegetables which they cultivate in their provision-grounds, we observed the *pigeon pea*, a shrub which grows here in great quantities, and produces a nutritious pea for the table; also the *cassava*. It has been remarked, that a piece of ground cultivated with this root will produce more food for man than under any other cultivation whatever. It is a singular circumstance that its juice is a deadly poison; but after this has been pressed out, the farinaceous substance which remains is made into an excellent thin bread, like the Scotch oat-cake in appearance, but more agreeable to the palate.

* A Winter in the West Indies, by Joseph John Gurney. Murray: London.

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After regaling ourselves with a plentiful breakfast at Judge Wigley's pleasant residence on the top of a lofty hill, we pursued our course through scenery of uncommon beauty—in parts almost of a Swiss character. There are no roads on this island for carriages—only rocky and precipitous mountain paths, for journeys on horseback or foot. The wild flowers are still more beautiful here than in Santa Cruz. The great aloe, called the century plant, abounds, and has a very picturesque appearance; and there are many prodigious plants of the cactus tribe. Pink, purple, red, and yellow convolvuluses, are seen creeping about in all directions; and the splendid 'pride of Barbadoes' is common. The white jasmine occurs in the hedges; and a small tree, called the *panchepan*, bears profuse bunches of large white flowers, of fragrant jasmine odour. The brown pelicans float about the coast in great numbers; and we were told that the neighbouring low island of Anegada is frequented by the flamingo. At the distance of many hundred yards, when on the brow of a lofty hill, we distinctly saw a shark playing among the waves—an evidence of the remarkable clearness both of the air and water. Many of the hills are covered with luxuriant 'guinea grass,' and afford excellent pasture for cattle, sheep, and goats. A large proportion of these animals belong to the negroes. The cows are sleek and beautiful, and the milk excellent.

Another day was spent in a boat excursion to the western extremity of the island, in order to visit some of the estates under the care of our friend Isaac Thomas, another of the principal attorneys. In the course of our voyage, the sailors caught some fish, so curiously striped and spotted as to receive the name of 'lizard' fish; and, on landing, we observed the shore strewn with handsome specimens of the echinus, or sea egg. We found the sugar plantations, under the care of our friend, in fair order. He employs two hundred and fifty free negroes, and assured us that 'he had not the slightest complaint to make respecting them.' On the examination of the accounts of two of the properties, it appeared that he was decidedly saving money by the substitution of free labour, on moderate wages, for the dead weight of slavery.

At the different places at which he touched, Mr Gurney took occasion to exercise his religious vocation, though, with becoming modesty and good taste, he says comparatively little on that point. At Tortola, he observes that "freedom is working well as a handmaid to religion." At one time, the island was the seat of a little Society of Friends; there are no members in the present day, but it is interesting to know that the moral worth of these good people has left a happy influence on a small community of negroes, who are settled as tenants in common on an estate once belonging to Samuel and Mary Nottingham, Quakers of high character. "About sixty years ago they liberated their slaves, from conscientious motives, and gave them their estate at Longlook, on the eastern coast. A letter of Christian advice, addressed to their predecessors by these pious persons, then living at Bristol, is still cherished by the negroes on the property, about sixty in number, and held as a sort of title-deed to the estate. We had great pleasure in visiting them. Their land is on the brow of a mountain, and a considerable part of it is well cultivated with yams and other vegetables. We held a religious meeting with them in the largest of their cottages, and were entirely satisfied with their respectable appearance and orderly behaviour.

In the afternoon we crossed the water, on a visit to the African settlement at Kingstown Bay. It consists of several hundred Africans, taken out of captured slave ships, and located on a tract of land allotted them by order of the British government. We had heard reports of their poverty and idleness; but these were belied by their decent and respectable appearance. A church is now in course of building for their use, under the orders of the Bishop of Barbadoes; and a school has been already formed for the education of their children. About three hundred of them assembled, under the shade of a large tamarind tree, and it has seldom fallen to my lot to address a more feeling, or apparently more intelligent, congregation. One thing is clear and unquestionable—that the African mind is abundantly susceptible of instruction in the great doctrines and principles of the Christian religion."

From this island Mr Gurney proceeded to St Christopher's, with the social condition of which he expresses a like satisfaction. On the morning after his arrival, "I mounted," says he, "one of the governor's horses, and enjoyed a solitary ride into the country. Although it was the seventh day of the week, usually applied by the emancipated labourers to their private purposes, I observed many of them diligently at work on the cane grounds, cutting the canes for the mill. Their aspect was that of physical vigour and cheerful contentment; and all my questions, as I passed along, were answered satisfactorily. On my way, I ventured to call at one of the estates, and found it was the home of Robert Claxton, the solicitor-general of the colony, a gentleman of intelligence and respectability. He was kind enough to impart a variety of useful, and, in general, cheering information. One fact mentioned by him is highly encouraging. Speaking of a small property on the island belonging to himself, he said, 'Six years ago (that is, shortly before the act of emancipation), it was worth only L.2000, with the slaves upon it. Now, without a single slave, it is worth three times the money. I would not sell it for L.6000.' This remarkable rise in the value of property, is by no means confined to particular estates. I was assured that, as compared with those times of depression and alarm which preceded the act of emancipation, it is at once general and very considerable. I asked the President Crook, and some other persons, whether there was a single individual on the island who wished for the restoration of slavery. Answer, 'Certainly not one.'

As to the staple article of sugar, we found the island in a condition of prosperity. It was supposed that the crop on the ground, which to us appeared heavy and luxuriant, would produce at least the usual average of 7000 hogsheads; and no difficulty whatever was apprehended in realising it. We accompanied our friend Burt to Ottley's—a well-managed sugar estate, belonging to himself and Judge Wigley of Tortola—where we again examined the process of sugar-making, and again saw the negroes diligently at work, on the day which they usually reserve for their own business.

The day's wages, in this island, are from 7d. to 9d. sterling per day, besides the usual privileges; but the negroes have no difficulty in earning from 2s. to 3s. sterling per day by job work. Under this system, particularly, they perform a far greater quantity of work in a given time than could be obtained from them under slavery. When we called on our excellent friend R. Cleghorn, a faithful and intelligent stipendiary magistrate, he summed up his favourable report of the labourers of St Christopher's by the following emphatic remark—'They will do *an infinity of work for wages*.'

This state of things is accompanied by a vast increase in their own comforts. Our friend Cadman, the Methodist minister, was on this station, during slavery, in the year 1826. He has now returned to it under freedom. 'The change for the better,' he observed, 'in the dress, demeanour, and welfare of the people, is *prodigious*.' The imports are vastly increased. The duties on them were L.1600 more in 1838 than in 1837; and in 1839 double those of 1838 within L.150. This surprising increase is owing to the demand on the part of the free labourers for imported goods, especially for articles of dress. The difficulty experienced by the gentry living in the town, in procuring fowls, eggs, &c., from the negroes, is considerably increased. The reason is well known—the labourers make use of them for home consumption. Marriage is now become frequent amongst them, and a profusion of eggs is expended on their wedding cakes! Doubtless, they will soon learn to exchange these freaks of luxury for the gradual acquisition of wealth.

We had much pleasure in calling at the Moravian establishment at Cayon, under the care of Brother Münzer. It seemed to be admirably conducted: he has three hundred children in his school. Another of their establishments at Basse-terre is equally prosperous. We visited the school there, and examined the children. Their answers to our questions were lively and correct. Crime and petty offences are greatly diminished since the date of full freedom. Education in useful knowledge and religious instruction are rapidly advancing. There are nine churches on the island under the Establishment; six Methodist chapels, and three Moravian institutions. The Moravians have 3000 members by birth and otherwise; the Methodists 2899 in church communion, besides attendees. These numbers include a vast proportion of the population, which is calculated at 20,000."

This must conclude our extracts from Mr Gurney's work for the present.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER.

On entering the royal presence, the king said, "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which, I hear, has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His majesty replied, "Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed that, in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as monitors. The king assented, and said, "Good." Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me that the royal party paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and when he had finished, his majesty said, "Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object." "Please thy majesty," said Lancaster, "if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country, and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them." His majesty immediately replied, "Lancaster, I will subscribe L.100 annually; and," addressing the queen, "you shall subscribe L.50, Charlotte and the princesses L.25 each;" and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed, "Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work!" To which the king replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew. It may here be stated, that every succeeding monarch of England, including her present majesty, has followed George III.'s example.—*Croston's Sketch of Joseph Lancaster's Life.*

HAL PIERSON'S HALF-CROWN.

Hal Pierson was an idiot, or *innocent*, as weak persons are called in Yorkshire, who was benevolently reared and protected by the family of Sir George Armitage, some eighty or more years ago. Hal, though weak of intellect, was extremely shrewd, and even witty at times. He loved money, as *all* fools and *some* wise men do. A casual visiter to the family had given him half-a-crown. Hal was delighted; but he had heard in the servants' hall that money makes money, and a vague wish arose in his mind to multiply, if possible, the coin of which he had become possessed. There was a young carpenter, named Robby, who worked by the year in the family, and who, hearing Hal inquire how he might increase his treasure, told him to put it into a hole in the wall, which Hal immediately did. It is to be premised, that this poor innocent knew not the comparative value of silver and copper. Robby, taking advantage of his ignorance, and eager to play a trick upon him, changed the coin for a few coppers, with which Hal was at first much pleased; but, by and bye, one of the under-servants explained the matter, and Hal vowed vengeance against the carpenter. Whether he executed it or not, the reader will presently see.

Hal was always ready to do errands, and *sometimes* did them well. At all events he was no niggard of his time or trouble, when he liked his employer. His will was good, but his power weak. At one time a young lady, Miss Jenny Ayrton, being on a visit at Sir George Armitage's, to her great vexation discovered that she had forgotten a rich pair of ruffles and lappets. Every body was busy; much company was expected, and a splendid toilet necessary. Poor Miss Jenny, in all the sorrows of beauty and eighteen, addressed herself in vain to the servants for a trusty messenger to dispatch four miles for these important articles. Not one could be spared, until a good-natured little dairy-maid, a simple cowslip of the north, suggested an application to Hal Pierson. He could take a message; was very fond of Miss Jenny; it was a fine day, and only four miles. But Hal had a dislike to carrying a note or letter, ever since a celebrated humourist, in the practical joke line, had given him a note, desiring the bearer might be rewarded for his pains with a tumbler of hot salt and water. No—Hal would have nothing to say to a note; but undertook cheerfully to go and fetch the ruffles and lappets. It was explained to him by Cowslip what they were, and he sapiently replied, "I naw Jenny Ayrton wants her handy-cuffs and pinniers." He repeated this several times to imprint it on his memory. Cowslip thought it would be all right, and Hal started. The whole way, as he went, he repeated aloud to himself, "I'se come for Jenny Ayrton's handy-cuffs and pinniers." As his habit was never to walk but to dance along, clapping his hands as he went, this formed the burden of the song, which helped him on the way. Arrived at the house, he repeated his lesson; but no one knew what he meant, and, to his evident distress, he had to go back without his errand. On his return, he explained that they would not give him any "handy-cuffs or pinniers." Miss Ayrton then tried again to make him understand by showing him her every-day ruffles; but said that, being in the country, and company expected, she wished her best to be sent. He then willingly undertook to return, though he had already walked or danced eight miles in her service. This time he tried hard, and said "ruffles and lappets" all the way; but he chanced to get a fall, which completed the before muddled state of his brains, and when he rose, he had only a vague recollection of cuffs, and that they should be smarter than usual in the country. So he arrived at Miss Ayrton's house, shouting out, "Ruff cuffs and country cuffs." More puzzled than ever, the servants stood in dismay, until, out of breath and patience with his now twelve miles' walk, Hal insisted upon having various articles of the female wardrobe exhibited to him, when, his desire being complied with, he quickly pounced upon the commodity wanted. Having been allowed to take a pair of ruffles and lappets of rich point-lace, which he triumphantly attached to his walking staff, he set out, puffing and blowing, upon his second return to Sir George Armitage's, where he presented himself to the anxiously expecting young lady, just in time to decorate her fair person with the result of his sixteen miles' labour. But he had his reward; for Miss Ayrton smiled, and her smile was at that period of her life witchcraft itself, even to such a being as Hal Pierson.

Hal wore Sir George Armitage's livery when he chose, for he never was constrained by his kind benefactor, whose motive for keeping him in his household was pure benevolence. Sauntering, as was his custom, one day by the river side, he saw a young gallant riding on the other bank. Hal owed him a grudge for having once given him a pinch of very strong snuff. The young man had no remembrance of the joke or the person of the fool; and he asked him if the river was fordable there. Hal replied, "Yea." "Are you sure? Have you seen any one pass it to-day?" "Troth and I have—a maist respectable family, father, mother, and young ones," replied Hal; "they came over right

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merrily this morn's morning." Upon this assurance, the young man put his horse to the stream, and though the animal, with instinctive sagacity, hesitated, whip and spur soon compelled him to go in. It was wonderful that both were not drowned. After a hard struggle, horse and rider gained the bank, which Hal no sooner observed than he ran off, to avoid a resentment expressed by menaces both loud and deep. The cavalier made the best of his way to the great house, to prefer his complaint against one bearing the Armitage livery having endangered his life. All the servants were summoned. He could not identify the mischievous one, until somebody suggested the possibility of its being Hal Pierson. Hal was sought for, and brought into presence; but all he could be got to say in answer to his master's queries and reproaches, was that he had seen a very respectable family pass that morning, the grey drake, his duck, and ducklings, and therefore he guessed a goose might do the same. Here was the pinch of snuff revenged.

Hal had hitherto never done any thing very dangerous; but Robby was now to reap his reward for the dishonest tricks played with poor Hal's half-crown, as well as for a long course of minor teasings and annoyances. For some time Hal had contented himself with hiding the young carpenter's tools, or telling tales of him to his sweetheart, the pretty young housemaid; but Robby at last provoked him beyond what was safe with a being of his order. Watching his opportunity one day, when, as usual after dinner, he took a short nap in the workshop, Hal entered unperceived, and accomplished his purpose. He then returned to the servant's hall. By his exulting looks, the servants concluded he had been in mischief, but thought no more about the matter. Supper time came, and as Robby was a merry fellow, and the life of the party, his absence was remarked. At length Hal observed, "I've played him a bonny trick this time." "Why, what have you done now?" cried the others, crowding round him; "what have you hid now?" "Oh, I've hid his head under the shavings, and when he wakes, he'll be troubled to find it." Misgivings arose from this declaration, and they went in a body to the workshop to see what he had really done, when, horrible to relate, it was found that the idiot had cut off the unfortunate young man's head while he slept, and hid it under the shavings. Hal, who had accompanied them, seemed quite astonished to find Robby dead. He tried to put on the head again, and, on finding that the effort was of no use, burst into tears. His delinquency of course subjected him to a trial, which took place at York, when, his imbecility being clearly proved, instead of committing him for the remainder of his life to a prison, the judges gave him over to the care of his humane protector, Sir George Armitage, in whose family he remained well watched; but his spirits never afterwards rallied. He was often found sitting by the side of a brook, mingling his tears with the stream. He never spoke a word respecting the melancholy event; but no power could induce him to approach the workshop, or take in his hand any edged tool. He pined, and his weak intellect becoming more and more feeble, his health suffered, and he died a premature old man, grey-headed under thirty years of age. The remembrance of Hal Pierson's half-crown survived him, and has become a by-word to express any futile and wild scheme for increasing money. Miss Jane Ayrton lived to nearly eighty years of age, and, near the end of her days, communicated these anecdotes to a descendant, the individual who now gives them to the world.

WOUNDING THE BODY AS A RELIGIOUS EXERCISE.

[From "Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind, by Amariah Brigham, M.D." Boston: 1835.]

Wounding or cutting the body has been often resorted to as a religious exercise. This was the custom of the prophets of Baal; as we read—1st Kings, xviii. 28—"They cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." It is probable that something like this was practised by the Hebrews, as in Leviticus, xix. 28, it is written—"Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

Plutarch, in his book "De Superstitione," tells us that the priests of Bellona, when they sacrificed to that goddess, were wont to besmear the victim with their own blood. The Persian magi, according to Herodotus, used to appease tempests and allay the winds by making incisions in their flesh. Strabo alludes to the practice of the Etruscan priests tearing their own flesh, and cutting themselves in different parts of the body, and of walking on fire.

Under this head, also, I should place the practices of the Hindoos, and particularly those in honour of Shivu, the destroyer. These are, falling on iron spikes, piercing the tongue and the sides, swinging by hooks fastened into their flesh, &c. The following picture, from Ward, will suffice.

"This god (Shiva) is represented in various ways; sometimes as a silver-coloured man, with five faces; sometimes with three eyes and one face. Another image of this deity is the lingu, which is nothing more than a smooth black stone, in the form of a sugar-loaf. This is often made of clay, for extemporaneous use.

An abominable festival in honour of this god is celebrated, when many Hindoos, assuming the name of *sunyasees*, inflict on themselves the greatest cruelties. On the first day of the festival, these sunyasees cast themselves from a bamboo stage, with three resting-places, the highest about twenty feet from the ground; from this height these persons cast themselves on iron spikes, stuck in bags of straw. These spikes are laid in a reclining posture, and when the person falls, they almost constantly fall down, instead of entering his body. There are instances, however, of persons being killed, and others wounded, but they are very rare. A few years ago, a person at Kideerpooru, near Calcutta, cast himself on a knife used in cleaning fish, which entered his side and caused his death. He threw himself from the stage twice on the same day; the second time (which was fatal) to gratify a woman with whom he lived. In some villages, several of these stages are erected, and as many as two or three hundred people cast themselves on these spikes, in one day, in the presence of great crowds of spectators. The worshippers of Shivu make a great boast of the power of their god, in preserving his followers in circumstances of such danger.

In the year 1806, I went to Kaleeghatu, in company with two or three friends, to witness these practices; at which place we arrived about five o'clock in the morning. We overtook numerous companies who were proceeding thither, having with them drums and other instruments of music; also spits, canes, and different articles to pierce their tongues and sides. Some, with tinkling rings on their ankles, were dancing and exhibiting indecent gestures, as they passed along, while others rent the air with the sounds of their filthy songs. As we entered the village where the temple of this great goddess is situated, the crowds were so great that we could with difficulty get our vehicles along, and at last were completely blocked up. We then alighted and went amongst the crowd. But who can describe a scene like this! Here, men of all ages, who intended to have their tongues pierced or their sides bored, were buying garlands of flowers to hang around their necks, or to tie round their heads—there, others were carrying offerings to the goddess; above the heads of the crowd were seen nothing but the feathers belonging to the great drums, and the instruments of torture which each victim was carrying in his hand. These wretched slaves of superstition were distinguished from others by the quantity of oil rubbed on their bodies, and by streaks and dots of mud all over them. Some of the chief men belonging to each company were covered with ashes, or dressed in a most fantastic manner, like the fool among mountebanks. For the sake of low sport, some were dressed as English women, and others had on a hat, to excite the crowd to laugh at Europeans. As soon as we could force our way, we proceeded to the temple of Kalee, where the crowd, inflamed to madness, almost trampled upon one another, to obtain a sight of the idol. We went up to the doorway, when a brahmin, who was one of the owners of the idol, addressed one of my companions in broken English:—'Money—money—for black mother!' My friend, not much liking the looks of his black mother, declared he should give her nothing. From this spot we went into the temple yard, where two or three blacksmiths had begun the work of piercing the tongues and boring the sides of these infatuated disciples of Shivu. The first man seemed reluctant to hold out his tongue, but the blacksmith, rubbing it with something like flour, and having a piece of cloth betwixt his fingers, laid firm hold, dragged it out, and placing his lancet under it in the middle, pierced it through and let the fellow go. The next person whose tongue we saw cut, directed the blacksmith to cut it on the contrary side, as it had been already cut twice. This man seemed to go through the business of having his tongue slit with perfect *sang froid*. The company of natives were entirely unmoved, and the blacksmith, pocketing the trifling fee given by each for whom he did this favour, laughed at the sport. I could not help asking whether they were not punishing these men for lying. After seeing the operation performed on one or two more, we went to another group, where they were boring the sides. The first we saw undergoing this operation was a boy, who might be twelve or thirteen years old, and who had been brought thither by his elder brother to submit to this cruelty. A thread rubbed with clarified butter was drawn through the skin on each side, with a kind of lancet having an eye like a needle. He did not flinch, but hung by his hands over the shoulders of his brother. I asked a man who had just had his sides bored, why he did this? He said he had made a vow to Kalee at a time of dangerous illness, and was now performing this vow. A bystander added, it was an act of holiness or merit. Passing from this group, we saw a man dancing backwards and forwards, with two canes run through his sides, as thick as a man's little finger. In returning to Calcutta, we saw many with things of different thicknesses thrust through their sides and tongues, and several with the pointed handles of shovels, containing fire, sticking in their sides. Into this fire, every now and then, they threw Indian pitch, which for the moment blazed very high. I saw one man whose singular mode of self-torture struck me much. His breast, arms, and other parts of his body, were entirely covered with pins, as thick as nails or packing needles. This is called *sara-phora* (piercing with arrows). The person had made a vow to Shivu thus to pierce his body, praying the god to remove some evil from him.

On the following day, in the afternoon, the ceremony called *Churuku*, or the swinging by hooks fastened in the back, is performed. The posts are erected in some open place in the town or suburbs. They are generally fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cubits high. In some places a kind of worship is paid at the foot of the tree of Shivu, when two pigeons are let loose, or slain. In other parts, that is, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, the worship of Shivu is performed at his temple, after which the crowd proceed to the swinging posts, and commence the horrid work of torture. The man who is to swing prostrates himself before the tree, and a person, with his dusty fingers, makes a mark where the hooks are to be put. Another person immediately gives him a smart slap on the back, and pinches up the skin hard with his thumb and fingers, while another thrusts the hook through, taking hold of about an inch of the skin. The other hook is then in like manner put through the skin of the other side of the neck, and the man gets up on his feet. As he is rising, some water is thrown in his face. He then mounts on a man's back, or is elevated in some other way, and the strings which are attached to the hooks in his back are tied to the rope at one end of the horizontal bamboo, and the rope at the other end is held by several men, who drawing it down, raise up the end on which the man swings, and by their running round with the rope, the machine is turned. In swinging, the man describes a circle of about thirty feet diameter. Some swing only a few minutes, others half an hour or more. I have heard of men who continued swinging for hours. In the southern parts of Bengal, a piece of cloth is wrapped round the body underneath the hooks, lest the flesh should tear and the wretch fall and be dashed to pieces, but the whole weight of the body rests on the hooks. Some of these persons take the wooden pipe, and smoke while swinging, as though insensible of the least pain. Others take up fruit in their hands, and either eat it or throw it among the crowd. I have heard of a person having a monkey's collar run through his flank, in which state the man and the monkey whirled round together. On one occasion, in the north of Bengal, a man took a large piece of wood in his mouth, and swung for a considerable time without any cloth round his body to preserve him, should the flesh of his back tear. On some occasions, these sunyasees have hooks run through their thighs as well as backs. About the year 1800, five women swung in this manner, with hooks through their backs and thighs, at Kidurpooru, near Calcutta. It is not very uncommon for the flesh to tear, and the person to fall; instances are related of such persons perishing on the spot. A few years ago a man fell from the post at Kidurpooru, while whirling round with great rapidity; and, falling on a poor woman who was selling parched rice, killed her on the spot: the man died the next day. At a village near Bujbuj, some years since, the swing fell and broke a man's leg. The man who was upon it, as soon as he was loosened, ran to another tree, was drawn up, and whirled round again, as though nothing had happened. I have heard of one man's swinging three times in one day on different trees; and a brahmin assured me that he had seen four men swing on one tree, and while swinging, this tree was carried round the field by the crowd."

FASHIONABLE SPORTSMEN.

The Countess of Blessington, in her "Victims of Society," draws the following picture of this class of persons:—

"A young man of fashion, for to such only does my censure apply, thinks that certain expenses are indispensably necessary to his happiness. The cost of a wife, he calculates, must diminish the means of gratifying his personal luxuries; therefore he will not marry until he shall have lost the taste and activity for shooting, hunting, and yachting. Then, however, the funds appropriated to these expensive pursuits may, he thinks, be directed to the support of a matrimonial establishment.

How could a young man of fashion exist without a shooting place in the country, with a train of keepers to preserve his game, and dogs to run it down, whatever may be the cost? A moor in the Highlands of Scotland for grouse-shooting, it would be impossible to forego: and a party to partake its amusements must be assembled. This gratification is obtained at the sacrifice of several hundreds; but the payer has the pleasure of reading in the papers, that he and his guests shot so many hundred brace of birds on certain days, and *he* is satisfied.

Many are they who frequent the Highlands with little or no desire for shooting; but who, having no rational pursuit, are at a loss to know how to employ the two months that intervene between the close of the London season and the opening of the hunting one; consequently, at the mandate of fashion, seek this mode of getting rid of time.

The young man of fashion must, therefore, hunt at Melton; and to do so with 'decent dignity,' requires an establishment of grooms and helpers that would astonish Nimrod himself, could he behold them; and the bills for which seldom fail to astonish the purses of their owners.

But it is not the horses and grooms alone that consume thousands at Melton: the *chasseurs* find that French cooks alone can produce such banquets as they require to recruit their exhausted frames, and collect at their tables the 'best society.'

During the interminable evenings, the chase of the day furnishes the inexhaustible topic of conversation, each biped arrogating to himself the merit that belongs solely to his more intelligent quadrupeds. Prolix details of asserted equestrian prowess—each narrator the hero of his own tale—enlivened by episodical histories of their

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favourite hunters, past and present, fill up the hours that intervene between dinner and the period of retiring to bed; unless cards or dice are introduced, to diversify this rational mode of whiling away the drowsy hours.

Many of the *chasseurs* at Melton are as little partial to hunting as those who frequent the Highland moors are to grouse-shooting. The truth of this assertion is best proved by the joyous alacrity with which, the moment a frost sets in, they rush up to London, like boys released from school, and plunge into all the amusements and dissipation of the metropolis, until a thaw sends them down again, with lengthened faces and shortened purses, to renew their sport.

How often is the thermometer examined with wistful eyes, and an approach to the freezing-point hailed with pleasure! You will naturally wonder why so heavy an expense as a hunting-establishment is incurred, if they who entail it on themselves like not the amusement. Fashion, ostentation, and the puerile desire of even that species of celebrity which this extravagance can acquire, furnish the inducements; added to the reflection of the utter impossibility of otherwise filling up the winter months."

A GLIMPSE OF EARLY KENTUCKY LIFE.

The following is from a series of papers by Mr Washington Irving, entitled "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," which are now in the course of appearing in *The Knickerbocker*, the well-known American Magazine:—

"Bob Mosely's house was a tolerably large bark shanty, with a clap-board roof; and there were assembled all the young hunters and pretty girls of the country, for many a mile round. The young men were in their best hunting-dresses, but not one could compare with mine; and my raccoon cap, with its flowing tail, was the admiration of every body. The girls were mostly in doe-skin dresses, for there was no spinning and weaving as yet in the woods, nor any need of it. I never saw girls that seemed to me better dressed; and I was somewhat of a judge, having seen fashions at Richmond. We had a hearty dinner, and a merry one; for there were Jemmy Kiel, famous for raccoon hunting, and Bob Tarleton, and Wesley Pigman, and Joe Taylor, and several other prime fellows for a frolic, that made all ring again, and laughed, that you might have heard them a mile.

After dinner, we began dancing, and were hard at it, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a new arrival—the two daughters of old Simon Schultz; two young ladies that affected fashion and late hours. Their arrival had nearly put an end to all our merriment. I must go round about in my story, to explain to you how that happened.

As old Schultz, the father, was one day looking in the cane-brakes for his cattle, he came upon the track of horses. He knew they were none of his, and that none of his neighbours had horses about that place. They must be stray horses, or must belong to some traveller who had lost his way, as the track led nowhere. He accordingly followed it up, until he came to an unlucky pedlar with two or three pack-horses, who had been bewildered among the cattle-tracks, and had wandered for two or three days among woods and cane-brakes, until he was almost famished.

Old Schultz brought him to his house; fed him on venison, bear's meat, and hominy, and at the end of a week put him in prime condition. The pedlar could not sufficiently express his thankfulness; and when about to depart, inquired what he had to pay? Old Schultz stepped back with surprise. 'Stranger,' said he, 'you have been welcome under my roof. I've given you nothing but wild meat and hominy, because I had no better, but have been glad of your company. You are welcome to stay as long as you please; but, by zounds! if any one offers to pay Simon Schultz for food, he affronts him!'

The pedlar admired the hospitality of his host, but could not reconcile it to his conscience to go away without making some recompense. There were honest Simon's two daughters, two strapping, red-haired girls. He opened his packs, and displayed riches before them of which they had no conception; for in those days there were no country stores in those parts, with their artificial finery and trinketry, and this was the first pedlar that had wandered into that part of the wilderness. The girls were for a time completely dazzled, and knew not what to choose; but what caught their eyes most were two looking-glasses, about the size of a dollar, set in gilt tin. They had never seen the like before, having used no other mirror than a pail of water. The pedlar presented them these jewels without the least hesitation; nay, he gallantly hung them round their necks by red ribands almost as fine as the glasses themselves. This done, he took his departure, leaving them as much astonished as two princesses in a fairy tale that have received a magic gift from an enchanter.

It was with these looking-glasses, hung round their necks as lockets by ribands, that old Schultz's daughters made their appearance at three o'clock in the afternoon at the frolic of Bob Mosely's, on the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy.

By the powers, but it was an event! Such a thing had never before been seen in Kentucky. Bob Tarleton, a strapping fellow, with a head like a chestnut-burr, and a look like a boar in an apple orchard, stepped up, caught hold of the looking-glass of one of the girls, and gazing at it for a moment, cried out, 'Joe Taylor, come here! come here! I'll be darn'd if Patty Schultz aint got a locket that you can see your face in, as clear as in a spring of water!'

In a twinkling all the young hunters gathered round old Schultz's daughters. I, who knew what looking-glasses were, did not budge. Some of the girls who sat near me were excessively mortified at finding themselves thus deserted. I heard Peggy Pugh say to Sally Pigman, 'Goodness knows, it's well Schultz's daughters is got them things round their necks, for it's the first time the young men crowded round them!'

I saw immediately the danger of the case. We were a small community, and could not afford to be split up by feuds. So I stepped up to the girls, and whispered to them, 'Polly,' said I, 'those lockets are powerful fine, and become you amazingly; but you don't consider that the country is not advanced enough in these parts for such things. You and I understand these matters, but these people don't. Fine things like these may do very well in the old settlements, but they won't answer at the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy. You had better lay them aside for the present, or we shall have no peace.'

Polly and her sister luckily saw their error; they took off the lockets, laid them aside, and harmony was restored; otherwise, I verily believe there would have been an end of our community. Indeed, notwithstanding the great sacrifice they made on this occasion, I do not think old Schultz's daughters were ever much liked afterward among the young women.

This was the first time that looking-glasses were ever seen in the Green River part of Kentucky!"

A LANDLORD'S SPEECH TO HIS TENANTS.

It is not often that after-dinner speeches bear inspection afterwards by unconcerned parties. The following does. It is the substance of what was said by the Earl of Stair (lately Sir John Dalrymple of Oxenford), at a dinner given by him, on the 8th September, to four hundred persons, tenants on the large Galloway estates which have come to him with his peerage. We would hope to escape blame for, contrary to our wont, admitting the reference to politics in the latter part of the speech, a part of it which seems necessary to complete the picture of benevolent liberality which the whole may be said to form. Were all landlords to act on the improving maxims of the Earl of Stair, what a powerful home mission they would form amongst our rural population!

"I rejoice to find myself in the midst of my tenants. The cordial reception I have met with amongst you, and your kindness in coming here this day, both tend to rivet the link that naturally unites us, and equally tend to an increase of that interest which I am disposed to take in you as part of my family, and as my friends. I have said before, and I cannot say it too often, that no separate interest can subsist between landlord and tenant. If you thrive, I thrive. On your well doing will depend my comfort, my honour, and my character, for I shall stand high, or the reverse (and it is right that it should be so), as I act justly or unjustly by you. Entertaining such sentiments, my first duties will consist in an encouragement of moral and religious feeling amongst my tenants, and a gradual improvement of my estates. The most likely way to make them happy and good is to teach them when young to know right from wrong, and that can only be effectually done by education. Whenever, therefore, I can encourage good and moral feeling, you will find me anxious to do so; and, as the best means of effecting it, I will willingly contribute to the improvement or increase of schools to be open to all, so that every child on my estate may be brought to know his God and the duty he owes him. The next object of my solicitude will consist in an encouragement of improved agriculture. The first of all improvements consists in draining and enclosing. My tenants will, therefore, find me willing to assist them in both, in as far as my means will admit of. In the best cultivated districts in Scotland, sheep stock is universally encouraged. I observe in the Stair leases that the tenants are in general precluded from having such stock. I am willing, where it is advisable, to alter such clauses. I have my doubts, too, whether the growth of turnips is sufficiently attended to in this county. In order, therefore, to encourage an improved system of agriculture, and to create a little emulation, I, as President of the Agricultural Society, promised two premiums of L.20 and L.10 for the best managed farms in the Rhinns district. These two prizes apply to the county in general, so you will have your chance for them along with others. But in my private capacity, I feel I may give a few smaller prizes amongst my own tenants, without injury to, or interfering with, the society. I propose, therefore, giving for the best kept fences on a farm, not under 100 acres, thorn or beech being preferred to any other fence, where circumstances allow of them—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the tenant who makes the most and the best drains—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the tenant who has, in well-cleaned and well-manured turnips, the greatest proportion of his land under tillage, not less than ten acres of turnips, and eating off at least one-half of them with sheep—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the neatest and best kept cottage and cottage garden on the estate—L.5. And to the tenant who shows most activity in getting in his harvest—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. (Prolonged cheering.) I will allow you to choose your own judges, so that any three or five, along with Mr Guthrie, may judge of and award the prizes. But I will give no prize to any tenant who burns his wreck (I mean the weeds gathered off the fallow land), which I observed was much done when I was here in the spring. Wreck, when carted and put into heaps, forms, when mixed with lime, the best of all composts; or, when first gathered, if put at the bottom of a muck-hill, it will greatly increase the quantity of manure; but to burn it is absolute waste; and, for myself, I would as soon think of burning straw. I said that I wished to see my tenants comfortable and happy. I hope I may be permitted further to say that I shall have a pride in seeing them independent. (Great cheering.) Whatever is due to me, I shall expect them to pay—whatever is not due, I will never exact. Whenever, therefore, they are called upon to exercise their political privileges, I wish them to do so honestly and manfully—not allowing themselves to be dictated to by me, were I disposed to attempt it, but only asking how their consciences bid them vote—being assured that he who obeys his conscience will never displease me. I should feel degraded myself were I compelled to vote one way, while my known opinions were in another; and I shall never attempt to inflict upon you what would prove humbling to myself. I believe the poorest voter has his own notions of what is good and right as deeply implanted in him as I have; and it is by allowing him to act up to his honest feelings that he is to be made a happier and a better, a more prosperous and a more thriving man. This is a subject on which I have thought much, and it is one on which I have had experience. Reflection shows me that my system is just, and experience shows me that it is politic, though I never think of it in that light myself; for, whilst tenants may be led by kindness and consideration, I have always seen that the devil himself won't drive them, and I like them all the better for it."

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

When poison has been swallowed, ascertain from the patient what the nature of the poison is. If mineral, that is, either corrosive sublimate or arsenic, give a teaspoonful of sulphur, or half a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, or a wine glass of soap-suds; afterwards give a teaspoonful of antimonial wine, and plenty of warm water. If vegetable, or oil of vitriol, aquafortis, or oxalic acid, give pearl-ash, or chalk, or magnesia or soap-suds, in plenty of warm water, with a dessert spoonful of antimonial wine, or a scruple of simple powder of ipecacuanha. If laudanum, give a teaspoonful of domestic mustard, and keep the patient walking. If carbonic acid, or fumes of charcoal—open air, keep the body cool; medical aid is required.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

"CHRONOMOROS."

"In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our *abiding life* was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, *the swiftness goeth, and the sand runneth.*"—Owen Feltham.

Wearied with hearing folks cry
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, "I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay."
  There is not a labour more vain,
  Than turning the hour-glass again!

I said—"I will read and will write,
And labour all day and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road;"
But I found that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies;
  And I could not the trial maintain,
  Without turning the hour-glass again

Then said I—"If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away!"
So I sate, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
  As they fell, grain after grain,
  Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again.

Then I cried in a rage, "Time *shall* stand!"
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand;
My watch into atoms I broke,
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
Now, I shouted aloud, "*Time is done!*"
When suddenly down went the sun;
  And I found, to my cost and my pain,
  I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake or we sleep,
Whether we carol or weep,
The sun, with his planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him!
  One link in an infinite chain,
  Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the day and the night
Are not wove of mere darkness and light:
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The sun for *a Time* once stood still!
So that Time by this measure to try,
Is *petitio principii*;
  For Time's *scythe* is going amain,
  Though he turn *not* his *hour-glass* again.

And yet, after all, *what is Time*,
Renown'd in reason and rhyme?—
A phantom, a name, a notion,
That measures duration or motion?
Or but an apt term in the lease
Of beings, who know they must cease?—
  The hand utters more than the brain,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

The king in a carriage may ride,
And the beggar may crawl at his side
But still, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace—
And houses, and trees, and high-way,
Are in the same gallop as they:
  We mark our own steps in the train,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St Dunstan's steeple,
  Telling them under the vane,
  Each to turn up his hour-glass again!

MORAL.

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But whithersoever we go,
The river will flow, flow, flow!
  And now that I've ended my strain,
  Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

[The above appears amongst the original poetry in the new volume of a tastefully conducted annual work, *Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book and Poetical Miscellany*; published by G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury; and Suttaby & Co., London.]

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

VISIT TO CANTERBURY.

HE who visits Kent, and does not make a pilgrimage to Canterbury, is no true lover of antiquity. The memory of St Augustine and St Thomas-à-Becket, it is to be feared, he cares nothing for; and, to say the least of it, the scenes immortalised by Chaucer and Shakspeare can have no influence on his fancy. Now, that kind of heresy is not to my mind. I can be as commonplace and utilitarian as you please, but still have a corner of the mind to spare on the existing memorials of past events—things which elevate the range of the imagination, and harmlessly delight the feelings. Come, then, let us wend across the downs and along the bosky avenues which lead towards Canterbury. Let us see the spot, and the actual objects in stone and mortar, which, five hundred years ago, attracted the reverence of thousands of pilgrims. Let us visit the sepulchre of Augustine, and the shrine of Becket!

Things have greatly altered in Kent since Falstaff proposed to set out for Gad's Hill, and there make an onslaught on the caravans of pilgrims who were "going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and the traders riding to London with fat purses." The truth of the matter is, that what with good macadamised roads, stage-coaches, and railways, the country stands a fair chance of being stripped of every bit of romance. Will it be credited?—the far-famed Cliff at Dover—Shakspeare's Cliff—is now perforated with a railway tunnel! Soon we shall be whisked in no time from the Borough to the Straits of Dover, and the towers of Canterbury will be passed at the rate of forty miles an hour. Such are modern improvements. No man has the comfort of now being robbed on his journey, let him wish for it ever so much. Falstaff and Prince Hal did not live in the age of locomotives.

With the sad reflection that we live in the nineteenth century, and have not the privilege of being kicked and cuffed as we should have been three or four centuries ago, let us take things as they happen to be. Here is an omnibus moving off from Ramsgate to Canterbury. One of the pilgrims is a good, dear, kind old soul—a lady who has at least attained the shady side of sixty—probably a widow: well, so much the better, we are sure to have an agreeable chat together. "This is a fine evening, ma'am, for a journey; few passengers, though: do you go all the way?" "Oh dear, yes, sir; I am returning to one of my homes at Canterbury: it will be quite pleasant on the road, I am sure, the sun is sinking so very beautifully in the west—very so, indeed." "Then you have more than one home?" "Oh dear, yes, sir; I have a house in Ramsgate and a house in Canterbury, and I just make myself happy, sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other." "But that must be very troublesome, I should think—you must travel a great deal." "Oh dear, yes, sir; but I like travelling very much, and I never allow any thing to vex me." "Perhaps you don't travel with much luggage—only some trifle, such as that basket." "Oh dear, sir, that basket is my bird's travelling carriage; that I always carry on my knee." "Your bird! do you always travel with your bird?" "Oh dear, yes, sir; I could not go any where without my poor little Dicky; and he is very fond of travelling also." "What sort of a bird is he?—probably a parrot." "Oh dear, no, sir; he is a lark." "A lark, for all the world! is he not inclined to fly up against the roof of his carriage, or disposed to pine with the close imprisonment?" "Oh dear, no, sir; he is the nicest, quietest, and best-behaved of birds. Sometimes, poor little creature, when he catches a glimpse of daylight through the covering, he will give a bit of a fly; but, you know, sir, I have lined the roof of the basket with a matting of fine wool, and he has a nice fresh turf, cut from the Downs, for a floor to stand upon; and so, you see, sir, he cannot hurt himself. I have travelled six hundred miles with Dicky this season, and, the good creature, he has never uttered a murmur." "The companionship of your bird seems to give you much happiness. Perhaps you have had losses in your family, and now find a pleasure in the society of this innocent little animal." "Oh dear, sir, I have a family of five children, and two-and-twenty grandchildren, and I am the happiest woman in the world. I never knew what it was to have a single vexation. It was a great trial, to be sure, when my daughter married and went to India; however, I said to myself, says I, what is the use of repining? Every thing is ordered for the best. There is a superintending Providence in India as well as in England. And so, when I thought of this, I was quite happy. It is always right to be happy, whatever takes place." "Well, that's good philosophy, at all events. I hope you have had the pleasure of seeing your daughter return?" "Oh dear, yes, sir; she has now been back for three years and two months: and I see her, as well as all my other children, very often, and my dear little grandchildren too; and I am as happy as the day is long." "That's very delightful; I wish every body could say as much. Pray, may I ask if Dicky is equally contented with his lot?" "Oh dear, yes, sir. Dicky and I are old friends. I purchased him at Maidstone four years ago next Easter, and he is quite domesticated—quite: he was a mere infant, as I may say, when I got him, and he does not care for being any where but with me. Poor little fellow [*peeping into the travelling carriage on her lap, and addressing Dicky*], there's a good dear Dicky. You will soon be home in your pretty cage at Canterbury; and you will see the sun rising in the morning over the trees of the Danejohn, and then you may sing as loudly as you please. Poor dear Dicky!"

Such was the good old soul who formed one of our travelling companions, and whose odd kind of attachment to her feathered companion formed a topic of conversation during our journey across the wolds of Kent. The country as you advance improves in appearance. The farms are large and seemingly well cultivated, and occasionally we pass through a neat old-fashioned village, with a church and churchyard embowered in tall and broad-spreading trees. The district is that in which the madman Thom committed his extravagances a few years ago—a circumstance reflecting little credit on the common sense of its inhabitants, who, however, I am disposed to think, are not more ignorant than the bulk of the rural population of England, and in regard to exterior decency and love of cleanliness, are infinitely superior to the most intelligent of the Scottish peasantry. As respects physical qualifications, "the men of Kent" have been long noted for their superiority.

Canterbury, which we reached after a ride of a few hours, is a town of great antiquity, and like York, to which it bears a resemblance, consists of a cluster of confused and narrow streets of brick houses, in the centre of which rise the lofty towers of the cathedral. The situation is upon a plain of limited dimensions, or, strictly speaking, in the vale of the small river Stour, which passes through it, and at the distance of two or three miles is environed with moderately high hills of considerable fertility and beauty. Canterbury partakes in a large degree of the unchangeful character of every thing English. The walls, it is true, are removed; only one gateway, a huge machicolated mass, has been suffered to stand, and there are numerous signs of advancing taste; still, the place is essentially antique, with all kinds of outs and ins, strangely shaped windows and roofs, and the same confined thoroughfares which existed centuries ago. Boring your way through an alley from what may be called the chief street, you reach the precincts of the grand ecclesiastical structure, round which the town has gradually crept as if for protection. Let us pause for an instant, to run over the primary history of the edifice.

It is probably not very generally known, that England once formed a favourite field for rearing slaves—white ones, of course—for the markets of Southern Europe, in the same manner as Kentucky now produces that article of commerce for some of the adjacent states of America. A parcel of English slaves having, about the year 596, been carried to Rome and there exposed for sale, Gregory, the reigning Pope, was inspired with sorrow and concern for their appearance, and formed the design of converting their countrymen to the Christian faith. It is indisputable that Christianity was known in some parts of Britain before this period, but it had no existence throughout the southern part of the island, and therefore the design of this benevolent prelate is worthy of the highest commendation. Gregory dispatched Augustine with forty Benedictine monks to Christianise England; and having fortunately gained over Ethelbert, King of Kent, to their views, the object of their mission was accomplished. Great numbers were converted and baptised; and Ethelbert, in token of his piety, gave up his palace in Canterbury to St Augustine. At the same time, the king retired to a residence which he built at Reculver, a small remaining portion of which, consisting of a postern gateway of red brick, may still be observed by the tourist. The palace at Canterbury and adjoining buildings were afterwards converted by St Augustine into a cathedral and priory, dedicating both to the honour of Christ. St Augustine also procured means to found a magnificent abbey in another part of the town or suburbs; but as the institution was suppressed in 1539, and the edifice is now a ruin, or devoted to secular purposes, no more need here be said regarding it. The main object of interest in the present day is the cathedral, which has undergone so many alterations and extensions in the course of time, as to partake of a singularly mixed character, though exteriorly appearing as a work in the rich Gothic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Its first great restoration was accomplished by Lanfranc, the archbishop who was appointed by William the Conqueror. Having found it in a ruinous condition, the result of a disastrous fire in the year 1097, he pulled down the greater part of the building, and began its re-erection with arches of a bolder sweep and columns of more elegant proportions. The work was carried on under the direction of Prior Conrad, and during the prelacy of Anselm, successor to Lanfranc. The taste and ability of the architects appear to have excited the wonder of their contemporaries. "Nothing similar," according to William of Malmsbury, "was to be found in England, either for the brilliancy of the painted windows, the splendour of the marble pavement, or the pictured roof, which attracted the eyes of beholders." In less than a century after the installation of Lanfranc, the archbishopric was bestowed on Thomas-à-Becket (1162). The cathedral now became the scene of an event which may be said to have been the making of Canterbury. We allude to Becket's assassination. Henry II., it will be remembered, had little difficulty in restraining the powers of the barons, and of preserving peace generally among his lay subjects; but in attempting to abridge the

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exorbitant privileges of the clergy, he was resolutely opposed, and by none more so than Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who considered the priesthood to be justly exempt from all civil restraint. Some of Henry's courtiers thought they could not do him a better service than to rid him of this annoyance, and accordingly seized an opportunity of cutting down Becket while engaged in the offices of religion at an altar in his own cathedral (Dec. 22, 1170). For his concern in this foul transaction, Henry, as well known to the reader of history, had to perform a humiliating penance, receiving eighty lashes on his bare back from the monks of Canterbury.

While the murder of Becket was still fresh in the public remembrance, the cathedral was again (1174) consumed by fire; but this proved rather a fortunate circumstance than otherwise, for the prior and clergy levied such exorbitant offerings from the zealots who crowded to the scene of Becket's murder, as enabled them to rebuild and vastly extend the edifice, on a scale of singular magnificence. Their main design seems to have been the extension of the church to the eastward, elevating the floor of the new part considerably above that of the rest of the building; they also added several parasitic chapels in this quarter to the main edifice. Beneath the elevated part, which is reached by flights of steps from the choir, and was intended for the site of the high altar, they constructed a series of low vaulted chapels or apartments, entered by a side door, and which are now called the undercroft. After the completion of the alterations, and when fitted up with all the splendours of Catholic worship, the spectacle from the centre of the nave on the west must have been beyond conception imposing. To add to the effect, and excite the devotional feelings of the multitudes who thronged to the cathedral from all parts of the country, the bones of Becket were removed from their resting-place in the vault to which they had originally been consigned, and placed in a shrine on an esplanade at the top of the highest flight of steps adjacent to the grand altar, and therefore in a convenient situation for being seen and visited. The scene of enshrinement, which is open around, and is really a beautiful aisle or chapel, in some measure detached from the choir, was henceforth called Becket's crown. The translation of the remains of St Thomas, as he was now entitled, took place on the 7th of July 1220; the occasion was one of extraordinary solemnity and rejoicings—the pope's legate, the archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, and various bishops and abbots, carrying the coffin on their shoulders, and the king (Henry III.) attending, to grace the ceremony with his presence. The expense attending this ceremony was immense; for one thing, the archbishop provided refreshments, with provender for horses, along the line of road from London, a distance of fifty-six miles, for all who chose to attend. Artificial fountains were dispersed about the city of Canterbury, which ran with wine, and nothing was wanting to give full effect to this triumph of priestly power. The upper part of Becket's skull, which had been severed by his murderers, was preserved by itself on the highly decorated altar. According to the fashion of the time, pilgrimages were now made from all parts of Christendom to the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury, and the offerings formed a princely revenue to the establishment. Besides these customary gifts of the pious, the clergy drew an incredibly large sum at the celebration of Becket's martyrdom, held as a kind of jubilee every fifty years. We are told that the confluence of people of all ranks who attended these ceremonies amounted to at least a hundred thousand in number, and the estimate of their oblations at the saint's shrine was beyond the bounds of belief. There had been seven of these jubilees before the Reformation; the last of them was in 1520, in the time of Archbishop Warham. Cranmer, the successor of this prelate in the see of Canterbury, and other reformers, put an end to these and such like follies. At the same time, the priory was dissolved, and the church despoiled of a thousand elegant and ancient objects, including the rich ornaments of Becket's shrine. But this clearing at the Reformation fell with a moderate degree of force, in comparison with the great blow which the church received during the troubles of the civil war in 1641, when the Puritans doomed the entire fabric to destruction. The dean and canons were turned out of their stalls, a newly erected font was pulled down and sold piecemeal; inscriptions, figures, coats of arms in brass, were torn off from the ancient sepulchral stones; the graves were ransacked for the sake of plunder, and the revenues were confiscated by government. The excesses of the army and populace during this period are still a matter of sad tradition in the English cathedrals, and the keepers of these structures always refer with melancholy interest to Cromwell, as the great destroyer of their beauties. If an angel has lost a nose or a saint his head, if monuments are laid waste and ornaments wanting, it was all done by Cromwell. Cromwell, in the estimation of beadles, must have been an awful monster; and he certainly did bring things to a serious pass, when, in 1649, an ordinance of state was issued for pulling down and selling the materials of all cathedral churches. By some fortunate circumstance, this law was never fully acted upon; at any rate, the cathedral of Canterbury escaped demolition; and on the re-establishment of monarchy, it was repaired and fitted up for the celebration of religious service, at an expense of L.12,000.

Having thus glanced at the eventful history of the cathedral, we may proceed to take a walk through it. On entering by an old arched gateway from a lane in the town, we find ourselves in the close or precincts, which have unfortunately, and with the usual disregard of taste, been encroached upon by rows of shabby brick houses; wherefore, instead of a fine open esplanade all round the structure of the cathedral and its various offshoots, we can in reality see it only on one side (the south) and the west end, which we first approach from the entrance; the remainder being huddled up among old houses and walls, in a manner savouring little of regard for the beauties of the architecture. Let us, however, exercise a little patience: during the last few years the dean and chapter have been actively restoring some of the more dilapidated portions of the edifice, an entire tower at the west end being evidently new. Perhaps it is intended to clear away the odious mass of paltry dwelling-houses which confine the north side and east end of the building.

The general exterior aspect of the cathedral resembles that of York Minster. The form is that of a cross, with a central tower of unrivalled workmanship, reaching to a height of 234 feet. The size of the whole fabric is immense, and embraces a great number of chapels, crypts, and by-places, which are not ordinarily seen in cathedrals. It will afford an idea of the dimensions and effect on the eye, when we mention that the length from east to west, inside, is 514 feet, height of the vaulted roof 80 feet, breadth of the nave and side-aisles 71 feet, and breadth of the cross-aisles from north to south 124 feet. The interior of the nave, to which we are first admitted, at the south-west corner, is at present cleaned with a lightish colouring matter on the walls, and all damages in the stone pillars repaired. Along this spacious arcade we are led towards the enclosed choir, which we perceive at the distance of 178 feet, and at the head of a flight of steps. The time of my visit being just as morning service was about to begin, I took a seat among the side stalls during its continuance. I regret to say that I never heard the fine language of the prayers and lessons worse read. The most meritorious official appeared to be the organist, whose voice in accompaniment to the chants was of the best order. Among other alterations and improvements, the organ has been placed in a concealed situation in the space above the side-aisles, and is played upon by means of communicating wires, as I should suppose, in a seat in the choir. In altering the sides of the choir, a less happy exercise of taste has superseded the ancient carved stalls by a bald Gothic screen, glazed, and painted white.

At the conclusion of the service, I was conducted along the floor towards the flights of steps, at the head of which once blazed the high altar, in all the splendour of silver, gold, and precious stones. This inner portion of the choir is lined with various monuments of distinguished bishops and other churchmen, in a wonderfully good state of preservation, considering the handling they must have undergone. By a side door we are conducted round to Becket's crown, which, as I have said, is a kind of circular chapel adjoining the extremity of the choir. This is the most beautiful point in the whole building. The light graceful pillars, in pairs, supporting the Gothic arches above, the lofty roof, the windows of painted glass in the aisles beyond, and the tessellated pavement where once stood the shrine of St Thomas, form a spectacle at once impressive and deeply interesting. The costly shrine of Becket has, as may be supposed, been completely cleared away, and the inlaid floor is free from all trace of having once been the scene of concourse, with the exception of a hollow, worn in the marble, as it is said, by the kneeling of hosts of pilgrims.

From this part of the building we are conducted round to the northern aisles, and led down to a dingy side-chapel in the northern transept, called the Martyrdom. Here, before the altar of St Benedict, Thomas-à-Becket was slain, and the precise spot is marked by a piece of stone inserted in the dark-coloured pavement. This piece of lightish stone, if the conductress is to be believed, has replaced a portion of the original marble slab, which was marked by the blood of Becket, and which was transferred as a relic to Rome. In the Martyrdom, at this spot, King Edward I. was married to Margaret of France by Archbishop Winchelsea, in the year 1299. The great northern window, to which we next turn, is of painted glass, with figures of prophets, apostles, and canonised bishops, in splendid costume. Adjoining, we are led through the chapel of Our Lady, possessing a beautiful screen of open arches; next we have a peep in at the chapter-house, a grand and solemn apartment; and, finally, are ushered into the ambulatory of the cloisters—a walk with groined arches overhead, and open on the inner sides to a grass plot, in which repose the mortal remains of numerous friars and monks who fretted their little hour within the precincts of the hallowed domain.

Altogether, the cathedral, whether taken as a whole or in detail, is a work of exceeding grandeur, and with exquisite beauty of form, possesses a profound historical interest. As a relic of the past, independently of its value as a specimen of highly finished Gothic architecture, it is unquestionably, along with all similar structures, worthy of national preservation. As respects its service to religion and morality, it may be pronounced absolutely useless—the neighbouring district, as has been proved, being no more the better for its existence than if it were an empty ruin.

I have occupied so much space in describing, however superficially, the far-famed cathedral of Canterbury, as to have left little room to say any thing respecting other objects of interest in the town. Upon the whole, taking out the cathedral, Canterbury has not much to show. In walking towards the southern environs to see the ruins of the ancient castle, I had occasion to pass through an open piece of pleasure ground, lying close upon what remains of the old rampart of the town in this direction, and called by the odd name of the Danejohn, which, it seems, is a corruption of *donjon*, or keep, such a building having once occupied the spot. The area of the field is laid out with an avenue of trees, and is principally otherwise a grassy esplanade, open freely to all the inhabitants. Along the southern verge is the city wall, but furnished throughout its length of several hundred yards with a grassy mound inside, on which is a promenade, commanding a pretty extensive view of the country beyond. About the middle of the promenade is a pyramidal mound, with a spiral walk to the summit, on which is placed a monumental shaft of stone, dedicated by the civic corporation to the donor of the field. It is pleasing to mention the fact of this valuable gift to the town. In 1790 the field was presented by Mr Alderman James Simmonds for the use and recreation of the inhabitants, in all time coming; and being kept in neat order by gardeners appointed for the purpose, it now forms a handsome pleasure-ground, the more valuable from the want of any other place of open-air recreation in the city.

ONE FAULT.

A NOVEL under this title, by Mrs Trollope, was published about a year ago,* and no doubt enjoyed its share of popularity amongst novel-readers. We are not of this class; but having been almost accidentally made acquainted with "One Fault," we have found in it so much of a useful and instructive tendency, that we would fain bring it under the notice of that portion of the public who, like ourselves, are little accustomed to peruse works of fiction, and may therefore not as yet have seen the work in question.

The book opens with the description of a rector's family of amiable character, residing in one of the most beautiful parts of Somersetshire. It consisted of Mr and Mrs Worthington, two daughters, Margaret and Isabella, just arrived at womanhood, and a son, Charles, as yet only a youth of sixteen. Two unmarried sisters of Mrs Worthington, Christina and Lucy Clark, the former an eccentric blue-stocking, and the latter a gentle and kind-hearted woman, lived upon a small income at Appleton, two miles from the rectory. A young friend of Charles, named Alfred Reynolds, a student at Winchester, and the son of a widow of narrow fortune, loved Isabella, but possessed too much honour, in his present circumstances, to make her aware of the fact. She was just completing her eighteenth year, a sweet sylph-like creature, with the finest dark hair and eyes in the world, and dispositions of so delightful a kind as rendered her the favourite of her whole family, and particularly that of an aged uncle of her father, a Colonel Seaton, who for many years had lived at the rectory.

There was nothing in the characters of these personages to distinguish them from the mass of society of their own grade. They only come under our notice in consequence of a connexion which they formed with the great landlord of their neighbourhood, Mr Wentworth. This gentleman possessed an ample fortune, was young and handsome, and bore an unsullied reputation. When, in consequence of seeing Isabella at a county ball, he called upon Mr Worthington, and asked leave to pay his addresses to her, the family regarded her as a singularly fortunate creature; and she was herself gratified beyond hope, for she had also admired Mr Wentworth, and was already prepossessed in his favour. After the most generous settlements, the marriage took place, and Isabella was all at once transferred from obscurity to the possession of Oakton Park, one of the most magnificent mansions in the county.

The young pair proceeded to Paris. The dull road from Calais to that city was passed over without Isabella feeling that it was in the least a grievance. "It was the delight of believing that she was beloved; it was the sweet sensation of warm and tender gratitude to the companion whose love had surrounded her with so many joy-creating circumstances; it was the thought of the happiness she should take back to the

* 3 vols. Bentley. 1848.

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dear home she had left, when she returned to tell them of the wonders she had seen and the delight she had felt;—it was this that made her endure the toilsome way so cheerfully." The morning after their arrival, the gay-spirited girl looked out with rapture upon the gardens of the Tuileries, and expressed the utmost eagerness to go abroad; but her husband coldly interposed. He must first send cards to the embassy, and go to secure seats for the opera. She good-humouredly proposed to amuse herself in the interval, by looking out at the window; but this also he disapproved of, as exposing her to the gaze of every body. Then she said she would ensconce herself in the corner of the sofa, so that "no one should penetrate the secret of her existence till his return." The least approach to a joke displeased Mr Wentworth, and something, not exactly a frown, but a general darkening of the countenance, was the consequence; but she did not happen to see it, and was still happy. While he was away, she wrote a long letter full of high spirits to her parents. He returned, uneasy from being disappointed of seats, and, when he saw her five or six scribbled pages, he suspected that she might have repeated her joke as to her ensconcement from the vulgar gaze. Matters, however, afforded no room for an outbreak of spleen, until, he having rung the bell to order the carriage, that he might drive her to a fashionable hair-dresser, she unluckily said, "Mr Wentworth, ... had not James better carry my letter to Lord G***'s before he comes round with the carriage?" This fairly overset her husband's already displeased mind; and, "What can your letter contain, Isabella," said he, "of such extreme importance as to render it necessary to destroy all the arrangements I have made for the morning—and that, too, only in order that it may reach the embassy so very many hours before the post goes out? Do just as you please, however. Never mind about the carriage, James. Take this letter to the English embassy. You remember where to find it, I suppose." Vexed and slightly frightened, the lady beseeched him never to do what she asked, when he did not quite approve of it himself. But—"I have no wish to be a tyrant, Isabella," replied he gravely. "You must use your own judgment upon all ordinary occasions," &c. He then abruptly went out, and spent the forenoon moodily in the Champs Elysées, while the young wife remained in the hotel, bewailing the ignorance which had caused her so greatly to offend her husband.

In the evening, she enjoyed the performances at the Théâtre Français much too heartily for his grave and haughty taste. But the admiration excited by her beauty reconciled him, for her beauty was what had caused him to stoop to her rank, and he delighted to see its power acknowledged by others. "On the whole, Isabella, after nearly a fortnight's sojourn, would, if questioned on the subject, have been ready to declare herself very happy. And yet the countenance which she daily studied with more and more anxiety, was occasionally obscured by a cloud, whose cause she was unable to explain; but she still took it for granted that it must arise from some ignorance or deficiency in herself. Watchfully, most watchfully, did she labour to discover wherein she had failed, whenever an air of cold stiffness took place of the fond gallantry which still distinguished her husband's demeanour towards her; and thankfully would she have welcomed any remonstrance that might have helped her to become any thing and every thing he wished. But nothing beyond an occasional blighting, though silent, look of estrangement, had yet occurred to give her the first lesson on the instability of human happiness; and more than once, when her young heart was heavy within her, she hardly knew why, she endeavoured to accuse herself of caprice and *exigence*, rather than conceive it possible that the man she so earnestly desired to believe perfect was out of humour without a cause."

They frequented the *salons* of a gay English resident, Mrs Clifton Darville, and there Isabella shone for the time as a brilliant novelty. One evening, seated on a sofa, she became the centre of the general conversation, every one delighting in the naïveté with which she defended Shakspeare from the derogatory remarks of Voltaire. Wentworth, naturally shy and uncondescending, and never forgetting what might be thought of the comparatively recent rise of his family, was carried beyond common bounds by the *éclat* which attended his wife, and was induced to say to the Duc de B****, who was contending with her for the superiority of the Merope to Coriolanus, "Let me challenge you to make a party with my young wife to decide this question—come and pay us a visit at my London mansion next spring, and I will undertake that Coriolanus shall be played to you." The Duc was hanging at the moment on some words of Mrs Wentworth, and did not on the instant reply. Wentworth, thinking himself insulted, coloured to the temples, and led his wife from the room, in a state of agitation not to be described. As they drove home, he did not fail to make her participate in his own anguish, and announced his intention of returning to England on the morrow. She retired to rest, with a spirit deeply wounded, and sadly in contrast with the splendours which surrounded her.

Next day, amongst other preparations for departure, it was necessary to write apologies to various parties with whom they had engagements. Mr Wentworth imposed this duty upon his wife, who was ill qualified for it, not being accustomed to devise fair excuses. When he found she had only stated that they were about to leave Paris, he remarked that her notes would appear cold, and, struggling with ill-suppressed anger, he required her again to sit down to her desk. She did so with her usual cheerful obedience, but had to ask him what she should say. He dictated an apology, in which the sudden arrival of letters of importance from England was represented as the cause of their departure. Half supposing him in jest, she said, "But I cannot say that, Marmaduke, for it is not true." A frantic burst of wrath was the consequence. "Leave me!" he cried, . . . "leave me, if you please. . . . I have not been accustomed at any period from childhood to the present hour to be treated with indignity." She started from her place as he spoke, like a frightened fawn, and, seeking refuge in her chamber, sunk on her knees and burst into tears. The lovely bright-souled Isabella was now fully aware of the character of the man to whom she had united herself, and feared too truly that misery must be her future lot.

She sought to relieve her mind by taking an interest in the arrangements for the journey, but, after an hour or two had elapsed, received a letter from her husband, written from a neighbouring room. Wentworth, it must be observed, was one who never supposed he could himself be wrong. His native pride had been fostered by vicious education; he had been accustomed to exercise his will in every thing, to admit of no opposition in his domestic circle, and to charge upon others the faults of which he acquitted himself. At the same time, he was most scrupulous to observe all the external decorums required of a gentleman, and while expressing the most cutting things, never used an uncivil phrase. His letter reminded her of the inferiority of her station and education, which, he said, rendered her ignorant of the observance a high-bred gentleman required in all who approached him. It was his duty to remedy this deficiency by pointing out her errors, and he hoped she would be a docile scholar. He called upon her above all things to remember the devoted attachment he had shown to her in raising her to his own station, and hinted that he expected it to be repaid in obedience and constant endeavours to please him. When he appeared displeased, she was to understand that he must have good reasons for it. Thus lectured on her future duty, he expected her to enter the drawing-room immediately, with a smiling countenance, giving him the assurance that his admonitions had been received as they deserved. And then he concluded by signing himself her affectionate husband. Isabella could not read this paper without feeling that she was treated unjustly, and, for the first time, she was conscious of regarding her husband with a feeling allied to contempt. She had to try, nevertheless, to appear with the requisite countenance. On entering the room, she found her husband still betraying appearances of agitation; but he instantly made an effort also, and, approaching in a manner meant to be tender, said, "Kiss me, my love." Isabella hardly knew why this obliging command seemed more difficult to obey than any other he could have imposed upon her. In half an hour after, they were on their way to England.

Every day made her more and more fully aware that she was thenceforward to move, act, and think, only according to the imperious will of her husband. She yielded a little more than was quite agreeable to him, and the following speech was therefore pronounced one day, after he had drawn up a window in the carriage which she had just let down: "My dear love, I think the air may be too much for you. But do not scruple to object to any thing I do, that you may not happen to like;—it will in no way displease me: indeed, on the contrary, I should rather like it, as I feel great interest in discovering what your feelings and sentiments are on all subjects. And when it happens that I do not perfectly agree with you, it need produce no mortification on your part, as, of course, dearest, I shall never scruple to set you right. Ask, then, for every thing you wish, my dearest Isabella, with perfect confidence that I will never abuse the trust you have reposed in me by permitting the slightest thing that I do not perfectly approve."

The morning after their return to the splendours of Oakton Park, the young wife's heart yearned to go to see her own family; but though permitted to do so, and even to give them an invitation to dinner, she was also made to feel that she must not hereafter expect to see much of them, or to see her husband pay them much courtesy. She had made up her mind, that, if possible, no word or look on her part should betray that she was disappointed with her husband. Yet they perceived that she did not look well, and old Colonel Seaton beheld her with a melancholy feeling, which he did not express, and no one thought of penetrating. The party, excepting the colonel, accompanied her to Appleton to see Isabella's aunts, and much hilarity prevailed amongst them all, while the young wife "sat in the midst of them, the centre, as they fondly imagined, of all their joys, yet conscious herself that a blight hung upon her, which sooner or later must spread among them all." Her carriage returned to the rectory at Abbot's Preston, filled with her friends, and her father laughingly conversing with them from the coach-box, when, to her horror, she beheld her husband approaching. The affectionate greetings of the worthy family were received with cold politeness by the severe-natured squire; and Isabella readily traced in his countenance the slight rigidity which denoted displeasure. To add to the mishap, it was ten minutes after the dinner hour before she reached the drawing-room at Oakton, where she found her husband in a stiff and silent mood, though perfectly polite. The dinner passed without softening his feelings, and when she had drunk one glass of wine, he said to her, "'Do you make a habit of sitting long after dinner, Mrs Wentworth?' 'Oh, no!—I am quite ready to go,' she replied, rising; upon which he darted to the door, and having opened it for her, bowed gravely as she passed." While she sat dispirited in the drawing-room, she received a *second* letter from her husband, written as before from a neighbouring apartment. He began smoothly—lamented the necessity of finding fault, but took credit for the sense of duty under which he acted, and the certainty that he could never say any thing ungentlemanlike to her. He then adverted to the disgust with which he had been filled two hours before by finding one of his carriages used as a stage-coach. "Can I ever forget the close-packed female heads, obtruded, amidst unseemly bursts of laughter, to enjoy the waggeries of the outside passenger who sat beside the coachman?" A lecture followed on Isabella's being late at dinner; and, after lacerating her feelings by the most cutting remarks on those dearest to her, he concluded by calling upon her to prove that she appreciated his "delicacy and kindness," by meeting him at coffee as sweetly serene and as tenderly affectionate as he could wish. She wished to obey the behest, but natural feeling broke out at his approach in the words "Oh Marmaduke—I do so dearly love my father!" This overset his whole plan of operations; and "Leave me, madam, leave me, if you please!" sounded in her ears. She could not this time, but, seizing and kissing his hand, beseeched forgiveness. The humility soothed him, and he condescended to bend forward his lofty head and kiss her forehead. "'Do not abuse my excessive tenderness,' he said, 'but henceforward receive all I say as you ought to do. You are forgiven!' and again he kissed her."

"When moralists, religionists, and philosophers of all sorts, set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and, contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to all the fearful crimes that since the fall of man have found their way into the heart, they overlook one little cause of suffering, which blights more happiness, and neutralises a greater portion of God's bounteous favours, than all the other heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight, is often found where every thing like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the very highest virtues flourish. Probity, liberality, temperance, observant piety, may all exist with a SOUR TEMPER; yet many a human being has been hung in chains whose justly punished deeds have not caused one-hundredth part the pain to his fellow-men which a cross temperament is sure to give."

The nice, fastidious, and pompous nature of Wentworth, sat uneasily under the infliction of the company of next day; and matters were made worse by the good humour of the guests, who as yet dreamt not that Isabella was under the dominion of a tyrant. A new "waggery" of the rector made the host pale with anger; and, in the drawing-room, a free and easy address from the eccentric blue-stocking aunt, put him into a transport of rage, which, however, he took care to conceal by leaving the room. This led to a violent scene afterwards, in which the unhappy young wife was made fully aware of the disgust which Mr Wentworth felt for her humble relations. A settled sadness now took possession of her, and led to a conviction on the part of her husband that she was bad-tempered, for, like most such persons, he mistook the consequences of his own sourness for sourness in its wretched and disconcerted victim. This notion, strange to say, was not disagreeable to him; it fortified him in his self-acquitting habits.

A few days afterwards, the young pair received a visit from the dowager Mrs Wentworth, a heartless woman of fashion, still, comparatively speaking, young—faultlessly elegant, smooth of speech, but possessed by the most hostile spirit towards Isabella, whom she had considered as a most unsuitable match for her son. During the first evening, Wentworth pointed her out as a mirror of every grace and virtue to his wife, whom he rebuked for trifles in her presence. In some arrangements, afterwards, Isabella endeavoured to occupy the exact place in the group which the dowager thought proper to assign her; but this was not at all times an easy matter. If she withheld the expression of her opinion, "You seem to care very little about it," was the observation that followed; and if she unhappily differed from her on any point, the result was much worse, being invariably finished by a remark that "any thing was better than a dispute;" while, when she pronounced a cordial approval, and agreement in opinion, all notice whatever in return was carefully avoided. There was an eternal schooling about every thing she said and did, that required more than angel patience to endure, and the slightest word displeasing to their self-esteem was set down to "her unhappy temper."

The delicate and interesting situation in which she was soon after declared to be, procured her some temporary relief. Her friends were allowed to visit her in a private way in her room; and her husband was so

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much pleased as to yield to a wish that a Mr Norris, a young clergyman affianced to Margaret, should succeed the Oakton rector on his expected demise. But some unlucky circumstances took place. The eccentric aunt came one day in her outré attire and manner, and, making her way to Wentworth's library, asked, in a free and easy way, for the loan of a particular book. She was received with a tremendous frown, and a declaration that his servants should for the future save him from her "ribald jestings and low-bred impertinence;" to which she replied, by reminding him that his grandfather was a commoner, while hers was a baronet of old creation; and then left him in a state of irritation, fearful even to his mother to behold. The very next morning, the young rattling brother Charles, newly returned from Oxford, and not at all aware of the austere character of Wentworth, thought he would give his sister a gay surprise, by coming to Oakton with cloak and guitar to treat her to an early serenade. After being with difficulty saved from summary ejectment from the park at the command of its master, he was introduced to the breakfast table, where he was treated with the greatest coldness, and soon made aware that his sister was miserable. These two incidents procured for Isabella another letter from her husband, in which he declared that her family had become the bane of his existence, and that he dreaded the consequences as to his own health; with many more particular remarks as to their dress, manners, and station, of the most cutting nature. Obliged, half an hour after, to drive out with him, he found her in tears, and this led to new upbraidings. He was astonished to find that his just and necessary rebuke, in which he had avoided every harsh word and ungentlemanlike expression, should affect her so, and set it all down to temper. The marriage of Margaret approached, and he was anxious that neither he nor his wife should be present at it. Earnestly attached to her sister, she made for once a small effort to oppose his will, but met with such a reply as to leave her no inclination to repeat the experiment. She became, indeed, a completely passive being in the hands of her husband, obliged to act by his command in the most trivial as well as the most important matters, nearly denied all intercourse with her family, shut up amidst splendours which she might call hers, but with a heart that had no enjoyment in life, and which revolted at the very caresses which her husband thought should have been a consolation for every pain his wholesome counsel inflicted.

One day, the unhappy lady indulged for a few minutes in a conversation with her sister, the one standing in the park, and the other in Mr Norris's rectory garden. Wentworth, chancing to observe them, visited his wife immediately after with a letter, in which, amidst other severities, he spoke of placing the Norrises at a distance by withholding the presentation to the rectory. The pain of this infliction was so acute that Isabella fainted, and the premature birth of a weakly heir followed. The event procured for her some slight indulgences, but, after a proper interval, the old system of rigid subjection and suffering was resumed. Her simplest acts and words were interpreted by her tyrant into symptoms of bad temper, and were punished by poignant reproaches. She placidly submitted to all, fearful lest any genuine mark of spirit should be employed as a reason for substituting a foster-mother to her child. To avoid having her relations present at the christening, the family was removed to London, where equal miseries attended her. She was now a thin and pale creature, the very ghost of her former self. Yet not the most faint idea ever visited the mind of her husband, that the change was solely owing to his imperious and irritable temper. One tremendous fit of passion, followed by a letter, was brought on by her saying, without the slightest tone of pique, that, if she were too ill to preside at the christening dinner, the elder Mrs Wentworth would fill her place; another was induced by her sister, Mrs Norris, writing her a letter of dry detail, indicating a fear that it was sure to meet his eye. The time had now come when she wished herself dead. Her distresses were, if possible, increased by his discharging an affectionate and sympathising country girl, who, since her marriage, had acted as her maid. For the sake of her health and that of her infant, they removed to Shanklin in the Isle of Wight, where a man of doubtful character, named Nutcomb, contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of the usually reserved Wentworth, and by flattery to engage him in play. The infant now pined and died, and Isabella returned to Oakton, as a being who was not to be long in this world. Her husband, leaving her there, with strict injunctions against intercourse with her family, proceeded to London to attend his parliamentary duties; but he had not been many days in town, when an accidental meeting with Nutcomb, whom he had discovered to be a gambler by profession, and a man of base designs, led to a duel, in which Wentworth fell.

The intelligence threw the already much weakened Isabella into a state of stupor, from which she was with difficulty recovered by her friends. Carried immediately to her former happy home, she was nursed back into being by the exercise of the greatest tenderness, but it was long before a conscientious feeling towards her late husband would allow her to indulge even in a tranquil cheerfulness. By wise expedients, her friends at length succeeded in re-establishing that health which nothing but mental suffering had ever endangered. She revived to the possession of an ample fortune, which, from the first, had been settled upon her by her husband, who, it must be remembered, had had but *one fault*. The conclusion of her story will be readily imagined. Alfred Reynolds became in time the happy husband of a wife whom he was well fitted to render happy, and the life of Isabella Worthington was thenceforward one of peace and true enjoyment.

The terrible effects of a proud and irritable nature—in short, of bad temper—are shown in the most striking light by this domestic tale. There was not one of the world's set of vices in Wentworth's character; he had an ample fortune, an elegant person, a cultivated mind—every one, indeed, of the advantages that can belong to men of his class. But he was himself the victim of the most harassing sensations, and a source of distress inconceivable to all intimately connected with him, and even to those whom he loved, or thought he loved, in consequence of *one fault*—a bad temper. How afflicting such a consideration! How important to take every means possible to check and regulate such a disposition in its earliest manifestations! It is in vain to say that marriage and other associations with such persons should be guarded against. No being can be altogether shut up from the power of troubling others in one way or another. It is only by the proper and timely use of strong moral corrections that the evil can be even mitigated; and amongst these we would reckon such affecting pictures of the vice and its consequences as that presented in the book of whose merits and interest we have here given, we fear, but a faint abstract.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ON A WELL-KNOWN COUPLET.

Dr Johnson, in the lines which he added to the "Traveller," says,

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

This sentiment is sometimes quoted as the expression of a truth, and, doubtless, it has imposed upon many minds. It is of importance to observe that, pronounced as it was by Johnson, and sanctioned by Goldsmith, it is nevertheless grossly untrue. Laws and governments both do cause and could cure many of the ills endured by human hearts. We shall here say nothing of any evils which are caused by governments, for our meaning and motives might be misinterpreted. With regard to the other division of the subject, a very few words might, we think, prevent any desponding or dreamy politician from ever again quoting the couplet in confirmation of an argument. A government, for instance, has it in its power to establish a good police; this, by protecting property, may be the means of preventing many evils. It has it in its power to establish good sanatory regulations, which may tend much to the benefit of the people. Twelve thousand people die annually of small-pox in Great Britain, in consequence of the ignorant perseverance in inoculation: here government very rightly interferes, and says there shall be no inoculation under penalty of a month's imprisonment. Does it not here cure a great evil? Leave a people to themselves in a large city, and probably no such thing as a right sewerage will be found amongst them. Proprietors of houses already built and occupied will think they can do without sewers: builders will rear new streets, and never once think of spending money on this kind of convenience. But government can come in and compel proprietors to have sewers, whereby the health of the people will be preserved instead of destroyed. See a poor widow in the midst of five young children, immediately after the husband and father has been carried off by a contagious fever, generated or at least favoured by the want of sewerage in a large city, and quote the couplet after that, if you can. To bring this point out more clearly, we may advert to the fact that in England there is a law to enforce sewerage in new streets, and not in Scotland: now, if government can prevent the evil to the south of the Tweed, it can surely prevent it to the north also. Again, government may establish and encourage education, and, by moralising the people, save them from many evils. What has given to Scotland all the benefits of her parish schools, such as they are, but a dictum of the government of a former age? What is giving to Prussia the advantage of an universal system of education, but the government? We are apt, when we see a person suffering under some actual ill in a private domestic scene, to think that surely this is a matter quite independent of government; but it may not be so. Possibly, if the government had established some particular regulation, or in time set up some institution, long wished for but never obtained, the evil might not have taken place. There are, no doubt, many things beyond the proper range of the operations of a government, and many things which it would only spoil by interfering with; but at the same time there are many of our most private concerns in which we might experience its beneficial influence, supposing it to be guided upon enlightened principles, and not thwarted by the selfishness or ignorance of particular individuals and parties.

TREATMENT OF NEW IDEAS.

A new idea or invention is first met with universal distrust. It will never do; the man is an enthusiast; it is highly dangerous, &c. &c. The thing *does* nevertheless, perhaps; and then all the very same people who formerly denounced it as an innovation, turn round and say, "Oh, all that was quite well known before."

GOOD AND BAD IN THE SAME CHARACTER.

Many are highly estimable in one relation to their fellow-creatures, and not in another. For instance, present any unfortunate, or feeble, or depressed person to their consideration, and they will be untiring in the exercise of benevolence towards that person. But present to their consideration any person of superior qualities or in superior circumstances to their own, and they immediately appear as if the spirit of malice were in undisputed possession of them. This alternation between benevolence and its opposite is ruled by self-esteem. In the first case, the self-esteem is pleased in contemplating an inferior; in the second, offended in regarding a superior. One character may thus appear very different to different persons—kind and genial to some, and bitter and malignant to others; as the shield was thought to be gold by the gentleman who came from the west, and silver by the gentleman who came from the east. It is needless to remark that so very bad a fault as envy cannot be palliated by the exhibition in the same character, towards other objects, of any amount of benevolence.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

We have been informed that lately there has been a great falling-off in the number of young men who attend medical classes, with a view to the profession of the surgeon or physician. Some professors have not above a half, and others two-thirds, of their former number of pupils. The number of students for other professions is likewise diminishing. This is altogether a gratifying piece of intelligence. The vanity of parents has long deluged the country with a class of persons possessing the education of gentlemen, yet without the means of respectable subsistence; in other words, there have been about ten times more medical practitioners, lawyers, and clergymen, than there have been any demands for. We have heard it stated, that in Scotland alone, there are at all times eight hundred young men ready for vacancies in church livings, although not more than twenty or thirty vacancies occur annually.

We wish we had the power to impress parents with the monstrousness of the error, or rather crime, which they commit in bringing up their children to any of these learned professions, without the means of supporting them in a respectable style till they procure settled situations in life. The sufferings in mind as well as body frequently endured by young men reared to these professions, but without any prospect of employment, are exquisite in the extreme. After years of study, they find themselves mere hangers-on upon society. They observe their old school-fellows "getting on" in their different callings—some actively engaged in trade, and perhaps making fortunes; others are farmers in comfortable circumstances, with a family rising around them; others have gone abroad, and, as they hear, occupy excellent situations in the colonies—all, at least, are doing *something*, while they are doing *nothing*. But even while doing nothing, they have to support a handsome appearance; they must live apparently well, dress well, and keep company with the set most proper to their station; and all this only by drawing on already exhausted parents, by incurring debts, or by other shifts and schemes which involve no small degree of secret suffering to the feelings. Do not let it be imagined that this is a fanciful picture. Were it proper to do so, we could tell innumerable cases of a most heart-rending nature, which have fallen within our own limited observation. And not alone are the young men themselves blighted; their parents generally live to suffer for their folly, and to repent that they should ever have thought of rearing their son to be a gentleman, or, strictly speaking, a *downdraught*.

We are glad to find that this frenzy is abating. Within these last ten years, people have begun to exercise a little more common sense in the education and rearing of their children. Many now reason in this manner: "I once thought of bringing up my son George to one of the learned professions, but I understand from every body that such a step would be very dangerous; besides, it would take a great deal of money—probably not less than eight hundred pounds, one way and another—ay, perhaps, far more, if I should have to keep him for a number of years. Well, that settles the point. I will much rather give him a plain useful education; and when the time comes, if I can spare it, let him have a few hundred pounds to set him up in some kind of business. The eight hundred pounds that it would take to make him a doctor, would be much better bestowed in putting that amount of cash into his pocket, and sending him off as an emigrant to the colonies. Or, now that I think on't, why should *one* of my family get all I can spare? I'll keep the eight hundred pounds, and we'll all emigrate together, and so every one of us will get the good of it." Capitally reasoned, good Mr Father-of-a-family.

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Stick to the point of giving your sons a really *useful* education. Let them by all means be instructed in English literature, science, and mathematics, which may be done at little expense. We live in a new world, in which these branches will work wonders in getting young men forward.

LOUIS-PHILIP—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

THE present King of the French is a most remarkable man, not more in the vigour which he shows as the occupant of a difficult political situation, than in the extraordinary adventures through which he passed in early life. While evidently possessing high natural endowments, it seems not less clear that he has been indebted for much of his success as a ruler to the great knowledge of the world which he acquired in the school of adversity, and to the chastening effect which poverty is calculated to have upon the character of the high-born. Louis-Philip has not become acquainted with men through the glozing medium of courtiers' tongues, but by personally studying them in all classes as an equal. The very experience he has had of a lowly and straitened condition, makes him perhaps more at his ease in a high one. Lately conversing with an eminent English political personage at an almost *tête-à-tête* dinner, he said, "Do you know why I am perhaps the most suitable man to be a king of all who now reign in Europe?" His guest knew not what to reply to a speech so full, apparently, of vain glory; but his majesty instantly added, "Kings, you know, have not the easy situations they once had: now, no one can be so prepared for any fortune as I, for I am the only man amongst them that has *brushed his own boots, and could do it again, if necessary.*" This anecdote we have heard through such a channel as assures us of its truth; and it is highly characteristic of the man.

Louis-Philip, born in 1773, and now consequently sixty-seven years of age, was the son of the Duc d'Orleans, who played a well-known part in the French Revolution, and was one of the many victims of the Jacobin party in their period of triumph. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family originated in Philip, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duc d'Orleans by his brother Louis XIV., and from whom the French King is sixth in descent. It is a curious fact, little known, that, through his ancestress, the second wife of Philip Duc d'Orleans, who was a granddaughter of the Princess Elizabeth of England,* Louis-Philip, the *il*legitimate monarch of France, has a preferable *hereditary* title to the British throne to that enjoyed by our present gracious sovereign, whom God long preserve, the one being descended from Elizabeth's eldest son, and the other from her youngest daughter. Such of our countrymen as may be disposed to sneer at popularly appointed sovereigns, and at Louis-Philip in particular, would do well to ponder on this fact, the truth of which will be made clearly patent to them by an inspection of Anderson's Royal Genealogies. Having premised so much, we proceed to condense an interesting and apparently faithful biography of Louis-Philip, given in a recent American work.†

Louis, at the age of five years, was placed under the care of the Chevalier de Bonnard; but, in 1782, the direction of his education was intrusted to the Countess de Genlis, a lady who, notwithstanding her subsequent errors, was eminently qualified to be an instructor of youth. Louis, under the title of Duke of Chartres, entered active life as a soldier, and in 1791 he commanded a regiment of dragoons which bore his name. In this, as well as in all future conditions of life, he distinguished himself by great humanity, coolness of judgment, and inflexible integrity. While with his regiment at Vendôme, he succeeded in saving, by his courage and presence of mind, a non-juring clergyman on the point of being massacred by the populace, which accused him of having treated with contempt a procession headed by a constitutional priest. He shortly after gave a new proof of his humanity by saving a custom-house officer from drowning. On account of these honourable actions, the city of Vendôme decreed him a civic crown. In 1792, when France declared war against Austria, the Duke of Chartres made his first campaign. At the head of troops confided to him by Kellermann, he fought at Valmy; and afterwards, under Dumouriez, distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes.

This may be said to close the first and happy period of the king's life. The democratic or levelling principle of the Revolution having triumphed, a decree of banishment was passed against all the members of the Bourbon family who remained in France. This decree was afterwards cancelled; but the duke, who had manifested, with more frankness than prudence, his horror at the revolutionary excesses, was exposed to an arrest against himself. He then resolved to quit the army and the country, and, with Madame de Genlis and his sister, took refuge in Switzerland, with but a small supply of money, and every where in danger of being captured. By the kindness of an old friend, General Montesquiou, also a refugee, he succeeded in getting admission for his early instructress and sister into a convent in Bremgarten. For himself, he was told there was nothing for him but to wander in the mountains, taking care to stay but a short time in any one place, until circumstances should become more favourable. The Duke of Chartres, satisfied with having placed his sister in security, followed this judicious advice. Alone and on foot, almost without money, he began his travels in the interior of Switzerland and the Alps. Every where he was seen contending with courage against fatigue and poverty. But his resources were entirely exhausted; and being recalled to Bremgarten by a letter from M. Montesquiou, he obtained, through the interference of that gentleman, the situation of professor at the college of Reichenau. He was examined by the officers of the institution under a feigned name, and though only about twenty years of age, was unanimously admitted. Here he taught geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for eight months, without being discovered. The simplicity of his manners prevented any suspicion being entertained of his elevated rank, and he was able to conciliate the esteem of the government and the gratitude of his pupils. It was at this place that he learned the tragical fate of his father. Some political movements taking place in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans quitted the convent at Bremgarten, and joined her aunt, the Princess of Conti. M. Montesquiou thought that he might now give an asylum to the prince, of whom his enemies had for some time lost all trace. The duke consequently resigned his office of teacher at Reichenau, receiving the most honourable testimonials of his behaviour and abilities, and retired to Bremgarten. Here he remained, under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when he thought proper to quit Switzerland, his retreat there being no longer a secret.

We now find the Duke of Orleans, as he was entitled to be called since his father's decease, once more a wanderer, seeking for a place of repose free from the persecution of the French authorities and their emissaries. He resolved to go to America, and Hamburg appeared to him the best place for embarkation. He arrived in that city in 1795. Here his expectation of funds failed him, and he could not collect sufficient pecuniary means to reach the United States; but, being tired of a state of inactivity, and provided with a letter of credit for a small sum on a Copenhagen banker, he resolved to visit the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in obtaining passports for him from the King of Denmark, not as the Duke of Orleans, but as a Swiss traveller, by means of which he was able to proceed in safety. He travelled through Norway and Sweden, seeing every thing worthy of curiosity in the way; journeyed on foot with the Laplanders along the mountains, and reached the North Cape in August 1795. After staying a few days in this region, at eighteen degrees from the pole, he returned through Lapland to Torneo, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Torneo he went to Abo, and traversed Finland; but, dreading the vengeful character of Catherine, he did not enter Russia.

It must be acknowledged that Louis was now turning the misfortunes of his family to the most profitable account. By bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognised at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark, and, under an assumed name, withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition, no improvement had taken place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects; but no reverses could shake the determination he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

His father had perished upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Paris, and his two brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, had been shut up in the Castle of St Jean, at Marseilles, where these young men, in the morning of life, without a fault but that of their birth, were treated with the utmost cruelty. Gradually, the severity against the Duchess of Orleans was relaxed, and she was released from prison, though still subjected to a rigorous surveillance. Her great moral worth may have had its effect in procuring this change, for all accounts represent her as adorning the high position she filled in society.

Her eldest son had taken his measures with such prudence, that the French government had lost all traces of him. But the mystery in which he had enveloped himself, probably increased their suspicion of his designs, and their desire to discover him—always jealous of this only branch of the Bourbon family which seemed to have left in France any favourable recollections of the past, or any reasonable hopes for the future.

The French political agents in the proper quarters were instructed to exert themselves to discover, if possible, his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. But these efforts were baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was given to understand, that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and prevail upon him to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the Duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the suffering of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity!"

The government charged itself with the dispatch of this letter to the exile, and a new effort was made for his discovery. When other means had failed, their chargé-d'affaires at Hamburg applied to a Mr Westford, a merchant of that city, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the prince. This suspicion was well founded; but Mr Westford received with incredulity the declaration of the chargé-d'affaires, that his object, in opening a communication with the duke, was to convey to him a letter from his mother, on the part of the government; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to the duke a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure, in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was actually in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish states, where he had changed his residence from time to time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview between the duke and the French chargé was arranged by Mr Westford at his own house in the evening; and where, after the receipt of his mother's letters, Louis signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. He immediately wrote a letter to his mother, commencing with the declaration—"When my dear mother shall receive this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The duke, passing for a Dane, applied to the captain, and engaged his passage for the usual amount, at that time thirty-five guineas. He had with him a faithful servant, long attached to his person, whom he was anxious to take. But the captain, for some reason, seemed unwilling to receive him, and told his importunate passenger, that the services of this man would be useless to him upon the voyage; and that when he reached the United States, his servant would certainly desert him. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen and a half guineas.

The duke was anxious to escape observation in Hamburg, and asked permission of the captain to repair on board his ship, and remain a few days before her departure. The captain, with some reluctance, consented to this unusual proposition; though it afterwards appeared that this step, and the mystery which evidently surrounded his young passenger, had produced an unfavourable impression upon his mind.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the duke was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and, not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the duke, his first inquiry was if he spoke French; and perceiving he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, "You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young man and I am an old one, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the duke assented; and the old gentleman, who was a planter from St Domingo, on his way to his native island, commenced the enumeration of his grievances. The first related to himself, and the second to the ship. He had no teeth, and the cook no soft bread, and he said it was impossible to sail in a vessel not provided with the means of baking fresh bread; that such an arrangement existed on board all the French ships; and that he could not eat the American biscuit. The captain coolly told him, "There is my beef, and there is my bread; and if you are not satisfied with my fare, you can leave the ship." The impatient planter, unwilling to relinquish the chance of revisiting his native country,

* The first wife of Philip was a daughter of Charles I., and through one of his children by that princess the Sardinian family derived their claims to the British throne.

† France; its King, Court, and Government. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840.

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thought it better to risk his teeth rather than disembark, and continued on board. There were many steerage passengers, Germans and Alsatians, emigrating to the United States. The ship left the Elbe on the 24th of September 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the duke, unwilling that the captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated, that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impression upon his mind unfavourable to his young passenger; that in striving to conjecture what could be his true position, he had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gambling speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the new world. The chances of luck had indeed been against his new acquaintance, and he had lost a great prize in the lottery of life; but he had preserved those better prizes, an approving conscience, and an unblemished reputation. The other passenger, the St Domingo planter, remained in ignorance of the name of his cabin companion, till he learned it in Philadelphia, when he called to make known his surprise, and to tender his compliments.

The first quarters the duke occupied, after reaching Philadelphia, were the lower part of a house belonging to the Rev. Mr Marshal, and adjoining a church in Walnut Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets; and here he remained anxiously awaiting the arrival of his two brothers. They had embarked at Marseilles, on board a Swedish ship, the "Jupiter," and had a tedious and unusual passage of ninety-three days. This delay led the duke to fear, either that some accident had befallen them at sea, or that the French government had failed to fulfil the promise which had been made to himself and his mother. However, their arrival put a stop to his sad forebodings; and, after their union, the three brothers removed to a house belonging to the Spanish consul, in Sixth Street. Here they passed the winter, mingling in the society of Philadelphia, and forming many acquaintances, whose names appear to be fresh in the recollection of Louis Philip—such as Mr Bingham, Mr Willing, Mr Dallas, Mr Gallatin, Mrs Powell, &c. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the federal government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service. The duke was present at the last address delivered by General Washington to Congress, and also at the inauguration of Mr Adams, when his venerable predecessor joyfully took his leave of public life.

During the season, the Duke of Orleans and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith; and crossing the *site* of the present city of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr Law, and where he met the present General Mason of Georgetown. This most respectable man is well remembered by the king, who loves to speak of the hospitality of his house, and of his personal kindness—evinced, among other circumstances, by his accompanying his three young guests in a visit to the falls of the Potomac. From Georgetown the party passed through Alexandria, and thence went to Mount Vernon; where they were most kindly received, and where they resided some days.

While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the western country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying, in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. The travelling map of the three princes is still preserved, and furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travellers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction, they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers, to acquire a just knowledge of the country, at a time when the difficulties of travelling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American.

Louis, in not long since showing this map to an American gentleman, mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States. It is an example of business habits worthy of all praise and imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington; and both of these celebrated men were, no doubt, penetrated with the conviction that punctuality is essential to success.

Our adventurers took the road by Leesburg and Harper's Ferry to Winchester. Here they dismounted at a house kept by Mr Bush; and who that knew this pleasant hospitable town forty years ago, did not know Mr Bush, and his quiet, comfortable public-house? They next proceeded by Staunton and Abingdon to Knoxville and Nashville. From the latter place, they took their departure for Pittsburg, which they reached, after passing through Louisville, Lexington, Maysville, Chilicothe, Lancaster, Zanesville, Wheeling, and Washington, in Pennsylvania. When traversing the Barrens in Kentucky, they stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "entertainment for man and horse," and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers—not apparently out of any idle or interested curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, that the duke protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any views of purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey, was without the circle of the settler's observation or experience; and he could only believe it by placing these young men quite low in his scale of human intelligence, and seemed to regard them with a feeling of pity or contempt. In the night, all the travellers were *stowed away* upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet towards a prodigious fire. This Green River cabin, like all its congeners, had but one room; and while the guests were stretched upon the floor, the landlord and his wife occupied their *puncheon* bedstead, which was pinned to the logs forming the side of the mansion. In the night, the duke overheard the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men were running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

Here we shall in the mean while close our narrative, and conclude it in another paper.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH.

The Head and the Heart are things which the world more frequently talks about than knows—two precious jewels, which they who possess speak but little of, just as every sensible rich man avoids speaking of his riches. If we consider the Head and the Heart attentively, we shall be led to view the former as a man, and the latter as a woman. The Head, like a man, is domineering and impatient; the Heart, like a woman, is tender and kind. When two Heads come into contact, a violent concussion generally ensues; when, however, two Hearts meet, in a minute they may be seen whispering together with female confidence.

The Head is a man, and therefore it calculates the course of exchange and the motions of the planets—peeps into committees and cabinets, unfolds financial operations, and plans battles; the Heart weaves love-knots, and lays the foundation of matrimonial alliances, for it is a woman.

Masculine indulgence sometimes grants the Head its hours of rest; the Heart, on the contrary, is continually in disquiet, for it is a woman.

The Head, like a man, seeks its happiness in possessing; the Heart, like a woman, is happy only when it can communicate what it possesses.

Man, the Head, endeavours to *meditate* on God, and halts in his presumptuous efforts; woman, the Heart, *feels* God, and this feeling gives her peace and happiness.

When a Head gets into company with Heads of inferior rank, if it be very courteous, it will, with true manly condescension, lower itself to them, and the offended Heads, therefore, secretly hate it; the female tender Heart, on the contrary, raises inferior Hearts to itself, and for this kindliness reaps gratitude and love.

The Head condemns, the Heart excuses; the Head revenges, the Heart forgives; the Head is ingenious, the Heart is feeling; the Head wounds, the Heart heals; the Head conquers, the Heart captivates; the Head is therefore a man, and the Heart a woman. We could carry this comparison still farther, and say, Head and Heart are husband and wife, for Head and Heart, as we have just seen, are always of different opinions. The Head, like my lord husband, blusters and commands; the Heart lets it speak, and takes its own way after all, like my lady wife.

My Lord Head makes his approach with a graceful bow; my Lady Heart storms us with sweet glances and tender words.

The Head, according to the custom of reckless husbands, has recourse to the Heart only when the world has soured and sickened it, and rushes again into the tumult of life, ungrateful as a husband, as soon as the Heart has tenderly smoothed the furrows which chagrin had ploughed on his brow.

When Head and Heart happen to dispute, the Heart, as the wife, has commonly the last word, and on such occasions the Head displays a gallantry which other husbands are deficient of—it is silent when the Heart becomes clamorous.

If Mr Head tyrannises over Mrs Heart, it makes but an unhappy union; but the most miserable household of all is, when Mr Head is under *petticoat government*.

If Mr Head becomes bankrupt, ten to one but it is Mrs Heart's fault.

But too often Head and Heart live together like a fashionable pair of the present day—where the one is to be found, we may be almost certain not to find the other.

The Head, as husband, is the first to hold his tongue when he is in the right; the Heart, as wife, cries the loudest when she is most in the wrong.

But I begin to perceive I have betrayed a number of the secrets of my Lord Head and my Lady Heart; and who knows but I had done better to save myself the trouble, for I am convinced that, independently of this, neither are strangers either to my male or female readers.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

THE NEW MECHANICAL POWER FROM ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

In the Section of Mathematical and Physical Science, on Tuesday, September 22, Professor Jacobi of St Petersburg, noted as the first experimenter on the electro-magnetic power as a mechanical force, read a paper on that subject, from which it appears that a great advance has now been made towards the economic use of electro-magnetical machines as a motive power. Mr Jacobi described a series of experiments which he had made at St Petersburg for ascertaining the best means of producing and applying this force. We cannot hope to make these intelligible to our readers; but it appeared that several laws of great importance had been ascertained by the learned professor, and that he had satisfied himself as to the best form of the rods and coils to be used in the mechanism. He then announced the interesting fact, that a boat had last year been propelled upon the Neva at St Petersburg, by means of electro-magnetic machines. This boat was twenty-eight feet in length, by seven and a half in breadth, drawing 2½ feet of water. It was furnished with a small machine, which was set in motion by a battery of sixty-four pairs of platina plates, each having thirty-six square inches of surface, and charged with nitric and diluted sulphuric acid. *The boat moved, with fourteen persons on board, at the rate of three miles an hour.* This degree of success is, of course, far from being sufficient to cause electro-magnetic power to supersede steam; but every thing of this nature is liable to progress. The first steamboat moved at about the same rate. Professor Jacobi's boat, when tried in 1838, with a much more complicated battery, and charged with sulphate of copper, moved at only 1¼ miles an hour. At the first experiment made with the power, at Konigsberg, in 1834, only a weight of twenty ounces was lifted. These facts give reason to hope that, ere long, the electro-magnetic power will be developed in sufficient force, in a sufficiently economical manner, and with a mechanism occupying such space, as will enable it to take the place of steam, by sea as well as land. Its peculiar importance in regions where coal is not to be got, is too obvious to require being insisted on.

INCREASE OF COLOUR BY INVERSION OF THE HEAD.

On the same day, in the same section, Sir David Brewster read a paper on the fact long known to artists and tourists, that the colours of external objects, and particularly of natural scenery, are greatly augmented by viewing them with the head bent down, and looking backwards between the feet, that is, by inversion of the head. The colours of the western sky and purple tints of distant mountains are, according to Sir David, beautifully developed by these means; those which, in ordinary circumstances, appear of a French grey colour, displaying a brilliant blue or purple tint when the head is inverted. This phenomenon has been ascribed to various causes. It has been thought to arise from the objects, in these circumstances, falling upon a part of the retina not accustomed to the exercise of vision; but this, Sir David thinks, cannot be the true explanation, as landscapes may be inverted by reflection without altering the colour, but when these inverted images are looked at with the head inverted, the increase of colour will be observed. Another theory is, that when the head is inverted, the legs protect the eyes from lateral light; but neither can this be the cause, for, in standing upright, and protecting the eyes even in a greater degree from the approach of light sideways, no increase of colour takes place. The theory with which Sir David at last rested satisfied, was suggested to him by what had been known to take place in an inflamed eye, namely, a great increase of apparent light. He believes that the phenomenon is occasioned by the increased quantity of blood thrown into the vessels of the eye when the head is inverted, the increased pressure thus produced upon the retina, and the increased sensibility thus given to the sentient membrane.

REPRODUCTION OF PARTS IN THE LOWER MARINE ANIMALS.

The power possessed by some of the lower orders of creation to supply any part of their bodies which may have been cut away, is one of the most curious problems in science. It is a power totally absent in vertebrate animals, and, indeed, we have to go low down in the scale before we find any trace of it. It is first found, we believe, in crustacea, or shelled fish. It is possessed, however, to a far more wonderful extent, by that humble class of marine animals, the polypi, which can scarcely be distinguished from plants, and whose growth seems to proceed upon principles greatly resembling vegetation. Yet some of these animals are of highly complicated structure, and exercise many surprising functions. At this meeting of the association, appeared a gentleman who has perhaps devoted more time and pains to the investigation of their economy than any other existing naturalist—Sir John Graham Dalyell of Edinburgh. He gave, in the Section of Zoology, a remarkable

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account of two of the order, the Holothuria and Amphitrite, which we find thus reported in the *Athenæum*:—

"The adult *holothuria* resembles a cucumber, or a sausage, from six to twelve inches long, purple, yellow, grey, or white. Some thousand suckers cover it like a shaggy coat, or disposed in rows according to species, affixing it firmly to solid substances, where it remains quiescent in a crescentic form during the day. But when evening comes, a tuft, protruding from the larger extremity of the crescent, unfolds into a capacious funnel, composed of eight, or ten, or twenty beautiful branches implanted on a shelly cylinder, in the centre of which is the mouth. Each branch now begins to sweep the water in succession, and descends almost to the root within the mouth, in a contracted state, whence it arises to enlarge anew. These evolutions are protracted until the latest hour; but as morning dawns, the whole apparatus is withdrawn, the skin becomes close and compact as before, and a fountain begins to play from the opposite extremity. This singular animal is liable to lose all the preceding organic apparatus, consisting, in the *Holothuria furus*, of eight larger and two smaller branches (*tentacula*), together with the cylinder, mouth, œsophagus, lower intestinal parts, and the ovarium, separating from within, and leaving the body almost an empty sac behind. Yet it does not perish. In three or four months all the lost parts are regenerated, and a new funnel composed of new branches as long as the whole body of the animal, begins to exhibit the same peculiarities as the old one, though longer time be required to attain perfection. Other species of the holothuria divide spontaneously through the middle, into two or more parts—all becoming ultimately perfect, by the development of new organs. Yet the anatomical structure of the whole genus is so complex, as to defy the skill of anatomists in discovering the proper functions of some of the parts. A single holothuria has produced 5000 ova in the course of a night. The young resemble a white maggot, when the size of a barleycorn. The animal may lose and regenerate its organs more than once: it is very rarely to be procured entire; nor until the drawings now laid before the association, has it been even represented alive and perfect. A specimen survived with Sir John about two years. The *Amphitrite* is an animal still more interesting, from the faculties it possesses, and the properties which it enjoys. Various species inhabit the Scottish seas, all occupying tubes either of their own manufacture, by a process truly mechanical, or in a thin silken sheath formed by an exudation from the whole body, or they rest amidst a thick tubular mass of transparent jelly, also of animal secretion. The body of the *Amphitrite ventilabrum* extends twelve inches or more in a serpentine form, consisting of 350 segments, crowned by a beautiful, varied coloured plume of eighty or ninety fleshy feathers, and terminated by a double gland. These (the branchiæ) are arranged as a funnel or shuttlecock, three inches deep, and resembling the finest flower, with two spines in the centre, and each feather is bordered by at least 500 cilia or fleshy hairs along the shaft. This, which is the most timid of creatures, dwells in a black, leathern-looking, perpendicular tube, two feet high, entirely of its own manufacture, rooted by the lower extremity. Singular to be told, the observer possesses the ready means of inducing the humble tenant to display its powers. If, while stretching its beautiful plume above the orifice of the tube, and spreading it to enjoy the circumambient element, he drop a little muddy matter from above, an interesting spectacle ensues—immediately all the feathered apparatus is seen in action, though the animal be apparently still. Forty thousand cilia are at work, and a mass is soon discovered accumulating at the bottom of the funnel. Being thence transmitted to the mouth, it is imbued with gluten, and discharged as paste on the edge of the orifice of the tube. There the creature, having raised itself still higher, performs a slow revolution while moulding the paste into proper form, by means of two organic trowels, prolonged from a fringe around the neck. With these it beats down the paste, and clasping over the edge of the tube, smoothes its materials into symmetry as if it were by the operation of human hands; but on the slightest alarm the plume collapses, the artist sinks below in an instant, and remains with the orifice closed, until, believing the danger over, it may rise to resume its task in security. As specimens occur of different dimensions, let the observer cut a fragment off the lower end of the tube, which is always longer than the tenant: it will be affixed again where desired. Treating a number thus, and tossing them into a glass jar of sea water, a grove will arise before him, from the animals fixing them anew, and protruding like so many revolving flowers, to collect muddy drops from above, with which he provides them. The adhesion is accomplished from a glutinous or silky sheath, which the double terminal gland seems instrumental in producing. Should the amphitrite be mutilated of the anterior part, the whole will be regenerated; nay, should a fragment of the smaller or posterior extremity be severed from the body, an entire plume, spines, mouth, and trowels, will be generated to crown the anterior part of this fragment, and render it a perfect animal. It is very remarkable, that the powerful reproductive property of the genus is not confined to the visinity of the lost organs, the elements of others reside in different and distant parts of the body, from whence human perceptions cannot discover any likelihood of their evolution by means of their own energies. The adult *Amphitrite bombyx*, which obtains a silken sheath merely by spontaneous exudation from the body, is about three inches long, of which a third part is the plume, consisting of sixty or seventy feathers (branchiæ). Two artificial sections of the body of a vigorous specimen speedily invested themselves with a sheath, wherein they reposed quiescent. The organisation of the upper portion remained in its original state; the middle section acquired the wanting parts, and a plume of eight feathers was generated by the lowest section, though this section had been only two lines, or the sixth part of an inch, in length. Thus three plumes existed at once, with all their appurtenances, on what had been a single animal."

BEYROUT—THE DRUSES.

The following extracts from the journal of an Ayrshire gentleman, who lately returned from a three years' tour in the East, appeared a few days ago in the *Ayr Advertiser*; and having been brought under our notice by one of his relatives, we consider them worthy of being offered for the perusal of our readers:—

"September 3, 1838.—Arrived at Beyrout, after two months' overland journey from Alexandria, by way of Jerusalem, Tiberias, Acre, Tyre, and Sidon.

Beyrout possesses more stir and bustle, from its commercial character, than any town I have yet seen in Syria. Its situation is beautiful. From a small eminence near the gate, there is a splendid panorama of the distant Lebanon hills; to the east a long, low promontory, on the end of which are situated the Lazaretto buildings, near which the vessels ride at anchor in the roads; and all round the town richly wooded environs, dotted with villas, and the country residences of the merchants. The town itself is surrounded with a Genoese wall, of no great strength; and the harbour is commanded by an old fort or castle, in a ruinous condition. I returned again to Beyrout in January 1839, and, as I remained there for six weeks, had an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the city, surrounding country, and inhabitants. There are several British mercantile houses in Beyrout. There are also several French, and some Italian merchants established there. Mr Moore, the British Consul, resides in a handsome house near the bay. Mr Chasseaud, the American Consul, has also a large house situated close to the sea, which must have been much exposed in the late bombardment. There is a small pier for loading boats, but insufficient to afford shelter to vessels of any size; and the roads are so exposed, that ships, when it comes on to blow, generally make for the mouth of Nahr-el-Kelb, or the Dog River, where they are more sheltered.

Several American missionaries have taken up their residence in the environs of Beyrout; and though, in general, I am no great admirer of the missionary system, I could not help appreciating the unpretending nature of their labours, and the real good they are accomplishing, by means of schools and a printing-press of their own, by which they distribute a great deal, not only of religious, but of general information. I found them, in themselves, pleasant people, and in their well-regulated families have, at various times, spent both pleasant and profitable hours. Mr Thompson, one of their principal members, married Mrs Abbot, the wife of our late consul at Beyrout. Every Sunday they perform divine worship in the Presbyterian form, in the American consulate, and are attended by their own families, and the resident Frank merchants, almost all of whom, here as well as in Aleppo, are Scotch, principally from the west of Scotland. Mr Hield is, I believe, the only exception.

Along the shore of Beyrout there are some slight traces of the ancient city—tanks hollowed out of the rock, some pieces of rough mosaic work, over which the road now passes, and fragments of strong walls, though their era is more doubtful.

Sept. 6, 1838.—Left Beyrout for Deir-el-Kamer, the country of the Druses, which we reached on the following day. The village itself occupies the side of a hill, and on the opposite mountain, crossing a deep ravine, are the palaces of the prince, and the various buildings connected with the royal establishment. The whole country is richly wooded, the mountains being covered with vines and olives in terraces, and watered by small canals or streamlets, which are made to fall in cascades in various places, adding greatly to the beauty of the place. The palace where the Emir Beschir, or sovereign, holds his levee, is a very splendid building, the finest I have seen in Syria. It consists of a spacious court formed by the royal stables, at one end of which is a handsome entrance or staircase, supported by columns which lead to a passage, having on each side the chambers of the officers of the household, &c. Beyond this is a fine area, surrounded by columns, with a handsome fountain playing in the centre. To the left of the entrance, and in a second spacious court, is the Divan, where the emir administers justice and receives audience; and opposite is a handsome façade, adorned in the eastern style with arabesque work, where the armoury, &c., is kept. The other palaces, three in number, belong to his sons, and he has a private one where his wife lives. Of these we only saw the exterior, which are also handsome, though on a smaller scale.

We were lodged in the principal palace, and during the day amused ourselves watching the arrival of mules and horses, loaded with the arms given up by the Druses in consequence of the late capitulation. A French dragoman, and some of the officers of the household, paid us a visit in the evening, and from them we acquired as much information as we could upon the Druses generally, and the particulars of the late war.

The Druses are a wild, ungovernable race of people, inhabiting principally this district of Syria, though scattered over the whole country. Equally opposed to Turk and Christian, they stand alone in the world; and over their religion, domestic life, and internal government, there hangs a mystery which has never been cleared up. From some of their books, however, captured by Ibrahim Pacha in the war, it is ascertained that they worship Hakem-Bamri, who was the fifth of the Fatimite Caliphs, about the year 400 of the Hegira. One class is set apart as ministers of their religion, and initiated into all its mysteries, but the mass of the people are, I believe, themselves perfectly ignorant of it. By many people they are supposed to be descendants of the crusading armies. They are certainly a race quite distinct from the Arabian tribes.

The Emir, or Prince of the Druses, as he is generally called, should more properly be denominated the Prince of the Christians, himself and the greater part of his subjects being of that persuasion. The Druses are the refractory part of his population, being as often at war with himself as with the other tribes of Syria—totally undisciplined and unofficered, they owed their successes in the late unequal struggle to the nature of their country, and their intimate acquaintance with all its localities. Like the Highlanders of our own country, or the Swiss in their memorable contest with the Austrians, their tactics have always been to inveigle the soldiers into the mountain passes, where neither cavalry nor artillery can act, and there, sheltered by the rocks, they pour an incessant fire, and hurl stones upon the confused and terrified soldiery, who fire at random upon an invisible foe. About eight months ago (in February 1838), irritated by some very impolitic and unnecessary harshness exercised towards them by Ibrahim Pacha, and particularly galled by the laws which compelled their young men to serve as soldiers, of which they have great detestation, they broke out into open hostilities in the Houran, massacring some Egyptian troops. War being thus declared, 4000 Druses from Deir-el-Kamer joined the original insurgents, and marched towards Damascus, in the vicinity of which it was carried on till within three weeks ago, when they were finally subdued, and bound by treaty to deliver up their arms, which are now collected all through the country by Ibrahim's officers, and by his orders delivered to the Christians for their own defence, and for keeping down the Druses in future. The total number of soldiers who fell in the contest is about 15,000, whilst the entire loss of the Druses was not 3000 men.

September 8, 1838.—To-day we had an audience of the old gentleman, who received us very graciously. He is a fine-looking old man, with a long white beard; he is about seventy-five years of age, fifty of which have been passed upon the throne. Sovereign of a large district of country, he is independent as far as regards the government of his kingdom, election of his offices, laws, &c., but pays a tribute of 6000 purses (about L.30,000) to the Porte, through the hands of Mehemet Ali. The number of acknowledged Druses in his dominions, who pay tax to him, is about 25,000; the Christians about 35,000. By his first wife, now dead, he has three sons, the second of whom is expected to be his successor. By the laws he may leave the kingdom to which of his sons he chooses, but six years ago the Salic law was passed, excluding females from the succession. His present wife is a young woman, not twenty years of age, by whom he has one daughter."

CAMILLA COLVILLE.

A TRADITION OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

In the early part of the last century, Edward Colville, who had realised a competency as a butcher and grazier, resided in a mansion called the White House, which may still be seen in the vicinity of Gateshead. The respectability of his character, and the style in which he lived, were such as to admit of his daughter Camilla attending the assize balls in Newcastle, though these were then fully as exclusive as they are at present. Gifted by nature with an elegant person, and with some advantages of education, Camilla was a young lady eminently qualified to grace those assemblages. It is not therefore surprising, that at one of them she had the good fortune to attract the attention of a young nobleman, Lord Osmilton, the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville. It occasioned no small flutter in the room, when this gentleman, after the proper formalities, requested of Miss Colville the honour of being allowed to walk a minuet with her. She blushingly consented, and rarely had the ball-room of Newcastle exhibited a more striking display of graceful movement than what was displayed while this stately dance was in the course of being performed. Lord Osmilton was charmed beyond all measure by the beauty of his partner, and, as he handed her to her carriage, or whatever other conveyance her father's fortune allowed of, he only vowed that the first should not be the last night of their acquaintance.

The next day beheld the heir of the house of Tankerville, at an hour which would now be considered preposterously early, calling at the White House to pay his respects to its fair tenant. Next day, and the next again, he renewed his visits; and, in short, his attentions became so conspicuous, that the young lady's father, from being simply flattered by the notice of a person of rank, began to fear that feelings might arise between the parties which would only lead to disappointment. Perhaps he had even graver fears, which any one acquainted with the maxims of the gentlemen of that age will not deem to have been at all unreasonable. It was only in the immediately ensuing age that Richardson drew the character of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He therefore made some efforts to keep Lord Osmilton out of the company of his daughter, but with no great success. Denied admittance to the house, the

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young noble still could beset her when she went abroad, seat himself near her at church, and get insinuated into any little social party where she was expected. Mr Colville at length saw it to be necessary to take very decided measures, and he resolved to place the young lady for some time in a new and distant home. A relation of his had been long settled as a merchant in Holland. In the hands of that gentleman he thought she would be quite safe from Lord Ossulton's addresses. He had also very opportunely a friend who conducted a vessel of his own regularly between South Shields and the ports of Holland and the north of France. By means of this friend it was comparatively an easy matter to get the young lady conveyed to her new home. It may here be remarked, that the ship-owners, who in those days navigated their own vessels from South Shields, were a highly respectable class of men, generally possessing good education and manners, and living, when at home, in a style of considerable dignity. Amongst the descendants of more than one of them, might be found members of both houses of parliament. They took the name of Captain, and had, we believe, some solid grounds for doing so, as trading beyond certain latitudes and longitudes specified by Queen Elizabeth, gave masters of merchant vessels a modified permission to assume that title. Captain Aubane readily entered into the views of his friend Colville, and undertook to convey the young lady in safety to her relative in Rotterdam. She was, accordingly, conducted in the most private manner to South Shields, and put on board his vessel. How she felt on the occasion, has not been remembered by tradition; but if, as is likely, she regarded her lover with affection, and deemed the voyage a compulsory exile, the authority of parents was in those days too awful and inflexible to admit of her making any thing like effectual remonstrance.

The voyage passed in safety; Camilla was consigned to her father's Dutch friend; and Captain Aubane returned with the pleasing intelligence that all was safe. If Mr Colville, however, believed that Lord Ossulton had been "thrown out," he was mistaken; for, before many weeks had elapsed, his lordship made his appearance in Rotterdam, and became as troublesome to the family who had charge of his mistress, as he had formerly been to her father. The Linden Walks lent their shade to certain meetings of the lovers, and, when such meetings were denied, his lordship made signals of affection from the street, which Camilla could furtively read in the friendly mirror projecting from the parlour window. The Dutch friend now became more distressingly alarmed than ever the father had been, in as far as a responsibility for the interests of another is more harassing than responsibility for interests of one's own. He therefore resolved to get quit as soon as possible of his fair but perilous charge. Captain Aubane, ere long, returned to Rotterdam for another cargo, and, when he was about to sail, Camilla was once more put on board his vessel.

Behold the belle of Newcastle again at sea. But now it was with very different feelings that she crossed the German Ocean; and for this change there was no doubt good cause. The Dutch coast had for a day been lost in the blue distance; sea and sky were the boundaries of the sailors' sight; and honest Aubane was congratulating himself on the prospect of soon committing Miss Colville in safety to her father's keeping, when, descending into the cabin, how was he astonished to behold, kneeling at her feet, that very Lord Ossulton who was the cause of all his apprehensions, and whom he supposed to have been left lamenting on the quay of Rotterdam! He soon learned that the lover had contrived, by the connivance of a sailor, and, doubtless, with the concurrence of his mistress, to secrete himself on board the vessel a little while before it sailed. It was too late to think of returning to the Dutch harbour to put Lord Ossulton ashore; but, in allowing him to proceed on the voyage, Aubane resolved to make him as little the better of his contrivance as possible. Exerting the authority which his position gave him, he commanded the young lord to withdraw from the cabin, and not to appear there again, unless in his company, and by his express permission. He also stipulated that, while he was himself on deck upon duty, Lord Ossulton, to make sure of obedience to the rules, should remain beside him, at whatever time of day or night, and under whatever circumstances of weather. The lover found himself compelled to submit to all these restrictions; but the privilege of seeing his mistress once a-day, even in the presence of a third party, served in no small degree to reconcile him to their strictness.

In the course of the voyage, which was not a short one, the heir of Tankerville made a more favourable impression on the mind of Aubane than he had done on the less enlightened and more jealous nature of the young lady's father. Aubane became convinced that, however frivolous or otherwise objectionable might have been the feelings with which he at first regarded Camilla, he was now inspired by an honourable affection. He was also induced to believe the young man when he protested, in the most earnest manner, that the future happiness of his life depended on his obtaining the hand of Miss Colville. The South Shields ship-owner did not, indeed, like the idea of encouraging a young nobleman in an object which must be regarded with dislike by his father and other relations; but on this point also his scruples were at length overcome, doubtless by persuasives strictly honourable. The consequence was, that on arriving at South Shields, he allowed Lord Ossulton to become an inmate of his house, in company with Camilla, until the consent of her father was obtained, and the necessary preparations were made for their marriage. With respect to the feelings of the lover's family, tradition is silent; we may well believe that they were not favourable, for the union of the pair is known to have taken place at Jarrow church, the ancient seat of the Venerable Bede; a place of worship which, from some local prepossession, has been for ages the resort of young couples seeking to enter the bonds of wedlock without the consent of parents.

After the ceremony, the pair took up their residence with the lady's father at Gateshead, where they resided for some years. At length the death of his father made Lord Ossulton Earl of Tankerville, the second of the title; and Camilla Colville, as Countess, became entitled to the chief seat in the splendid halls of Chillingham Castle. Our heroine was afterwards one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. She played her part as a peeress with a due portion of dignity and spirit, and continued, long after being the mother of three children, to be one of the most beautiful women at the English court. She survived her husband in a long dowagerhood, and died in 1775, at the age, it has been said, of 105; but this is probably a mistake, though it is likely that her term of years much exceeded that ordinarily allotted to the children of Adam.

SONG.

BY MR ANDREWS.

(Sung at a public dinner at Boston, U. S., in honour of Mr Cunard's introduction of steam navigation between England and America.)

What projects men make—what queer turns they take,
Since *steam* has improved our condition;
They never are still, but must cure or must kill
With steam physic or steam ammunition.
But a short time ago, to a quack you would go,
To steam a fat man to a thinner;
Now changed from all that, if you wish to get *fat*,
Come to Barton's and eat a *steam dinner!*
Oh dear! think of a scheme, odd though it seem—
I'm sure 'twill succeed if you make it by steam.

You may sleep, you may dream, you may travel by steam,
For the outcry is still to go faster;
And what does it reck, should you o'en break your neck,
If 'tis *steam* that brings on the disaster?
* * * *
Oh dear! think of a scheme, odd though it seem—
I'm sure 'twill succeed if you work it by steam.

East Boston one day, we have heard people say,
Was nought but a desolate island;
But making by steam, they fill'd up the stream,
And turn'd the wet dock into dry land.
Then with a steam chain it grappled the main—
What noddle but follows my ditty?—
No longer alone, but '*bone of our bone*,
And flesh of the flesh' of the city.
Oh dear! think of a scheme, odd though it seem—
I'm sure 'twill succeed if you work it by steam.

How timid and slow, but a few years ago,
The world hobbled on in its motion;
Old Europe seem'd far as the fix'd northern star
O'er the boundless expanse of the ocean.
But though it was hard—at the word of Cunard,
Britannia herself is a rover;
Old England awhile, that '*fast anchor'd isle*,'
By *steaming* is now '*half-seas over*.'
Oh dear! think of a scheme, odd though it seem—
I'm sure 'twill succeed if you work it by steam.

BONS-MOTS OF OTHER DAYS.

By *bon-mot* is literally signified a good-word, or, as we may translate it, a happy saying, or some kind of observation which is at once witty and to the point. Some nations excel in uttering bon-mots, but none more so than the French and Irish, both of whom possess that liveliness of fancy that carries them on to cleverness of repartee, perhaps with little regard to consequences. The English are poor at this species of jocularity, and the Scotch more so. Among the ancient Romans there were many clever utterers of bon-mots. The following are a few tolerably good ones, along with some of a later date, collected from an old book in the French language, which has chanced to come into our hands.

One day, the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on; and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succour of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

A musician complaining that the tyrant Dionysius gave him nothing, after promising him much, for the exercise of his art—"You fool, we are quits," said the tyrant; "you tickled my ears, and I did the very same by yours."

Antiochus, King of Syria, caused the numerous army which he had assembled against the Romans, to defile before Hannibal, and pointed out with pride to the Carthaginian hero the arms of the infantry, glittering with gold and silver, and the cavalry, whose horse-trappings, bits, and saddles, as well as their armour, were loaded with golden ornaments. The elephants were decorated in a similar manner. Having shown all, Antiochus triumphantly asked the Carthaginian if he did not think that all this would do for the Romans? "Oh, yes," returned Hannibal, "even if they were more greedy than they are."

A Roman captain, having gone over to the camp of Pompey from that of Cæsar, declared to Cicero that he had come off so hurriedly that he had not even thought of bringing his horse with him. "You have provided," replies Cicero, "much better for your horse's safety than for your own." After the defeat (thus foreseen) of Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia, the captain Nonius said to Cicero, "Be of good heart; we have yet left seven eagles." "An excellent thing, if we had to fight with jays," replied the orator.

The Emperor Domitian was accustomed at his leisure hours, to shut himself up alone in his chamber, and there indulge in the amusement of sticking flies with a pin. A courtier inquiring one day if there was any one with the Cæsar, "No one," said Vibius-Crispus; "not even a fly."

Charlemagne studied to bring around him, by liberal donations, all the most learned men of his age. He was less successful, however, than he could have wished, and complained of this, one day, to the learned Alcuin. "Would to heaven," said the monarch, "that I had about me twelve such men as Jerome and Augustin!" "What, sire!" replied Alcuin, "hath the Creator of heaven and earth but *two* men of such merit, and you would have *twelve?*"

Thomas Aquinas entered the chamber of Pope Innocent IV. whilst large sums of money were being counted there. "You see," said the pontiff to him, "that the church has been blessed, and is no longer in the state in which she was when it was said, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "It is true, holy father," said Aquinas; "but neither can she now say to the paralytic, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'"

Henry IV. of France one day reached Amiens after a long journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a long string of epithets. "Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous"—— "Add, also," interrupted the king, "very tired!" A famous physician having quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, Henry said to his Protestant minister, Sully, "My friend, your religion is surely very ill. The doctors give it up." The same monarch was one day harangued by a speaker in a small country town, during whose discourse an ass brayed at a short distance. "One at a time, gentlemen," said the king.

One of the kings of Spain had been unsuccessful in war, and had lost several provinces; yet he received, notwithstanding, the title of *the Great* from his courtiers, and, the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid in exacting such honours. "Yes, he is Great," said a wit, "just as a ditch is great. The more earth you take from it, the bigger it becomes."

The Duke of Roquelaure was any thing but beautiful. Meeting one day a very ugly country squire who had business at the court, the duke introduced him to the king, saying that he lay under the weightiest obligations to the gentleman. The king graciously accorded to the squire the desired favour, and then asked Roquelaure what was the nature of his obligations to the other. "Ah, sire, without this dog, I should be the ugliest man in your majesty's dominions," was the answer.

The judge Le Coigneux desired his macer of the court, named Maillard, to keep the auditory silent at a trial. The macer accordingly bawled out "silence" every instant, though no voice was in action but his. The old judge at last cried to him testily, "Macer, make Maillard be quiet."

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be of the auditory. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe; "pray excuse me; I shall sleep very well without that."

The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, once made a collection of money among the members for some common purpose. He went round at a meeting with his hat, receiving the contributions. Not perceiving that the president Rose, a very miserly person, had dropped in his share, the abbé presented the hat again to him. The president declared that he had made his contribution, and Regnier said, "I believe it, but I did not see it." "And I," says Fontenelle, "saw it, but could not believe it."

A peasant went into a large city, and, among other objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking-office, where he saw people go out and in, without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was sold there. "Asses' heads," was the sneering answer. "What a business you must have!" said the rustic; "I see you have but one left."

It would often be better not to attempt to reward a brave action, than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two arms carried off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands that I lost, colonel," said the poor soldier reproachfully.

A man of genius was one day told that he would be introduced to a person worth knowing—"a person," said the intending introducer, by way of particular commendation, "who has actually got by heart the whole of Montaigne." The man of genius coldly replied, "I have the work here."

A prelate had gone to Rome, in expectation of a cardinal's hat. He returned home, however, without obtaining the object of his wishes. Soon after, he went to court and paid his compliments to the king, but was so hoarse with a cold, that he could scarcely make himself intelligible. The king afterwards chanced to express his surprise that the prelate should have so exposed himself as to catch cold. "Ah, your majesty need not wonder at that," said a wit, "since the prelate came from Rome without the hat."

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ANATOMY OF ENGLISH RESERVE.

EVERY one must know and have often laughed at the story told of two Oxford students, one of whom, in boating on the Isis, fell into the water, and seemed in imminent danger of being drowned, while the other, a good swimmer, looked on from the Magdalene Bridge, and contented himself with remarking, "Bless me, what a pity I never was introduced to that man!—perhaps I might have been able to save his life!" This is a pretty fair hit at that ultra delicacy of English gentlemen, which forbids them to address each other without being previously attested for by a common acquaintance. We find the following remarks on the same point in De Tocqueville's work, "Democracy in America:"—

"If two Englishmen chance to meet at the antipodes, where they are surrounded by strangers whose language and manners are almost unknown to them, they will first stare at each other with much curiosity and a kind of secret uneasiness; they will then turn away, or, if one accosts the other, they will take care only to converse, with a constrained and absent air, upon very unimportant subjects. Yet there is no enmity between these men; they have never seen each other before, and each believes the other to be a respectable person. Why then should they stand so cautiously apart? We must go back to England to learn the reason.

As aristocratic pride is still extremely great amongst the English, and as the limits of aristocracy are ill-defined, every body lives in constant dread lest advantage should be taken of his familiarity. Unable to judge at once of the social position of those he meets, an Englishman prudently avoids all contact with them. Men are afraid lest some slight service rendered should draw them into an unsuitable acquaintance; they dread civilities, and they avoid the obtrusive gratitude of a stranger quite as much as his hatred.

Many people attribute these singular anti-social propensities, and the reserved and taciturn bearing of the English, to purely physical causes. I may admit that there is something of it in their race, but much more of it is attributable to their social condition, as is proved by the contrast of the Americans.

In America, where the privileges of birth never existed, and where riches confer no peculiar rights on their possessors, men unacquainted with each other are very ready to frequent the same places, and find neither peril nor advantage in the free interchange of their thoughts. If they meet by accident, they neither seek nor avoid intercourse; their manner is therefore natural, frank, and open. It is easy to see that they hardly expect or apprehend any thing from each other, and that they do not care to display, any more than to conceal, their position in the world. If their demeanour is often cold and serious, it is never haughty or constrained; and if they do not converse, it is because they are not in a humour to talk, not because they think it their interest to be silent.

In a foreign country, two Americans are at once friends, simply because they are Americans. They are repulsed by no prejudice; they are attracted by their common country. For two Englishmen the same blood is not enough; they must be brought together by the same rank. The Americans remark this unsociable mood of the English as much as the French do, and are not less astonished by it. Yet the Americans are connected with England by their origin, their religion, their language, and partially by their manners: they only differ in their social condition. It may therefore be inferred, that the reserve of the English proceeds from the constitution of their country much more than from that of its inhabitants."

There is truth in this explanation of De Tocqueville; but it does not appear to us to be the whole truth.

In America there are few diversities of rank. The great bulk of the people are brought to a level by two causes—their being universally engaged in active pursuits, and their having each and all exactly the same political privileges. But where a decided diversity of rank does exist, we find as great reserve between the classes as in England. The white and coloured population keep apart, even in churches. The reserve in this case is, however, merely an exception that serves to confirm our rule. The people are upon the whole a nation of equals, and there is therefore not much occasion for punctilios in their intercourse with each other.

In England, on the contrary, there is a great variety of grades, of which the following are, we think, pretty well marked:—the titled and landed class; the class landed though not titled; the class of capitalists living independently of exertion; the established and privileged clergy; the mercantile and manufacturing class; the shop-keeping class; the operative class. All of these are in considerably different circumstances from each other, possess different degrees of political influence, and enjoy peculiar degrees of public respect. Differences in title, wealth, and importance of function, become therefore readily recognised, and are intensely appreciated. As a necessary result, there is a habit on the one hand of exacting respect on account of grade, and on the other of paying it, which strikingly marks our society. In phrenological language, self-esteem and veneration are brought into great activity amongst us.

To show how expressly these feelings are evoked by the peculiarities of our social condition, and so far to confirm De Tocqueville's views, it may be observed that the effect is different in different places. In a cathedral town, or in a Bath or Cheltenham, where a great number of the superior classes reside, this peculiar tone of English society is much more strongly brought out than in the manufacturing towns. These are comparatively in the condition of the American population—a mass of active equals. The natural frankness and good humour of the national character are there allowed free play, exactly as in New England; and when the inhabitant of a more aristocratic town goes to such a place, he feels precisely what the Halls and Hamiltons seem to have felt in America—namely, surprise at a familiarity which, though it may flow from the heart, and be accompanied by much practical kindness, is too opposite to respect to be strictly pleasing. This tends to prove the continued national identity of the Americans and English, and to show how much it is in consequence of social institutions that any diversity appears.

There is, then, in England what there is not in America—a habit of exacting and paying deference with a regard to differences of rank, privilege, and possession. With this habit, it is easy to see, an universal frankness and unreserve is totally incompatible. As well expect to see a community of purse established in a society composed of rich and poor, as a community of dignity in a society framed, as ours is, on a scale of real or implied rank. Each person, finding a real advantage in his rank, must naturally be disposed to preserve its distinctions, in his own case, with all possible care. Nor is it alone a matter of individual feeling: a member of a particular class is under a duty to his class in preserving its distinctions; and if he fails to do so, he is soon admonished of his error by the public opinion of his class. Hence in a great measure that *reserve* which distinguishes English manners: it is simply the guard which caution puts upon a dignity always in danger of being overlooked.

It must also be observed, as an almost unavoidable consequence of our differences of rank, that there is, in this country, a constant struggle upwards. So many advantages are seen to attend grade, that the members of each class seek eagerly to attain a place in the next above. This is an element of the question which those below are apt to overlook, but, in reality, it operates very powerfully. We do not, of course, justify the system which produces such results, but as long as the system is what it is, its results appear to us to be quite unavoidable. As certainly as there is hauteur and reserve on the one hand, is there a bustling anxiety on the other to fight up into the superior position, or to obtain a share of its advantages. Acquaintances are sought that they may be turned to advantage in obtaining some cherished object, whether it may be of a directly sordid kind, or only that privilege of mingling in refined circles, which in the mean time gratifies taste, and, in the long run, may lead to advantages of a more solid nature. So calculating is this propensity, that schools are selected for children, not with a regard to the education to be acquired in them, but that the children may form acquaintances which will prove useful in helping them on in future life. This policy makes its appearance in our most familiar maxims. "Always seek society rather above than below you," is one of those advices which every old person feels himself called upon to give to every young one. John, proceeding to the academy, is enjoined to make friends with the boys whose fathers are members of parliament, as he may be the better for them hereafter. Where such aggressive policy is pursued on the one hand, we cannot much wonder that a defensive policy is followed on the other—that the rich shun the needy as upon the whole troublesome associates—that the members of a superior rank put on discouraging looks at balls—and that the aristocracy seek schools for their children to which none but their own class have admission. There are two interests concerned, and they act as opposite interests always do. The hauteur of the upper ranks is not, of course, always justly due in the particular instances where it is shown; but it is a habit induced by the frequent occasion for its exercise. And, aggressions being more generally experienced from those who are nearly equals, than from classes considerably distant in rank, we can easily see how, in the gamut of society as in the musical scale, *seconds* are always the least harmonious.

It is not the mere anxiety to preserve grade, with all its presumed advantages, which operates in keeping classes apart. If the feelings of those who act under this policy were candidly inquired into, we believe it would be found that jealousy of aggression is, in many cases, less the animating motive, than is a feeling which, for want of a more exactly suitable name, we must call taste. In America, there is but a small and unimportant class who are quite independent of business; but in England, the portion of the community who are in this condition is very great. There is, indeed, a full half of the classes we have enumerated as composing British society, who live independently of traffic. This is a broad feature of distinction between the two countries, and one which could not exist without producing a great difference in their manners. Those who prosecute business, and those who do not, though they may mutually respect each other, are under the influence of such different ideas, and feel

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their minds tending to such different objects, that they never can on any great scale be agreeable society to each other. The business man despises the vapid life and trivial amusements of the leisurely classes; and the leisurely classes have as little toleration for the acquisitive maxims, and sharp and knowing style of mind, which prevail in the business classes. The one class is concerned about necessities which the other has long got over and thrown beneath their feet: the other is concerned about nicetics which the inferior has not yet learned to appreciate, and never will till wealth and leisure be acquired. Removed high into the region of taste and refinement, the English leisurely class are disgusted by every association with that very mercantile industry and ingenuity which are the boast of their country, and the original source, in a vast number of instances, of their own affluence. It seems most absurd that such should be the case; but there is no preaching down any great law of human nature. Accustom any one to live apart from and independently of all homely things, and he will in time find it painful to be brought into contact with them. It is also to be observed, that no rational person amongst the English leisurely class is insensible, abstractly, of the importance of industrious occupation both to individuals and to the nation; they only do not feel that their daily comfort admits of an intimate personal connexion with the classes who are thus engaged. This is a distinction which must be universally intelligible. There are few so humble but they may look to an inferior class whose toils they respect and applaud, but from whom they would not be disposed to select their company.

It is not alone the direct operation of these causes which we have to take into account. Wherever a principle operates in many instances, it is sure to be attended by an extensive imitation. The jealousy of real rank, and the fastidiousness of real taste, set examples which are followed in grades where pretensions to either are more than dubious. In such circumstances, mutual repulsion becomes, as it were, the cue of society, just as, under the opposite circumstances of America, a "hail fellow, well met" feeling is the leading characteristic. To this we are to trace some of the best points of humour in modern English literature, where persons of a humble order are represented as affixing the terms "low" and "vulgar" upon classes or persons in no appreciable degree inferior to themselves.

While thus doing our best to analyse the causes of English reserve, we trust it will never be supposed that we wish in any degree to justify or defend it. As far as our own feelings are concerned, we should be amongst the last to take that ground. We must, in common with all benevolent men, lament that this essentially feeble and unmanly characteristic should have been so extensively introduced into English society. At the same time, we are anxious to have and to give a clear view of its causes; and to this object the present paper is confined. We must attribute it mainly to the existence of large titled and leisurely classes. If there be any advantage in an aristocratic grade, or in the realisation of large capitals in the hands of individuals, we must consider the reserve which marks our national manners as a drawback or deduction from it. No good is unmixed with evil, and this is no exception from the rule. It is curious, however, to trace the operation of natural causes in moral affairs. In New Zealand, the young men who, had they remained at home, would have been as delicately reserved as any of their compeers, are *roughing it* contentedly in fustian jackets, hewing trees, building houses, carrying luggage from the ships, and staking off potato gardens. No one there feels humiliated by doing any thing which circumstances render necessary. When we see such things result when "the influences" are withdrawn, can we doubt that such things would still have been amongst us, if "the influences" had never existed? Geology shows us that various climates have prevailed on the spot of earth we now inhabit, and that in each case the appropriate plants and animals occupied the soil. Were it once more to become torrid, the *calamites* and *equisetaces* of our coal beds would doubtless again arise by the banks of our streams, and the elephant would again roam through our forests. An *institution* seems to be not less certain in producing its effects upon the moral soil. The Anglo-Saxon nature, under a general equality of condition, becomes what we see it in America, in our large towns, and in our colonies; in the opposite state, it becomes what we see it in British society at large.

THE JEWELLER OF STRASBURG.

In the ancient city of Strasburg, lived Stephen Lenoir and his family. That family was small—so small, indeed, as scarcely to deserve a collective appellation—its whole members consisting of Stephen Lenoir and his daughter Manon. Lenoir was a man of middle age, and by profession a working jeweller. He had learned his trade in Paris, which was his native place, and bore so high a character for skill, attention, and industry, as to receive more employment than he could well accomplish. Of course, so far as his work was concerned, Stephen was brought into frequent contact with various classes of the community, as he executed tasks both for professional and private employers. Otherwise, he dwelt with his daughter in perfect solitude. In the midst of fellow-creatures, they associated with none. They had not only no friends, but even no acquaintances. Since Stephen Lenoir had arrived with his infant girl in his widowed arms, for fifteen long years, scarcely a human being, excepting the two settled inmates, had been seen within the walls of their little dwelling. What was the cause of this? Was it unsociableness of temperament on the part of the jeweller? Partly so, perhaps; but it arose still more from the sufficiency of what he possessed within to satisfy all his wishes, and occupy his thoughts. Manon and his business were to him all in all. Not a thought had he beyond these, at least after the loss of his wife, who had been the sun of his existence, and whose death cast a partial gloom over his whole remaining days. To Manon he was the kindest of fathers, and did for her in childhood a thousand kind offices, such as man seldom fulfils, being at once nurse, companion, and teacher. As she grew up to womanhood, she repaid him by becoming in turn the guardian of his comforts, as well as by the gentleness and affectionate docility of her nature. Her comeliness, too, was remarkable, and endeared her the more to her father, from recalling to him the memory of his wife, of whom she was the very image.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, Manon tripped up and down her paternal habitation, or sat by her low court-window, carolling gaily, like a happy though a prisoned bird. The floors, the tables, the walls, the ceiling, and, in truth, every spot and corner of the apartment, which, with the exception of a little garret and a small room with a bed-closet, formed nearly their whole house, were clean in the extreme; and the few table-utensils that were arranged on the walls, glittered like a river in the sun. Oft, indeed, did Manon cleanse and scour what was never soiled. Then her bird in the window occupied a portion of her time, for she not only fed her starling duly, but taught it to repeat the airs which she had caught from poor street-minstrels, and tamed it so, that it spent much of its time close by her side. Manon had her knitting and her sewing to attend to, moreover, these being the only arts which she had been compelled to learn out of doors; and duly as the cathedral bell tolled the morning and mid-day hours, her round and smooth brow, with the brown tresses clustering about it, and the blue eyes sparkling beneath, full of affection and cheerfulness, would be protruded within her father's work-room, and the announcement made, that she had the meal of the hour in readiness. Absorbed in these simple duties did Manon pass the years of her girlhood, having scarcely a thought beyond her own limited sphere.

She was seventeen years old, when an event of some moment marked the career of her sire and herself. Stephen Lenoir was compelled, in a case of peculiar emergency, to take an assistant into his workshop. He was very averse to this proceeding, but a piece of elaborate work required from him could not be executed otherwise in due time. The task, too, could only be performed under his own eye, and, if not executed at all, a considerable loss would be the consequence. Now, money had become insensibly dear to Stephen—how dear, he had as yet no perfect conception. He had laid by a pretty large sum, and, having few legitimate objects to expend it upon, such as most men have for the most part in plenty, it had become prized by him for *itself*. This growing passion had produced no perceptible change in his affection for his daughter, and perhaps it was with a view to her future comforts that he had at first taken pleasure in accumulating. However this may be, Stephen, on the present occasion, felt such a pang at the thought of losing the large sum to be gained by the execution of the required work, that he mastered his reluctance to the admission of any one to the privacy of his house, and engaged an assistant for the term of a few weeks.

This assistant chanced to be a young countryman of his own, travelling for the better acquirement of skill in his trade. Bertrand Lafont was not a youth of very striking appearance, but still he was comely; and his modesty and intelligence were calculated to win by degrees the affections of those around him. For several weeks he was daily in company with Manon at meals, and at other times also for brief periods; and a mutual attraction between the two was the consequence. One day, when the absence of Stephen unexpectedly left them alone at dinner, Bertrand took courage almost to avow his affection, and did not find himself discouraged by its simple and innocent object. However, no further opportunity for an understanding between them occurred, until particular circumstances occurred, of a nature calculated to draw Manon's attention entirely to another subject.

Since the entry of Bertrand into the house, a change had been observed by her to come gradually over her father's conduct and temper. When he rose in the morning, it seemed as if his night's rest had done him no good. He looked pale and exhausted, and in the evening he would sit for hours in silence, as if brooding on some unpleasing subject. He was late in retiring to rest, and Manon even thought that she could occasionally hear him stirring late in the night, when her own first slumbers were over. She at first thought that an unusually important task had brought with it unusual care and toil, and that he might be ill in body; and she affectionately pressed him to attend to his health, and take additional repose. To her great pain, her advice was repulsed with peevishness, almost with harshness. This was the first time in her life that she had found herself so spoken to by her father, and the gentle Manon dropped many a secret tear in consequence. Her grief was the greater, as her father grew worse day by day. When he was obliged to go out, she observed him, though covertly, to cast uneasy and even suspicious looks both at Bertrand and herself. The cause Manon could not guess at, or if she did guess at any cause, it seemed one quite inadequate to produce such effects.

One morning all the symptoms of her father's distemperament appeared to be aggravated. He sent out Bertrand upon some errand or other of business, and immediately afterwards called Manon to him. She went, and found him in visible agitation. "Oh, Manon," said he, taking her hand in his, "my own Manon, daughter of my poor Louise, would you, could you, deceive your father?" "Not for worlds," returned the daughter, into whose eyes the sight of her father's distress called immediate tears; "not for worlds would I deceive you!" Stephen looked earnestly at her. "I cannot doubt you," said he at length; "when I gaze at those innocent eyes, and think that they have ever beamed on me with duty and love. And yet, by night—and when you are away from my sight—oh, Manon, I have terrible thoughts." The daughter was greatly shocked at this open avowal of distrust on her father's part towards her. "Father, what have I done to incur suspicion from you?" said she, with swimming eyes. "Oh, dear father, some evil spirit suggests these thoughts! If you have seen aught amiss, tell me, and believe that your Manon will obey you before all the world, and that she never could or can do any thing to vex the parent she so loves." Stephen was again silent for a moment. He then kissed his daughter's brow, and said, "I *believe* you, Manon. Something has occurred to fret me. Go, my dear child, and think of this no more."

However, matters were not mended subsequently. Stephen altered his strange conduct but for a short time, and then relapsed, and grew daily worse, so much so as to treat Manon with habitual harshness. Her consciousness of Bertrand's affection could not make up to the poor daughter for this alteration in her father's behaviour—a change wrought in but a few short weeks. An open avowal of his love was finally made by Bertrand. It was made one day when he found Manon in tears, after her father's temporary departure from the house. The simple girl made no attempt to deny that the young man possessed her affections, but said at the same time that she would never quit her father. "We may live with him, or at least *beside* him, Manon," replied the lover. The young maiden sighed. "Once I could have dreamed of such a thing, but not now, not now," said she; "and you too, Bertrand, you have friends and a home elsewhere." "I can have no home henceforth, no place worthy to be called a home, Manon, where you are not," returned the youth warmly. He took Manon's hand; it was not withdrawn from his grasp, and he proceeded to draw such a picture of possible felicity for them, as made the poor girl's heart full almost to overflowing. The discourse of the pair, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sound of an approaching footstep. They separated from each other's side with a degree of confusion inseparable from the nature of their late converse. Stephen almost started when he saw them. For the first time he seemed to have been struck with the possibility of an attachment springing up between them. On that evening he was more thoughtful and gloomy than usual.

The next morning witnessed an unexpected and melancholy scene. Stephen Lenoir rose from breakfast, as he was in the habit of doing, and entered his workshop, fastening the door behind him. Imme-

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diately afterwards, however, he uttered a loud cry, and issued, exclaiming wildly, "I am robbed again—robbed of all! I am a beggar!" He sprung upon Bertrand at the same time, and accused him fiercely of the robbery. "Father! dear father!" cried the agitated Manon, clinging to her parent, "he is innocent! he is innocent!" Stephen Lenoir turned upon his daughter, and shook her off violently. "Be silent, shameless and unnatural girl! You are his accomplice—yes, I am robbed by my own flesh and blood! But I will have it back, or, by the heaven above us, both of you shall die on the scaffold!" The excited tones of Stephen had by this time caused some of the neighbours to hurry to the door. The jeweller called to them to bring the street police, which they were ready and active enough in doing. In the mean time, Bertrand allowed himself to be held by Stephen, but at the same time calmly declared his innocence. He also addressed a word of solace to poor Manon, telling her that "her father would soon discover his error." Perhaps this appearance of mutual intelligence only served to irritate the jeweller more deeply. When the police came, he declared his conviction that he had been partially robbed several times by Bertrand, and at last had been stripped by him of all his earnings. In a voice husky from contending emotions, he also declared his belief that his own daughter was an accomplice in the crime. A shudder ran through the frames of all present at the charge. The solitary life of Manon had prevented any one from acquiring a perfect knowledge of her character, but her youth, beauty, and distress, would have moved the coldest heart to pity. However, Stephen Lenoir reiterated his accusation, and the final issue was, that Bertrand and Manon were taken into custody, and conducted to prison.

The examination of Lenoir brought out the following statement. The fruits of his savings were kept by him in a small strong box in his workshop. Soon after he had taken Bertrand Lafont as his assistant, he had missed a portion of his money. At this he was surprised beyond measure, being unable to conceive in what way it had disappeared. He at the very first suspected Bertrand; but on a second robbery taking place, which must have been effected between night and morning, he could not but conclude, that if Bertrand was the plunderer, he must be assisted, as he did not sleep in the house, by one who *did* sleep there. The idea of Manon being concerned, however (Stephen said), had been originally rejected by him with horror, until a third robbery by night forced the suspicion strongly upon him. Yet he could not make up his mind to the belief that his child would injure him in thought or deed. At length, his strong box was plundered between night and morning of all that remained in it; and having discovered on the previous evening that a private correspondence existed between Manon and Bertrand, he had been driven to the conviction of the truth. Hence the exposure of the pair. In answer to questions from the magistrate, Stephen stated that the box had always been opened without violence, though he had regularly kept the key in security in his bedroom.

The magistrate admitted that the circumstantial evidence seemed strong against Bertrand and poor Manon. With what conflicting emotions Stephen Lenoir's breast was agitated on that night, when he returned *alone* to his home, we shall not attempt to describe. Sometimes his wrath and avarice were in the ascendant, and at other times he wept bitterly, and was on the point of rushing out to bring his child back to her home, and beseeching her pardon. At length, he felt the necessity of sleep, and thought to secure it by a draught of spirits. He took a large one, and in replacing the glass, the tremulous state of his nerves was shown by his allowing it to fall and be shivered to pieces. He then went to bed, and slept. It was broad morning when he awoke to a consciousness of what had passed. Slowly and sadly he was in the act of rising, when he became conscious of stiffness and pain in one of his feet. Throwing off the bed-clothes, he beheld it covered with clotted blood. A large wound was the cause. Reflecting with surprise and alarm upon this accident, he remembered the fall of the glass. But at that time his foot had been covered by a thick shoe. The shoe was by the bed-side; he took it up, and found not the slightest mark upon it. Stephen lay back on his couch in thought. Suddenly a strange idea occurred to him. He started hurriedly from his bed, and rushed to the small retired closet whence he had taken the spirits on the night before. On the floor of it he saw the broken glass. The largest piece had blood upon it. He *must* have been there in the night, and necessarily in his sleep! Wildly Stephen looked about him, and grasped a board which covered a small recess in the wall. The board came away in his hands, and there he beheld his hoarded money lying—the stores of which he had been deprived! Well he knew those coins; he required not to count them. "My Manon! my innocent Manon!" cried Stephen, striking his forehead; "the boy! the guiltless boy! My own base and sleepless avarice has been the plunderer of my hoards!"

Whoever saw and knew Stephen Lenoir on that morning, as he rushed through the streets to the office of the magistracy, believed that they saw a man rendered insane by his misfortunes. But soon the story of the somnambulist—who, from an unhappy and diseased passion of avarice, had actually robbed himself—was noised abroad, and all were glad at the surprising and almost accidental exculpation of the young pair. It would be vain for us to attempt to describe how Stephen Lenoir's grey hairs pressed the ground that morning at the feet of his own child, and how the gentle Manon embraced his neck, and besought him to take comfort. Nor shall we endeavour to paint how beautifully Manon blushed through her tears, when her penitent father placed her hand in that of Bertrand, and said, "My son, if you truly forgive me, we shall part no more!"

This, gentle reader, is a story as true as the Proverbs of Solomon.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE IN AMERICA.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a person skilled in the manufacturing of cotton, left his native country (Scotland) in 1836, to find employment among the factories of the United States; and being engaged as superintendant in certain mills at Saco, in Maine, he may be presumed to have formed a pretty accurate idea of the process of manufacturing in that country. To render the information which he has acquired useful, he has, at the solicitation of friends, drawn up, and published in a convenient form, an account of the cotton manufacture as practically conducted in America.* As this subject must be interesting to a number of our readers, we propose to aid Mr Montgomery in the diffusion of his carefully collected information, by giving a few condensed details from his volume.

The cotton manufacture in the United States, which is now a formidable rival to that of Great Britain, has altogether come into existence since 1790. All the attempts to introduce it previous to that period were fruitless; and it was not till a person, skilled in the prosecution of the art in England, carried his experience to the American market, that it began on a proper or flourishing footing. The individual here referred to was Mr Samuel Slater, a young man who had been bred under Mr Strutt at Milford, near Belper, in Derbyshire. First as an apprentice and then as a superintendant, both as respects the making of machinery and in the manufacturing department, he acquired a complete knowledge of the Arkwright mode of spinning; and when he heard by report that the States of North America were offering bounties for the introduction of the art, he resolved on proceeding thither, and give the land of his adoption all the benefit of his practical knowledge and enlarged experience. He knew that it was impossible to take any patterns or drawings along with him, as the government restrictions were very severe, and the customhouse officers scrupulously searched every passenger for America. Having, however, carefully studied the whole mechanism of the factory, and fixed the remembrance of it in his memory, he baffled this contemptible restriction; and carrying his designs in his head across the Atlantic, he landed at New York in 1789. Here he met Messrs Almy and Brown, two individuals who were anxious to secure his services; and proceeding to Pawtucket, he immediately commenced making machinery, principally with his own hands. Such was his activity, that, "on the 20th of December 1790, he started three cards, drawing and roving, together with seventy-two spindles, entirely upon the Arkwright principle." Never were efforts more signally successful. In fourteen months, Mr Brown informed the secretary of the Treasury that machinery and mills could be erected in one year to supply the whole United States with cotton yarn, and thus render its importation unnecessary.

In 1798, Mr Slater entered into partnership with some manufacturers (the daughter of one of whom he had married), under the firm of Samuel Slater and Company. He built his second mill on the east side of the Pawtucket river, and was proprietor of one-half the stock. From this mill preceded many young men skilled in the craft of manufacturing, and by that means his improvements were widely spread over the country, so that the business has from that time to the present been rapidly extending over the United States. Mr Slater's business was so prosperous, that about the year 1806 he invited his brother, Mr John Slater, to come to America, and he in all probability brought with him a knowledge of the most recent improvements made by English spinners. The now flourishing village of Slatersville in Smithfield was then projected, in which John Slater embarked as a partner, and in June of the same year he removed to Smithfield as superintendant of the concern. In the spring of 1807 the works were sufficiently advanced for spinning; and up till the present time they have been under the management of that gentleman, in an uninterrupted state of improvement. About 1814, the power-loom was added to the process of spinning, by means of patterns brought by a Mr Gilmour from Glasgow, and who was invited by Mr John Slater to Smithfield. Besides making and bringing the power-looms into operation, Mr Gilmour introduced the machine for dressing the warp, and also the hydrostatic press for pressing and packing cloth. Gilmour, we are told, was a man of great mechanical genius, but neglected to turn his talents and opportunities to account, and at ... death of ... [illegible] stances. The ... a different enemy, being ... and persevering.

We have now to show how from a small ... in 1790, the cotton ... a great standing in the United States. ... now established in a very great ... there are three divisions ... nominated the ... first comprehends ... and the eastern parts of ... or middle district ... chusetts, Rhode Island, ... New York, New Jersey, ... chusetts, taken altogether, ... cotton manufacture and ... is Lowell. According to ... appointed by Congress ... progress of spinning ... goods—the number of ... of spindles 1,246,503, of ... employed in the manufacture ... total employed, 67,466. In these facts were contained, both the spinning and weaving ... largely increased. Mr Montgomery ... "the amount of capital invested in ... Massachusetts in 1831 was 12,931,000 dollars ... it had increased to 14,369,719 dollars, being nearly 12 per cent. in the space of only five years; but allowing the rates of increase since 1831 to be 10 per cent. all over the Union, the amount of capital now invested in the cotton manufacture cannot be less than 45,000,000 of dollars, equal to £9,375,000 sterling, being about a fourth part of the capital invested in the cotton manufacture of Great Britain."

Lowell, as we have already mentioned, is the principal manufacturing town in the United States, or, as it may be called, the Manchester of America. As a place of such importance is peculiarly deserving of notice, we shall extract the following account, which is quoted from the Lowell Journal, a weekly newspaper:—

"The territory of Lowell is about four square miles, and contains upwards of fifteen thousand inhabitants.† About eighteen years ago the whole of this was owned by a few honest farmers, who obtained subsistence for themselves and families by the cultivation of this comparatively barren spot, and the fish they caught in the Merrimack and Concord rivers; and being situated at the confluence of these two rivers, was called Chelmsford Neck, and originally by the Indians, Wamaset.

For centuries it lay with its vast resources slumbering in its bosom, unsuspected and unknown. But the spirit of improvement came, and its touch, like that of the magic wand, has turned this seeming wilderness, not simply into a fruitful field, but into a busy, enterprising, and prosperous city.

In 1819, Kirk Boot, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Boston, explored this place in the habit of a hunter. He discovered its resources, and immediately, in company with several other rich merchants of that city purchased the land and water privileges.

They were incorporated by the name of the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack river, and commenced operations by digging a canal from the Pawtucket Falls, easterly one mile and a half, where it emptied itself into the Concord river. This canal is sixty feet wide, and carries in depth eight feet of water. This is their grand canal; lateral branches are cut, which carry the water to the several manufactories, from which it is discharged into the Merrimack or Concord rivers. They then erected a large machine shop, and commenced building machinery. This company sell out the privileges to manufacturing companies, dig the canals, erect the mills, and build the machinery, all ready for being put in operation; they do all this cheaper than any other company will do it; and these are the only terms on which they will sell the privileges.

The Locks and Canals Company have a capital of 600,000 dollars, and employ about 500 workmen in the machine shop and otherwise. A part of their lands has been sold out to individuals at an enormous advance on the original price. Land for which they paid 20 or 30 dollars per acre, has been sold again for one dollar per square foot: there is still a portion of their land on hand unsold.—Kirk Boot, Esq., acted as their agent till his death in 1837.

Lowell was incorporated in 1824 into a town distinct from Chelmsford, and received its name from Francis C. Lowell, Esq., who was amongst the first to introduce manufactures in this place. There are now twenty-seven factories in operation, besides print works, bleacheries, &c., and there yet remain unoccupied privileges for nearly as many more: when these are taken up, as in all probability they will, they will then afford means of subsistence to other 20,000 inhabitants, making the whole about 40,000.

A new canal has been lately cut, which furnishes sites for about a dozen mills. A railroad of two tracts has been completed between Boston and Lowell, which is found to be of mutual advantage to both places, but especially to the latter. There is also a steam-boat plying between Nashua (another manufac-

* A Practical Detail of the Cotton Manufacture of the United States of America. Glasgow: John Niven, Jun.; Whittaker and Co., London. 1840.

† This was the number of inhabitants at the time the article was written, but according to a late statement in the same paper it appears there are now 20,000.

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turing place) and Lowell, a distance of fourteen miles, which likewise co-operates with the railroad.

The total amount of capital invested for manufacturing purposes at Lowell, was, at the beginning of 1839, about 9,000,000 dollars, equal to L.1,875,000 sterling." There are ten incorporated companies in the place: one company has a large machine shop for making machinery for the cotton and woollen manufactures, railroad cars, engines, &c.; they employ in general upwards of 500 hands. Company No. 2 (we purposely omit names) have five large cotton mills, besides print works; they run 37,984 throstle spindles, work 1300 power-looms, and give employment to 1300 females and 637 males; they make upon an average 220,000 yards of cloth per week, and use about 50,000 lbs. of cotton in the same time. Company 3 have a large printing establishment and three cotton mills; they run 20,992 throstle spindles, 564 looms, employ 830 females and 230 males, make about 100,000 yards of cloth, and use about 40,000 lbs. of cotton, weekly. Company 4 have two cotton mills; they run about 11,776 throstle spindles, 380 looms, employ 470 females and 65 males, make about 100,000 yards of cloth, and use 40,000 lbs. of cotton, weekly. Company 5 have one cotton and one carpet manufactory; they run 5000 throstle spindles, besides those used in the woollen manufacture, 154 cotton and 70 carpet looms, employ 400 females and 200 males, make 2500 yards of carpeting, 150 rugs, and 60,000 yards of cotton cloth per week. Company 6 have two cotton mills, run 11,264 throstle spindles, 352 looms, employ 460 females and 70 males, and make 90,000 yards of cloth weekly. Company 7 have two mills, run 11,520 throstle spindles, 404 looms, employ 460 females and 70 males, and make 125,800 yards of cloth weekly. Company 8 have five extensive factories and a bleachery, run 31,000 throstle spindles, 910 looms, employ 1250 females and 200 males, and make about 200,000 yards of cloth weekly. Company 9 manufacture broad cloths and cassimeres, and have two mills and a dye-house; they make 6300 yards of cassimere and 1500 yards of broad cloth weekly. Company 10 have four large elegant factories, containing 29,248 throstle spindles and 830 looms in operation; they employ 950 females and 120 males, and turn out 155,000 yards of cloth weekly. Besides these principal establishments, may be added an extensive powder mill, bleachery, flannel mills, cord and whip factory, planing machine, reed machine, flour, grist, and saw mills, glass works, and a foundry. The first company above mentioned can furnish complete machinery for a mill containing 5000 throstle spindles, with weaving in proportion, in four months.

We might abridge accounts of various other manufacturing towns and villages in the States; but we think the foregoing presents a fair specimen of the whole. It appears that the agent of power is almost universally water; but to what extent this proves a saving is not shown by the author. Probably it is of little moment, in comparison with other items. The details which Mr Montgomery presents respecting the nature of the machinery employed, and charges of various kinds, in Great Britain and America, compose the bulk of the volume; but being purely technical, any notice of them here would be out of place. After giving a vast amount of information on these points, he arrives at the following generalised summary:—

"The amount of goods produced is much greater in America than in Great Britain; but the hours of labour are somewhat longer in the former than in the latter country. The cost of the buildings, machinery, &c., is a great deal higher in America than in Britain, as well as the general rate of wages, particularly in the carding department. After comparing the advantages and disadvantages of each, it appears that the British manufacturer can produce his goods at least 19 per cent. cheaper than the American. This, however, is more than neutralised by the cheaper rate at which the latter can purchase his cotton. The circumstance of America being a cotton-growing country, will always give to her manufacturers advantages of which the British cannot generally avail themselves.

In every description of goods in which the cost of the raw material exceeds the cost of production, the American manufacturers have a decided advantage over the British. And they have availed themselves of this advantage to improve the quality of their goods; as any person who has had an opportunity of comparing the domestics manufactured in the two countries, can have no hesitation in giving the preference to those manufactured in America; and the experience of every British manufacturer engaged in producing this description of goods has painfully convinced him, that the superior quality of the American goods is gradually driving him from every foreign market. On this subject Mr William Gemmell of Glasgow states in his affidavit (as given in Mr Graham's pamphlet on 'The impolicy of the Tax on Cotton Wool'), that although he was for several years in the habit of supplying Chili with cotton domestics, he has latterly been obliged to abandon the trade, in consequence of being unable to compete with the manufacturers of the United States.

Hitherto the British have enjoyed a monopoly in the manufacture of fine goods; but the resources of the Americans will very soon enable them to compete successfully even in these. No people in the world are more enterprising, none more ready to pick up and avail themselves of every improvement by which their interest is to be advanced; and there is no doubt, that, in a few years, they will adopt a more economical method of getting up their works, a more improved system of general management and conducting of the various processes, which will enable them, even in the finer goods, to compete successfully with the British."

In conclusion, it may be learnt from these observations, were other evidence wanting, that the British cotton manufacture is but barely pre-eminent over that of the Americans; and were the latter a little more skilful and exact in a few points, they would at once, from being able to buy the raw material cheaper, become powerful competitors with the British. That they will ultimately attain the nicety in execution, of which they at present fall short, there can be no doubt; but when this may happen is a question of difficult solution, for it might be retarded to an indefinite period by the Americans finding a large and profitable outlet to their agricultural produce, thereby throwing their capital into more remunerative channels, and raising the wages of their labourers. At present, as it is, the American mill-spinners can with difficulty keep up an efficient staff of skilled hands, in consequence of the temptation of high wages among the agriculturists; and it appears to us that Great Britain could not inflict a more deadly blow on the growing strength of the manufactures of America, than inviting the exportation of agricultural produce from that country. This, however, involves speculations on which we have no wish to enter.

SPONTANEOUS FIRES.

WITHIN these few years it has been satisfactorily ascertained that fires occasionally occur from spontaneous ignition—certain substances lying in a compact mass burst into a flame without any one at the time expecting such a catastrophe, and thus a serious conflagration is originated, greatly to the surprise of all concerned. Several distressing burnings of ships at sea (generally when cotton formed the cargo), have lately taken place from this cause. Mr Abraham Booth, lecturer on chemistry, Hackney, has written a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, drawing his lordship's attention to this important subject; and for the sake of giving publicity to Mr Booth's intelligent explanations respecting the spontaneous combustion of bodies, we extract the following passages from his communication:—

"Permit me to draw your attention to a series of circumstances which, in my view, are the causes of many fires, for the origin of which no adequate cause can be assigned; I allude to the phenomena of spontaneous combustion. This subject is now attended with greater interest, from its having been proved that the conflagration which caused the destruction of her Majesty's Ship Talavera, at Devonport, was owing to this circumstance. My attention was more particularly called to the subject of spontaneous combustion in 1829, from the circumstance of the execution of a young man named James Butler, who was convicted on a charge of setting fire to a floor-cloth manufactory. After his execution I became acquainted with the details, and, after most closely and carefully investigating the subject, came to the conclusion that he was an innocent victim of the law—in which view I was supported by my friend the late Dr Gordon Smith, then professor of medical jurisprudence at London University College, Dr Birkbeck, and several other scientific men.

In a letter to a public journal about that time, I drew attention to the variety of circumstances under which spontaneous combustion would take place (in all about forty instances); and I then felt that my researches and remarks might be of some benefit to the community, from the circumstance that they were printed and suspended on boards, as cautions against fire, in the different dockyards and other public establishments in the kingdom. Whether this reasonable precaution is now withheld, I know not.

The cases under which spontaneous combustion of animal and vegetable substances will take place, are such as no ordinary sagacity can foresee, nor prudence prevent. In the official reported list of fires, the majority of causes are unknown, whilst another large portion are only conjectural. The science of chemistry may, however, advantageously lend its aid; and some of its investigations on the subject have been matters of high interest. The most memorable instance on record is that of a series of fires which took place at St Petersburg in 1780 and 1781, when a frigate, with several other vessels and houses, were destroyed, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. A scientific commission was appointed by the Russian government to inquire into the subject, who found that the self-enkindling substances were charcoal and hemp oil. In 1757, the royal dockyard at Brest was nearly destroyed by spontaneous combustion taking place in the rope-yard; when some of the old workmen declared that the same thing had happened some years ago, but that, conceiving it impossible for the bales to take fire of themselves, they had concealed the accident, for fear of being taxed with negligence, and punished accordingly. On Thursday, July 3, 1760, a fire, from spontaneous combustion, broke out in the rope-yard of the royal dockyard at Portsmouth, which caused much mischief. It would be tedious to relate the other various circumstances under which spontaneous combustion will take place, such as with hay, corn, flax, cotton, wool, turf, flour, saffron, and other vegetable substances; rags, oatmeal, charcoal; woollen cloth and cotton goods; roasted coffee and chocolate; bales of woollen yarn or cloth, waste cotton or rags used in cleaning oil, paint, floor-cloth, pyrites, coal, &c., although the subject is one of considerable importance in our domestic security.

My object in this communication is to suggest to your lordship the desirableness of making the subject I have referred to one of more general attention, and that, in order to prevent the so frequent recurrence of evils the most lamentable in our social and domestic economy, it would be extremely desirable that a code of cautions should be drawn up, explaining chemically the circumstances under which a fire may take place, and which no ordinary caution can prevent, whether in manufactories, public establishments, or even private houses."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

A GENTLEMAN of our city, high in legal function and in public respect, who lately made a tour in Ireland, has recalled our attention to the Temperance Movement in that country,* by sending to us a variety of recent documents connected with the subject, which he had been at the pains to collect for our use. He says, in a letter accompanying the enclosure, "Depend on it, the change in Ireland at present is most visible and important. In travelling through the country, I only once saw a person drunk on the roads; and the state of the jails which I visited, in the districts formerly most disturbed, abundantly attests the reality of the changed habits and improved morals and condition of the people. In Clonmell (county town of Tipperary) the average number of prisoners in former years was 500, now there are only 320; in Cork the numbers are reduced from 700 to 400. These facts speak for themselves. There has not been an execution in Cork for six years, although the population of the county exceeds 800,000." We feel that there is something very arresting in the testimony of our correspondent; and it is supported from other quarters. The following is from the new work on Ireland by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall:—

"In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state, that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route, not along mail-coach roads, but on a 'jaunting-car,' through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns, driving through fairs, attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen of Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whisky we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not 'pledged,' and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo—'Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gintleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;' and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whisky-shops are closed or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne

* Some account of this extraordinary movement was presented in No. 431, published in May last, being an extract from Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

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out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland."

Mr and Mrs Hall speak hopefully of the continuance of the reformation, mentioning that there is now something disreputable in being a drunkard, and that there is a general sense of the advantages flowing from temperance. They also give their valuable testimony (being conservatives both in politics and religion) to the absolute groundlessness of the idea that any danger to the state lurks in this moral reformation—an idea so gross and so ridiculous, that we should not, for our own part, have thought of alluding to it, if we had not found it noticed by these esteemed writers. Amongst other interesting facts, they narrate the following:—

"We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork: a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous districts of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them. 'My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a-week: he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband; but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor childre too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night? Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, Maybe the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and, glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings: so I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran-new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and *resate* for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman—he cried like a babby; but 'twas with thanks to God: and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better-fed children than our own four!' It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness."

The documents forwarded by our correspondent are chiefly placards, issued by humble advocates of the cause, for the purpose of keeping up the feeling in its behalf. Though rude in form and style, and often sadly illogical, they breathe the spirit of enthusiasm, and we have no doubt must conduce to the object in view. One is in the form of a dialogue between a teetotaller and a publican, the latter of whom is beaten out of all his objections to the cause in grand style. Another contains a song evidently designed as an imitation of the well-known one of "St Patrick;" the following are the two concluding stanzas:—

"How long these man-traps* kept it up
To rob us of our money,
With—'Paddy, take another sup,
'Twill do you good, my honey.'
'No, Mr Malt, I hate your hog-wash,
I now have got my senses;
Keep you your poison—I'll keep my cash
For family expenses.'

Success to Reverend Father Matt,
We'll give him all his merit;
He's done much more than old St Pat—
He's banish'd the evil spirit!
We'll drink his health in water clear,
In tea and coffee, civil;
But as for whisky, ale, and beer,
They may go," &c.

The placard, of which this song forms the conclusion, is headed with the words "SOLEMN FACTS," in large letters!

A "Life of Mr Mathew,"† by the Rev. Mr Birmingham, a brother of the same priesthood, supplies some particulars of the late proceedings of the Apostle of Temperance. In external features they have been sufficiently remarkable. The public is generally aware that the movement for the first time attracted notice in August 1839, till which time Mr Mathew had confined his exertions to Cork. In December he visited Limerick, where thousands upon thousands of the country people assembled to pay their vows of abstinence before him. The streets became so densely crowded on this occasion, that several of the Scots Greys were lifted horse and man from the ground, and many persons, eager to approach the reverend father, ran, for that purpose, "quietly and securely on the heads and shoulders of the vast assemblage." A scene which soon after took place at Parsonstown was not less striking. "In front of the chapel was stationed a large body of police, presenting a very fine and well-disciplined force; outside these were the rifles, on bended knees, with bayonets fixed and pointed, forming a barrier to oppose the rushing multitudes; whilst within and without this barrier, to keep the passages clear, the cavalry, 'in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' with flags waving to the winds, moved up and down in slow and measured pace. Beyond, and as far along the streets as the eye could reach, were the congregated masses, swaying to and fro with every new impulse, and by their united voices producing a deep indistinct sound, like the murmur of the ruffled waters of the sea. Within the vicarial residence, and in strong contrast to the stirring scene without, sat the mild, unassuming, but extraordinary man, round whom had collected this display of martial pomp and numerical force." From Borrisokane, where he arrived unexpectedly, he designed to proceed as soon as he had inducted the few people of the place. The news, however, of his being there spread in the country around. Multitudes threw aside the implements of their labour, and hurried to the town to enlist themselves under his banner. As each group was dispatched, he prepared to hurry away; but still another approached. "Fatigued and breathless, men, women, and children hurried forward indiscriminately to take the pledge. Mr Mathew could not bring himself to disappoint such eagerness or damp such ardour. He was consequently obliged to remain; and standing on a stone seat under a venerable ash tree—now more venerable than ever—he received in this small town, without any previous notice having been given, seven or eight thousand souls."

Mr Birmingham speaks strongly of the mild and affectionate character of this singular man. Amongst those who came before him at Borrisokane, was one Paddy Hayes, a man noted for intemperance, his drunken moments greatly exceeding his moments of soberness. "I intimated this man's approach to Mr Mathew. In a moment the advocate of temperance ordered a passage to be cleared, and Paddy Hayes to be admitted. With a smile in which benignity and confidence were mingled, he extended his hand to the penitent drunkard, saying—'Come forward, my poor fellow, you are worth waiting for.' The postulant cast himself on his knees, with a 'Heavens bless *you*, Father Mathew,' took the pledge, and received the blessing. This man is now an industrious and exemplary character."

At Nenagh, there was the usual parade of military force to ensure order. "With the sound of trumpet, each batch was admitted through a street or lane into an open area, where having taken the pledge, they withdrew by another way, and were succeeded by a fresh batch of applicants. On the day of Mr Mathew's ministry in Nenagh, about twenty thousand persons ranged themselves under the peaceful standard of temperance." At Galway, where he soon after preached, "his labours in administering the pledge were much obstructed, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, by the ungovernable impatience of the countless postulants. They could scarcely be restrained from using towards him what might be called a holy violence." Notwithstanding these disorders, he here received about a hundred thousand converts in two days! In a progress which he made from Galway, by Loughrea, Portumna, Borrisokane, and Roscrea, the neighbouring population might be said to pour themselves *en masse* upon his way. The towns were in succession filled with vast multitudes waiting to be received by him, and already proving the steadfastness of their intentions, by abstaining from liquor and from every kind of excitement. In two days, he administered the pledge to eighty thousand persons in the barrack-yard of Loughrea. As many more received it in the course of his journey between Galway and Portumna, at which last place the number was thirty thousand. On all these occasions, "he admonished the people on the nature of the promise they were about to make, and the inviolability with which it should be observed. He said to them that, when casting off the yoke of intemperance, they should also abandon every other vice, such as rioting, faction-fighting, private combinations, illegal oaths, taking of fire-arms, serving threatening notices, &c. He exhorted them to forget religious animosities, to live in peace with all, to observe the laws of God and man, and to respect the powers that be, not from fear, but for conscience' sake."

These events occurred so lately as last March. At the close of the month, he arrived in Dublin, in order to preach a sermon in behalf of a female orphan institution. The whole of the tickets of admission to a church capable of containing six thousand persons were engaged two days beforehand. Vast multitudes filled the neighbouring streets during the whole time of the sermon. As he pronounced the text, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat," he looked down affectionately on the orphans ranged beneath him. The sermon contained many passages of the purest eloquence. "If I were to pause," said he, "to enumerate but the hundredth part of the many generous deeds of mercy performed even by the poorest of the poor, of which I myself have been witness, I would occupy the whole of the time which this discourse should last. Permit me, however, to state one simple case of facts:—A poor woman found in the streets a male infant, which she brought to me, and asked imploringly what she was to do with it. Influenced, unhappily, by cold caution, I advised her to give it to the churchwardens. It was then evening; on the ensuing morning, early, I found this poor woman at my door; she was a poor water-carrier; she cried bitterly, and said—'I have not slept one wink all night for parting with that child which God had put in my way, and if you will give me leave, I will take him back again.' I was filled with confusion at the pious tenderness of this poor creature, and I went with her to the parish nurse for the infant, which she brought to her home with joy, exclaiming, in the very words of the prophet—'Poor child, though thy mother has forgotten thee, I will not forget thee!' Eight years have elapsed since she brought to her humble home that exposed infant, and she is now blind from the constant exposure to wet and cold; and ten times a-day may be seen that poor water-carrier passing with her weary load, led by this little foundling boy. Oh, merciful Jesus, I would gladly sacrifice the wealth and power of this wide world, to secure to myself the glorious welcome that awaits this poor blind water-carrier on the great accounting day! Oh, what, compared to charity like this, the ermined robe, the ivory sceptre, the golden throne, the jewelled diadem!" The collection at this sermon amounted to the extraordinary sum of L.350.

Mr Mathew appeared every day during the ensuing week in the space behind the Customhouse, to receive converts from intemperance. Notwithstanding bad weather, there was a large and enthusiastic attendance, and about seventy thousand took the pledge, "amongst whom were persons of different religious persuasions, of every age and every rank, and a considerable number of the city constabulary and the military then stationed in Dublin."

A twelvemonth ago, Mr Mathew did not dream of ever moving beyond his own pastoral bounds; but, being induced to go to Limerick, and finding success there, he was tempted to visit other places, till at length, during this year, he might be considered as, for the time at least, an itinerant advocate of the cause. His course through Ireland has every where been attended by the same moral phenomena—an almost universal prostration of the Catholic people in his path, to signify before him their resolution henceforward to live a sober life. We find him, in September,* at Sandyford near Dublin, speaking of having then added *two and a half millions* to the Cork Total Abstinence Society!—and these every where remarked as the most moral and peaceable of the community. On this occasion, he made some remarks on the consequences which naturally arise from an application of money to the production of real instead of delusive comforts. The people, he said, in the parishes where the society had existed for two years, were astonished at the increase of their wealth. "The men have always something to clothe their children, and to make their wives happy, and they have always, besides, a little to put into the savings' bank. When I now travel through the country on Saturday evening, I am quite proud to see the working man walking home quietly from market, with his basket or handkerchief under his arm, containing bread, and tea and sugar, for the use of his family at home, instead of returning, as he formerly did, in a fit of beastly intoxication, with his big stick in his hand, ready to lay it on every person he met, or on his wife and children when he got home. The people are, besides, no longer afraid of the magistrates and the police, and they now look upon them as their friends and protectors, instead of their persecutors. When a policeman will now enter any of your dwellings in search of a culprit, you will have only to say 'I am a teetotaller,' and he will at once wish you good morning, and go in search of the offender elsewhere."

At a previous visit to Dublin (in June), he was received with great honour at the seminary of Maynooth. For thirty miles round, the people flocked to that little town, to make sacrifice of their former habits in his presence. "The chariot, the gig, the jaunt, the dray, the humble donkey-car, and the couch of sickness, attested the universality of the movement. In the immense multitude, not one man was intoxicated, not one word of anger or levity was heard; and though infants, cripples, and infirm old people, were wedged together in dense confusion, not one accident occurred. All was deep devotion, faith sufficient to work miracles, and a sense of awful and imposing solemnity. The gentry as well as the poor, the priesthood as well as the people, knelt before him in humility, with bared heads, under the canopy of heaven." In about twelve hours, 35,000 had taken the pledge on the streets. Eight professors in the college, and 250 students, joined the society on this occasion. The scene at their induction in the great hall is described as having been grand and impressive in an extraordinary degree.†

Such are the last accounts we have of the proceedings of Father Mathew. There can be no doubt, we think, that he has succeeded in spreading a great moral epidemic through his native country. The whole symptoms, including the eagerness manifested in many instances to be touched by him for disease, lead to this conclusion. It naturally seems strange that, where many zealous men formerly succeeded with difficulty in converting tens or twenties to temperance, this man should in a single day bring his twenty or forty thousand into the fold, and seem to require nothing but time and continued health and strength, to reform a whole nation. But this wonder is entirely owing to

* Publicans.

† Dublin, Milliken and Son; London, Longman and Co. 1840.

* Supplement to Weekly Freeman's Journal, September 5, 1840.

† Tribute to Father Mathew, 4 pages.

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the limited ideas we as yet have of MORAL INFLUENCE. Exalted sentiments of benevolence, unmixed by a single particle of sordidness and selfishness, and conjoined with fair intellectual endowments and the gift of fluent oratory, form a power compared with which all others sink into insignificance. Men have all of them sorrows to be sympathised with, aspirations to be directed and encouraged, consciousness of error to be awakened and stimulated into good resolution: when the man possessing the above power comes before his fellows and addresses them on these points, not merely by the words of his mouth, but by the example of his own conduct, and by well-timed allusions to the things which form their religious faith, the effect is overpowering. Theobald Mathew seems one of those rare individuals whom nature has qualified to work such wonders. We are told that, ever since his becoming a clergyman, he has devoted himself to tasks of benevolence for his flock. Not only did he show that untiring zeal, for which the humble Catholic clergy are remarkable, in visiting the sick and comforting the afflicted, but he entered into the temporal concerns of his people, was noted for his willingness to become the executor of wills in behalf of widows and orphans, and was resorted to on all hands as an arbiter in disputes of every kind. His charities were far beyond his means. He also acquired fame for a magnificent church which he built, and for obtaining a burial-ground for the Catholic inhabitants of Cork. It is evident that the veneration to which these acts had entitled him, would give him a great advantage in addressing the people on the subject of a vice which they could not but be sensible was most detrimental to all their best interests. The penetration of a superior understanding gave him other advantages. Former temperance preachers had caused their converts to *sign* the pledge. He saw that this was a dilatory process, inconsistent with great results. He adopted the mode of repeating the pledge before a great number at once, who all said it after him: thus he obtained for his cause the benefit of that mutual support and mutual fomentation which attends the bringing together of great multitudes entertaining a common object. In the very form of his pledge there was something emphatic and impressive—"I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I shall continue a member of the Total Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal and sacramental purposes; and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others." When this has been said by the crowd of postulants, he extends his hand over them, and pronounces a short prayer—"May God Almighty bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep this promise!" Then he descends from his place, and signs each kneeling votary with the cross, in which sign alone, he adds, can they hope to persevere and conquer. It may easily be imagined that the first successes which Mr Mathew gained by these means would be followed by greater and greater, until, even in his own limited district, something like supernatural influence would be attributed to him. This notion once established amongst a people notedly excitable, and universally under strong religious feeling, it is easy to see how his simple bodily presence in any district would be sufficient to prepare the inhabitants for abandoning drunkenness. The first steps are in this, as in most other cases, difficult; but when a certain power has been attained, it can be easily exercised. Portumna sinks before the influence which has already reduced Loughrea; and, after Portumna has fallen, Roscrea can no more hold out, than it could have resisted the troops of General Ginkle after the surrender of Limerick.

Where a conversion has been so sudden, and conducted in so wholesale a fashion, doubts naturally arise as to its permanency. On this point we shall adduce the evidence of Mr Birmingham. During the two years that the society had existed up to April last, "few, very few—I might say none, comparatively speaking—have violated the pledge; and these, for the most part, touched with sorrow and remorse, have returned to renew their promise. Our people," he adds, "have never been known to swerve on matters regarding general religious discipline or doctrine, and they look upon their pledge as a religious engagement, in the observance of which they believe their honour, their national character, and [the good of] their souls to be deeply involved. Again, the multitudes will sustain each other by their example. Experience, also, has made them taste the bitter fruits of intemperance: it will now make them feel and appreciate the comforts, the happiness of temperance; and this will be another powerful inducement to their perseverance." We are not sufficiently sanguine to hazard a prediction on this point, but of course hope the best, and feel in the mean time able to say that the history of "revivals" is not unfavourable to the prospect of the reform being permanent, at least to a considerable extent. Of the five hundred persons at the Kirk of Shotts in Scotland, and the thousand at a particular place in the north of Ireland, whom the celebrated John Livingstone converted respectively by a single sermon, it is on record that many continued all their days under steadfast religious impressions. The same fact was remarked with regard to the Cambuslang converts of the succeeding century, and indeed of almost every other set of persons brought under religious convictions in similar circumstances. We can scarcely, then, reasonably doubt that much of the frenzy, to call it so, which Father Mathew has excited, will remain in a goodly twilight state *at least*, during the future times of Ireland.

LOUIS-PHILIP—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CONCLUDED.

AT the termination of the previous paper, we left the Duke of Orleans and his two younger brothers pursuing a journey of difficulty and danger through the western wilds of the United States, and we now continue the narrative of their adventures.

At Chilocothe, the duke found a public house kept by a Mr M'Donald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one in that place, or, indeed, throughout the well-regulated state of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house, in which the former would have suffered, if the duke had not interfered to separate the combatants. The second in command, who distinguished himself at the battles of Fleurus and Jemappes, performed, in the ancient capital of the north-western territory, the office of mediator between two rival powers!

At Zanesville the party found the comfortable cabin of Mr M'Intyre, whose name has been preserved in the king's memory, and whose house was a favourite place of rest and refreshment for all the travellers who at this early period were compelled to traverse that part of the country. At Pittsburg the travellers rested several days, and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants, and particularly with General Neville, so well known for his respectability and amiable qualities. They met there Mr Brackenridge, afterwards Judge Brackenridge, whose peculiar characteristics were equally visible in his rambling satire called "Modern Chivalry," and in his personal eccentricities, both as a lawyer and a magistrate; but withal a man of genius, of unquestioned probity, and of much intelligence.

From Pittsburg the party travelled to Erie, and thence down the lake shore to Buffalo. At Cattaraugus, they found a band of Seneca Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations but Indian wigwams upon the borders of our internal seas, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many a long year before, and now habituated to her fate, and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and yet retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding, feeling which connected her present with her past condition, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers who talked to her in that language and of that country, and she exerted herself to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The chief assured the travellers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people unless this precaution was used. Accordingly, every thing was deposited with the chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon their route, when they missed a favourite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles, requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left it at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal; and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the Castle of St Jean, they were much attached to him. The duke immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog, and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations, "If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning, but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board; and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters. The travellers pursued their way to Buffalo, and there crossed to Fort Erie, and then repaired to the Fall of Niagara on the Canadian side, the state of the country on the American side intercepting all direct communication between Buffalo and the cataract.

From Buffalo they proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature, and by paths, rather than roads, which to this day seem to furnish Louis-Philip with his *beau ideal* of all that is marshy and difficult, and even dangerous, in travelling. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads, they met Mr Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the duke had known at Philadelphia, where he had married a daughter of Mr Bingham.

They now continued their route to Geneva, where they procured a boat and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from here they made their way to Tioga Point, upon the Susquehannah—each of the travellers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. The load was no doubt heavy, and the task laborious, but I am strongly inclined to believe,* that the burden which Louis-Philip now bears is more oppressive than the weight which the Duke of Orleans carried through the forest and over the hills of the Susquehannah. From Tioga, the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

I have found in a French publication a letter dated from Philadelphia, the 14th of August 1797, written by the Duke de Montpensier to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans, in which he describes the incidents and impressions of this journey. Having ascertained from the proper quarter that this letter is a genuine one, I have thought that an extract from it would not be unacceptable; and here it follows:—

"I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We travelled, during that time, a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly by the *stage*, or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them, we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high; and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole river St Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a *gouache* from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work.

To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef, and corn bread."

On their return to Philadelphia, the brothers found their finances so exhausted, that they could not quit the city during the prevalence of the yellow fever. But their mother having recovered a part of the property of the family, hastened to send them the necessary resources; and in September they undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States. They proceeded to New York, and thence by the Sound to Providence and Boston. In this metropolis of New England they remained some time, greatly satisfied with the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants. Louis-Philip yet speaks of General Knox, Colonel Pickering, Mr Otis, and others, whom he met here. They continued their journey by the way of Newburyport and Portsmouth, to Portland; and from this last place they returned to Boston, and thence took the route by Hartford, New Haven, and New London, to New York. Governor Clinton, Judge Jay, Colonel Burr, and Colonel Hamilton, appear to have been well known to Louis-Philip.

While at New York, the brothers learned from the public papers that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country; and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but, owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pittsburg on the 10th of December 1797; and upon the road, fatigued with travelling on horseback, they purchased a waggon, and, harnessing their horses to it, and placing their luggage within, they continued their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country appeared to have entered the town for some purpose of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public-house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travellers might be disposed to give their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party, and poured into the trough; and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The duke took his position in the waggon, looking round him; when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the waggon, which, passing over a stump, was upset and broken. The duke was thrown out, and somewhat injured. In early life, he had luckily been taught a little of every thing; and, among other acquirements, he was able to open a vein quite *surgically*. He is said to carry a lancet with him in all his excursions, and an incident of recent occurrence shows that this precaution is a wise and humane one.

Louis-Philip immediately perceived that his situation required he should be bled; and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with every thing

* It is necessary to remind the reader that the bulk of this account of Louis-Philip is abridged from the work of an American author, entitled "France, its King and Court."

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he required; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the waggon, and of the injury to the traveller, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of auto-phlebotomy; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. About this period, the New England states were sending out those swarms of emigrants to Ohio, who went to lay down the forests before them, and to build up their fortunes in the west. Louis-Philip speaks English as well as an American or an Englishman, and no accent would betray that he was a Frenchman. It is probable, the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor, going to the west to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and galenicals. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the new Esculapius had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favourable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen; but ultimately the travellers continued their voyage, and met with but one sinister accident. By the inattention of the helmsman, the boat struck a tree and stove in her bows. All the crew, princes and hired men, went to work; and after twenty-four hours the damages were repaired, and they reached New Orleans in safety, on the 17th of February 1798.

From this city, they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana; and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate, under French colours. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that the visiter was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the house of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

The wanderers attempted in vain to get a passage to Europe. Notwithstanding their regret at being obliged to live out of France, they would have been contented in obscurity, if they could have obtained the means of an honourable subsistence. Their reception by the Spanish authorities, and the inhabitants of Havana, gave them some hopes; but the court of Madrid disappointed them by forcing them to quit the island of Cuba. The brothers now proceeded to the English Bahamas, where they were kindly received by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorised to give them a passage to England in an English frigate. They were not discouraged, but sailed in a small vessel to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth, and they arrived in London in February 1800. The duke still desired most earnestly to see his mother, and the English government allowed him to take passage in a frigate to Minorca. The war between Spain and England threw many obstacles in the way of the interview between the duke and his remaining parent, and he was obliged to return to England without seeing her. He then established himself, with his brothers, at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, where he gained the esteem of all who knew him. During his stay in Great Britain at this period, he visited many parts of the country, and studied with great zeal its political economy and laws. The Duke of Montpensier died in the year 1807. Count Beaujolais was in feeble health, and was ordered by the English physicians to visit a warmer climate. The duke accompanied him to Malta; from thence to Sicily; but before their arrival at the latter place, the young prince died. At Mahon, after many adventures, the duke had the gratification of meeting his mother, from whom he had been separated sixteen years.

A brighter day was now dawning on the house of Orleans. In November 1809, the duke was married at Palermo to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily, and of exceedingly estimable character. After the fall of Napoleon, the Duke of Orleans returned to Paris, and enjoyed the happiness of finding himself in a country which had not forgotten his former services. On the return of Napoleon in 1815, he sent his family to England, and was ordered by the king, Louis XVIII., to take command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March 1815, when he gave up the command to the Duke of Treviso, and went to join his family in England, where he again fixed his residence at Twickenham. On the return of Louis XVIII. after the Hundred Days, an ordinance was issued, authorising, according to the charter, as it then stood, all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers; and the duke returned to France in September 1815, for the purpose of being present at the session. Here he distinguished himself by a display of liberal sentiments, which were so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned again to England, where he remained till 1817. He now returned to France, but was not again summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers, and remained therefore in private life, in which he displayed all the virtues of a good father, a good husband, and a good citizen.

The education of his family now deeply engaged his attention. His eldest son, the Duke of Chartres (now Duke of Orleans), was instructed, like his ancestor Henry IV., in the public institutions of the country, and distinguished himself by the success of his studies. The family of Louis-Philip was ever a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues. Personally simple in his tastes, order and economy were combined with a magnificence becoming his rank and wealth, for the restoration of his patrimony had placed him in a state of opulence. The protector of the fine arts, and the patron of letters, his superb palace in Paris, and his delightful seat at Neuilly, were ornamented with the productions of the former, and frequented by the distinguished men of the age.

The events of the revolution of 1830 need not here be related; it is sufficient to state that, on the abdication of Charles X., the Chamber of Deputies invited the Duke of Orleans to assume the executive power, under the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and in a few days afterwards he was offered the vacant throne. Having taken the required oath to the constitution, he was proclaimed king, under the title of Louis-Philippe. It is not our desire to enter upon any account of his political conduct since his accession to the throne. It has been marked by great prudence, love of order and peace, and a wish for gradual meliorations and improvement.

Though considerably advanced in life, his constitution is vigorous, and there are no marks of declining years about him. His frame is bulky, but there is much ease in his movements, and his whole carriage is marked by that happy address which good taste and the polished society in which he has moved, have enabled him to acquire. He belongs to that small class of men, the individuals composing which you cannot meet in a crowd or pass in the street, without turning round to regard them, and involuntarily asking yourself who they are. He speaks and writes English as fluently as any Englishman or American, and possesses a familiar knowledge of most modern languages. He is very ready in conversation, and displays great tact and judgment in his observations. In the execution of his public duties, he is said to be prompt and active, and, it is known, he exercises a degree of control over his ministry which almost goes beyond the bounds of constitutional monarchy.

The court of France, under the auspices of the queen, is acknowledged to form a pattern for royalty. The thirty-first year of her marriage has just expired, and she and her husband, once poor, are now at the summit of human power, with a most interesting family of seven children, and, as is known to every body, with the warmest attachment to each other. In the bitterness of French political discussions—and bitter enough they are indeed—no whisper of calumny has ever been heard against the queen; and one who could pass through this ordeal, has nothing more to dread from human investigation. A kinder and more anxious mother is nowhere to be found; and she is a sincere believer in the Christian religion, and devout in the performance of its duties. Her charity is known throughout the country, and appeals for the distressed are never made to her in vain. In the performance of her regal duties, while her bearing is what the nature of her position requires, there is a kind affability which seems continually seeking to put all around her as much at their ease as possible.

The king's sister, the Princess Adelaide, forms a part of the royal family, and she is said to be one of the most devoted sisters that brother ever possessed. It would seem like panegyric were I to report to you the *golden opinions* which this elevated lady has won for herself. In the qualities of head and heart, all who know her award to her the meed of praise. Religious, charitable, exemplary, she is one of those who adorn high places by higher virtues.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the king, and the heir of the monarchy, is now about thirty years of age. He is a young man above the middle stature, and of rather a slender form. But he is well made, with a symmetrical figure, and he is one of the most graceful men I have ever seen. His countenance is remarkably handsome, and there is something very prepossessing in his whole appearance. He speaks English with great ease and fluency, and with very little foreign accent. In conversation he is ready and unassuming, evincing the general knowledge of a well-educated man of the world. Having no direct constitutional position with reference to the administration of the government, he has evidently kept himself aside from the course of its operations, committing himself with none of the parties who are contending with each other for power. In all this he displays great judgment, and a profound knowledge of his countrymen. Every reader must recollect the dissensions which have existed in the English royal family, ever since the accession of the house of Brunswick to the throne, and the disastrous effects which these have produced upon the parties themselves, as well as upon public men and measures. And similar scenes of internal discord have too often existed in other reigning families of Europe, where the ambition of the prince has overpowered the duties of the son, and a deplorable spectacle of filial disobedience, and sometimes of parental harshness, has been offered to the public curiosity. But this state of feeling is unknown in the family of Louis-Philip. There is no political *coterie* round the prince royal, seeking by present opposition to lay the foundation of future power. The whole family seems united in the bonds of common affection; and the example they thus offer is as refreshing to the philanthropist as it is useful to the country.

The wife of the Duke of Orleans is a Princess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and she has brought to her high station qualities eminently fitted to adorn it. She is tall, with a singularly expressive and attractive countenance, and a general deportment at once dignified and easy. Though she came to France a stranger and a Protestant, yet she has conducted herself with such exemplary propriety that all tongues are loud in her praise, and her husband is considered equally fortunate, as a prince and as a man, in the choice he has made. The duchess is well versed in English literature.

The four younger sons of the king are the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier. The first is in the army, and has already given proofs of conduct and courage which have drawn upon him the applause of his fellow-citizens, and excited their hopes. His personal bearing at the storming of Constantine is said to have been remarkable for self-possession and intrepidity. He is a young man, with light hair and light complexion, slim and apparently slender in his form, but with a handsome face and polished manners; and these advantages are set off by a modesty of deportment, which, in any station of society, and at his time of life, would be highly creditable, and which is still more so in the position that he occupies. Those who know him speak very favourably of his endowments, and he has participated in that careful education which Louis-Philip has deemed essential for all his children—an education not conducted in the seclusion of the domestic circle, but intrusted to the public institutions of the country, where all these young men have been brought into contact with youths of their own age, and where their faculties have been strengthened, and their minds disciplined, by the competition of their companions, and by the regulations of these establishments. The Prince de Joinville is a captain in the navy, and lately was in command of a frigate in the East. The two remaining sons of the king are yet so young that it would not be proper to attempt to give any sketch of their characters or endowments. They are fine-looking young men, with expressive countenances and very prepossessing appearance.

COLONISATION.

At a fête given by the Plymouth Company of New Zealand, at Plymouth, on the 30th October last, Sir William Molesworth delivered an eloquent and convincing speech on the general question of colonisation, which we here present in a somewhat abridged form.

Sir William began by adverting to the efforts of the Company, of which he is a director. He said they were mainly animated by a desire to afford to a portion of our suffering population a better field for their industry than what could be obtained in their native country. It was this desire of new fields which, centuries ago, caused western Europe to be overspread by the ancestors of its present races. He then proceeded as follows:—"The same spirit moved our more immediate ancestors to seek in the new world a refuge from the tyranny of the Stuarts, and bade them fly from their comfortable homes to the wilderness, in pursuit of that freedom of conscience and thought, which is the loftiest aspiration of the human mind. There, contending with a rigorous climate, a barren soil, and warlike savages, their undismayed energies have built up an empire which, in its noblest object, the happiness of its people, surpasses all others on record in ancient or modern times. As a parent is proud of the virtues and prowess of his offspring, so ought we to rejoice in the industry, intelligence, and well-being of our kinsmen of America. They are men of the same bold, hardy, and persevering race with ourselves, animated by the same feelings, actuated by the same motives, enjoying similar institutions, and as such as nearly allied to us as if they were subject to the same sovereign authority. Be assured, that in the conquest which they have commenced of the new world, they will never rest satisfied till they have covered with their multitudes all the vast continent which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and reaches from the Arctic Pole to Cape Horn. Such have hitherto been the effects of the colonising spirit of our race—the subjugation of Europe, and the substitution of an advancing for a decaying civilisation—the peopling, I may say the creation, of America. Nor have we in the present age degenerated from the virtues of our ancestors. Our flourishing settlements in Australia and Van Diemen's Land at best the undecaying vigour of the spirit of colonisation, and that we still aspire to give an all but universal empire to the name and language of the Anglo-Saxon. But how different are our conquests from those of our progenitors! They acquired their possessions by the sword and the spear: we make use of the ploughshare and the steam-engine. Under our influence, the forest and the morass are changed into fertile and cultivated fields, rich with waving harvests, or covered with numerous flocks and herds. Great cities spring up, as it were, by magic, in the wilderness, containing all that art, science, and civilisation can contribute to redeem and improve mankind. The wretched savage, who wanders naked in the desert, becomes the object of our protection and regard, and is carefully instructed in the sacred mysteries and morality of our holy religion; and the result is knowledge, happiness, peace, and good-will amongst men. This is a true and not exaggerated picture of the benefits which colonisation has conferred on America and Australia. Nor less conspicuous are the advantages that have redounded to the parent state. I will make no reference to the vast extent of our colonial

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empire, upon which the sun never sets, and in which is to be found every climate with its peculiar productions. These considerations fill the mind with ideas of enormous power and dominion; but, in my humble judgment, they do not alone display the especial advantages of colonisation to the parent state. Those advantages are to be traced in the effects of colonisation on commerce, industry, and manners. Compare England in the sixteenth century, when colonisation was about to commence, with what it is at the present moment. In the reign of Elizabeth, the clothing and even the luxuries of the richest class were of the rudest description, and such as the poorer orders would now despise. Cotton, tobacco, and sugar, were all but unknown, or at least unattainable, except at enormous prices. With the emigration of Englishmen to the new world, these and other productions were discovered, cultivated, and sent home in return for the produce of our industry. The new desires, thus created, stimulated our exertions to gratify them. Hence, a sudden and rapid development of the useful arts. Manufactures sprung up in every direction, and along with them agriculture flourished. The seas were covered with fleets of merchantmen, busily engaged in exchanging the productions of Englishmen in different hemispheres. The sea-ports were crowded with ships, and became important cities; witness Bristol and Liverpool. In the interior of the country large towns were built, for the sole purpose of manufacturing the raw produce of America; as, for instance, Manchester, and other towns in Lancashire. Thus society was profoundly agitated, the middling classes became wealthy, acquired influence, and, ultimately, predominance. The feudal aristocracy disappeared; the power of the crown was diminished; and liberty was established upon a rational and solid basis. In bringing about these beneficent results, colonisation has had no small part. Without doubt, other and more important causes have likewise contributed. But I deem it impossible to over-estimate the influence on our wealth and prosperity of the circumstance, that some of the most productive portions of the globe are possessed by men of our own race, with wants, habits, and inclinations similar to our own, able and willing to purchase British goods, and affording numerous and daily increasing markets for our manufactures. What, I ask, is this but the result of colonisation? Could it have existed without colonisation? Would America have been the same source of wealth and enjoyment to us, if its forests had been unfelled by Englishmen, and its fierce savages had remained undisputed lords of the soil? Could the same results have been brought about by any other people? I point to South America with its scattered and rude population, its intestine wars and constituted anarchy—I point to the colonies of the Spaniard, the Portuguese, and the French—and I answer, none but the Anglo-Saxon could have worked the wonders of North America. We are by nature a colonising people. God has assigned to us the uninhabited portions of the globe, and it is our duty to take possession of them." [Sir William then adverted to the colonisation of New Zealand, and the peculiar plans of Mr Wakefield. He was himself, he said, deeply interested in New Zealand, having a brother amongst the first settlers. This young person had gone thither with his cordial approbation and concurrence.] "For in my humble judgment, a young man with active body and vigorous understanding, who has his fortune to make, cannot seek it in a better manner than in the colonies, especially in those of the southern hemisphere, where the climate is similar to our own. In this country every occupation is overstocked; in every employment competition is excessive; the profits of capital are scanty, and there is no room for competitors. Look at the number of barristers without briefs—of lawyers without fees—of doctors without patients. Behold the swarms of clergymen that crowd into the church without any special vocation for that sacred office, and awaiting in vain expectation for some scanty living. The army and navy are equally overstocked. In the same manner I might go on enumerating every description of trade and industry, showing in all an excess in the number of competitors, and a state of general uneasiness. It is only, therefore, after a long life of patient and painful toil, and in too many cases not even then, that a prudent man, who does not possess the gifts of fortune, can indulge in the social affections—become a husband, and the honoured father of a family. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the unhappiness which ensues, and the injury done to morality. It is but too well known to all persons who have reflected upon the social condition of mankind. Nor will I speak of the lamentable effects upon the social condition of women—the blighted affections, the misery, and unhappiness, which are to be attributed to the causes that I have just mentioned. The deepest sorrow and compassion must fill the mind of every man who has carefully considered these subjects, and traced the moral as well as the physical consequences of over-competition in this densely peopled country. How different is the scene in the colonies of the southern seas! There industry and capital meet with a reward three times greater than in this country. There, with moderate prudence and exertion, every man and every woman can obtain a comfortable subsistence; and a numerous offspring, instead of being a burden, is the greatest of benefits. What, then, hinders multitudes from hastening to these lands of promise? Surely abundance there is better than penury here. Why do not the younger branches of our aristocracy, instead of wasting their time at home in sloth and idleness, or in the iguoble attempt, and henceforth, I trust, a vain one, to quarter themselves upon the resources of the nation—why do not they, I repeat, lead forth numerous bands of emigrants to the colonies? Can they have a more honourable or useful occupation? By putting themselves at the head of systematic colonisation, they would confer a lasting benefit on their country and themselves, and gain a renown in history similar to that of the Raleighs, the Gilb—s, the Drakes, and other worthies, distinguished in the annals of the planting of America. You, intrepid men, who are about to leave these shores, emigrants to New Zealand, bright prospects are before you. Go, then, accompanied with every auspicious omen. Be the pioneers of civilisation. Imitate your forefathers: subdue the forest—carry your name, and your language, and your arts, and your institutions, into the wilds of the southern hemisphere. Let the sea and the land be alike witness of your toils. Become the founders of a mighty empire in a new world of your own creation. Thus accomplish the destiny of your race. It is true, you are few in number, but not more numerous were those who first landed in this kingdom with Hengist and Horsa, and still fewer were the pilgrim fathers of the thirteen millions of America. Go, then, be bold yet prudent. Place firm faith and reliance in yourselves. And remember in the hour of peril, that there are no dangers nor difficulties that the energy of the Anglo-Saxon man has not already overcome. Go, then, and prosper. And that happiness and every success may attend your steps, is the humble prayer which all here present offer up in your behalf."

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

[BY MARY HOWITT.]

Summer's full of golden things!
Youth it weareth angel's wings!
Youth and love go forth together,
In the green-leaved summer weather,
Fill'd with gladness!

Summer, rich in joy it is,
Like a poet's dream of bliss;
Like unto some heavenly clime!
For the earth in summer time
Doth not wear a shade of sadness!

Radiant youth! thou art ever new
Thine's the light, the rose's hue;
Flowers' perfume, and winds that stir,
Like a stringed dulcimer,
All the forest!

Joyous youth! thou art fresh and fair,
Wild as wildest bird of air;
Thou, amidst thy ringing laughter,
Look'st not forward, look'st not after,
Knowing well that joy is surest!

Brighter than the brightest flowers;
Dancing down the golden hours;
Thus it is in every land,
Youth and love go hand in hand,
Link'd for ever!

Youth, thou never dost decay!
Summer, thou dost not grow grey!
We may sleep with Death and Time,
But sweet youth and summer's prime
From the green earth shall not sever!

—*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.*

THE GREAT DRINK.—A FATAL CURE.

Those who know the Highlanders best will acknowledge that there are many observances practised by them which are productive of much mischief. This is particularly the case as to their domestic remedies; and we cannot but record a fatal instance of this, in the hope that others will take warning. There is a remedy of great credit, as usual, in almost all diseases, known by the Gaelic phrase signifying the "great drink," which is intended to produce a copious perspiration. A few weeks since, a lad of eighteen or nineteen years, who had been complaining of some rather obscure internal disease, and was continuing in much the same state under medical treatment, hearing of this cure, urged his father to give it to him. After much entreaty, he yielded, and one evening administered the following draughts:—The first was a bowl of gruel, with milk and butter, and two glasses of whisky; this was followed in a brief space by a tumbler of toddy made with two glasses of whisky; and in a short time after two tumblers of hot porter followed, the whole wound up by a glass of raw spirits. These were administered within an hour and a quarter, and the lad fell into a profound sleep, from which he awoke next morning about six, and expressed himself free from pain. His father, however, became alarmed, when he observed that he spoke feebly; and other symptoms very speedily appeared, indicating a fatal issue to the experiment. In an hour he was dead, and the blood began to ooze out of his mouth. The event has caused a great, and it is hoped a salutary, sensation in the district.—*Inverness Courier.*

SUPERIORITY OF MORAL TO PHYSICAL FORCE.

Among the operatives there is continually manifested a growing sense of the superiority of moral force to physical strength. Mischievous as *strikes* and *turns-out* are, they exhibit features which must afford some consolation to the philanthropist and the moralist. There is a firmness of purpose displayed on these occasions—an iron spirit of endurance, which it would be the worst of all mistakes to confound with sulky obstinacy; it is the repose of conscious strength; it is founded on a mistaken notion of right, but in spite of the mistake, the notion of rectitude, whenever present, cannot but be influential, and hence it is an invariable rule, that whenever a strike has led to an act of violence, the whole matter is at once ended—the moral cohesion which held the workmen together is melted and solved by crime; each man is anxious to disclaim any participation in outrage, and quietly returns to his employment.—*Dr Taylor's Natural History of Society* [*new work*].

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A MANIAC.

An intimate acquaintance waited on Madame Camporese one evening, to make a request. In the hospital for the insane, a man was confined, literally music mad; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city of Milan, and conceived a strong desire to hear her. For a while his representations passed unheeded; he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressed for an evening party when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it; then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, "Come, then." "Whither?" "To the Ospedale." "But why?—there is no occasion to go now; to-morrow, or the next day." "To-morrow!—no, indeed; if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly." They went. Being shown into a room separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed, and at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered; she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under his bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music; but Camporese, running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness that the music seemed excellent. "Sing it to me once more," said the maniac. She did so, and departed, accompanied by his prayers and the tears of the spectators.—*Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

We have lately been prevented from answering a number of letters on subjects which seemed to require attention, in consequence of having been unable to read the names subscribed by the writers. The practice of signing names in an affected and confused manner, so as to be unintelligible, is either very heedless or exceedingly silly; and we beg to say that, as respects communications to ourselves, it will be impossible for us to give any attention to them, unless both letter and subscription be written in a clear round hand.

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THE INTERNAL MAN.

THERE are some well-known and amusing instances of men who, though giving the highest satisfaction to the public in the line of life which they pursue, conceive themselves nevertheless to have been designed by nature for something quite different. We have seen a clever theatrical exhibition by Mr Yates, in which the comic Liston was represented as being convinced that tragedy was properly his forte, and the not less comic Mathews as believing himself to have been only prevented from shining in Romeo by the accident of a weak leg. The late Mr Weekes, known in provincial theatres as a good performer of low Irish characters, and whose figure, face, and manner, all alike precluded the idea of his even attempting any serious line in the drama, used to avow his conviction—and never did he say any thing more irresistibly ludicrous—that he was by the turn of his mind fitted for high tragic parts. To judge from his own account, fat and fortune alone had made him a comedian. He would withdraw to a little distance, assume an attitude, put on a look, and speak a few grave lines, by way of proving his assertion, but only, of course, with the effect of more thoroughly convincing the beholder that tragedy and he could never have agreed. Yet there could be no reasonable doubt that he thought as he spoke, and that, all the time he elicited shouts of laughter as a bog-trotter with buskins composed of straw-ropes, he regarded himself as one who ought to have been exciting pity and wonder as Brutus or Hamlet.

It has been observed of several other men remarkable for their power of raising comic ideas, that they were themselves essentially melancholy. The story of Carlini—who, after maddening Paris with fun, took an excursion to raise his spirits, in the course of which, consulting a physician for his melancholy, he was recommended to go and see himself—is well known. Burns, who could, both by his conversation and verse, excite mirth beyond most men, was from his early boyhood habitually melancholy. It resided in his constitution. It has been said of Grimaldi, that he was a dull, heavy-looking man off the stage. In his life by Mr Dickens, he is only allowed to have been a feeling and timid man; but even these peculiarities are considerably different from what might have been expected of one of the greatest exciters of laughter who ever lived. It is said of Mr Liston that he used to be in the habit of sitting up, after his mirth-stirring performances, to read Young's Night Thoughts. Mr Hood has been spoken of as a melancholy man; but this is probably an exaggeration. He is only, perhaps, quiet and somewhat reserved, with a grave look. Such is also the external demeanour of another of the most remarkable comic writers of the present age, the author of the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. Miss Kelly, off the stage, had a strong expression of melancholy in her countenance. In a Liverpool periodical publication, a few years ago, a very witty lady of that neighbourhood was said to have died, in an asylum, in a state of melancholy madness; and a living man, who could make one's sides ache at any time with his comic songs, was described as of so grave a face that he obtained universally the nickname of Mr Dismal. There is great probability that Shakspeare, whose comic is certainly as strong as his tragic genius, and whose active period of life was wholly devoted to the entertainment of his fellow-creatures, was in his private moments a melancholy man. This impression is forcibly conveyed by his sonnets, which are full of bewailings, not only respecting an apparently hopeless passion, but respecting his fortune, station, and whole course of life. He speaks of his nature being *almost* subdued to *what it works in*, "like the dyer's hand," thus plainly intimating his conviction that that which he *did* and *seemed* before the world was not the thing which his nature designed him to *do* and *be*, but something, merely, which external circumstances pressed upon him.

We also sometimes find a wonderful discrepancy between the professional pursuits or public character of a man, and the tastes which he indulges in private. Judging from experience, it seems quite impossible, from a man's public character, to predicate what he occupies his mind with in his leisure moments. Some of the most drudging, commonplace-minded men (to appearance) will be found in private indulging in some taste, such as for pictures or the belles lettres, arguing the existence of a totally different character beneath the surface. A merchant noted for the keenness with which he follows every means of money-making, and the closeness with which in general he holds his gains, will be found to have a warm interest in missions, or the slavery-abolition cause, or some other thing which we might suppose none but a man of enlarged and active sympathies would care for. Look at that other man! He is a hardened Edinburgh writer to the signet—a being apparently composed altogether of conveyancing, multiplepoindings, and wadsets. You might meet him fifty times on business, and you would never dream that he had a single idea beyond things of the same nature with those you have been conversing upon. Yet that man is the moving-spring and leader of a society for promoting kindness to animals! A friend of ours, who belongs to one of the legal bodies of our Scottish capital, observing that a particular brother of the society had many books sent home to him from the library, was curious enough to inquire of what nature these books were. His curiosity was the greater, that the gentleman in question appeared to him an unusually steady and plodding man—one, apparently, who had not a single thought for any thing but his business. What was his surprise to find that this individual read nothing but the Greek and Roman classics, and was privately known to a few persons to be profoundly and critically acquainted with them! When one drops into a public office, he is apt to be greatly impressed by the mechanical regularity of the scene. The officials look like pieces of clockwork set to do certain duties, and it is scarcely possible to force the mind to regard them as men animated by ordinary passions. Yet there is perhaps not one of all these stiff, formal-looking beings, who does not indulge in some curious out-of-the-way taste or hobby in his private and ex-officio character. One is perhaps the very Yorick of some amazingly funny tavern club. Possibly that dull-looking man at a back desk, if rigidly cross-examined, would be found to be the identical F. R. or T. S. who signs as secretary the advertisements of the meetings of the ODD FELLOWS. There is now, in a public office in Edinburgh, an elderly gentleman, who, from any thing that could be seen about him at his desk, would merely pass as a steady demure officer, who had grown from a boy in the chronicling of certain dry details, and was content to think of nothing else. Yet this gentleman is a most profound student of the etymologies of European and eastern languages, and has written little tracts on obscure texts which have attracted the attention of English bishops. One of our gas companies has an official whose duty is that of an examiner of metres, and who executes his appointed functions with care and propriety; yet this common-place looking personage, who seemingly is only knowing in the comparative lustre of jets, argands, and batwings, is one of our most skilful cultivators of flowers, and possesses an almost unrivalled collection of ranunculuses and tulips: professionally he moves amidst gas pipes; interiorly he enjoys the delights of an exquisite flower garden. Not long ago, in one of the public offices, there was a still more curious example of a man of two occupations. He was employed, and had been employed all his days, at some labouring business connected with the establishment, and which he had to perform in a half-subterranean room down stairs. There he moiled from year's end to year's end, to all appearance a quiet, willing, and contented slave, without a single notion in his head beyond his unvarying range of duties. This man, however, was in his secret mind devoted to sport. He had always a little wiry terrier to trot behind him—at least his friends always thought it one terrier; but in reality, we believe, it was a long succession of wiry little terriers, melted from similarity into the image of one. With this he would sometimes have a summer evening's amusement among the mole-hills about Bearford's Parks or Canonmills. He generally had one or two cocks feeding in some of the bye-corners of the cellarage, designing to show them off in proper time in some obscure pit where the scattered remnant of cock-fighters still continue occasionally to snatch a fearful joy. We have heard that a solemn *Board*, sitting up stairs, were astonished one day, in the course of their deliberations, to hear a repeated crowing below them, somewhat like that which warns away the ghost of the buried majesty of Denmark; a mystery which they were quite unable to solve at the time, and which many of them no doubt regard to this day as one of those singular things which can scarcely be ascribed to natural causes. Our friend, moreover, rarely wanted a kite or gled, which he was contented to keep in his subterranean dwelling at a vast expense of collops, without ever putting the creature to its proper use in sport. In fact, it might be said that he had scarcely any of the ordinary enjoyment of the animals he kept: he only found, perhaps, that it was worth all the trouble and expense, merely to have those creatures about him which are commonly used in the sports of men more fortunately circumstanced. They at least enabled him to live in association with the *idea* of those doings, in the reality of which he would have delighted to mingle.

Every one must be familiar with similar instances of men who were privately and within themselves something different from what they commonly appeared. Thomas Britton, the musical small-coal-man, was an example that made a considerable figure in London at the beginning of the last century. Externally and by day a retailer of coal, crying his wares about the streets, he was *within* a man of refined musical genius, round whose humble fireside the most elegant people of the time were contented to gather in the evening, in order to join in his concerts, or to hear them. A few years ago, there was a butcher in the Edinburgh market who spent his whole spare time in reading books of a profoundly philosophical character. Hobbes, Hutcheson, Stewart, and Brown, were his constant companions, and *Bacon* was alike familiar to him in all senses of the word. At the same time, the magistrates of Dundee had a servant, wearing their livery, who was by many degrees the most learned man in the town. Thirty years ago, James Alexander, an old man, who stood as a porter in Calton Street in Edinburgh, would have been found, if traced to his lowly home in a back street, pursuing experiments in electricity with a tolerable variety of self-made machinery. To go from a humble

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to an exalted instance, we have Walter Scott's own confession that he conceived himself to be naturally a soldier. With regard to his children's tutor, Mr Thomson, he used to say, "Lameness, in his case, *as in mine*, spoiled an excellent life-guardsman." A high military spirit runs through all his writings, and shows how germane that profession and all its associations were to him, all the time that he *practised* life as a man of the pen. Men baulked, as he was, of being what their inclinations lead them to, generally endeavour to make their sons what they in vain wished to be themselves. Such was his case. It is a fine feeling, but not always productive of good effects. Many a man has been sent into a learned profession, not because of his natural qualifications for it, but because his father looked back to a painful time when he would have fain devoted himself to study, but was impelled by stern fortune to enter upon some grosser drudgery.

Variances that appear almost unaccountable, are sometimes found in the characters of men. A person, noted, if for any thing, for a certain cool effrontery which ordinary men would have vainly attempted to rival, once confessed to a friend, who has reported to us the story, how sadly he was troubled with bashfulness. Nor let this be smiled at incredulously. It is highly probable that the self-confident part of the man's nature had all the time to keep up a struggle with some element of sensitiveness and modesty, which he felt to be in the highest degree distressing. Again, we have heard of a clever active farmer, who, while universally respected as a first-rate practical agriculturist, a man of large means and liberal understanding, was accessible to no flattery on these accounts; but if you only told him that you had heard of his possessing a wonderful power of squeaking like a pig, and was extremely anxious to hear him try it, he would blush and hesitate, like a young lady asked to sing, disclaim all merit, say it was great nonsense, and, finally, after a sufficiency of pressing, he would exhibit as a pig, evidently believing that, if fortune had played him fair, he would have astonished the whole world by this art, instead of only being a respectable farmer.

These things seem to show that many, if not most men, have an interior self considerably different from that which appears before the world—something finer or meaner than the outer self, but always something very different—something which may be more genuinely the manifestation of the real character than the other, or which, so far from being that, may only be a kind of fancy character, which is entertained as one would keep a dress in which to appear at a masquerade.

When we see a man attain distinction in a particular walk, but nevertheless think himself designed for an opposite one, to which he appears to have no true vocation, it would be rash to say that he is under a delusion. The frequent existence of deep melancholy in those who appear votaries of Momus—a fact of which there can be no doubt—should make us cautious in denying that opposite intellectual powers may also exist. Perhaps the alleged power may be there, but be only marred by some little accident. The late Dr Thomas Brown was much laughed at for his anxiety to prove himself a poet; but though his poems are not poetical, many parts of his philosophical writings are full of the finest poetry of feeling, showing that the power was certainly there, as he supposed, whatever it might be which gave a cold air to his verse. So may it have been the strange visage of Mr Liston which disabled him from exhibiting the tragic power which he believed himself to possess.

On the other hand, it seems very likely that, in many instances, though there may be some trace of the supposed qualifications or inclinations, the individual attaches too much importance to them, and only dreams of another self. We are all naturally fond of going temporarily out of ourselves: it seems the principle concerned in much of our love of fiction, and also in the passion which many unhappily have for intoxicating beverages. Acting is natural to man, and acting before one's self is the most prevalent of all kinds of theatricals. Probably, in many cases, it is from this tendency, and with a very slight ground in truth, that individuals convince themselves that their tastes and powers suited them for things so different from those amidst which they live. A youth may feel it as a great hardship to "engross;" but, if he can persuade himself that nature intended him, instead of attending to that drudgery, to "pen a stanza," it must be very agreeable to his self-love, and tend greatly to alleviate the hardships of the desk. Merely in losing for a little time the sense of immediate realities, and in imagining ourselves something else, there is certainly the experience of new and unwonted sensation. Other faculties are called into exercise, and are found to give fresh pleasures. If there is a gratification in shifting the position of a limb, well may there be pleasure in going out of mental sensations which are common, into those which are the reverse.

At the same time, if we consider that the occurrence of a man of peculiar genius, and his falling into a suitable career, are, the one entirely, and the other almost entirely, a matter of accident, we cannot doubt that serious misapplication of minds frequently takes place. And to think of a man who feels incessant promptings within himself to some objects suitable to the greater and finer of his natural qualities, but is obliged by stern necessity to still them all in his bosom, and devote himself to some sordid pursuits which only call for those meaner qualities which he possesses in common with all men, seems to us one of the most affecting considerations that we can entertain respecting a fellow creature. Such a man lives on and on, and finally sees himself grow old and approach the end of his career, without ever having once the pleasure of acting according to the main dictates of his nature. Hope may have cheered the early part of his life, and to none could that comforter be more needful; but in the end he must feel as if he had been cheated out of every thing—cheated out of himself. In the consideration of misapplied minds, the frequency of the occurrence, and how pitiable it is, a generous mind must see a powerful reason, in addition to others, for hesitating before thinking meanly of any man on account of the humble functions which it is his lot to exercise. There is a class of religionists in the east who will strike no animal, from a belief that possibly the soul of some late endeared relative of their own may now occupy its body; just so, when we feel disposed to contemn the lowly duties of any man, we might do well to consider that possibly faculties are there which might, under advantageous circumstances, have ruled "listening senates," or "waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.—THIRD ARTICLE.

It is scarcely necessary to call to the reader's remembrance, that various maladies were formerly pointed out as capable of producing spectral illusions, by their effects on the brain and nervous system. In some cases, it was stated that the brain is directly diseased; in other cases, that the perceptions made by that organ are only indirectly deranged, by sympathy with some bodily malady. Madness, for example, having its origin in diseased cerebral structure, may be attended with spectral illusions; and disorder of the alimentary organs, caused by dissipation, may be an indirect source of them, the senses, and the brain which forms perceptions through their reports, being functionally disordered from sympathy. That a peculiar temperament of body, and, in part, a particular mental constitution, are requisite to give a predisposition to the affection, there can be little doubt. Some mental philosophers go a great way farther. The phrenologists hold that it is chiefly on a particular development of one portion of the brain, which they describe as the seat of the sentiment of Wonder, that the *tendency* to see visions depends. It is observed by them, that this "sentiment, when in a state of extreme exaltation (great development and high excitement), may stimulate the perceptive faculties to perceive objects fitted to gratify it; and that spectres, apparitions, spirits, &c., are the kind of ideas suited to please an inordinate Wonder." They class *pretenders* to supernatural messages and missions, the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and workers of miracles, among such patients. Separating the remark just quoted from its reference to the organology of the phrenological science, we may hold it to signify, that the sentiment of wonder, when predominant in an individual's mind, will stimulate those faculties which take cognisance of the forms, colours, sizes, &c., of material existences, to such a pitch of activity, that illusory perceptions of objects, characterised by qualities fitted to gratify wonder, will be formed in the brain.

It is chiefly for the purpose of laying before our readers a sample of the views of the phrenologists on this curious and important subject, that the present paper is added to our series. The following case, contributed sixteen years ago by Mr Simpson to the Phrenological Journal, No. 6, affords an interesting example of the manner in which spectral illusions are accounted for by the strict rules of this new mental science.

"Miss S. L., a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, and in perfect general health of body and soundness of mind, has, nevertheless, been for some years occasionally troubled, both in the night and in the day, with visions of persons and inanimate objects, in numerous modes and forms. She was early subject to such illusions occasionally, and the first she remembers was that of a *carpet* spread out in the air, which descended near her and vanished away.

After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed, even in the daylight of the morning. These figures were *whitish*, or rather *grey* and *transparent*, like *cobweb*, and generally above the *size* of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to point out the spot, the utmost care being taken not to lead her to the answer, our readers may judge of our feelings as phrenologists, when she touched with her forefinger and thumb each side of the root of the nose, the commencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose, the ascertained seats of the organs of Form, Size, and Individuality! Here, particularly on each side of the root of the nose, she said the sensation could only be compared to that of running sharp knives into the part. The pain increased when she held her head down, and was much relieved by holding her face upwards. Miss S. L., on being asked if the pain was confined to that spot, answered, that 'some time afterwards the pain extended to right and left along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt often as if they would have burst from their sockets.' When this happened, her visions were varied precisely as the phrenologist would have anticipated, and she detailed the progress without a single leading question. Weight, Colouring, Order, Number, Locality, all became affected; and let us observe what happened. The whitish, or cobweb spectres, assumed the natural *colour* of the objects, but they continued often to present themselves, though not always, above the *size* of life. She saw a beggar one day out of doors, natural in size and colour, who vanished as she came up to the spot. Colouring, being over-excited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in daylight; and sudden and sometimes gradual illumination of the room during the night seemed to take place. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion, the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when, *instantly*, the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting, on that occasion, to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an *inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy;* and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bedpost, which, in the most unaccountable manner, eluded her grasp, *by shifting its place*, and also by presenting her with a *number* of bed-posts instead of one. If the organ of Weight, situated between Size and Colouring, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to overset the balance of the person. Over-excited Number we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion was the multiplication of the bedposts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at, that object being in itself real and single; a book, a footstool, a workbox, would increase to twenty, or fifty, sometimes without *order* or arrangement, and at other times piled regularly one above another. Such objects deluded her in another way, by increasing in *size*, as she looked at them, to the most amazing excess—again resuming their natural size—less than which they never seemed to become—and again swelling out. Locality, over-excited, gave her the illusion of objects, which she had been accustomed to regard as fixed, being out of their places; and she thinks, *but is not sure*, that on one occasion a door and window in one apartment seemed to have changed places; but, as she added, she might have been deceived by a mirror. This qualification gave us the more confidence in her accuracy, when, as she did with regard to all her other illusions, she spoke more positively. She had not hitherto observed a great and painful confusion in the visions which visited her, so as to entitle us to infer the derangement of Order. Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colouring, Locality, and Number, only seemed hitherto affected.

For nearly two years Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidence—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eyeballs; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and the night, sometimes *coloured*, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends, that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The *confusion* of her spectral forms now distressed her. (Order affected.) The oppression and perplexity was intolerable when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures, faces, and half-faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive disorder which she mentioned is curious, and has the farther effect of exhibiting what cannot be put in terms except those of the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (Weight.) One night, as she sat in her bed-room, and was about to go to bed, a *stream* of spectres, persons' faces, and limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued apparently in rapid descending motion, there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing after having formed the cascade. Colossal figures are her frequent visiters. (Size.)

Real but inanimate objects have assumed to her the form of animals; and she has often attempted to lift articles from the ground, which, like the oysters in the pot-house cellar, eluded her grasp.

More recently she has experienced a great aggravation of her ailments; for, like Nicolai, she began to hear

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her spectral visiters speak! (the organs of Language and Tune, or Sound, affected) With Mr R. of Hull the spectres always spoke. At first her crowds kept up a buzzing and indescribable *gibbering*, and occasionally joined in a loud and terribly disagreeable *laugh*, which she could only impute to fiends. These unwelcome sounds were generally followed by a rapid and always alarming advance of the figures, which often on those occasions presented very large and fearful faces, with insufferable glaring eyes close to her own. All self-possession then failed her, and the cold sweat of terror stood on her brow. Her single figures of the deceased and absent then began to gibber, and soon more distinctly to address her; but terror has hitherto prevented her from understanding what they said.

More lately still, she has seen distinct visions in *bright brass locks*, as we mentioned was the singular experience of the American gentleman, Mr R.

She went, not very wisely, to see that banquet of demonology, the Freischutz, and of course, for some time afterwards, the *dramatis personæ* of that edifying piece, not excepting his satanic majesty in person, were her nightly visiters. Some particular figures are persevering in their visits to her. A Moor, with a turban, frequently looks over her shoulder, very impertinently, when she uses a mirror.

Of the other illusive perceptions of Miss S. L., we may mention *the sensation of being lifted up*, and of *sinking down* and *falling forward*, with the puzzling perception of objects off their perpendicular; for example, *the room, floor and all, sloping to one side.* (Weight.)

Colours in her work, or otherwise, long looked at, are slow to quit her sight. She has noises in her head, and a sensation of heat all over it; and, last of all, when asked if she ever experienced acute pain elsewhere about the head than in the lower range of the forehead, she answered that three several times she was suddenly affected with such excruciating throbbing pain on the top of the head, that she had almost fainted; and when asked to put her finger on the spot, she put the points of each forefinger precisely on the organ of Wonder, on each side of the coronal surface!—the same points in which the gentleman in London, who was troubled with visions, was affected with pain. The organ of Wonder is large in Miss S. L., as it was in that gentleman."

In the same paper Mr Simpson adduces the singular illusive perceptions suffered occasionally by Mr John Hunter, the great anatomist, several of which are identical with Miss S. L.'s. In the eighteenth and other numbers of the Phrenological Journal, other cases of spectral illusions are mentioned, several with local pain, which are held to corroborate the inferences drawn from that of Miss S. L. But the case of that lady seems to us the most comprehensive on the subject.

In a subsequent paper by Mr Simpson (in No. 7), the most brief and satisfactory explanation of the illusions of the English Opium-Eater is given. The forms and faces that persecuted him in millions (Form diseased)—the expansion of a night into a hundred years (Time)—his insufferable lights and splendours (Colour)—his descent for millions of miles without finding a bottom (Weight or Resistance, giving the feeling of support, diseased)—all described by him with an eloquence that startled the public—are only aggravated illusions, due to his irregularities. It is extremely probable that the intoxicating gas affects the same organs.

A word of advice may now be given, in conclusion, to those who are subject to illusions of a spectral kind. If hysteria, epilepsy, or any well-marked bodily affection, be an accompaniment of these illusions, of course remedial measures should be used which have a reference to these maladies, and the physician is the party to be applied to. If, however, no well-defined bodily ailment exists, a word of counsel may be useful from ourselves. We believe that, in general, spectral illusions are caused by disorders originating in the alimentary system, and that the continued use of stimulating liquors is to be most commonly blamed for the visitation. If the patient is conscious that this is the case, his path to relief lies open before him. The removal of the cause will almost always remove the effect. At the same time, the process of cure may be slow. The imagination becomes morbidly active in such cases, and may maintain the illusions after the digestive system is restored to order. But this will not be the case long, for the morbidity of the imagination does not usually survive, for any length of time, the restoration of the sanity of the body. To effect a cure of the fundamental derangement of the alimentary system, aperient medicines may be used in the first instance, and afterwards tonics—nourishing food, in small quantities, at the outset—and gentle but frequent exercise in the open air. Last but not least, for the cure of the sufferer from spectral illusions, the indulgence in cheerful society is to be recommended. Solitude infallibly nurses the morbidity of the imagination. In some cases, where the system is much weakened, and the indulgence in stimulants has been long continued, it may be advisable only to drop the use of them by degrees. But the habit is broken off at once, for the most part, with safety, as Father Mathew's temperance experiences in Ireland satisfactorily prove. Even in the instances of the most inveterate drunkards, no harm followed from instantaneous abstinence. Therefore, as a *little* too often leads to *much* in the matter of drinking, those who would break off the practice should not be over indulgent to themselves, through fear of the consequences of change.

If opium have been the cause of the illusions, a *gradual* cessation from its use is advisable; and if the digestive functions have been deranged by it, the same course should be followed as in the case of ardent liquors.

Should the sufferer from spectral illusions be conscious of no error as regards the use of stimulatives or narcotics, some affection of the brain may be suspected, and headaches, as in the case of Miss S. L., will corroborate this suspicion. Local or general bloodletting will prove, in most cases, the best remedy. Leeches or cupping may be tried in the first place, and, if tried ineffectively, the lancet may then be employed.

We do not know that any thing beyond these general hints could here be added with propriety. It may even seem strange that this point should be at all adverted to, in a work which cannot pretend to speak authoritatively on matters involving medical practice; but since the previous papers on spectral illusions appeared, our advice has been requested, and we believe that the hints now given may be beneficially followed. Delicacy, however, should, in no case of the kind, prevent the physician being applied to; and we should be sorry if our remarks should lead any one to neglect that necessary step.

A SEA CHASE.

"Horst the peak of the mainsail, Jupiter; that rascal is gaining on us fast!" "Ow, massa, de mast be no able to bear more sail; he creak an' bend like a bamboo a'ready." "I can't help it—we must try; 'tis our only chance."

The game was fast becoming desperate. We were flying before a perfect hurricane, and had reluctantly taken in sail after sail, until we were now carrying but a small storm-jib and a half-set mainsail. The Water Lily was as pretty a little schooner, of some sixty tons, as the eye of a sailor would wish to look upon; and though I knew her spars were as fine bits of wood as Bermuda could turn out, yet it was with no little anxiety that I watched the increased yielding of the mainmast to the wind, as the long peak was pointed to the sky, spreading under it a broad white sheet of canvass. But it was our only chance of escape from our pursuer.

A brig of about 200 tons was on our track; her low, black hull, long yards, and gracefully cut canvass, proclaimed her "a clipper," and we had too little reason to doubt that she was a slaver and a pirate. This was the second day she had been evidently in chase of us. She hove in sight off the Isle of Saona, on the windward corner of St Domingo, and had ever since pursued us, as with the full determination to make us her prize. So long as the wind had been moderate, we had pretty well kept our ground, but since the gale had risen to such a height as to force us to take in sail after sail, and had stirred up such a sea that the poor Water Lily could scarce get through, the brig had gained on us rapidly.

As soon as I suspected she was in pursuit of us, I had determined to try rather a dangerous mode of escape, but one which, from its danger, I had hoped would be successful. We had passed the wide bay that closes in to that of St Domingo; and instead of standing out into the open sea to double Cape Mongon, a high bluff point, formed by the range of the Baruco mountains running down to the sea, I had kept the schooner's head close in to the land, determined to try to baffle our pursuer among the shoals and rocks that extend off this point. The schooner, being so much smaller, I thought might safely pass where the brig would be afraid to venture; but, to my great disappointment, I now saw that my calculations were wrong, for we were just coming upon the shoal that stretches from the small island of Beata to the point, and our persevering pursuer still kept straight upon our track. In vain we all gazed to catch the slightest deviation in her course, or the smallest alteration in her sails. Onwards she came, careering before the gale, under fore-top-gallant and top-sails; her foresail was half clued up, to allow her jib and staysail to draw, and perhaps to enable the helmsman more truly to shape his course in our wake; and as at this time (1812) the Western Archipelago was infested with pirates, as formidable as savagely cruel, I began to feel an uncomfortable apprehension that my earthly career, with its hopes, its fears, its ambitions, and its disappointments, was fast drawing to a close. The Water Lily mounted four twelve-pound carronades—formidable enough weapons when used at close quarters, and they had on a former occasion proved useful friends in repelling an attempt to take her by boarding when becalmed on this same coast of St Domingo. But our four guns and my crew of ten negroes, even though headed by their sable chief, Master Jupiter, would have proved but a mouthful to the blackguard that was now fast bearing down upon us. Old Jupiter knew this right well; and though he offered a sort of remonstrance at my order, he hastened to see it executed; and that done, he took his stand by the weather-shrouds, holding the peak haulyards, once turned over the belaying pin in his hand, and anxiously watched the motion of the seasoned spar, as it yielded to the heavier pressure of some passing gust, and then stood again stiff and erect, as in mockery of the howling storm. With a dozen such men as Jupiter, I would not have felt much hesitation in attempting to fight off the pirate. He was about six feet two in height, and proportionally stout. Some fifty summers had passed over his head, and I daresay he had been in as many scenes where a man's life depends on his own arm. From a kidnapper of negroes on the coast of Africa, he had passed through the several stages of piracy, chains, and slavery, and was now *first lieutenant* of the Water Lily, in the service of Messrs —— of Jamaica, and spent his time in running the schooner between the islands on mercantile and trading speculations. And as the old grizzly-headed negro now stood, with nothing on but a pair of duck trousers and a checked handkerchief round his head—his muscular chest and tremendous arms scarred and seamed with marks of former broils—you would have imagined him a fit representative of the merciless gang who were in pursuit. Yet Jupiter, whatever he had been, was now an honest and a faithful servant. He loved me like a father; we had been long together, and I had a sincere regard for the faithful old fellow. The only ornament he possessed, I believe, was a long knife, beautifully ornamented in the blade, which was fitted into a silver case, and studded with silver knobs over its shagreen handle. He always wore this knife secured by a silver chain round his neck, and thrust into the waistband of his trousers. There was a mystery connected with it that I could never fathom. The answer I always got was, "Neber mind, massa, old Jupiter hab him secret too; maybe he tell you some day;" and with this answer I was forced to be content.

The brig was by this time within less than a mile of us, and every moment was shortening the distance. The sea was running fearfully high, and the spray flew from the tops of the waves, as they curled before the wind, like a snow drift. Our little schooner seemed but a mere cockle-shell amidst the waters; she was at one moment borne aloft on the crest of some towering wave, that foamed hissing and boiling around her, as it were in utter vexation that we could not fly along with it from our pursuer; and, again, as the mass of water rolled away from under us, we sunk down into the "valley of waters," and for the moment the sail actually flapped in emptiness of wind ere we were again hurled onwards by the next vast billow that swept past, foaming and hissing like its predecessor.

It was truly a wild scene, and, without the additional excitement of a pirate astern, was enough to have created anxiety in the mind of the stoutest-hearted blue-jacket.

Our pursuer was now near enough to try the range of her guns; but, thanks to the rolling of the sea, and consequent unsteadiness of the mark, her shot had as yet passed harmlessly over our heads or fallen short. But this was not to last long. And as we were borne upwards by a huge sea, bang went the gun, and whirr-rr whistled a shot, seemingly close to us. "What think you of that, Jupiter?—the fellow is coming too close." "Tink, massa! me tink some of us lose our grog soon." I thought so too.

We were rapidly closing in with the land, and a high bluff point lay over our lee-bow, on the other side of which I knew the sea took a turn inwards at right angles, forming a fine large bay, where the whole navies of the world might have rode at anchor, sheltered from the gale that was now blowing. Towards this point I kept the schooner's head; and had resolved, should no other chance of escape present itself, of which at present I saw little, to run round under the shelter of the point, and in smooth water wait for the pirate, and endeavour to repel her attack. I mentioned this to my able sub, Master Jupiter, and was glad to find he entirely approved. "Ay, ay, maybe we lick 'em dam rascal after all. Old Jupiter lub more for fight nor be shot dis a way like a runaway nigger." Bang went another gun, whirr flew the ball, and our lee main-shrouds were as cleanly cut through as if a knife had severed them. "Eh—now dat too bad," growled old Jupiter. "Never mind, my lads," I cried; "give another haul on the weather topping-lift; it's a good thing it's not our weather shrouds." "Ay, dat true; noting so bad but he can be worse. Here, Cæsar, Jack, bring a gasket, and splice dem shroud; quick now, fore anoder shot ketch you."

The brig had now got within a quarter of a mile of us, and I saw that our chase was fast drawing to a close. The headland was close over our lee-bow, and there seemed no alternative but to sell our lives as dearly as

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we could, for I scarce dared to hope that we would succeed in beating off the brig. The one gun that had been brought to bear on us still banged away; its shot flying sometimes near, and sometimes at a safe distance from us, and we were still creaking and straining under the canvass we had been able to stretch. Our men were now set to loading the carronades, and arms and ammunition were distributed—old Jupiter impressing upon the negroes, that the least they could expect, if captured, would be chains and a sale to a new master, and the most likely fate they would meet would be walking the plank. The poor fellows were quite willing to fight, from whatever cause it proceeded, and eagerly set about loading their guns. They were so engaged when a shot from the brig struck us just beside the helm, where I was standing, and ploughed up the planks of the deck in a deep furrow, half the length of the vessel, upsetting in its course one of the carronades, and pitching the negroes that were engaged in loading it heads over heels, like so many ninepins. A shower of splinters flew from the deck, and one poor fellow was hit severely; a ragged bit of wood penetrated deep into his thigh. He was taken below, and I felt in the loss of even one man that my chance in the desperate game was lessened.

We could now distinguish the deck of the brig crowded with men; and when I considered the little chance we had in a struggle against such fearful odds, I hesitated for a moment whether it would not be more advisable to run the schooner ashore, and trust to hiding ourselves among the thick bush that skirted the sea. I wavered in my idea of fighting, but we were now close upon the point. "Come, Jupiter, let go the peak haulyard, and then come and stand by the mainsheet; we'll have to jibe her to round that headland, and we must show as little canvass as possible, or we'll carry away our mast." Down came the peak as Jupiter let go the haulyard, and he turned to come aft to stand by the sheet. Bang went the heavy gun from the brig. The report was followed by a sound which I can best express by the word *smash*, and a short groan. Old Jupiter doubled up, and fell forward on his face. I rushed forward to pick him up, and saw that the poor fellow's career was over. A large, ragged, horrible hole appeared about the middle of his back, and the broken handle of the knife, fastened with the chain, protruded from the wound. It was a sickening sight. The negroes crowded around the body, and gazed upon it seemingly horror-struck. We lifted him up, but there was no sign of life; the huge ball had struck him in the pit of the stomach, just on his favourite knife, and had shivered it, forcing the fragments completely through his body. For the moment I was paralysed, and forgot every thing in sincere grief for the loss of my old servant, my faithful friend. But another shot from the brig roused me, as the ball whistled past. "Come, lads, there's no time to cry; but we'll revenge poor Jupiter—we'll fight that devil." "Ay, ay, massa, we'll fight dat debbil," echoed the men. I seized the helm, which had been quitted in the horror of the moment, and cast my eyes round me to see where we were, when—could I believe my sight!—we had opened up the bay, and a large ship stood beating out towards us, under top-gallants and topsails, and bearing at the mizen-peak the union-jack. Hurrah!—it is—it is an English frigate. She had taken refuge from the gale in the bay, and, hearing the firing, was coming out to see what it was. "Run Cæsar, Jack, Sambo, run below and fetch up the English ensign—run, ye rascals." And right willingly they ran to execute my orders. The signal haulyards were rove through the peak of the mainsail, and, as it was hanging against the mast, the cord would not run. The frigate was meeting us like the wind, and came on plunging and dashing through the sea most nobly. It seemed utterly incredible that she could carry so much canvass beating up against such a gale; but though her lee-scuppers were buried in the sea, as she heeled over to the storm, yet she dashed onwards, defying alike the wind and sea. Bang went her gun, and the shot skipped off the top of a wave ahead of us. "No, no, Master Skipper, we can't broach to in such a gale, and with your leave we'll do all we can, which is just to run before it; but we'll show you our colours." And I jumped on the stern-sheets, and extended in my hands the ensign. We were understood, and the frigate continued her course, closing in upon us as if to speak.

It was a glorious sight to see so gallant a vessel straining and tearing through the sea, as if rejoicing in the gale that threatened momentarily to send yards and sails in shivers to leeward. And to us the sight was doubly glorious, for in the presence of that ship we felt that we were saved. Onwards she came. I stood with the speaking-trumpet in my hand, ready to hail her. She was within a hundred yards, still dashing onwards; and I own I began to have some dread lest the vast mass, that came roaring up to us, might crush us into the "yeast of waves." But she was under too perfect command to cause any danger of a collision; just as she seemed to be upon us, her bows fell away, and she passed close under our stern. "Schooner, ahoy!—what brig astern?" roared the hoarse voice of the commander. "Pirates!" I answered. Dash—plunge—hiss—and she swept away past us, leaving a broad, white streak upon the water, to mark for an instant her track.

Her decks were crowded; every haulyard, clue-line, sheet, and down-haul, was manned by a cluster of sailors. Here, then, was the secret of this vessel's ability to carry so much sail in the teeth of such a gale of wind. Had the finger of the anxiously watching sailing-master but moved as a signal, in an instant every stitch of canvass would have been off the masts. This is the secret, and this is the advantage, of men-of-war. They are well and ably manned, and can face danger with the knowledge that they are always prepared to avert it. They may carry sail to the very verge of rashness, for they can shorten it in an instant.

But where was our pursuer? The brig, too, saw the frigate as she came out from behind the point. Her crew had been too long in the habit of avoiding such craft not to know well that now was the time, if ever, when there existed a terrible necessity to try the virtues of their beautiful vessel. At first there seemed some confusion on board the brig, but the captain's course was soon taken; his hope lay in following our plan, and trying to escape the frigate among the rocks and shoals through which we had just passed. The helm was put down, and the graceful brig came round to the wind, on the opposite tack from the frigate, bending over to the increased pressure until her fore yard-arm dipped into the wave. She plunged bows under into the sea, and seemed scarcely able to rise again under the mass of water that rushed over her decks. For an instant I thought she was over, but she struggled on; and though her crew might be seen clinging to the weather bulwarks and shrouds, no hand was stretched, and no order was given, or if given could not be executed, to reduce the canvass which threatened to drive her to the bottom. It was impossible that she could long stand under so much sail—she was literally buried in the sea—and after dragging her yard-arms through the waves for a few minutes, the main top-mast snapped, and top-gallant and top-sail fell over the side. A feeling of something like pity crept over us, as we watched with intense interest the death-struggles of the graceful brig. The piratical crew were forgotten, and we gazed on the beautiful craft as if she had been a thing of life, and was using her own faculties in these superhuman struggles for self-preservation; and when her main top-masts went over, an involuntary expression of regret burst from us all.

That pirate captain was no laggard, however, when there was work to do. He had lost all chance of getting to windward, but another and more desperate chance still remained. In an instant the helm was put up, the yards squared, and the now maimed brig resumed her course before the wind. The fore-sheets were brought home, and the fore-top-sail yard was manned by active hands to run out studding-sail booms. The frigate instantly wore, and the two now ran before the wind, the pirate a little astern, and the frigate gradually closing in upon her. The brig commenced her fire, and poured a broadside amongst the frigate's spars, in the hope that some lucky shot might wound a spar or rend a sail; and either a wound or rent would, with the wind that was blowing, have ensured the snapping of the spar or the splitting of the sail into ribands. Some little damage might have been done, but the frigate seemed not to heed it; she came on as regardless of the discharge as if the guns had contained but blank cartridge. She rapidly neared the brig, and fired a gun to bring her to. It was answered by a second discharge of her broadside, but it was a scattered firing. Confusion and terror began to affect the conscience-stricken crew. This discharge, however, broke the fore-top-gallant yard of the frigate; and the breaking of this spar would have told heavily against her had the chase been prolonged. The latter had, however, now no alternative but to return the fire of the brig; and most fearfully it was returned. Gun after gun blazed from the frigate's starboard broadside, until every cannon was discharged. The iron shower told with fearful effect upon her opponent; several of the poor fellows that were struggling to get out the studding-sail booms, dropped one after another from their hold. The cordage, which had before been tight and trim, now flew wildly and loosely to the gale; the foremast, deprived of its stays and braces, and probably severely wounded, waved unsteady for a few moments before the breeze, then snapped close by the deck, and fell forward with a crash, carrying with it sails, yards, and its whole tracery of cordage; and the poor brig, so shortly before so graceful and so perfect, bounding like an antelope over the waves, and bidding seeming defiance to the storm, now rolled heavily in the trough of the sea—a mere log upon the water.

The chase was over. The Water Lily had been flying on its course, for, having got rid of our pursuer, we did not change it, and we soon lost the frigate and her prize under the horizon. Poor Jupiter was rolled in his hammock, and dropped into the roaring sea in deep regret. Not a word was spoken as he was gently lowered over the side, but many a tear, that would not be repressed, rolled over the sable faces of his men.

Two days brought us to Montego Bay, and, before we departed, I had the pleasure of gratefully acknowledging, to the officers of H.M.S. S——, the signal service they had rendered me. And, if it can be so called, I had the satisfaction of seeing a parcel of the rascally pirates swinging at the frigate's yard-arms. Poor Jupiter's death stopped the channels of my pity for the scoundrels. The poor fellow's words were long remembered by me afterwards—"Some of us may lose our grog soon"—and seemed almost like a prophecy of his own fate.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TIC DOLOREUX.

THE following letter from a gentleman to another with whom we are intimate, describing how he was relieved from this excruciating disease, seems to us worthy of being made widely known:—

"I have to apologise for my having so long neglected sending you a statement of my case. It is as follows; and if its being made public can in any way subtract from the suffering of those who suffer under that dreadful disease, Tic Doloreux, I shall feel most happy. For nearly two years I suffered the severest torture from Tic Doloreux in the head (left side) and in the left thigh. I believe I may safely say that I tried every known remedy, without any apparent effect. For the last year I never had the slightest cessation of pain, without large doses of laudanum or morphia. For fourteen months I could not lie down in bed. In fact, the torture was so dreadful, that every morning at daylight I was thankful that I was not deprived of reason. I fortunately recollected that a friend of mine had derived great benefit from the use of electricity in a case of chronic rheumatism. This led me to try the new instrument called the 'Electro-Magnetico.' I procured one, and from the first application I felt somewhat easier; and after using it half an hour, I felt inclined to sleep. I continued the use of it for that period, morning and evening, for more than a week, at the end of which time I was perfectly free from pain, and began to enjoy my natural rest. It is now nearly five months since I left off using it, and I am truly thankful to say that I feel as well as ever I did in my life."

We need only add to the above, that the electro-magnetico is an instrument made and sold by philosophical instrument makers, and the application, we believe, consists in allowing a stream of electric fluid to flow from a wire into the part affected, the process giving no pain whatever. Any skilful surgeon could apply the remedy. Tic Doloreux being, in fact, a derangement of the nerves, or, as we may call them, the electric wires of the body, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the disturbance can be rectified by the artificial means now mentioned.

INNKEEPERS AND THEIR GUESTS.

On the 25th of October last, at about two o'clock in the morning, we (or, to speak plainly, one of the editors of the present paper and his wife) arrived at the ****** **** Inn, Newcastle, by the royal mail-coach from York. On entering the house, in which we designed to lodge for the night, we found only one waiter up; and on requesting that he would furnish us with some simple kind of refreshment, he point-blank and pertinaceously refused, alleging as a reason that nothing was left out at his disposal, and that he could offer no accommodation of any kind but a bed, which we might have if we pleased. Two other gentlemen, who arrived with us, met with the same refusal, greatly to their surprise and discontent. This conduct in a house which we had always heard well spoken of, appeared at the time as exceedingly inhospitable; and it was felt the more severely from our having—such had been the rapidity of our journey by railway and coach—tasted no food, a biscuit excepted, since breakfast the previous day. However, as the man kept his point, we were obliged to submit. It did not occur to us next day to challenge the conduct of the landlord of the inn—for of course he was bound by the acts of his servant—as illegal, but on reflecting on the matter afterwards, it appeared more than likely that he had committed a breach of common law in refusing refreshment to the guests who claimed his professional services. Having laid the case before a gentleman skilled in the English law, we find that this idea is correct; that the landlord in question committed such a transgression, and laid himself fairly open not only to the penalties of a legal action, but to the loss of his license. All this we mention, not from any vengeful recollection of the circumstance, which, indeed, we look back upon with jocularity more than any other feeling, but simply as a warning to all innkeepers, and to the keeper of the ****** **** in particular. The following is an extract from the legal opinion which we have obtained on the subject:—

"Judge Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, says* that inns, being intended for the lodging and receipt of travellers, may be indicted, suppressed, and the innkeepers fined, if they refuse to entertain a traveller without a very sufficient cause; and he alludes to the hospitable laws of Norway, which punish, in the severest degree, such innkeepers as refuse to furnish accommodations at a just and reasonable price. The late Lord Chief-Justice Kenyon, also, in pronouncing judgment in the case of Kirkman *versus* Shawcross,† gave it as his opinion that innkeepers are bound by law to receive guests who come to their inns, and are also bound to protect the property of those guests; and that they have no option either to receive or reject guests, nor can they impose unreasonable terms upon them. And an innkeeper continues so liable, notwithstanding he has

* Vol. iv. p. 167. † Term Reports, vol. vi. p. 17.

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taken down the sign, provided he continue to carry on the inn as such.* There are, however, some exceptions to this general rule. For example, an innkeeper is not bound to receive a guest, or his horse, when the inn or the stable is so full that it cannot conveniently hold him or it; nor is he liable for not receiving a guest, unless he be tendered a fair remuneration for his accommodation, for he is not bound to give him credit.

It has likewise been held by the judges that the same liability attaches to the innkeeper as regards the reception of the horses of travellers; and that he is bound to receive the horses of those travellers who request it, even though themselves should resort for accommodation elsewhere, unless, as before stated, his stable be already full.

An innkeeper is under the same obligation to receive whatever *goods* his guests bring with them, and is also liable for any loss or damage of such goods, whilst the traveller remains as a guest in the inn with the same. But an innkeeper is not accountable for any injury done to the person of his guest whilst he remains in his house. The innkeeper is responsible for the safe custody of cloaks, coats, hats, or any baggage deposited in the traveller's room or lobby.

In the event of an innkeeper improperly refusing either to receive a traveller as a guest into his house, or to find him victuals or lodging upon his tendering him a reasonable price for the same, or refusing to make good the loss or damage of goods, the most common remedy is an action on the case at the suit of the party aggrieved; but it is said that an innkeeper so offending may also be indicted and fined at the instance of the crown."

It may be added that innkeepers are liable at *all hours* and *all days*, Sundays as well as others, to obey the above legal provisions. Their houses are licensed for the accommodation of the public, and the public are entitled to make every reasonable use of them, on offering a reasonable price. We trust that these explanations may not be without their use, for the guidance of both innkeepers and travellers; and we should think that the latter can have no difficulty, when aided by competent witnesses, to compel attention to their claims. As a word spoken in season, these passing hints on a point of some little importance in our social condition, may perhaps save litigation and obviate the chances of personal inconvenience.

* Burns' Justice, vol. i. p. 101.

BLIND POETS.

In the roll of the great poets of the past, two, who hold the very highest places, were, for an important period of their lives, unpossessed of the power of vision—Homer and Milton. Happily, as has been already remarked of them, these renowned followers of the muses had made good use of their eyes in youth, otherwise it is scarcely possible that they could have left to us the finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found among their compositions. Homer had reached manhood, and had written a considerable portion of the Iliad, before he was attacked by that disease of the eyes which robbed them of their wonted powers. But the whole of the Odyssey was composed after the occurrence of this great mishap. In the eighth book of that poem, while describing the bard Demodocus, he has evidently taken the opportunity of alluding to his own condition, and he does so in a strain of mingled regret and resignation. Demodocus, he says, was

> "Dear to the Muse, who gave his days to flow
> With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
> With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
> But gave him power to raise the lofty lay."

We are not aware that Homer makes any other allusion to his sad defect. His successor, Milton, has referred to the subject more frequently, and the passages containing these references are among the most interesting in his whole works. Milton is stated by most biographers to have permanently lost his sight in 1654, after a progressive and warning decay of several years' duration. But it appears probable, from existing letters dated in the years 1653 and 1654, that the misfortune happened somewhat earlier. A letter of the first of these years describes him as then blind, and Milton, in 1654, speaks as if he had "lived (for some time) in constant darkness day and night." The Paradise Lost was not published till 1667, and we are certain that it was composed when the poet was perfectly blind. His excessive application to his studies caused his loss.

Most readers will remember the exquisitely pathetic passages in which the poet alludes to his blindness.

> "Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day! * * * * *
> But not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn;
> Or sight of vernal bloom or summer rose;
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with an universal blank."

Scarcely less pathetic is the sonnet in which the poet describes a dream with which he was visited after the death of his second and most beloved wife.

> "Methought I saw my late espoused saint
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
> Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave;
> Rescued from death, by force, though pale and faint.
> Mine—as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
> Purification in the old law did save,
> And such, as yet once more I trust to have
> Full sight of her in heaven without restraint—
> Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
> Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
> Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
> So clear, as in no face with more delight;
> But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
> I waked, she fled, and *day brought back my night!*"

Previous to the time of Milton, England possessed a sightless poet. This was old Father Gower, who was the contemporary and friend of Chaucer, and flourished at the close of the fourteenth century. Gower became blind in advanced life, and he laments the occurrence, very feelingly, in one of his Latin poems. His vernacular poetry was admired in his day, but is so obsolete in language and style as to be now very difficult of perusal.

Scotland, in the same age, had her "Blind Harry." Henry, "the Minstrel," unlike the preceding poets, was blind at his birth. This being the case, it seems extremely probable that his family were in respectable circumstances, and able to give him the advantages of a good education. No common training must have been required, to give one in his condition the degree of knowledge which his works show him to have possessed. Harry, as far as we know, does not directly allude to the defect with which he was afflicted, in his great poem on the career of Sir William Wallace. But the want of the sense of seeing is made in part apparent in his poetry by the comparative absence of similitudes derived from visible objects. The blind poet refers chiefly in his images to things of which the other senses could take cognisance. As an example, the following description of a wintry scene, modernised in language by the late Lord Buchan, may be given here. The bard says, that cold winter now his

> "aspect shows;
> Frost-bound the globe, while Boreas fiercely blows,
> Sweeping the snow along the rising hills,
> Which every glen and slanting hollow fills;
> Cold grew the beams of the far-distant sun,
> And day was finished ere 'twas well begun."

Here the frost-binding of the earth, the blowing of the wind, the sweeping of the snow along the heights and into hollows, and the coldness of the distant sunbeams, are all of them things sensible to one dispossessed of vision, and which may frequently have been *felt* by Harry, as he wandered over the country, passing from castle to castle to recite his compositions before the nobles and princes of Scotland. Such was the manner in which Blind Harry, like Homer, passed his life.

In the present work, some account was formerly given of the life of Dr Thomas Blacklock, another of the blind bards of Scotland. He was born in 1721, and had the misfortune to lose his eyesight at six months old. As he grew up, he showed a marked taste for literary pursuits, and produced many pieces of considerable merit. We find various allusions to his blindness scattered up and down his poetry, and particularly in one long blank-verse soliloquy, "occasioned (as the author tells us) by his escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the slight board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger." We extract from this poem the subjoined lines:—

> "But oh! while others gaze on nature's face,
> The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
> Or, with delight ineffable, survey
> The sun, bright image of his parent God;
> The seasons in majestic order round
> This varied globe revolving; young-eyed spring,
> Profuse of life and joy; summer adorn'd
> With keen effulgence, brightening heaven and earth;
> Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
> To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
> With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame;
> While others view heaven's all-involving arch,
> Bright with unnumbered worlds, and, lost in joy,
> Fair order and utility behold;
> To ME those fair vicissitudes are lost,
> And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
> The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
> One horrid blank appear."

Such was the wailing of the poet, in his hour of agitation and alarm; but before he concludes the same piece, he recovers himself, reckons up his counter-advantages and blessings, and finds, on the whole, a large debt of gratitude due to the Disposer alike of good and evil.

Carolan, also, the extraordinary blind poet and musician of Ireland, has been the subject of a detailed notice in this Journal. It is not our purpose, therefore, to go over the particulars of his history in this place; we shall only quote one little piece, which contains an allusion to his blindness. It is a song to "Mable Kelly," one of the sweetly named daughters of his native land, whom Carolan loved to address. The translation is from Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry.

> "To thee harmonious powers belong,
> That add to verse the charm of song;
> Soft melody with numbers join,
> And make the poet half divine.
> The timid lustre of thine eye
> With nature's purest tints can vie—
> With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
> That droops upon its modest stem.
> How blest the bard, oh lovely maid,
> To find thee in thy charms array'd
> Thy pearly cheek, thy flowing hair,
> Thy neck beyond the cygnet fair.
> *Even he whose hapless eyes no ray*
> *Admit from beauty's cheering day;*
> *Yet, though he cannot see the light,*
> *He feels it warm, and knows it bright.*"

"Every reader of taste and feeling," says the translator of this piece, "must surely be struck with the beauty of the concluding passage. Can any thing be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which Carolan alludes to his want of sight?"

Edward Rushton, the only other sightless child of song to whom we shall refer on this occasion, was born at Liverpool in the year 1755. He read Anson's Voyages in boyhood, and was so much struck with them, that he resolved to be a sailor. Accordingly, he was bound apprentice to a merchantman, and made several trips to the tropics. While at Dominica, he was attacked with ophthalmia, and lost his sight, in his nineteenth year. He had already shown good natural parts, and his loss of vision perhaps tended to make him more reflective than previously. He began to compose verses, and with no mean ability, as the following very tender and affecting stanzas on his blindness will satisfactorily show:—

ODE TO BLINDNESS.

> "Ah! think if June's delicious rays
> The eye of sorrow can illume,
> Or wild December's beamless days
> Can fling o'er all a transient gloom:
> Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,
> Can thus depress or cheer the mind—
> Ah! think, mid clouds of utter night,
> What mournful moments wait the blind!
>
> And who shall tell his cause for woe,
> To love the wife he ne'er must see,
> To be a sire, and not to know
> The silent babe that climbs his knee!
> To have his feelings daily torn,
> With pain the passing meal to find;
> To live distress'd and die forlorn,
> Are ills that oft await the blind.
>
> When to the breezy upland led,
> At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
> He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
> While round him breathes the scented thorn:
> But oh! instead of Nature's face,
> Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,
> Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
> Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.
>
> If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
> Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
> As the gay flower withdrawn from light
> Bows to the earth where all must rest:
> Ah! think, when life's declining hours
> To chilling penury are consign'd,
> And pain has palsied all his powers,
> Ah! think, what woes await the blind!"

Edward Rushton was the author of the well-known piece, "Mary le More;" and he also published many larger poems, all of them advocating the rights of humanity. He became noted in Liverpool, where he was long established as a bookseller, for his attachment to the cause of negro emancipation, and other similar questions. He died in 1814, at the age of 58.

THE PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE GUINOT.*

A young and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly-wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy stept ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederic," said the lady; "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St Honoré, a rich equipage stopt suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage-door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir,"

* The French periodical press is at present very prolific in short tales, such as the above. A few other specimens have from time to time been given in the pages of the Journal. The Editors may here remark that, in two or three instances, where only the idea of the story was taken up, or other extensive alterations made to adapt the story to the taste of a new public, the gentleman who furnished the articles did not deem it necessary to make reference to the original. Had the Editors been aware of this circumstance, they would have recommended an opposite course. In future, when any use whatever is made of the French feuilletons, scrupulous acknowledgment will be made. In the above piece, the translation closely follows the original.

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said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see *me*, madame!" cried Frederic.

"Yes, sir, you —— Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion, "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What *can* you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one." Of course, Frederic replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopt at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one, however, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue; could he hesitate?

When the marriage-contract was signed, his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederic," said the lady smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you." The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time" —— Frederic started, and half-seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it *is* a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labour of her father. Some better hopes sprung up, and induced them then to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in an hospital.

The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so as to simulate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas, that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprosied. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed —one more happy than herself, and asked 'A sou—a single sou to get bread!' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!'

The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer —— 'I tell you, that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger; then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued, 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

The crown of a hundred sous passed from *your* hand to *mine* (continued the lady), and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure" ——

"*My* figure!" said Frederic, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, *your* figure," returned his wife, "it was to me that you gave alms on that night! It was *my* life—my honour, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a sempstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labour. I had the good fortune to become a favourite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favour. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family—in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day, and asked me plainly if I would *marry* him.

'Marry you!' cried I, in surprise.

Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it!'

At that time, Frederic," continued the lady, "I *loved you*. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James's hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James's proposal.

This part of my story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you!"

"He *was* happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succoured me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavour to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!" As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by pledging it I got credit for a little bread from a neighbour, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it.

Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt, even afterwards, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honourable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederic," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

GURNEY'S VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.*

SECOND NOTICE.

A FORTNIGHT ago we presented a brief outline of the early portion of Mr Gurney's tour of benevolence through the West India Islands. His object, as we stated, was to discover the precise condition of the liberated negroes, and to compare the existing and prospective state of things with that of the slave states of North America. Having visited St Christopher's and other islands, he proceeded to Antigua (January 1839), and thence to Dominica, finding in both that things are prosperous, the planters doing well, and the negroes industrious, peaceful, and comfortable. The striking facts seem frequently to have come under his observation, that labour is now cheaper than when it was compulsory, that more produce is got for a given amount of outlay, and that the value of property is rising.

One of the first places he visited in Antigua was the estate of "Gilberts," the property of his friend Nathaniel Gilbert. "Nothing could be more satisfactory than the state of the property. His molasses alone, last year, paid the whole expenses of the estate, including labour; the large produce of sugar, which had met with a high price in the British market, was therefore clear gain. Our friend is too consistent a Christian to manufacture rum. We understood that he received 25,000 dollars as a compensation for his slaves. He assured us that this sum was a mere present put into his pocket—a gratuity on which he had no reasonable claim. Since his land, without the slaves, is at least of the same value as it was with the slaves, before emancipation, and since his profits are increased rather than diminished, this consequence follows of course; but what figures can represent the relief which he experiences in his own emancipation from the trammels of slave-holding? Our friend has fitted up a neat chapel on his estate, in which we held a religious meeting in the evening, with his black peasantry.

Sir Bethel Codrington, an absentee proprietor, whose land borders on 'Gilberts,' is said to be deriving L.20,000 sterling per annum, from his sugar estates in Antigua. Whether this statement is exaggerated or not, I cannot say, but there can be no question that his revenues from this source are large. He was a noted advocate, during the late conflict for freedom in our country, for the continuance of slavery. Circumstances have now proved that emancipation to him has been any thing rather than the road to ruin. Nearly the same remark applies to a respectable member of Parliament, whose property in Antigua, during slavery, was in decay—unprofitable, and, by all accounts, almost ruinous. Now it produces an excellent income. I had the pleasure of viewing his cane-fields; they were in fine order, full of pecuniary promise.

A subsequent and somewhat extensive inquiry has led us to the conviction, that on most of the properties of Antigua, and in general throughout the West Indies, one-third only of the slaves were operative. What with childhood, age, infirmity, sickness, slave sickness, and other causes, full two-thirds of the negro population might be regarded as dead weight. And, farther, the number of free labourers employed for the same quantity of work, is now decidedly less than this third. We may therefore fairly reckon that the pecuniary saving on many of the estates in Antigua, by the change of slave for free labour, is at least *thirty per cent.* If the interest of money on the investment in slaves is added to the debit amount under slavery, the comparison becomes much more favourable on the side of freedom. Besides this affair of arithmetic, however, there is the general consideration that slavery and waste are twin sisters, whereas freedom is married to economy. Under the generous stimulus of equal liberty, short methods of labour are invented, machinery is introduced, every man, black and white, is thrown upon his own exertions, and into the whole community *co-operation* infuses *wealth*."

After narrating a number of other particulars respecting Antigua, Mr Gurney states that the average amount of sugar raised annually during the last five years of slavery was 12,189 hogsheads; the average raised annually during the first five years of freedom was 13,345 hogsheads; and the amount raised during

* A Winter in the West Indies, by Joseph John Gurney. London: Murray. 1840.

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1839 was 22,383, other articles of produce being in proportion. "That," says he, "in the sixth year of freedom, after the fair trial of five years, the exports of sugar from Antigua almost doubled the average of the last five years of slavery, is a fact which precludes the necessity of all other evidence. By what hands was that vast crop raised and realised? By the hands of that lazy and impracticable race (as they have often been described)—the negroes. And under what stimulus has the work been effected? Solely under that of moderate wages."

Friend Gurney occasionally affords us a pleasing glimpse of the desire of the negro population for education: they are most anxious to be instructed; and, indeed, they appear in some places to devote a share of their earnings to the support of schools—a thing that scarcely can be said of the English peasantry. One day, at Dominica, says Mr Gurney, "the people gathered around us, and a woman came forward on behalf of the company, to beg for a school. 'We are hungry for a school,' said she, 'we are tired of waiting for it.' Nor were these idle words; for the people on this and a neighbouring property had agreed to subscribe eight dollars per month in part payment of a teacher. Nothing, indeed, can be more eager than the desire of the negroes of Dominica for education—they seem determined to obtain it; and it is gratifying to know that the efforts now making for the purpose are at once considerable and successful. There are nearly 700 scholars in the four Mico schools, which are ably conducted, and being quite clear of any peculiar religious bias, are acceptable to the whole population." This forms an agreeable piece of information. In Dominica, a majority of the lower house in the legislature is composed of coloured persons, and the same class of persons are now eligible as jurors, both in this and other islands; it becomes absolutely necessary that the people should, by means of instruction, be prepared for performing these functions with propriety.

Another circumstance which fell under Mr Gurney's notice at Dominica deserves to be made widely known. During slavery, it was below the dignity of any free person to labour in the fields; and all who could do so preferred to live in idleness rather than work. The abolition of slavery has removed this detestable plea for living in a state of slothful indulgence. *It is now quite respectable to work*—labour in the fields is not discreditable. This change of sentiment accounts for the comparative abundance of labour in the West Indies: emancipation has brought a host of idlers and those who shammed illness into the labour market; and though, of course, this has reduced the amount of wages to individuals, still such is the demand for hands, that all meet with remunerative employment.

In Antigua and a few other islands, the mode of management, taken all in all, seems to be better than in Jamaica; for in this latter island the practice is far too common of leaving estates to be managed by local attorneys and overseers, the actual proprietors living in England, and caring nothing more about their estates than receiving a certain annual return from them in produce; in other words, there is a deficiency of that moral supervision, which the eye of a master alone can give. In consequence of this or some other defect, a number of the estates present a spectacle of strife and distrust between overseers and labourers—the grand cause of dispute being the exaction of labour for rents of cottages and provision-grounds. In those districts in which rent and wages have been arranged independently of each other, every thing has gone on prosperously.

At the distance of a forenoon's ride from Kingston, among the Port Royal mountains, lies Halberstadt, a coffee plantation, belonging to a coloured gentleman, John Casper Weiss. Mr Gurney visited this coffee-planter, and received from him the following information, which we quote in his own words. "One hundred and seventy slaves, or apprentices, used to be supported on this estate. Now, our friend employs fifty-four free labourers, who work for him four days in the week, taking one day for their provision-grounds and another for market. This is all the labour that he requires, in order to keep up his former extent of cultivation. And willingly did he acknowledge the superior advantage which attends the present system. The saving of expense is obvious.

I understood our friend to allow that the average cost of supporting a slave was L.5 sterling per annum.

170 slaves, at L.5 per annum, is	L.850	0	0
Now, he pays 54 free labourers 4s. 6d. per week, one day's labour being set off against rent, for 50 weeks, two weeks being allowed for holy-days,	607	10	0
Saving under freedom,	L.242	10	0"

In the course of another journey, Mr Gurney offers the following useful fact. "'Do you see that excellent new stone wall round the field below us?' said the young physician to me, as we stood at A B's front door, surveying the delightful scenery. 'That wall could scarcely have been built at all under slavery or the apprenticeship; the necessary labour could not then have been hired at less than L.5 currency, or 15 dollars per chain. Under freedom, it cost only from 3½ dollars to 4 dollars per chain—not one-third of the amount. Still more remarkable is the fact, that the whole of it was built under the stimulus of job-work, by an invalid negro, who during slavery had been given up to total inaction.' This was the substance of our conversation; the information was afterwards fully confirmed by the proprietor. Such was the fresh blood infused into the veins of this decrepid person by the genial hand of freedom, that he had been redeemed from absolute uselessness—had executed a noble work—had greatly improved his master's property—and, finally, had realised for himself a handsome sum of money. This single fact is admirably and undeniably illustrative of the principles of the case, and for that purpose is as good as a thousand."

Towards the conclusion of the author's observations on Jamaica, he sums up the state of affairs in a few brief sentences:—"The imports of the island are rapidly increasing; trade improving; the towns thriving; new villages rising in every direction; property much enhanced in value; well-managed estates, productive and profitable; expenses of management diminished; short methods of labour adopted; provisions cultivated on a larger scale than ever; and the people, wherever they are properly treated, industrious, contented, and gradually accumulating wealth. Above all, education is rapidly spreading; the morals of the community improving; crime in many districts disappearing; and Christianity asserting her sway, with vastly augmented force, over the mass of the population. Cease from all attempts to oppose the current of justice and mercy—remove every obstruction to the fair and full working of freedom—and the bud of Jamaica's prosperity, already fragrant and vigorous, will soon burst into a glorious flower."

Having now finished the account of all that had come under his notice in the West Indies, Friend Gurney very properly takes the liberty of contrasting the whole with what he had seen in the slave states of America.

First—In the West Indies, the emancipated negroes are working well and diligently for wages on the estates of their old masters. In Virginia and the Carolinas, about two-thirds of the slave population do nothing, and the workers idle away their time as much as possible. "There are the old, the infirm, the sick, the shammers of sickness, the mothers of young infants, the numerous children, &c. &c. All these belong to the dead weight, and they leave about *one-third* of the black population in actual operation. Now, this operative class has no stimulus to labour, except compulsion—that is, the whip; and people neither *will* nor *can* perform by compulsion an average quantity of *continuous* work. That they should do so, is contrary to the laws of nature—to the constitution, not only of the negro, but of mankind in general. The result is, that many of the cotton and rice planters of Georgia and South Carolina are contenting themselves with half a day's work from their negroes. Their task is finished by twelve, one, or two o'clock; and for the rest of the day they are left to themselves. It appears, then, that the work obtained from a body of three hundred slaves in the southern states, cannot, in many cases, be estimated as more in quantity than the fair day's labour, on wages, of one-sixth of the number, that is, of *fifty freemen*."

Second—It follows, that the cost of slave labour is greater than that of freemen. Three hundred slaves, reckoning men, women, and children, at a value of 500 dollars each, represent a capital of 150,000 dollars, or an interest at 6 per cent. of 9000 dollars. Adding other 9000 dollars for their support, it is found that 300 slaves cost annually 18,000 dollars. Now, reckon the weekly wages of 50 free labourers at 3¼ dollars each, we have an annual expense of 5000 dollars. Thus, it will be seen, that American planters are voluntarily paying 18,000 dollars yearly for labour that could be performed for 5000 dollars. Or, to put the comparison in a different form, the Americans incur a vast outlay of capital, in name of value or cost price of negroes, whereas the West Indians allow every negro to be his own owner, and pay him only for his labour. How absurd would it be, were farmers in England obliged to *buy* all the ploughmen they required, and give them food, clothing, and lodging for life into the bargain!—yet the practice of buying black labourers in America, instead of simply hiring them, is a piece of equal absurdity, and, laying all moral considerations aside, is warranted by no principle in commercial policy.

Third—The value of landed property is rapidly rising in the West Indies: in the slave states of America it is falling, and many properties are entirely neglected. This is "forced on the view even of the most superficial observer, who travels through Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Thousands and tens of thousands of acres, which were once cultivated and productive, have fallen back, under the blight of slave labour, into a wilderness; not, indeed, the wilderness of olden times, which teemed with the luxuriance of nature, but one without fertility and without hope. The properties to which I allude, the appearance of which cannot fail to be familiar to many, were once, doubtless, of considerable value; now (notwithstanding the general rule that land rises in value as a nation rises) they are worth little or nothing. A change for the worse in the appearance of the country is conspicuous enough, even when one passes the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland; but I am told that it is still more striking to the traveller who crosses the river from the state of Ohio into Kentucky. The soil on either side of the magnificent stream being of equal fertility, the *free bank* (it is said) blooms with prosperity, while the *slave bank* presents the evident symptoms of neglect and decay."

Fourth—The comforts and happiness of the free negroes are immeasurably greater than those of the slaves in the southern states. True, some slaveholders, particularly those in easy circumstances, are kind to their human live-stock, the same as a gentleman will be kind to his dogs. But take the whole. Look at the scenes in the slave-market in Charleston. "In the breaking up and disposal of estates, husbands and wives, parents and children, are often sold—irrespectively of each other—each to the highest bidder. With such liabilities at hand, where can be the solid happiness of the slave of North America? A pro-slavery Methodist minister was, one day, questioning a well-educated negro, much respected by his master, and amply supplied with the conveniences of life. 'You have your wife and family about you,' said the minister; 'you have a good house; you and your children are well clad; you sit down, day by day, to a well-provided table; you are even engaged as a preacher to your brethren—why, then, are you anxious to be free? what can you wish for more?' 'Sir,' replied the negro, 'I wish to lay my hand on my heart, and say, My flesh is MY OWN.'"

Fifth—Compare the rapid moral improvement, desire for instruction, increase in the number of marriages, and the disappearance of irregularities, in the West Indies, with the dreadful moral degradation and compulsory ignorance in the southern states of America. "Evil in its root—incurably evil—opposed to the will of an intelligent and benevolent Creator, and deadly in its moral tendency, must be a system which shuts out half or two-thirds of the population of a state from even sipping at the fountain of knowledge—which proclaims to a multitudinous rising generation the stern decree, 'You shall *never* be taught to read the Bible!'

I have now," concludes Mr Gurney, "drawn a contrast between freedom in the West Indies and slavery in North America, on five distinct points—the quantity of labour, the expense of cultivation, the value of real property, the comforts of the negro, and lastly, morals and religion. I have endeavoured to avoid exaggeration in the statement of either side; but who shall deny that the scale preponderates with immense weight and power on the side of freedom? Who can doubt that the American statesman is bound, by every principle of philosophy as well as philanthropy, of policy as well as justice, to desist from the support of slavery, and henceforth to labour in the good old cause of *emancipation*?"

We cannot lay aside the work of this benevolent member of the Society of Friends, without warmly recommending it to the perusal of all who feel interested in the joint cause of negro emancipation and social improvement.

JAMES SMALL, THE IMPROVER OF THE PLOUGH.

On a former occasion we mentioned that there was not perhaps a village of a tolerable size in Scotland which did not boast of its *genius*—a man possessing acquirements superior to his neighbours, and who, simply from the influence of untoward circumstances, is prevented from attaining a wide and well-deserved distinction. Occasionally, however, these geniuses, as they are called by their less skilful neighbours, strike out an idea which, being really valuable, overcomes all obstacles, brings their name into notice, and probably raises them in worldly rank. James Small, the improver of the plough, was a person who in this manner raised himself into notice from a humble and obscure condition of life, and a sketch of his biography, therefore, may be of service to our young readers.

James Small was born at Upsettlington, in the parish of Ladykirk, and county of Berwick, about the year 1740. His father's only profession was that of a farmer. Under his superintendance his son, the late James Small, was instructed in all the various branches of agricultural labour—a knowledge of which he afterwards experienced the advantages.

Young Small was first bound as an apprentice to a country carpenter and ploughmaker, at Hutton, in Berwickshire. He remained in Scotland for some time after his apprenticeship was over; but about the year 1758, he went to England, where he worked with a Mr Robertson at Doncaster, in the making of waggons and other wheel-carriages.

It was in the year 1763 that he settled at Blackadder Mount, in Berwickshire, under the patronage of John Renton, Esq. of Blackadder. He there set up a manufactory of ploughs and other agricultural implements; and as he at the same time occupied a farm of considerable extent, he had an opportunity of trying many experiments, which he might not otherwise have been enabled to attempt. He thereby contrived a device for ascertaining the best shape of the mould-board, by making it of *soft wood*; by means of which it soon appeared where the pressure was the most severe, and where there was the greatest friction.

When he first settled at Blackadder Mount, the old Scotch plough was almost solely in use throughout Berwickshire. It was drawn by a pair of horses, with the addition of four, and sometimes of six oxen; the smallest number was a pair of horses and a pair of oxen, attended by a driver.

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He began with trying experiments on his own farm, with ploughs of smaller sizes and of different forms, proving, by a steelyard with a stronger spring than usual, which of them performed the best work with the least force of draught. In devising the improvements which afterwards obtained such celebrity, he seems to have had the old Scotch plough, as respects general shape, chiefly in view; and the merit of his invention consisted in making an instrument which combined the qualities of strength, lightness, and easiness of draught. His exertions were crowned with remarkable success. A plough was constructed and brought into use which astonished all who had formerly used the heavy and clumsy ploughs of the country. With respect to the precise merits of Mr Small's plough, they arise from this, that the sock and the mouldboard are formed according to strict mechanical principles; and that those parts which enter the earth, and cut up the furrow, have that equal tapering, or sharpened wedge-like form, which occasions the least resistance in raising the furrow-slice. The mouldboard, in particular, has that regular curve or twist, which not only lessens friction, in elevating and turning over the furrow-slice, but it also places and leaves that slice in the most proper position for the beneficial effects of the atmosphere and the operations of the harrow. Small has also the sole merit of inventing and modelling the mouldboard, and other parts of the plough, in cast metal, which contributed so much to the speedy extension of that valuable instrument.

It is a striking proof of the excellence of his plough, that many ploughmen in Berwickshire, for their own ease and satisfaction, offered to be at the sole expense of the wood-work, if their masters would supply them with Small's plough, and would defray the other charges of the implement.

Having established his plough in Berwickshire, Small wished to introduce it into Mid-Lothian, where it had met with much opposition; but being confident of the superiority of his invention, he offered to make a comparative trial. In consequence of that challenge, a competition of ploughs took place in a field near Dalkeith, in presence of many gentlemen and farmers from Berwickshire, Mid-Lothian, East-Lothian, &c. A number of ploughs were brought forward; as, the old Scotch plough, several English ploughs, a plough by Mr Hutchison, with an iron wheel, &c.; but Small's was successful—the judges having decided that it did the best work, and was considerably lighter in the draught than any of the others. In consequence of the success of his plough at this public trial, it spread rapidly over all the different counties in Scotland, and has since been adopted in many parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, and in many foreign countries.

It was a rule with James Small, that whatever piece of work he undertook, whether the making of a cart or plough, or any other implement, it should be made complete; and so anxious was he that his implements should give perfect satisfaction, that rather than suffer any insufficient work to be sent from his manufactory, he would break it to pieces, whatever loss he might thereby sustain.

There was nothing, however, by which he was more distinguished than by his zeal to promote useful improvements in the department of agriculture; and for this, it has been stated, "he sacrificed his ease, his health, his strength, and his substance." This enterprising and ingenious man died in the year 1793, about the fifty-third year of his age.

Since the era of Small's improvements, many additional alterations have been made in the construction of ploughs to suit the tillage of particular soils, and also of mossy lands, and of these none are more deserving of commendation than the rid or self-cleansing plough of the Finlaysons—farmers in Ayrshire, who encountered innumerable difficulties in bringing their plough into general operation.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding all these improvements, ploughs of an old clumsy construction continue in use in many parts of England, greatly to the loss of power. Independently of the injury from this cause, the plan usually followed of yoking horses to ploughs in England is highly objectionable. It is, for instance, customary to yoke four or six horses in a line, one before the other, the line of draught being by a rope or chain, which passes along the sides of the animals to the muzzle of the plough. In passing along, the rope is upheld to a certain extent by each horse, so that the front horses exert a power of draught on those behind them, or, in plain terms, a certain quantity of power is lost. It is proper to state what is the true principle of draught. According to a well-known law in mechanics, power is always most advantageously exerted in a *straight line*. Let the drawing power always proceed in a direct line from the shoulders of the animal to the object of resistance. If there be the slightest misdirection of the line, power is fruitlessly destroyed. With respect to ploughs, the power of each horse should go at once in an even line, sloping from its shoulders to the muzzle of the instrument. When power from several horses requires to be united, yoke a pair abreast, and, if need be, a pair in front; but let the power of each pair go individually to the seat of resistance, or the intervening swingle trees. If the draught of the front horses in any form touches the hind pair in its passage to the plough, power is lost. Attention to these simple principles of mechanical science might save many thousands of pounds annually in England.

MENDICITY IN IRELAND.

As we drove into Drogheda, we entered a crowd, which I can only describe as suggesting the idea of a miraculous advent of rags. It was market day, and the streets were so thronged that you could scarce see the pavement, except under the feet of the horses; and the public square was a sea of tatters. Here, and all over Ireland, I could not but wonder where and how these rent and frittered habiliments had gone through the preparatory stages of tear and wear. There were no degrees—nothing above rags to be seen in coat or petticoat, waistcoat or breeches, cloak or shirt. Even the hats and shoes were in rags; not a whole covering, even of the coarsest material, was to be detected on the thousand backs about us; nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except here and there a hole in a beggar's coat stuffed with straw. Who can give me the genealogy of Irish rags? Who took the gloss from these coats, once broadcloth? Who wore them? Who tore them? Who sold them to the Jews? (for, by the way, Irish rags are fine rags, seldom frieze or fustian.) How came the tatters of the entire world, in short, to assemble in Ireland?—for if, as it would seem, they have all descended from the backs of gentlemen, the entire world must contribute to maintain the supply. I had been rather surprised at the scarcity of beggars in Belfast; but the beggary of Drogheda came up to the traveller's description. They were of every possible variety. At the first turn the coach made in the town, we were very near running over a blind man, who knelt in the liquid mud in the gutter (the calves of his legs quite covered by the pool, and only his heels appearing above), and held up in his hands the naked and footless stumps of a boy's legs. The child sat in a wooden box, with his back against the man's breast, and ate away, very unconcernedly, at a loaf of bread; while the blind exhibitor turned his face up to the sky, and, waving the stumps slightly from side to side, kept up a vociferation for charity, that was heard above all the turmoil of the market-place. When we stopped to change horses, the entire population, as deep as they could stand—at least with any chance of being heard—held out their hands, and, in every conceivable tone and mode of arresting the attention, implored charity. The sight was awful: old age in shapes so hideous, I should think the most horrible nightmare never had conceived. The rain poured down upon their tangled and uncovered heads, seaming, with its cleansing torrents, faces so hollow, so degraded in expression, and withal so clotted with filth and neglect, that they seemed like features of which the very owners had long lost not only care, but consciousness and remembrance; as if, in the horrors of want and idiotcy, they had anticipated the corrupting apathy of the grave, and abandoned every thing except the hunger which gnawed them into the memory of existence. I thought I should be able to recall many quick witticisms I had heard at Drogheda and elsewhere; but it is a kind of memory that floats away in the cloud of unimportant events occurring in so busy a life as travel: and I remember but one, and that more from the hideousness of the speaker than the excellence of her wit. I thought I had given away all my pence, when this woman, quite the weakest looking and sickliest I had observed, caught my eye. Another dive into my pocket brought forth a sovereign, a shilling, and a penny. "I won't trouble you for the gowld," said she, watching me as I turned over the pieces in my hand; "I don't like the colour of it." I laid my finger on the penny: "Ooh! that's too black entirely," she cried again; "something *betwane*; now there's a *dilikit* white shillin', *the colour o' your honour's white hand*, plases me more!" I was amused with their efforts, often successful, to penetrate and remove, by some apposite suggestion, any hesitation in the giver's generosity. "I'll change it for your honour, and divide it among 'em," said a cripple to a young man beside me, who had drawn sixpence from his pocket, and held it doubtfully in his hand. The sixpence was thrown into the beggar's hat, who had well foreseen that the giver would not have the courage to falsify a creditable reputation before strangers. I am sorry to add that the "division" was but a figure of speech; and the sixpence was clutched with a flourish of the cripple's crutch, which promised to show fight for the lion's share.—*Willis's Ireland Illustrated.*

THE PEEL FAMILY.

The introduction of calico-printing into Lancashire is ascribed to the Messrs Clayton of Bamberbridge, near Preston, who began the business on a small scale as early as the year 1764. They were followed, and with great vigour, by Mr Robert Peel, the grandfather of the present Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., late Secretary of State. Mr Peel was originally a yeoman farming his own estate, and lived at Cross, afterwards called Peelfold, near Blackburn. Being of an active and enterprising disposition, he began the manufacture of cotton, and he is mentioned as one of the first persons who tried the carding cylinder. He also took up the printing business; and he made his first experiments secretly in his own house; and the cloth, instead of being calendered, was ironed by a female of the family, the pattern adopted being a parsley leaf. Stimulated by the success of his experiments, he embarked in the printing business with small means and convenience, and shortly after removed to Brookside, a village two miles from Blackburn. Here he carried on the business for some years with the aid of his sons; and by great application, skill, and enterprise, the concern was made eminently prosperous. His eldest son, Robert, afterwards created a baronet, possessed strong talents, which he devoted assiduously to business from an early age, and thus contributed much to the success of the printing, spinning, and manufacturing businesses; and in each of these branches the Peels soon took a lead in Lancashire. They eagerly adopted every improvement suggested by others, and many improvements originated in their own extensive establishments. As the elder Mr Peel had several sons, Robert quitted his father's concern about 1773, and established himself with his uncle, Mr Haworth, and his future father-in-law, Mr William Yates, at Bury, where the cotton-spinning and printing trades were carried on for many years with pre-eminent success, and on a most extensive scale, and are, indeed, continued, though in other hands, to the present day. Mr Peel, the father, with his other sons, and another Mr Yates, established the print-works at Church, and had also large works at Burnley, Salley Abbey, and Foxhillbank, and spinning-mills at Altham, and afterwards at Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire. So widely did these concerns branch out, and so liberally and skilfully were they conducted, that they not only brought immense wealth to the proprietors, but set an example to the whole cotton trade, and trained up many of the most successful printers and manufacturers in Lancashire.—*Baines' History of the Cotton Manufacture.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

Chance and the stage-coach put me lately in the town of Stirling at nightfall. A few shops were still open, but the streets, in general, were dark and dull, and such as to impress a stranger with a feeling of loneliness. On proceeding to the inn, I learned that I could only obtain a share of a double-bedded room, the Falkirk Tryst having caused an unusual influx of strangers. This was far from pleasant, but, as there was no alternative, I at length stole with as little noise as possible to my moiety of a chamber. Scarcely had I entered, when a sepulchral voice from the other bed said, "Bolt the door!" I did so, but, at the same time, thought the circumstance rather suspicious. Why this precaution? What was to be done that interruption should be dreaded? On creeping underneath the blankets, I in vain attempted to sleep. Sometimes a heavy sonorous snore resounded through the apartment; anon, the heaving of a pair of huge lungs startled my slumbers. Then there was a tossing from one side of the bed to the other—a noise as if the pillows and bolsters had risen in insurrection—and then a yawning and stretching, or low, half-stifled, gurgling sound, as of a person in the last stage of drowning. In sooth, he was a tempestuous sleeper. I listened, and began to reflect on my situation. I was here shut in with an entire stranger—a person whom I had not even seen, and who, for aught I knew, might only be waiting till I had resigned myself to sleep, to get up and empty my pockets, or commit some desperate outrage. All the terrific stories I had ever read of double-bedded rooms, crowded upon my brain. Weariness, however, is seldom long wakeful even in the midst of danger, and my mind at length settled into repose amid visions of midnight robberies and Ludlow assassinations. What length of time elapsed I know not, but I seemed hardly to have fallen asleep when I was awakened by a rustling noise. It was still dark, and I instinctively drew the bed-clothes closer about my head. The noise continued, and edging one eye over the blankets, I saw distinctly a figure of gigantic proportions striding stealthily across the room, and relieved against the uncertain light of the window opposite. It passed, and became invisible in the darkness. I then heard a rummaging among clothes, and anon the creaking of some small instrument upon its hinges. A clasp-knife perhaps! I shuddered. At this moment, however, the stranger having regaled his nostrils with an enormous pinch of snuff, stole back to bed! It would be hard to say which of us enjoyed that pinch of snuff most.—*Scotsman newspaper.*

LITERARY RELIC.

In the library of Mr Rogers, the poet, at his house in St James's Place, London, is the original agreement between Milton and his publisher, Samuel Symons, in 1666, for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It is written on one page of foolscap, signed by the contracting parties, and witnessed by "John Fisher" and "Benjamin Greene, servant to Mr Milton." The autograph of the great poet, notwithstanding his blindness, is remarkably regular and distinct. This interesting relic, we need hardly say, is carefully preserved by its distinguished owner: it is framed and glazed, and occupies a prominent place on the walls of the classical and hospitable mansion of the Poet of Memory. Mr Rogers, we believe, gave seventy guineas for this relic! For the poem itself Milton received ten pounds, five being paid in advance, and other five at the expiration of two years, when 1300 copies had been sold. For each edition, not exceeding 1500 copies, five pounds were to be paid; but in seven years the poet died, and the widow disposed of all her "right, title, and interest" in the work for an additional sum of seven pounds. Thus the whole copyright of "Paradise Lost" brought to the author and his family seventeen pounds, and the bit of paper on which the agreement was written was sold and eagerly purchased for seventy guineas! Milton was more than fifty years of age, blind, infirm, and solitary, when he began the composition of his great epic. At a similar advanced period of life, Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate, by his literary exertions, a debt of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Milton rested his long-cherished hopes of lasting fame upon the work thus late begun; Scott staked his character and reputation upon the fulfilment of his vast engagement. Both entered with characteristic ardour upon their tasks, and amidst the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of their anticipated reward. In seven years Milton had completed his divine poem, and held in his hand his passport to immortality. In seven years Scott had paid all but one-sixth of his enormous load of debt. The prize was within view, independence seemed almost in his grasp, but he had overtasked his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle. When will the annals of literature record again two such instances of heroic determination, under such adverse circumstances, united to the highest creative genius, and crowned with such marvellous results?—*Inverness Courier.*

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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

LONDON CEMETERIES.

WHEREVER one goes in England, he finds the most amusingly absurd old usages, forms, and institutions. In an old baronial castle near Canterbury, the curfew bell has been rung nightly since the reign of William the Conqueror, and the practice is kept up with the most reverential care. In a certain borough, every candidate for the honour of citizenship must dress himself in a white sheet and wade through a dirty horse-pond. In London, one has only to go into the inns of court, or the endowed schools, in order to see a sufficiency of examples of ancient and now aimless and useless practices. The yellow hue of slavery comes down to us from the middle ages on the legs of the children of King Edward's School; and because a small cap unfit for the head was the fashion of the year 1550, these young persons have had to walk bareheaded for three centuries, and will probably do so for three centuries to come. We have already adverted to the square platters of the Winchester boys, so conservative of endowment rules, but so destructive of gravy. We have been told that, at a similar collegiate school, potatoes were recognised as canonical only about twenty years ago, and not even then without great hesitation and many deep and anxious consultations. These things may be considered as results of the rigidly literal character of English law. In Scotland, where law is less exact in her behests, most such matters have been modified according to the spirit of advancing ages. We have accordingly, in our northern region, few things which bring the very form and pressure of long-past centuries before us. The past is seen only in its wrecks — ruined castles, ruined abbeys, ruined every thing. It is scarcely possible for an Englishman, reared in familiarity with so many antiquated institutions and usages, to conceive the impression which these make upon the mind of a stranger, coming, as we do, from a land where there is a greater conformity between the things which are and the things which common sense points out to be needful and proper.

In my late sojourn in the south, these considerations were forcibly brought before me, when, after an excursion into Kent, I took a ramble amongst the metropolitan cemeteries. A churchyard in London is a very different thing from a churchyard in the country, where breezes blow, cowslips and daisies bloom, grass grows green, and where even the mournful graves have a pleasant summer look about them, that gives you the idea that the poor inhabitant below lies snug and comfortable, and is cheered in his solitude by the singing of the birds and the shining of the sun all day long. How different one of the London churchyards! Conceive a Sir-Christopher-Wren church, in the centre of a small quadrangular opening, in the midst of hosts of dingy brick houses, which seem crushing in upon the little court, as if desirous to overrun it with buildings, and leaving only a narrow waggon way around. As for the ground, or place of tombs, ten to one it is garnished with one or two trees, which find great difficulty in growing up through the smoky atmosphere, and perhaps loll a branch over the rusty iron railing beneath. The graves, except when flagged over with flat stones, are so many rows of oblong mud heaps—masses of dark mould, saturated with the decaying elements of humanity, and revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety. In Tooley Street, there is a bloated churchyard of this description; and wending our way through the city by Aldgate, Great St Thomas the Apostle, Holborn, and Oxford Street, we see one every here and there, equally choked, black, and hideous.

So limited is the space for interment in these metropolitan Golgothas, in comparison with the quantity of deaths, that it is not unusual for a number of coffins to be deposited in the same grave; commencing at a depth of twelve or fifteen feet, the member of the family who dies first gets the lowest place, and so on, one a-top of another; the grave being in time packed to within a foot or two of the surface. In one of the churchyards lying between Holborn and the Strand, and in which I had an opportunity of seeing an open grave, the scene of mortal relics around was of the most unpleasing nature, and certainly far from being in accordance with that decent ceremonial with which the dead are consigned to the tomb.

In most of the churchyards are found vaults or subterranean cells, which are employed as receptacles for the dead, and frequently these are situated beneath the floors of the churches—a practice dangerous above all for the public health, for, with every precaution, not excepting that of leaden coffins, it is well known that noxious gases escape from such depositories, and prove highly detrimental to all who are exposed to them, acting, indeed, exactly as a poison upon the living fibre. We have here a result of the superstitious spirit of the middle ages, which regarded burial within the church as favourable to the most important interests, as is the case in Italy at this day. The original motive may now be said scarcely to exist in England; but still the custom is maintained, in spite of all that reason and the most simple regard to prudence can say to the contrary.

The general evil of crowded churchyards and church vaults has been repeatedly pointed out by medical men; and there is perhaps some vague notion in the public mind that it is not right. Nevertheless, the obstacles against its reformation have hitherto been too much for a people, who may literally be said to be too busy in attending to the affairs of the living, to have much time to devote to those of the dead. The main obstacle lies in the connexion which has been established between sepulture and church rites. The working clergy look for an important part of their incomes to the fees exigible on account of burials. The people might no doubt have themselves buried where they choose; but religious feeling makes most of them regard the consecration of the ground and the performance of the burial service as indispensable; and these advantages are not to be obtained in new cemeteries, unless the clergy shall have been compensated for the unavoidable diminution of the burial fees at the old churchyards. The error here is in making the incomes of the clergy depend on such paltry particulars. If provision were made for them by other means, it might be expected that burial-grounds would then only be found in proper situations.

Even under all the difficulties arising from this cause, several new cemeteries have of late years been established apart from churches and the crowded parts of the city. In 1833, an act was obtained for one at Kensal Green, under the proprietorship and regulation of a joint-stock company. Within a few years afterwards, other companies were able to procure acts, for the establishment of cemeteries at Norwood, Highgate, and Kensington. More lately, a company has opened a cemetery on a similar scale at Abney Park, Stoke Newington. A visit to some of these occupied a couple of days during my stay in London. Let me first speak of that at Kensal Green. The situation of this ornamental and airy burying-ground has been remarkably well chosen. Leaving Oxford Street in a north-west direction, we proceed a distance of three miles on the road to Harrow, passing on our left the station of the Great Western Railway at Paddington, and wending our way by a country road environed with green fields and hedgerows. We, in short, get out of town—no easy matter to a pedestrian in London—and the last bit of street is left behind. Having attained the summit of a broad swelling eminence, we find on the left a façade and gateway, of elegant architectural proportions, fronting the burying-ground we are in quest of, and from which, on casting our eyes back, we are presented with a most extensive prospect across the country as far as the hills of Surrey, and also of the western environs of the metropolis. We are now within this beautifully laid out Père la Chaise, as I may call it—a gently sloping field with a southern exposure, measuring forty-six acres, and calculated to afford an almost inexhaustible amount of accommodation for interments. As yet, the ground is rather bare of trees, but this is in the course of remedy, and in a few years it will exhibit a variety of shady recesses. Several walks, laid with yellow gravel, and broad enough to allow the driving of carriages, are spread in different directions through the cemetery, permitting the visiter to observe the long rows of graves and monumental erections which line their sides and exterior boundaries. A cloister or species of arcade of Grecian architecture, which crowns the highest part of the ground on the north, affords a covering to the family vaults, in which is accommodation for 5000 bodies, and along the face of the inner wall there is room for monumental tablets of marble in different devices. In the middle of the ground, a short way from this, stands a chapel with environing porticoes, the whole built of stone, and in excellent taste. Along the broad path leading down the centre of the ground, we find the greatest number of the more elegant, and, as we should call them, sentimental cenotaphs and monuments. The most conspicuous in the series is a covered building, embellished with exterior railing, vases, and flower-borders, forming, as we learn from the inscription, what is to be the burial place of Mr Ducrow, the famed equestrian.

All that portion of the ground which we have described, lying towards the right of the entrance, and forming perhaps three-fourths of the entire cemetery, has been consecrated, and is devoted exclusively to the sepulture of members of the Established Church, or at least to burials at which the church service is used. A considerably smaller portion, separated from the other by an artificial ditch and railing, and situated on the left of the gateway, has been reserved unconsecrated, for the interment of all who belong to other denominations of religionists. This portion has also its chapel, and, on perambulating the walks, I observed that the tombstones are generally commemorative of foreigners, members of the Roman Catholic body, Presbyterians, and others out of the pale of the church. On thus finding religious distinctions carried beyond, or, I may say, into the grave, and the different feelings of mankind on a point of ritual presented in so tangible a form, the mind of an individual whose country's faith overlooks all such matters, and whose feelings accordingly have never run in such channels, is impressed in a way which serves much to spoil, as far as he is concerned, the effect of what is otherwise a solemn and tastefully disposed scene.

Norwood Cemetery, belonging to the South Metropolitan Cemetery Company, and situated at the distance of six miles from town, in the county of Surrey and diocese of Winchester, ranks next in point of size to that at Kensal Green. It consists of about forty acres, occupying the top and two sloping sides of a beautiful hill—properly a knoll—and is laid out with

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walks, embellished with shrubs, and studded over with monumental erections, in a style of good taste. It also contains two chapels for the accommodation of funeral parties belonging to the Established Church and dissenting bodies. Placed in the midst of a picturesque and well-wooded piece of country, with many handsome villas scattered about the scene, Norwood Cemetery may be described as occupying a favourable locality, while its distance from town, though somewhat inconvenient, is in one important point of view a recommendation.

Highgate Cemetery, which is only half the size of that of Norwood, or somewhat more than twenty acres, is situated on the summit of Highgate Hill, in a direction north from the more densely peopled part of London. In many respects it is inferior in appearance to the two great burying-grounds already noticed, but is thriving as a place of sepulture, and promises to be of great use in relieving the over-crowded metropolitan churchyards. Neither in this nor in Norwood Cemetery are there any visible distinctions between the consecrated and unconsecrated portions. The company to whom the Highgate grounds belong is empowered by act of parliament to establish cemeteries in other parts of the environs of the metropolis, and in virtue of which it has lately opened a cemetery at Nunhead, between Peckham and New Cross—a beautiful spot of ground within about two miles of the Norwood cemetery.

We now come to a cemetery which has been established on a much broader principle than any other in the neighbourhood of London. I allude to that lately opened in the environs of Stoke Newington, about three miles from the city in a north-easterly direction. The Abney Park Cemetery, as it is called, was established by a company of shareholders who were anxious to see a burial-ground open to all classes of the community and to all denominations of Christians, without restraint in forms. To accomplish this object, they did not encumber themselves by an act of Parliament, nor consecrate the ground according to the usual ceremony, but proceeded as a private association possessing the ground in freehold. Their capital is small, being only L.35,000, divided into 3500 shares of L.10 each. When I visited the cemetery in October, it was only newly opened, and a handsome chapel, in the Gothic style, situated in the centre of the ground, remained unfinished. The locality, though environed by straggling lines of streets and villas, is yet sufficiently in the country, and freely enough exposed, to give assurance against the evils arising from the crowded city churchyards. The ground is flat, and of an irregular shape, measuring about thirty acres; and as there remain some fine tall trees, which embellished it while a private garden, the place is not without an air of sylvan beauty. On one side of the ground, but fronting to the main street of Stoke Newington, still stands an old red brick mansion, possessing a certain aristocratic air, which, at the beginning of last century, was the residence of Sir Thomas Abney, Lord Mayor of London, with whom, as afterwards with his widow, Lady Abney, lived for many years the venerable Isaac Watts, who here wrote several of his beautiful hymns and divine songs. At the same period Daniel Defoe occupied a house on the opposite side of the way, which also remains in existence, though in a modernised form. Thomas Day (the author of Sandford and Merton), John Howard, the philanthropist, and, in later times, Dr Aiken and Mrs Barbauld, were also numbered among the inhabitants of the village. At a previous era, during the Protectorate, Stoke Newington contained the residence of General Fleetwood, who married Ireton's widow, the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and the house which they occupied still remains. The cemetery comprehends the greater part of the grounds formerly attached to Abney House, as well as those connected with the mansion of General Fleetwood, who is said to have planted some of the trees now ornamenting the burial-ground with his own hands. Towards the side of the cemetery verging on the village, there is a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, one of the finest I have ever seen, and believed to have been one among a number with which Fleetwood embellished the ground; if such be the case, it is now nearly two hundred years old. The authority to which I am indebted for some of these particulars,* mentions that some years ago a mower's scythe was suspended by the point in the trunk of this cedar, and being forgotten or concealed from view by the surrounding underwood and shrubs, the tree in its growth has completely covered the blade, and now no more is seen than a small portion of the iron heel to which the handle of the scythe is usually fastened, all the rest being absorbed in the breadth of the tree. In another portion of the cemetery is a spot, once forming a secluded corner of Fleetwood's domain, in which, according to a tradition of the village, the body of Cromwell was privately buried, its interment in Westminster Abbey being merely a pretence. This, however, appears scarcely consistent with various historical circumstances.

Since the dedication of the cemetery in May 1840, there have been a number of burials, and the ground, at the time of my visit, already contained several handsome monuments, besides graves of the common order. Around the outskirts is planted an extensive collection of trees and shrubs, the whole arranged botanically according to their genera and species. This arboretum, which contains, as I am informed, 2500 varieties, will, a few years hence, add greatly to the beauty of the scene, independently of any other merit which it may possess. In walking through the ground I had an opportunity of inspecting a table of fees, which are chargeable for interments by the company. Here, as in the similar documents connected with the other new cemeteries, I observed a number of exactions of a most unexpected nature; for example, there are fees for different hours of the day, as if it were of the least consequence when an interment took place; and, if I recollect rightly, there is a certain fee exigible for the use of a temporary cover from the weather for the funeral company.* Altogether, there is an elaborate minuteness in this and other cemetery tariffs, which, though perfectly conformable to the cut-and-dried system of petty charging for civility which one meets with almost every where in England, is any thing but creditable to respectable associations.

Not being consecrated, Abney Park is exempted from all interference of parochial authorities, in which respect it occupies a very different standing from all other cemeteries in and about London. One of the advantages to which it lays claim is, that any clergyman, of whatever denomination, is allowed to perform a funeral service within it, according to the wish of the parties concerned—a thing not at all permissible in consecrated ground, which falls within the jurisdiction exclusively of clergymen of the established church. Before the other cemeteries could obtain the benefit of consecration, the parties concerned had to come under an agreement, sanctioned by act of Parliament, for the payment of fees to the parochial clergy. The Kensal Green company, for example, "is bound," says Mr Collison, "to pay a fee to the incumbent of the parish from which any body is brought for interment within the consecrated portion of the cemetery, provided the parish be within the weekly bills of mortality and in the diocese of London. The amount of this fee corresponds with the species of interment, and is regulated by a scale: a *fee of five shillings* is payable with respect to a corpse interred in the consecrated catacombs, vaults, or brick graves (which, by the bye, have never been consecrated, seeing that they were built after the ground had undergone that ceremony), and a *fee of one shilling and sixpence* for a corpse interred in the open ground." In the case of bodies brought from the parish of Marylebone, for interment within the consecrated part, an extra tax of *two shillings and sixpence* is levied for the incumbent of Marylebone, who thus, as we understand it, gets 7s. 6d. instead of 5s. per body. The Highgate Cemetery Company are obliged also to pay a fee to the incumbent of any parish whence a body is taken, situated within five miles of the ground. The Westminster Cemetery Company is much worse off, being, says the same authority, "compelled to pay to the incumbent of any parish, within *ten miles* of the cemetery, from which any body shall be brought for interment within the consecrated portion—no matter whether in vault, catacomb, or open ground, or whether it be the corpse of a child or an adult—the sum of *ten shillings for each body!* and to the parish clerk of the parish (if he was in office at the time of passing the act) the sum of one shilling!" A cemetery company at Gravesend has been more leniently dealt with, a fee of two shillings per body only being payable to the incumbents of either of two parishes. As, in all cases, the cemetery companies employ and pay clergymen who perform the actual duty, these various fees fall as a downright tax on families who choose to send the bodies of their relations to be interred in the out-of-town cemeteries, and, in point of fact, tend to perpetuate the odious practice of interring in the small burying-grounds of the city.

* Cemetery Interment. By George Collison, solicitor. 1 vol. London: 1840.

* For a whimsical account of the London cemeterial charges, we beg to refer to an article in No. 415 of the Journal, extracted from a clever metropolitan print.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

A FRENCH STORY.

In one of the later years of the empire in France, at a time when the conscription laid its terrible hands on the flower of the youth of the country, and sent them off, reluctantly or unreluctantly, to the field of battle, the society of a certain small town in one of the central departments received a notable addition in the person of the Baron de Valville, a returned emigrant. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, yet his figure retained all the erectness and elegance of early manhood. He was understood to be of one of the principal families of Normandy, and had come, it was said, to a country residence, in order to recover from the harassing effects of exile on body and mind. The little circle into which he stept, was delighted with the refined polish of his manners, and the intellectual charms of his conversation. Young men, of any rank, were scarce in those days, and the baron had few competitors in his course to popularity, and to the favour, in particular, of the ladies. His fifty years were almost forgotten, and might have been wholly so, had not his temples been undeniably whitened a little by time. The only rival, almost, of the baron was a young man, named Florestan de Blavaux. At the first appearance of the baron, this youth had cast upon him a doubtful eye, as if afraid that the hour of M. de Valville's captivations had not yet past by. Indeed, there was a more special and precise reason for the alarm of Blavaux. He was in love.

Some time after the baron had settled down in his new scene, Blavaux and he met in a spot where they were almost obliged to converse. The baron could not help smiling at the appearance of the other. Though young, tall, and well formed, Blavaux wore immense blue spectacles, and leant over his cane, as if bent down by years. He saw the baron's scanning glance, and said, half seriously, half smilingly, "You see before you, sir, a victim of war." "What!" said de Valville; "you have served, then?—you have been wounded?" "Wounded! yes, ruined by the enemy that wounds us all," replied Blavaux. "Your property has been ravaged by the enemy, perhaps?" said the baron, inquiringly. "Yes, the enemy called the conscription," was the answer: "for ten years I have struggled with it, and, unequal as was the contest, as yet I have triumphed. But at what a cost! dear have been my victories! Sir, I have given *eight* defenders to my country—I have eight representatives under our banners. You know how costly substitutes always are. Mine have cost me ten thousand francs a-piece."

"That makes, in all, eighty thousand francs," said the baron; "a goodly sum!"

"Yes," continued Blavaux, in a rueful tone, "to defray the expenses, I was obliged to sell my property. I had fifteen thousand livres of income, and now I have but three. One or two new conscriptions, and I am a beggar. Our fighting government won't hear reason. It is in vain for me to tell them that I am already a soldier—in fact, that I am eight soldiers at once; that I am serving in three armies, fighting in three places, north, east, and south; that I have received more than thirty wounds, and have lost three legs and five arms; and that I have even been twice killed on the field of battle. It is needless for me to tell them all this, true as it is. The government simply say, 'We have need of men, and we take you.' Never was there such a system! Being no longer able to pay with my purse, I am growing ill to avoid new and worse evils. I have certificates of rheumatism, and can prove that my sight is weakening daily."

The baron smiled at this tirade. "Excellent pretexts for escaping being a hero!"

"Yes, baron," said Blavaux, "that is all very well. But my sufferings are not without some alloy of good. I have made great sacrifices for my country, and enjoy an advantage in being left almost alone—the only young man in the place. I may marry well."

"And have you fixed on an object?" replied the baron. "I have," said Blavaux, after a short pause; "I have fixed my affections—yes, affections—on a certain object, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of speaking to you on the subject. Bow, and smile, and flirt, baron, with all the world but one person." "And who may that be?" said De Valville. "Madame de Nercy," returned the young man; "I have given my heart to the young and charming widow. I know that she will not give away her hand but to one of her own age, so that you need not come in my path with serious intentions. Pray, be warned! I will not bear interference in that quarter. Flirt with all else whom you please."

The baron only laughed at Blavaux's injunctions; nor did he afterwards alter his conduct in the slightest degree towards Madame de Nercy. On the contrary, he was continually by her side, and seemed ever to call up his whole powers of pleasing when in her presence. He was in some measure not unsuccessful. The lady seemed to listen to him with delight, but Blavaux had not misrepresented her, in ascribing to

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her a dislike to matches, where the age was unequal. She had, in truth, suffered too much in her former wedded state, from the disparity of tastes caused by disparity of years, not to feel strongly on the subject. Thus it chanced that, when she had listened long to the attractive converse of the baron, she used to cast a glance at his grey locks, and think to herself, "What a pity that he is fifty!" Widows are famed for telling their mind with freedom, and the baron was not long in catching up some expressions from her lips, which revealed the state of her thoughts. "Then you will only wed with one of your own age, lady?" said the baron. "I confess to that weakness," returned Madame de Nercy with a smile. "You are in error," said the baron; "men of mature years"—— "Oh, pray do not trouble yourself to praise them," interrupted the lady; "my poor dead husband was of your years, and though he was as good a soul as ever lived, I learnt from him that age and youth cannot assort together." "Then why not marry your admirer Blavaux?" said the baron. "Pshaw, Blavaux," replied the lady; "he is young, to be sure, but I will never wed a man who would hide in a closet or a tub to avoid the conscription. No, no," continued Madame de Nercy, "I am in no hurry; I will wait for the *peace*. And, in the mean time, baron, do you try with all your might to grow young again. If you were twenty years younger—we should see, we should see, baron!"

M. de Valville was silent for some time. He then said, "Madame de Nercy, you encourage me to give utterance to a secret. I am a man of fifty, and young again I shall never be; but I have a son, the very image of myself in person, and fully twenty years younger. In him I see my very self, as I was at his age. Madame, my son loves you. He saw you but once, at a ball in Paris, during your last visit. He learnt who you were; but, alas! he is so unfortunately circumstanced as to be unable to appear and own his love. Our family have ever been royalists, and my ill-fated son was mad enough to join in a conspiracy against those in power. The plot was discovered, and he became a proscribed fugitive. For some time he has been concealed in my own house, not in this town, but at the little country villa which I purchased near to yours. From that concealment he would ere now have burst to throw himself at your feet, but for my entreaties. I promised to plead his cause with you, that he might not risk his life by exposing himself to the chance of seizure by the police. You have now given me an opportunity to fulfil my word. Ah! madame, take pity upon him—take pity upon me! Consent to see him, and hear him plead his own cause!"

This strange revelation made a strong impression on the fair widow. A beautiful young man, deeply in love, and a proscribed fugitive, presented a most charmingly romantic picture to her fancy. "I go to the country to-morrow," said she, after some moments of blushing yet not unpleasing confusion, "and you may come to me at eight in the morning. We will go together." "Ah, madame," replied M. de Valville, "that is a pleasure which prudence forbids me to enjoy. Beyond a doubt, my movements are secretly watched. My son will be left to greater freedom and safety by my remaining here. In truth, it would be well for me to avert suspicion by going to some other place." The widow was somewhat averse to go alone, but the difficulty was got over by her resolving to take a confidential friend with her. To the country, accordingly, she went on the following day. Soon after her arrival, she received a visit from a young man, whom she could not look upon without surprise. He was the very image of his father. It was the same figure twenty years younger; eyes, look, and tone of voice, being the same. The step of the son was more elastic, and, in place of the grey locks of the baron, short and beautiful chestnut tresses adorned the head of the son. As to the rest, the son proved to have the very spirit of the father—intelligent, polished, and tender. The poor widow's heart was soon in chains. At the end of a fortnight or so, she returned to town, and was soon after waited on by the baron, who, she understood, had fulfilled his intention of averting suspicion by a short tour.

"Ah, well!" said he, taking the hand of Madame de Nercy respectfully, "what have you made of my poor boy? Does he consent to take care of his safety? Is he gone?"

The widow looked down and blushed. "No, he is not gone yet. Before he goes, we wish to go through a little ceremony, and I now have to ask your consent to it." "You have it," replied the baron with emotion, "and no one can pray more sincerely for your happiness. But the marriage!—it must be so far public, and I see in it new perils for my son!" "Oh, fear nothing," exclaimed the lady; "we have arranged all that. The mayor, in whose presence it shall take place, is devoted to me, and will be silent, particularly as I mean to give him a piece of ground of mine, which he has long coveted. Then the publication will seem to be in your name, Adrien de Valville, which is the same as your son's. It will be believed that I espouse you, and this we will countenance. Fear nothing, dear baron. All will be done safely, though prudence may require you to be absent."

The report accordingly went abroad of the approaching marriage of the baron with Madame de Nercy. One person was, or seemed to be, greatly annoyed thereat. This was M. Florestan Blavaux. He visited the baron, and spoke of duels and death. The baron only smiled, and begged him in courtesy to allow the ceremony first to pass, to which request M. Florestan, being an anti-conscription man, gave his consent.

The ceremony passed over, and Madame Adrien de Valville returned alone from her country seat, shedding many regretful tears, not on account of the ceremony, certainly, but because she had seen her young and handsome husband quit her side to seek a safer retreat, there to wait for more fortunate days. She came to her house, expecting there to meet, and to receive consolation from, her father-in-law. To her surprise, she saw there not the grey-haired baron, but her own husband.

"You here, Adrien!" exclaimed she, in terror; "what imprudence! yet I embrace you again. Ah! I know what brought you here. You could not depart without seeing your dear father!"

The young husband knelt down before her. "Pardon me!" cried he; "I and my father are one! Beloved wife, forgive me. When you saw me first as a man of fifty years, I was in disguise, and—can you bear to hear it?—on account of the conscription! But not because I would not be a soldier. No, I would have served my country cheerfully. But an eccentric relation bound me by his will to marry under a certain age. I saw you in Paris, and would have addressed you without disguise; but I was just then drawn for the army, and Napoleon himself, knowing our family's former principles, gave me positive orders to serve in person. My fortune and my love were both at stake. I disguised myself, and fled—fled to the spot where you were. This is my whole story. You will forgive me—I trust, you will forgive me—the deception I have practised. Now when we are united, I will, if you permit me, serve my country wherever she has need of me. To you I would have revealed all before now, had not your declaration, that you would never wed one who fled from the conscription, terrified me into silence; and then I thought of the scheme which has been followed. Pardon me, dearest wife!"

The lady's pardon was not difficult to obtain. Soon after the disclosure which has been related, M. de Valville went to visit M. Blavaux. He found that gentleman too much absorbed in other matters to think of duelling. The unfortunate Blavaux had just been drawn for the conscription for the *ninth* time.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SECOND-SIGHT.

SECOND-SIGHT, taking the word in its common acceptation of supernatural sight-seeing, is one of the varieties of spectral illusion. Certain mental functions becoming diseased, the sense of sight is imposed upon by the appearance of things which are purely imaginary, but nevertheless supposed to be prophetic of future events. Idleness, solitude, insufficient diet, and an imagination led astray by ruminating too intensely on the causes of human weal and wo, may be assigned as the prevailing causes of the disease. Our Lowland ancestors used occasionally to see *wraiths*, or spectral appearances of persons who were soon to quit this mortal scene; the Irish were also accustomed to the spectacle of *fetches*; and the Highlanders had their *second-sight*—the whole, be it observed, being but a variety of the same mental disease and delusion.

Second-sight, however, has formed the subject of a more regular profession than any other species of spectral frenzy. There were persons, who, possessing from infancy a defective mental constitution, or having a taste for imposture, gave themselves out as habitual sight-seers, and were reverenced accordingly by their unsophisticated neighbours. Martin, in his account of the Western Islands, a work written upwards of a century ago, when any sort of nonsense met with popular belief, enters pretty largely into a definition of the faculty of second-sight, and we shall take the liberty of offering a few of his explanations.

When the seer is visited by a sight, he is deeply affected by it, and, for the time, it absorbs his whole faculties, to the exclusion of all things else. The power of the seer is a natural endowment, and cannot be acquired by communication, or in any other way. It is usually talked of by its possessors as a painful and troublesome gift, and one which they would gladly be rid of, if they could. Its vaticinations relate only to things to come, and not to past events. Young and old may alike possess the second-sight, and it is common, also, to men and women. The visions are sometimes predicative of good, and sometimes of evil. Occasionally, the vision simply gives indifferent tidings.

These are a few of the most common peculiarities attendant on this faculty. There are likewise numberless rules affecting its exercise, and the interpretation of its visions. If a vision occur by day, for example, the accomplishment of what it is supposed to predict, will be speedy; if by night, less so. An exact proportion, indeed, is maintained in this respect—the morning vision being sooner fulfilled than that of noon; the latter more quickly than that of the afternoon; and so on. If the seer beholds a figure in a shroud, it is considered a sure sign of death to the party represented by the figure; and, according to the extent to which the shroud covers the body, the end will be quicker or slower. If a woman be seen at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, and this will be the case (say the true believers) though even both should then be married. If more than one woman be seen standing at a man's left hand, they will be married to him in rotation, as they stand nearer or farther from his arm. A seer often announces that such and such a guest will arrive at a certain hour, and, though a hundred miles away, the guest, it is said, will appear at the stated time. If a seer observe a vision of trees and crops in some spot or another, though perfectly barren and bare at the moment, wood and grain will, it is believed, there be seen in due time. A visionary house is beheld by the gifted eye, in a place where stone and lime were never laid, or expected to be laid. Yet there will the real house forthwith be seen. To see a seat as if vacant, when one is sitting in it, is a presage of the party's death. The seer may behold crowds of people, or single individuals, and very frequently he meets imaginary funeral parties, and determines the coming decease by the apparent mourners.

These rules of vaticination are *said to be* unvarying. No ordinary person sees the vision while it is present to the seer, but the same vision often appears to two or more of the gifted, either while they are together or apart. The Highlanders believe that children and the lower animals, such as cows and horses, behold the appearances while they are before the seer. This is made plain, they say, in the case of the animals, by the trembling which seizes them at the moment; and frequently the children will cry, and, if asked the reason, will tell what unusual thing they beheld or have beheld. "I was present," says the author previously quoted, "in a house where a child cried out of a sudden; and being asked the reason, he answered that he had seen a great white thing lying on the board which was in the corner: but he was not believed, until a seer, who was present, said that the boy was right, and that the board would be made into a coffin; and, soon after, it was made into one accordingly," says the believing Martin. As for horses, it is averred that they will not move forward when a seer beholds a vision, and that they sometimes run about wildly, without any cause being discovered, till a seer comes forward and explains the matter. "A horse fastened by the common road on the side of Loch Skeriness in Skye, did break his rope at noon-day, and ran up and down without the least visible cause. But two of the neighbourhood that happened to be at a little distance, and in view of the horse, did at the same time see a number of men about a corpse." Somebody, who lived thirteen miles off, died soon after, and, "*accordingly*, the prophecy was accomplished," says Martin.

In Mr Martin's book, we find numerous instances of the exercise of the faculty now described; and in a distinct treatise on the subject by "Theophilus Insulanus," included in the Miscellanea Scotica, we are presented with not less than seventy or eighty cases. The greater part of these relate to persons in an inferior rank of life, but some, also, to people in a higher grade; and all the cases consist of visions seen, and fulfilled, in accordance, nearly, with the rules already stated. We select a few of the most authentic-looking and remarkable.

The following case is from the communication of a man of unquestionable veracity, Angus Campbell of Eansay, who "related, that, in a fair sun-shining day, he saw a little fleet, consisting of nine vessels, with an easy leading gale, coming under sail to a place called Corminish, opposite to his house, where they dropt their anchors, having their long boats after them, and the crew of each walking the decks; and that his children and several of his domestics took particular notice of a large sloop among them. As the place where they moored in was not a safe harbour, nor that sound a frequented passage to the Western Ocean, he dispatched an express to his servants, who were at a good distance about their labouring, with a view to send a boat to those ships, either to bring them to a safe harbour, or to pilot them out to sea, as they choosed; and, after his servants came up, all of them saw the vessels, as formerly described; but, while they were deliberating what to do, the scene disappeared gradually. In two years thereafter, the same number of ships, the remarkable sloop being among them, came and dropt anchor at Corminish, which was attended with all the circumstances above related, according as Eansay told the whole to Mr Kenneth Macaulay, present minister of the Harries, from whom I had this relation; and who says there are several still living witnesses of the above representation and its accomplishment."

"Mr John Maclean," says another case, "late minister in Mull, as he was walking in the fields, saw his daughter (who was then absent at Turloisg) entering his house, her head muffled with linen; he followed at her heels (as he thought), and asking his domestics if they had on a good fire, as he was sure his daughter wanted much to be warmed. They all denied to have seen her; which passed for that time: but, in eight days thereafter, the girl returned muffled, as seen by her father, and in a few days fevered, of which she died."

"A noble peer of this nation being one morning in his bed-chamber, and attended by several persons, when his servant had put a new coat upon his lord, a gentleman standing by presently cried out, 'For God's sake, my lord, put off that coat!' And being asked the reason, he replied, that he saw a whinger or poniard stick in the breast of it. The noble peer,

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esteeming this as a mere fancy, replied, 'This coat is honestly come by, and I see no reason why I may not wear it.' The gentleman still entreated, and earnestly craved that it might be put off; upon which debate, the noble peer's lady, not being far off, came in, and, being informed of the whole affair, entreated her lord to comply with the gentleman's desire, which he did. Meantime one of the servants standing by desired the lady to give it him, and he would wear it; she granted his request; he put it on, and ere night he was stabbed by a poniard, in that very place which the gentleman had pointed to in the morning. This relation I had from a very ingenious and understanding gentleman, who was grandchild to the said noble peer."

A fourth instance is given in the work of Theophilus Insulanus in these terms. "Roderick Macleod, a plain, good-natured young man, informed me, that, when he served the deceased Reverend Mr John Macleod, some time minister of Diurinish, in the station of an overseer, as he was going into the principal house in the dusk of the evening, he met the said Mr John coming out, who came so close to him as to touch the declarant's clothes, as he imagined; but having entered the house, he saw the same Mr John sitting in a chair at his fire-side; and, being astonished to find him there, told what he had seen, of which the minister did not seem to take much notice; but thereafter, in three or four days, desired to know of him the circumstances of what he had seen; and the young man insisting that he saw him come out of the house the moment he entered, he said, the scene appears to be intended for a warning, but enjoined my informer to conceal it from his spouse. He died the same year, according to this and other presages of his approaching end."

These are fair specimens of the sort of stories which pass current with Mr Martin and many Celts, as presenting true instances of the exercise of a supernatural faculty. It will probably appear to the majority of readers that a much more reasonable explanation may be given of them. With regard to the seeing of the fleet of nine ships, the whole was undoubtedly an atmospherical illusion. Various circumstances prove it. All the servants and children—every one, in short, who looked—beheld the scene; it was the vision of no seer or seers, but of common-sighted persons. It is possible, indeed, that the ships were real ships after all; for, though the narrator says that the mooring place was unsafe, it was probably just as safe *at first* as at the end of two years, when ships really came to the same spot. But, considering it to be an atmospheric phenomenon, is such a thing at all miraculous? The Spectre of the Brocken, the famous apparition of soldiery on Souter Hill, the Fata Morgana of Sicily, the Flying-Dutchman legends, and many other recorded phenomena, show it to be perfectly natural and possible. In an early paper on Atmospherical Illusions, the most of these phenomena were mentioned in detail, but the facts of the Souter (or Soutra) Fell case may be briefly re-stated. A gentleman and his servant, in the year 1744, beheld a troop of cavalry riding and performing various military evolutions on the side of the hill mentioned, in a spot so precipitous as to render it absolutely impossible for man or beast to maintain a footing. The servant had in the previous year observed a single horseman hunting in nearly the same place, and had then come to the conclusion that the sight was illusory, it being impossible for a rider to cross a perpendicular precipice at speed. The troop of cavalry, therefore, was at once set down as an atmospheric deception, and numbers of persons of the district came to look on the extraordinary scene, which continued visible till nightfall. An explanation of the circumstance was afforded by the rebellion of the following year. Some party of rebels were most probably exercising in secret, in a spot where the evening sun so caught their figures as to reflect them on the acclivity of Souter Hill. The legend of the spectre of the Brocken in like manner arose from the fact of the ground being favourable to the reflection of a visiter's figure against the evening sky. The figure appeared gigantic. A similar phenomenon has been several times witnessed on Ben Nevis; and, if our memory serves us, the Ettrick Shepherd has related, in the pages of this periodical, an instance in which the same thing once occurred to himself during his early career on his native hills.

It will be obvious in what manner these cases apply to the present subject. Wherever, among the seventy or eighty cases of Theophilus-of-the-Islands, or those of Mr Martin, a real instance occurs of a scene consisting of human figures, ships, or any objects whatever, having been presented to a spectator's eye, the matter may be referred to atmospherical refraction or reflection. In the case of ships the matter is peculiarly clear, so many authentic instances being on record of vessels having been displayed to observers at a great distance through atmospherical refraction. One ship, when far below the horizon, has often been thus shown to another at sea. We may even wonder that such phenomena are not more common, seeing that M. Bottineau of Mauritius, whose discoveries in nautical second-sight excited much attention some years ago, declared that a meteoric appearance of one kind or another regularly attended the movements of every vessel at sea. He proved this in a remarkable manner, by foretelling, time after time, and with wonderful accuracy, the approach of ships to the Isle of France. What the precise atmospheric appearance which guided him was, he kept secret, in the hope of reward.

Both by land and sea, therefore, objects may frequently be made visible by atmospheric refraction, without any *new* or *second-sight* being concerned in the matter. Those cases of second-sight, again, where apparitional figures were really presented to the eyes of any party or parties, may be naturally accounted for on the principles laid down in our papers on Spectral Illusions. These it is needless to recapitulate. As to the fulfilment of prophecies made in this way, any one who looks seriously at the cases recorded will be in little doubt on the subject. In the first place, the comparatively few cases where fulfilment seemed to take place, are those we are told of; the millions which failed remain unrecorded. Again, what sort of fulfilment does take place? If the *fixed* rules which the seers speak of were really obeyed, there might be some marvel, but the very opposite is the case. Ships came to Corminish at the end of *two* years. If they had come at the end of three, four, five, or even ten, the fulfilment would, we suppose, have been equally perfect, or at least esteemed so. With regard to the other two cases quoted, those of Maclean and the noble lord, it is unnecessary to say more than that similar presentiments are very frequent among people of superstitious temperament, and come to nothing in ninety-nine cases in the hundred.

As little regard to parties as to time is usually preserved in the accomplishment of the vaticinations. A silly man or woman says that something like a shroud appeared to their sight. Somebody dies within one day afterwards, or within half a year afterwards, either at the spot, or at a distance from it, and the vision is held to be fulfilled. This is really a fair account of the majority of the recorded cases. "Christian Macdonald relates, that while she lived with her aunt, she saw once at the door a gathering of people about a coffin. About a *quarter of a year* thereafter her aunt sickened, of which she died, and then the declarant had the opportunity really to see the scene which had before put her into so much fright and confusion." Had she herself, or any member of the family, sickened within the quarter of a year, or within *any* other time, the prophecy would have been equally perfect. A sight-seeing old woman having once seen Major Donald Macleod, an officer in the Dutch service, and then recruiting in Scotland, told those who were with him that she "saw him shrouded up in his winding-sheet to the crown of his head, which, she said, was a sure sign of his approaching end. The major *soon thereafter* went south, and, waiting for a ship at Leith to transport himself and recruits to Holland, was seized with a fever, of which he died." This was told by M'Leod of Waterstein, a "pious man." An old woman, seeing an officer rather sickly-looking, and learning (which she took care to do) that he was actively engaged in foreign wars, ventures to prognosticate his coming end. If he had died on the battle-field a year or two later, the case would have been quite the same, and quoted as one of second-sight. This is just about as safe a mode of prophesying as may be. Tell a man that he is to die, mentioning no time, and you may be pretty sure of being correct in your vaticination.

"The Lady Coll, happy in a pious education, informed me that she heard at different times, in a closet adjoining her bed-chamber, a great noise. In a few days, a person died in that neighbourhood, and some articles for his *sowe* and *coffin* were taken out of that closet; after which no more noise was heard therein. It is very frequently observed, that the articles employed for a sowe and coffin are so haunted, according to many attestations." In the Lady Coll's closet, seemingly, lay a quantity of wood or old lumber. The rats made a clatter amongst it. It was taken away, and the rats could clatter amongst it no more. This seems a very feasible explanation of the miracle; and so, we believe, will our readers determine.

It may be imagined that we are here selecting cases easier of explanation than others; but the truth is, that we are taking those very instances chiefly rested upon by the believers. "Those I point out to you (as main authorities) are (says Theophilus Insulanus) Messrs Maclean and Macleod, ministers, the Lady Coll, Angus Campbell of Eansay, Norman Macleod of Waterstein, and Rory Macleod." We have noticed the cases in which the most of these parties were concerned.

Perhaps the reader may be disposed to think that we have remarked too seriously on this subject; but the belief in second-sight is far from being yet extinct among a large section of our fellow-countrymen, and it is our object, in these papers, to sap and clear away the foundations of superstition among the less educated classes whom we address. We may therefore proceed by remarking, that, if second-sight were a real and existent faculty—an endowment of a supernatural order—we might anticipate some great end to be served by it. The reverse is the case, to a ridiculous extent, if a judgment may be formed from the usual recorded cases. What purpose could be served by visions being presented to the horse that "did break his rope, and ran up and down?" Or by the exhibition of nine ships to Campbell of Eansay, and all his man-servants and maid-servants, his sons and his daughters? Or by the rumble-tumbling in Lady Coll's closet? In almost every instance, in short, the faculty seems to have had not a shadow of use or purpose. It is adverse to all rational ideas of the system of the universe, to imagine that communications of a supernatural order can ever be made without some cause, not to say a great cause—or that freakish spirits are permitted to rove at will through the aërial world, and startle horses and cows with imaginary funerals and pictures of death-shrouds. Besides these abstract reasons for disbelief in this absurd superstition, we are assured by an enlightened philosophy that every description of spectral illusion (not included in atmospheric phenomena) is a result of constitutional disorder, arising from those causes which have been already stated, and therefore, like every other disease, falls within the province of the physician.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH LABOURERS.

It appears that, both in Sweden and Norway, the poor are obliged sometimes to eat the inner bark of the fir-tree, mixed with bad bread. In the south of Europe, the labourers also fare badly. Maize-bread, milk, and chestnuts, are their principal food. In Denmark, the labourers live upon rye-bread, bad milk, cheese, and coffee. What would an English labourer, whose family often consume from three to four shillings' worth of the best wheaten bread per week, say to this?

The English labourer is the best fed in Europe, because he has established his taste at a high standard—he must have good solid food, and, particularly, good wheaten bread. All depends on choosing and adhering to a certain standard of living. The Scottish labourer's standard is comparatively low. He is contented with oatmeal porridge, and a sloppy kind of broth, which is little better than water and vegetable extract. Attaining this standard, he marries, and so perpetuates this low degree of taste. The Irishman chooses a much lower standard than either. He is satisfied with potatoes, and on the same principle brings other beings into the world who care for nothing better. Money wages arrange themselves according to these respective standards—the Englishman is paid at a rate which enables him to purchase bread, tea, and bacon; the Scotchman gets enough to buy porridge and the aforesaid vegetable extract; and the Irishman receives a poor pittance barely sufficient to keep him in potatoes. Some persons imagine that the Englishman receives high wages because he lives in a rich country; but this is a complete delusion. If the Englishman were to marry when he could get potatoes only, the wages of labourers would soon be as low as they are in Ireland, for there would soon be as great redundancy of population, and, in the competition for employment, wages would necessarily fall. The rate of wages has no reference to the richness or poorness of a country, but exclusively depends on the supply of labourers and the demand for them.

We shall now see in what an unhappy condition the Irishman places himself by adopting a low standard of living. The weekly wages paid in Ireland to field labourers are only sufficient in ordinary seasons. There are times when potatoes rise to a very high price; and as wages are not regulated by dearths, the misery sustained by a failure of potato crops is extreme. This was the case in the south-eastern counties of Ireland during the last summer. The following statement of *facts* will show how the matter usually operates.

Philip Brown (or, as he is more generally termed, Phil) may have seen fifty summers, and many of them very "hard ones;" but he is yet perfectly well able to handle a crow-bar or sledge. When a young man, Phil was good looking, good tempered, and good natured, and, consequently, a great favourite with the girls, and of course married before his beard was well grown; he made choice of one of the plainest of her sex, and as poor and improvident as himself, but fortunately gifted with the same cheerfulness of disposition.

Having at once made up his mind to marry, and perpetrated the act forthwith, he looked out for a house and potato garden, and considered himself fortunate in obtaining an acre in the very worst angle of a very bad farm, remote from a market town, at double the rent paid by the former occupant—which by the way was a rack one—with the condition annexed of building, at his own cost, a cabin, and working for this farmer at sixpence per day, and diet.

To these terms Phil, of course, assented—what could he do?—and got possession accordingly, making himself comfortable with the reflection that the potatoes and oats—Phil's intended crops—would keep his wife and children (who were to follow as a matter of course), while his labour would pay the rent.

Phil's condition, for many years, was any thing but enviable under such financial circumstances. The farmer with whom he worked was one of the worst imaginable, always late in getting in his crops, and therefore keeping Phil so long from the poor fellow's own "season," that he was behind hand in setting his half acre of potatoes and sowing his patch of oats, and, consequently, had always particularly bad crops; yet he continued to be one of the most cheerful and industrious men in the parish. If *lively* work was to be done, you need only have praised Phil, and he would grasp his spade with redoubled energy, and drive it into the earth to the very stop.

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Years passed over the head of the hard working agriculturist; his children multiplied, while his means of maintaining them diminished.

As usual, he was late last year in setting his potatoes, which having been in low, ill-drained ground, like the crops of many of his neighbours similarly circumstanced, "went with the wet;" and this calamity obliged him to purchase food, as long as he could obtain any for money or credit.

For some time he found no great difficulty in "filling the pot;" but when potatoes became scarce in his neighbourhood, Phil's case became alarming, and grew worse and worse. At last necessity compelled Kitty to "take the bag," and trudge about among the farmers, day after day, for a handful of potatoes, for "God's sake," until she wore the soles off her shoes, and then went barefoot. Still neither Phil nor his wife complained; but if any change was perceptible, it was, if possible, a more strict attention to his work, with a lengthening of the chin from the emaciation of his face.

Matters in May last were very bad indeed. Phil was sorely puzzled to make the "livin stritch;" at last the best scheme he could devise was to put the children to bed very early, without their suppers, "that they might sleep off the hunger." This most heart-rending course of systematic privation was followed for some time by the entire family; but then came the difficulty to procure the *breakfast* and *dinner*. Potatoes were then a halfpenny a pound. To add to his distress, his eldest daughter, who had obtained a "sarvice" in a farmer's house, had some short time previously become unable to work, and was obliged to return home, a dead weight on the family establishment, which now consisted of nine individuals, requiring nearly three times the quantity of potatoes which the father's earnings could possibly supply.

He was ashamed to beg, reluctant to ask relief, from a mistaken sense of pride, and too honest to steal, even when in the greatest extremity. One morning he left his house, telling Kitty "to try and keep a bit to the childher any how, and not to heed him," and off he trudged to his work, enjoying, or appearing to enjoy, the passing joke as usual with his fellow-workmen, who could perceive nothing unusual in his deportment; there was the same cheerfulness, the same placidity of countenance, except, if possible, a greater elongation of jaw.

The work went on, the day advanced, and Phil had fasted from the preceding noon. He had occasion to go with a message to an adjoining house, and in trying to cross a fence, fell exhausted from inanition and hard labour. Fortunately for him, a gentleman saw the fall; but on asking Phil if any thing serious was the matter with him, was answered "Oh, nothing of any account," and might have remained in ignorance of the poor fellow's condition, if Kitty—who had borrowed a few potatoes, and was coming to her husband with a scanty pittance—had not explained that hunger was the sole cause of his exhaustion.

Phil's case was not a solitary one in that district; and until funds were raised with some liberality among the gentry and farmers, the distress, though partial where it did exist, was terrible, and yet endured with the elasticity of temperament which constitutes so distinguishing a feature in the character of the Irish.

Another instance of silent and uncomplaining suffering may be given. A party of men were engaged at work in a limestone quarry, and were generally in a state of urgent want, earning a bare sufficiency to keep soul and body together; some of them *frequently* worked without eating any breakfast whatever. One of the most hard-working and industrious men in the set was extremely poor, his family numerous and helpless, and his distresses pressing. On one occasion his employer, while superintending the sale of some limestone at the dinner hour, observed this man to walk off, and, in passing by, to make a cheerful observation to his companions, who began to dine. He did not return until the dinner hour had passed.

On that evening the men were paid their wages, and it then appeared that this poor fellow had eaten nothing that day, and was too proud to acknowledge his necessities. One of the workmen, who had usually toiled with him in taskwork, on finding out the melancholy fact, with a tear in his eye, went to his bag, drew out a piece of bread, and begged of his old companion not to be offended at his offer, but to take it. This was genuine feeling—the pride of the one, and warm-heartedness of the other.

But a singular fact remains to be told. A day or two after this, there happened to be a horse-race within a few miles, and to this these workmen, one and all—including the man whose starving state I have particularised—set off. Their employer remonstrated with them the next day on their loss of hire, consequent upon this frolic, at a time when they so much wanted every penny they could earn, and under circumstances in which men rarely seek amusement; but the only reply he could obtain was, "Plase yer honour, sure, we only wint to *divart* the *hunger*."

Though we may smile at this novel mode of satisfying the cravings of appetite, we must admire the patient endurance which these sufferers manifested, contrasting so strongly with the conduct of the thousands of workmen elsewhere, who, though not experiencing a tenth of the pressure under which Philip Brown and many of his countrymen struggled with fortitude—nay, in circumstances which an Irish labourer would generally consider *comfortable*—would have met and combined for a "strike," or forcibly obtained bread, and committed outrages upon property; or, at best, submitted with a sullen fortitude, instead of that light-heartedness which relieves calamity of half its bitterness.

Ireland is now fortunately in the course of improvement in many respects; elementary schools, the forerunners of a greater degree of intelligence, are every where coming into operation; an abandonment of intemperance is largely promoting a taste for rational comforts; and the poor law, just set on foot, will prevent the lowering of the standard of living below an endurable point, if not tend to elevate it to that which prevails in England. From all these circumstances, and supposing perfect tranquillity to be maintained, the condition of Irish labourers twenty years hence will bear no resemblance to what it is at present, but be prodigiously improved.

THE CITY OF THE MAGYAR.*

THE "City of the Magyar" is Pesth, in Hungary, so called with reference to the warlike and interesting people (Magyars) who compose the bulk of the inhabitants of that country. Miss Pardoe, after visiting the City of the Sultan, and describing it in a pleasant and popular volume, made a tour in Hungary, and the work, whose full title is quoted below, is the result. She is one of those dexterous artists of modern times, who, with tolerable materials, are sure to make a *readable* book—thus attaining one of the first ends of all literary exertion. Nor does she alone give a good and lively description of *remarkables* seen, but she can speak with tolerable skill and acumen on the more difficult subjects of political and social organisation, though these, we may remark, are judiciously treated only at such length, and in so scattered a manner, as not to be felt tiresome. Hungary is perhaps as interesting a country to the British public as any distant country with which we have no direct political relations can well be, for its people are a fine race, who, from mere natural energy apparently, keep up a free spirit under a government at once foreign, powerful, and despotic. Miss Pardoe's sketches of the Diet (the Parliament of Hungary) are amongst the most interesting parts of her book.

Amidst the various things touched upon—the cities, the hamlets, the country, the mines, prisons, universities, monasteries—it is difficult to decide upon the choice of a few extracts which may give any general notion of the character of this work. After some consideration, we have resolved for the mean time to content ourselves with abridging the account given of the awful catastrophe consequent upon the breaking of the frost in 1838.

"The city of Pesth is built along the left bank of the Danube, from which its riverward line is only separated by a quay of a few toises in width, and in many places the houses advance even yet nearer to the lip of the stream. The soil occupied by the town, and the whole stretch of country for miles about it, is one waste of light deep sand; while the houses are (or perhaps, I should rather say, were) nearly all built over cellars, magazines, stables, and drains.

At the beginning of January 1838, the Danube had already attained an unusual and somewhat alarming height, and the water flooded all the drains and subterraneans in its immediate neighbourhood, whence it was obliged to be drawn off; after which the *débouchures* of all these underground inlets were carefully closed.

I mention this circumstance, because it became ultimately evident that the stoppage of these subterraneans was one main agent in the destruction of property which afterwards ensued, and as it, moreover, proves that when the Danube received its first coat of frost it was unusually high; while at the same time at Soroksár, a couple of leagues below the city, a branch of the river having become choked with ice, caused the overflow to which I have alluded.

The Danube was entirely frozen over and firmly closed between the 5th and 6th of January; and a continuance of snow and extreme cold so severely operated upon it, that the ice gradually increased to upwards of three feet in thickness. During the 8th and 9th of March the stupendous mass began to yield, but after flooding the lower part of Buda, it again settled. It was considered, however, to wear so menacing an appearance, that a dyke six feet high was flung up the whole length of the city between the houses and the river; when the authorities and inhabitants of Pesth, satisfied with this precaution, and the stoppage of the drains where they communicated with the Danube, and remembering that during the inundation of 1775, the water had never risen to the height of their newly-erected barrier, abandoned themselves to the hope and belief that before the river had attained the level of the dyke, the ice would break up, and be carried away by the strength of the current.

Some few individuals there were, nevertheless, who looked upon the frost-chained giant with more anxious forebodings, and who asked themselves what, if this comfortable occurrence did not take place, was likely to be the fate of the devoted city! The answer of their own reason was by no means consolatory, and consequently a few, a very few, ventured to take precautions against the possibility of disaster. It is almost needless to explain that among these wise individuals was Count Stephen Széchenyi, who supplied the *bel-esprits* of Pesth for a time with food for mirth and sarcasm, by the apparition of a roomy barge just within the *porte cochère* of his residence. Little did those who scoffed imagine how soon they would become suitors for the loan of that same laughter-inspiring boat! The jests had not time to become stale upon the lips of those who uttered them, ere they were fearfully forgotten.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th the river appeared to become more threatening in its appearance, and it was considered necessary to use every precaution which might prevent its flooding the quays. Immediate orders were given to this effect, and the scene was described to me by an eye-witness as fearfully dramatic. In every direction were to be seen labourers toiling to fortify the dyke, and adding such other means of defence as the impulse of the moment suggested; but still no serious apprehensions were entertained, for it was believed that this was the last effort of the mighty river to free itself from its frozen load, and that, the feat accomplished, all peril would be past. And thus men moved about chatting, and speculating, and even jesting; excited into false, but nevertheless loud, spirits; giving advice when it was neither sought nor followed, and seeming rather to be actors in a wild dream than a peril-teeming reality. The greetings of acquaintance were heard among the crowd; the ribald jests of the thoughtless, and now and then even the laughter of women, who tried to trifle away their fears when they were chidden for them: but at eight in the evening the heavy peal of the alarm-bell boomed out, and doubt, and hope, and jest were at an end.

When its iron tongue first broke upon the air, the scene along the river bank was most extraordinary. Workmen and soldiers, lighted by torch-bearers, were still actively employed in strengthening the defences of the dyke; crowds of people from all quarters of the city thronged the quay, and impeded the passage of the waggons which were moving to and fro laden with sand, to fill the breaches; strong men were carrying timber to different points to increase the resistance of the temporary breakwater; and it is calculated that not less than sixty thousand persons must have been collected on the shore; when about ten o'clock the swollen river suddenly made a new and mightier effort than any which had preceded it, and burst the dyke in several places; and the wild waters, laden with jagged ice, rushed onward with resistless violence, driving before them the cowering crowd, who fled appalled and breathless before the swift pursuit of this strange and terrific enemy.

Down fell the night, as if to aggravate the terrors of the hour; and men hurried on they knew not whither, pursued by a danger against which the bravest could not contend. There was no laughter now upon the air! The shrieks of women, and the groans of men; mothers screaming for their children, and children wailing for their mothers: the quick sharp sound of flying footsteps upon the frozen earth; and over all the rushing, dashing, headlong voice of the emancipated waters, made up the frightful diapason.

By an hour past midnight, several quarters of the city were flooded to the height of twenty-seven feet, and in several streets large boats might be seen moving from house to house; while at each extremity of the suburbs the ice-laden river poured like a torrent upon the town; and in those suburbs themselves the poor inhabitants had barely time to escape with life, leaving their little possessions to the fury of the treacherous element to which they had so long fearlessly trusted.

On the morning of the 14th, whole streets, undermined by the body of pent-up water which filled the subterraneans beneath them, fell with successive and deafening crashes, burying alike men and animals amid their ruins; and perhaps this was the most awful moment to a spectator, of all that fatal time.

I remember being told by the Archduchess Palatine, when she was one day conversing with me on the subject of this frightful inundation, that as she stood at one of the windows of the Palace of Buda, and looked down upon the suffering city, seeing whole ranges of buildings sink and disappear in the watery waste about them, she felt her brain reel and her heart sicken, as a vague feeling grew upon her that the whole town would be ere long swept away!

From the 14th to the 15th, the water continued sullenly and steadily to increase, spreading wider and wider, sapping and overthrowing dwellings, and drowning their panic-stricken inhabitants. But the day of horror—the acmè of misery—was the 15th itself. Pesth will probably never number in her annals so dark a day again—she might perhaps not be enabled to survive such another;—the mad river, as that day dawned, rioted in ruin; and many looked upwards to the clear cold sky, and marvelled whether the Almighty promise was forgotten!

Thousands of men, women, and children, homeless, houseless, hopeless beings, clinging to life when they had lost nearly all that made life a blessing—parents, and children, and sisters, and lovers—the young, helpless in their first weakness, and the old, trembling in their last—the strong man, whose weapon was stricken from his hand by a Power against which the strongest contends in vain—the philosopher, who

* The City of the Magyar, or Hungary and its Institutions in 1839-40. By Miss Pardoe, author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," "the City of the Sultan," "the Beauties of the Bosphorus," &c. 3 vols. London: Virtue. 1840.

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in all his abstraction had found no preparative for so hideous a death as this—the mother, whose hope had withered as her babe died upon her bosom, and who clung to life rather from instinct than from volition—the fond, the beautiful, the delicately nurtured—all were huddled together during that fearful day upon the narrow spaces scattered over the town and suburbs which the waters had not yet reached. And as it wore by, every half hour added to the devastation around them; houses and buildings which had survived the first shock, seemed to have been preserved only to add to the horrors of that day; many of them fell and perished from roof to base; others became rent by the heavy dashing of the waters, and through the yawning apertures the wasting tide poured in, and ruined all it touched; while to add to the confusion, in some quarters of the city the heavy barges which had been procured to remove the sufferers from their threatened houses, broke loose, and went driving onward through the streets on the crest of the foaming waters.

Many individuals declared that they felt the shock of an earthquake on the night of the 13th, an assertion which added to the terror of the people; but this fact has never been verified, and it is probable that the impression was originated by explosions of the fixed air which was pent up in the subterraneans, and which, as the impetuosity of the water broke in, rushed out at the other extremity of the drains with a sound like thunder. It may be imagined what an immense hydraulic pressure must have been exerted on these underground channels, when it is stated that in a thousand places in the middle of the streets, courts, and gardens, the water forced its way in small jets from the earth; and to that pressure may be attributed in a great degree the ruin of the city.

To attempt a description of the horrors of the 15th, would be a vain as well as an ungraceful task; but nothing tended so utterly to bring them to a climax as the fall of the extensive Derra Palace in the New Market-place. In vain did men murmur to each other that the building had been defective in its construction, and unsound in its foundations; their misery was deeper than the cheat which they sought to put upon themselves; and from that moment those who yet enjoyed the shelter of a roof looked on their temporary asylum with suspicion, and a general fear grew among the multitude that the whole city was crumbling about them.

Horror accumulated upon horror: the young and the fragile, unaccustomed to exposure, in drenched and clinging garments, to the bleak wind of that chilly season, began to droop and sicken. Even amid the terrors which surrounded them, fathers of families, who sat silently among their quailing children, remembered that they had suddenly become beggars; and they glanced from their wretched offspring to the leaping and foaming waters about them, and listened to the crash of the falling houses which burst at intervals upon their ears, till they began to smile vaguely and fearfully, and to muse the wild musings of madness.

One miserable man—a merchant in prosperous circumstances—was seen early in the morning of that memorable day, standing with folded arms and gloomy brow, gazing upon the wreck of what had so lately been his happy and comfortable home. The roof had fallen in, for the foundation had failed, and one of the side walls having given way beneath the pressure, a section of the house was laid bare, and the waters were rioting and brawling over his ruined property. The hour of noon arrived, and still there stood the sufferer, stern, and silent, and motionless: twilight fell, but he stirred not from his watch; nor was it until the increasing darkness hid from his view the spectacle of his worldly overthrow, that he started from his seeming reverie, and laughed, and shouted, and clapped his hands in wild and savage glee! Nero jested upon the flames which were consuming Rome, because they worked out his revenge—the maniac merchant gambolled, and mowed, and mocked the lashing waters that had beggared him—nor knew amid his frenzy that he was making merry over the ruins of his own reason!

The 15th of March was, however, sufficiently terrible to the most sane and collected; and it is questionable whether the poor victims of temporary hallucination, shocking as it was to contemplate their wretchedness, did not escape much real suffering. All was misery, desolation, and despair, and the firmest nerves must have quailed beneath the sights and sounds which every where assailed them.

It having been found necessary to extricate all who had lingered in the suburbs from their frail and failing houses, a number of boats were busily plying in every direction, and as there was no time to waste on forms or convenience, the terrified people were rapidly put on board and carried off to places of comparative safety. By eleven o'clock at night, throughout the whole city there was not a foot of dry ground, save in the New-Market-Platz, the Joseph-Platz, the Franciscan-Platz, and the courts of the Lutheran Church, the County-Hall, and the Invalid Hospital, and these were crowded both by men and horses, while many families of the highest rank were huddled together in the rude wooden booths erected in the Market-place, or sat in their carriages for days and nights, exposed like the rest of the population to the sufferings of cold and damp.

While yet the fury of the element was at its greatest height, and all was want, and anguish, and desolation throughout the city—while thousands of wretched beings were still without food or shelter—the Archduke Palatine sent his eldest son, the young Prince Stephen, to speak peace and comfort to the miserable citizens; and despite the danger of the mission, the high-hearted youth accepted it without hesitation.

Nor was it a light duty which this noble scion of the House of Hapsburg received as a boon at the hands of his imperial father; for the river was pouring down angrily, laden with masses of ice driven onward by the current, and threatening ruin to the unwary bark with which they might chance to come in contact. There were no attentive menials awaiting his disembarkation on the opposite shore, with ready services and obsequious words. He went to meet misery, famine, and madness; but as he stood erect in the boat, he cast not one look behind to the safe asylum which he had left—he waved his arm encouragingly towards the sinking city—he urged on his panting and trembling boatmen—and after a weary and perilous passage, his little bark began to thread the streets of Pesth.

No sooner had his appearance brought comfort to the sufferers—for there must have been comfort in the conviction that abandonment was not superadded to misery—than he vigorously applied himself to the task of mitigating the wretchedness by which he was surrounded. With his own hands, he distributed the bread with which his boat was laden; he had a kind and a hopeful word for all; and it is certain that the exertions and sympathy of the Palatinate family on the occasion of this dreadful calamity, will be as durably impressed upon the hearts of the inhabitants of Pesth, as though they had been graven upon marble."

Pesth has since been partly rebuilt in a style of great beauty, and on a plan more secure than formerly, and is now one of the most attractive places of residence in Europe.

COLONISATION OF NEW ZEALAND—FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

In our number for September 12th of last year, we gave an account of the proceedings in and respecting New Zealand, down to the 7th of March last. We now propose to continue the narrative, as far as subsequent intelligence will allow.

By the 7th of March, eight vessels dispatched by the New Zealand Company had reached the harbour called Port Nicholson, in Cook's Straits. The first, the Tory, had arrived in August, with Colonel Wakefield, the company's chief agent, who employed himself during the four last months of 1839 in purchasing land from the natives. He acquired the southern portion of the northern island, and the northern portion of the southern island, or all the New Zealand territory between the 38th and 43d parallels of latitude. The second vessel, the Cuba, contained the surveying party; it had a long voyage, and only arrived in January, a few weeks before the other six vessels which contained emigrants. The lateness of the arrival of the Cuba has been a misfortune to the colony. This vessel should have preceded all emigrant ships by several months, in order to have had the land ready for occupation. For want of this preparation, the first year's procedure of many of the colonists must be provisional, or a life of squatting.

It was also stated in our first report that the British government, while refusing to countenance the proceedings of the New Zealand Company, had dispatched an officer, Captain Hobson, to represent it in that part of the world; and that Hobson, arriving on the 30th January at the Bay of Islands, immediately proclaimed that a commission would be appointed to inquire into the validity of all previous purchases of land, and that all future purchases would be null and void. It was stated that the captain thereafter made some inquiries with reference to the best site for the government capital of New Zealand, but had been interrupted in these and all other proceedings by a paralytic attack.

The later intelligence represents the colonisation of this fine country as proceeding briskly. Those who have not happened to pay attention to the newspaper notices of it, and have been out of the way of hearing the colony spoken of, will be surprised to learn, that already, though but eighteen months have elapsed since the commencement of proceedings, the number of persons sent out to it amounted, on the 20th October, to 2274. Eight vessels, it has been said, arrived before 7th March last. Several others arrived soon after. Six have been dispatched during this summer and autumn. Eighteen vessels in all were sent out by the New Zealand Land Company in the first eighteen months. Port Nicholson, which, on last New Year's day, was the solitude it had been in the days of Cook, in May contained a population of 2115 (including natives), and exhibited all the bustle which our mercantile nation practises at home, and must needs carry every where with it. Besides the emigration from the mother country, there is an extensive re-emigration from the Australian colonies. With this in addition to other means, the population must swell very fast. There are in all, perhaps, at this moment, fully five thousand Europeans in New Zealand, being probably not much short of the numbers of the natives in the same districts.

Port Nicholson is a bay of seven miles or upwards in extent every way, opening from Cook's Strait into the southern extremity of the north island. Into the head of this bay runs the Hutt river, through a valley several miles in breadth, and where the vegetation is of such luxuriance that it has not as yet been penetrated more than a few miles. On each side of the bay, there is a considerable piece of level land, either of which would suit for the site of a town. The ground at the mouth, or rather mouths, of the river (for it forms a delta), was at first considered by the surveyor-general as the proper place for the principal city. The landing of emigrants appears to have taken place near the mouth of the river, and most of the colonists first took up their abode on the low ground adjoining. This part, however, was found to be exposed to inundations; the mouth of the river required deepening; and the anchorage was exposed to the south winds. Colonel Wakefield, therefore, with the approval of the majority of the colonists, determined to shift the site of the first town to the level ground on the east side of the harbour. This spot is called Thorndon; it adjoins to Lambton Harbour, an inner basin of Port Nicholson, and has the advantage of deep water close up to the shore. The place is sheltered from all winds, and has a safe anchorage for ships of every size. There is at this place a level space of 500 or 600 acres, with gentle eminences on which residences may be erected; and a road along the beach may be made with little difficulty to the mouth of the river, which is five miles distant. No large stream of water flows through the ground, but the wells are supplied at a small depth from the surface. The change to this site was made early in April, in consequence of the almost universal wish of the emigrants, and it gave general satisfaction. In May last, the directors in London determined to name the first town *Wellington*, but recent letters mention that Captain Hobson had previously named it *Durham*, in compliment to the lamented nobleman who was the first governor of the Company. The probability seems, therefore, that *Durham* will be the name.

Owing to the indecision as to the site of the first town, and the want of a survey for the assignment of particular settlements, the first proceedings of the emigrants were of a desultory nature, but conducted with the greatest possible cheerfulness. So early as February 12, Colonel Wakefield describes the banks of the Hutt as already quite changed by the efforts of the individuals who had landed in the Oriental only a fortnight before. "Rows of native houses, single settlements, tents, and rick-covers, already afford shelter to the whole of the passengers. The Roxburgh emigrants [meaning the passengers by the Duke of Roxburgh, who had arrived only six days before] have also united themselves in forming an adjoining settlement on the river. Farthest north are the Scotch party, rather separated from their friends, and eyeing with satisfied looks the rich land, into which they are eager to thrust their spades." In a dispatch of the 22d March, he says, "A town has actually sprung up in temporary locations along the beach, where stores and residences will soon afford great accommodation to shipping and immigrants." Amongst the capitalists who went by the Oriental, were a son of Lord Petre, a son of Sir George Sinclair of Thurso Castle, a brother of Sir William Molesworth, and several other young men of family. It is a pleasant trait of the new colony to hear of the activity of these young men, whose compeers at home in too many instances misspend their time and misuse their best faculties. Mr E. J. Wakefield, in a diary-like communication to his father, says, under date February 23, "I went up the river as far as the surveyor's lines extend, and saw Molesworth, Petre, Hopper, Sinclair, and an old school-fellow at Bruce-Castle, Mantell. They are all working away in excellent spirits, at houses made of flax, bark, and rushes, chiefly by native architects, and at small clearings for potato gardens, &c. All this is being done on what will be the public quay or boulevard, extending 150 feet back from the west bank of the Hutt." Another trait of the cheerful spirit of the settlers—"Feb. 28. Heavy rain all day. The canny Scots in the Bengal Merchant are a capital set, landing every day and working away at clearings and houses during the rain, while no other complaint escapes them except the remark, in a good-humoured tone of voice, that the weather's 'rayther saft!'"

The settlement had only been a few weeks at Port Nicholson, when vessels began to arrive from Sydney with sheep, cattle, provisions, and miscellaneous goods, which were offered to the settlers, not always at the most reasonable prices, and therefore were not very readily bought. With regard to provisions, the settlers do not seem likely to be much at a loss, for, though the delay of the survey prevents a hearty or general application to husbandry operations, the land is so easily tilled and so productive, that considerable stores will certainly be raised in the course of even the first few months. We find it mentioned in a letter by the physician, Dr Dorset, that when Colonel Wakefield bought the land at Port Nicholson, in the latter part of 1839, the man whom he left in possession planted some English seed, the consequence of which was, that when the place began to be settled in the ensuing February, there was a large and well-stocked garden, from which all the principal families were supplied with excellent vegetables. "We are," says this gentleman (March 29), "extremely well off for provisions, and fish in abundance; among which are craw-fish, oysters, and fresh-water eels. We have also some mountain trout, of the existence of which, till within these few days, we had not the least knowledge; but the surveyors, in clearing the valley a few days ago,

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discovered a stream, which, to their great delight, was stocked with trout, on which they made a hearty meal, besides bringing several home for the gratification of the colonists." The cattle brought by speculators from Sydney not meeting a ready market on account of the want of the survey, some of them were killed for provisions; and we find beef variously stated as being at 8d. and 1s. a-pound. Pigs being an abundant stock among the native population, pork was sixpence a-pound. It is spoken of as a delicious article, the animals being allowed to go about wild, feeding on fern-root, which makes even the fat by itself a rich treat. There was also abundance of native potatoes, of the finest quality, which we observe quoted at 12s. per hundred-weight. It must be remembered that there are two crops per annum in New Zealand. February is there analogous to our August. Nevertheless, the vegetables sown there by the settlers are described only a fortnight after as getting on amazingly fast, and likely to afford an abundant crop before winter, which would commence in May. Cabbages of all sorts, cauliflowers, broccoli, peas, mustard, cress, and pumpkins, are enumerated as amongst the vegetables sown. The soil at Port Nicholson gives high satisfaction to all: scientific agriculturists declare it to be superior to West Hoo, one of the most fertile spots in Kent. The climate is also described as mild and equable, even when winter was approaching.

Our government, it is well known, was at first doubtful of its right of sovereignty over New Zealand, and would give no sanction to any measures for preserving order amongst the company's settlers. The company acted under this inconvenience with remarkable patience and submission. The settlers themselves hit upon an expedient of an ingenious nature for supplying the want. Assuming that the sovereignty lay in the native chiefs (though in fact these men had no practical sovereignty), they determined to accept a *constitution* from them, and to act under it. A deed was accordingly drawn out, and signed by Warreporee and Eponee, chiefs of the Port Nicholson district, and a council was appointed to exercise the legislative and executive powers thus conferred. This provisional constitution was proclaimed with due formalities, and an address upon the subject was published, April 18, in the *New Zealand Gazette*, a sheet printed in a small tent hastily erected on the beach, and destined to be the *Moniteur* of the colony. It was now clear that the colonists were in the fair way of setting up an independent republic, and Captain Hobson took the resolution of proclaiming the sovereignty of Great Britain over the whole of the islands. This at once altered the face of affairs, and replaced the colony under British protection. The proclamation has been sanctioned at home by its being inserted in the *London Gazette*, and at the end of October it was announced that the Colonial Office had come to a good understanding with the company. We are now, then, to regard all difficulties on this score at an end. New Zealand, including the settlement at Port Nicholson, will be henceforth ranked as a separate colony, and will probably ere long have a governor appointed to it, who will be wholly independent of New South Wales.

Amongst the population at Port Nicholson, up to April last, were about 500 natives. Most accounts speak favourably of these individuals, and prognosticate that they will be useful as labourers. They had already been active in clearing land and building houses for the settlers. "We give them," says a colonist (Mr Partridge), "blankets, muskets, powder, tobacco, and shirts, in exchange for pigs, potatoes, house-building, and thatching, and things of that sort." Speaking of the chiefs, the same gentleman says (March 18), "Warreporee drank tea with me to-night, and drank wine like a good Christian; but his appetite is of the largest. He is a great warrior, six feet high, and a restless fighting devil. Eponee is an orator, and a sensible fellow." Though irritable when thwarted in their prejudices and customs, they are, if civilly treated, obliging, attentive, and well-behaved. To an active European they appear indolent; but it must be readily seen that a barbarian cannot all at once be broken into habits of diligent application. This must be a matter of time, and perhaps the existing generation will never be very serviceable. It is by taking the young into training, that the services of the aboriginal race will be most speedily and efficiently secured. A lady (Miss Hunter) says, April 7—"We are very much pleased with the natives, who seem to be intelligent and obliging, but very indolent. They take a great deal of interest in the children, and bring them presents of Indian corn and pumpkins, of which they have abundance. We are learning the language by degrees, and, with the assistance of signs, we understand each other pretty well." Another writer (Mr Marjoribanks) speaks of the natives as extremely filthy, and more disposed to thrust themselves upon the hospitality of the settlers, than to work for an independent subsistence. He adverts to two princesses who live in a pig-sty, cover themselves by day with a mat of native flax, and eat vermin. But even he allows that he, by and bye, saw one of these ladies appear on a Sunday in a nice new gown that would not have disgraced a London or Parisian milliner. If once the people in general get a taste for smart dresses and superior accommodations, their barbarism and inactivity will disappear together. It is a noble and humane arrangement, which this company has been the first to make with respect to any aborigines, that a tenth part of the land is reserved for their use as free property. The reserves made for them at Port Nicholson were estimated, a few weeks after the first settlement, as worth L.35,000. This appears like acting upon high principle, and forms a striking contrast with the conduct of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, who have possessed themselves of a great deal of land in the most unscrupulous way, and, now that their arts are exposed and stopped, do all they can to incense the natives against the company's settlers. It may here be observed, that the company has also acted with great liberality with respect to the religious interests of the colony. To a body entitled the Church Society of New Zealand, they offered a free grant of 2000 acres, and to devote L.1500 to the carrying out of labourers to cultivate it, provided the society would become purchasers in the ordinary way for other 2000 acres. This offer has been accepted, and arrangements are consequently in progress for erecting a bishopric in New Zealand. The company also give a free passage to any clergyman of whatever denomination, who can make it appear that there is a congregation desiring his services.

A few miscellaneous excerpts from the letters of settlers, may here be appropriate.* Dr Dorset, in a journal-shaped letter to his brother, after mentioning his arrival at Port Nicholson, on the 21st February, says, "I cannot describe my sensations when I saw lying there five large ships, and another, the Bengal Merchant, coming into the harbour astern of us, and several small vessels from Sydney and the coast of New Zealand at anchor also; and the beach covered with tents and houses, and packages of goods strewed every where. * * I was particularly struck with the cheerfulness pourtrayed in all the emigrants' countenances, and the universal content and satisfaction that reigned among them with regard to the soil, climate, and appearance of the country; also the usefulness of the natives, with whom the emigrants are on the best terms. * * Several merchants from Sydney have opened large storehouses here, and things are very moderate." He describes himself as having laboured in England under permanent weakness of the chest, but as being quite restored by the New Zealand climate. "I am," he adds, "in full swing as surgeon of the colony, with lots to do—not in the way of sickness, but in bringing young ones into the world."

E. J. Wakefield, a nephew of the Company's agent, says, "In hilly situations, the vine might be grown to great advantage: at Hokianga, in the north island, I have seen 360 odd species of vines, which had produced a crop last year." Mr Revans, the publisher of the Gazette, says (April 6), "We have a most magnificent harbour; most fertile land; such foliage and verdure as I have never before witnessed; and the climate agreeable, and, I think, admirably suited to the English constitution. * * The bank is in operation, and I believe a local bank will soon be started. It is a very promising place, and I have no doubt that a large business will soon be done at immense profits, with the people, and the whaling parties on these islands. * * I am in rude health. I rise at five, and go to bed at eight, and work, and talk, and walk incessantly. We have no time to open books—that will be for the future. I like Colonel Wakefield much; I think him admirably qualified for the post he occupies, and I do not believe he has an enemy in the place." Miss Hunter writes to a female friend (April 7), "The scenery is very romantic, and mamma says that in some places it reminds her of Scotland. * * We have six visiters for every one we had at home. * * Baby is quite well, and likes every thing except the cooking, which we are obliged to do in the open air, over wood fires, laid upon the ground. * * Papa is post-master for the colony, and has between two and three hundred letters for Sydney and England; this will give you some idea of the population." Mr Partridge writes (March 18), "Labour is high; mechanics 45s. to 50s. per week; labourers 30s. per week. I am now living in a tent which I have bought, for the house is not yet landed; and I am very well contented that I have not yet been obliged to sleep with an umbrella over my head, as most others have done. The climate is so fine that every body laughs at such things. * * Molesworth, Sinclair, and Petre, and the aristocracy, are setting a good example by working away. Fustian coats and thick shoes are very fashionable, and you would laugh to see officers, doctors, and dandies—digging, thatching, and chopping with great frenzy. * * My living here, I think, will cost me a mere trifle. Economy is the order of the day; and I carpenterise, carry logs, and cook, and go to council, without detriment to my gentility."

Mr Charles M'Gurk represents himself (March 16) as a contractor for clearing lines for streets in the place originally designed for the settlement. "It is very hard work, and I am generally wet all day, as we have to cross over swamps; yet I have not felt the least ill effects from it, and I like this sort of life amazingly. * * We came to a tree yesterday forty feet in circumference; it is, I think, of the pine genus, of a red colour, and as hard as iron. There is no doubt that the wood will pay well when oxen are at work, and some kind of roads made." Mr E. B. Hopper (April 12) says—"At present, persons who brought out from L.100 to L.300 with them, are all doing well; mechanics and labourers are also doing well. Common labourers are getting 30s. a-week; carpenters from 6s. to 7s. per day; and, from the great demand for labour, wages will be much higher. Considerable premiums have already been given for town and country sections. One quarter of the town acre of No. 27 choice, was sold the other day for L.100; two or three whole sections of higher numbers have been sold for L.250 the section of 101 acres. Numbers of capitalists are flocking here from Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. * * Companies of several descriptions are forming at Sydney to establish themselves here; so that I am fully in hopes that, by this time two years, the colony will begin to take the lead of the southern colonies, on account of its resources in three fixed commodities, viz. flax, timber, and oil. With the first we have tied together all the materials, including the roofs and walls, of our first houses, and very strong they are; and the fine broad leaves, from six to ten feet long, make excellent side-walls. Some of the trees are large enough to scoop out bed-rooms, although this is by no means considered a fine timber district. * * For the present we are located on the banks of the river Hutt, and a most delightful place it is; the soil is of the richest quality. We are already enjoying fine radishes, the seed of which was sown five weeks since; wild pigeons and ducks are very plentiful; the rivers supply quantities of fine salmon, snappers, eels, and other fish, which we catch in front of our doors. The natives are very much attached to us, and pride themselves in evincing their readiness to preserve and protect us from being molested by their enemies. We allow them to come in and out of our dwellings as they please; and you will probably be surprised when I tell you we have neither locks, bolts, nor bars, in use for the security of any of our property—it is lying about exposed in every direction. My boxes and chests have been for weeks out in the open air, night and day, and not a single article has been stolen."

Since this article was written, intelligence from New Zealand to the 9th July reached this country. It was of the same satisfactory kind as all that had preceded it. British law had been established in full efficiency by Governor Hobson. Two additional vessels from London had arrived with emigrants, and the immigration from Australia was continuing on a large scale. The surveys were proceeding vigorously, and, meanwhile, a considerable traffic was carried on with Sydney, the emigrants purchasing flax and potatoes from the natives for exportation to that port, whence they received miscellaneous supplies in exchange. The New Zealand Company have now declared a dividend; they have raised the price of land; and are henceforth to cease allowing a drawback to purchasers to assist in paying their passage, the whole emigration funds being now to be reserved for passengers of the labouring class.

So far, then, all appears to be going on well in this new settlement. We would hope that the settlers will soon be able, and be found willing, to set about agricultural and pastoral business on a proper scale, and not devote more than enough of attention to those speculations in land which, leading to no actual production, only enrich one at the expense of another, and tend to repress every thing like real progress. In concluding, we would beg our readers to observe, that our purpose here strictly is, to communicate intelligence respecting a very remarkable movement at present in progress, not to recommend individuals to become emigrants, or to emigrate to this part of the world in particular. Individual adventures of so important a kind should be made upon grounds more solid than any we can hope to present; but we may at the same time, with perfect sincerity, express our gratification at the agreeable intelligence which has been as yet returned from New Zealand, and our confident expectation that, if no unexpected circumstances of an unfavourable nature shall arise, this must speedily become one of the most prosperous of our colonies.

* We derive them from a London fortnightly newspaper, the *New Zealand Journal*.

ORIGINALS OF "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—BYRON.

OUR readers, we feel assured (says the editor of the Inverness Courier), will peruse with deep interest the following excellent account of the originals of the principal characters who figure in, perhaps, the most touchingly beautiful fiction which proceeded from the genius of the author of Waverley. The letter is written by a gentleman who, as will appear, has had the best means of ascertaining the real circumstances on which the romance was founded, as well as the true characters of the persons introduced in this tragical tale. The light thrown upon the point as to the author of the homicide, is curious and striking:—

"*L*—— *E*——, *September* 5, 1823.

My dear Sir J——,—Various circumstances have occurred which have unavoidably prevented my returning an earlier answer to your queries regarding our unfortunate relative, 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' I shall now have much pleasure in complying with your wishes, in as far as an indifferent memory will enable me to do so.

'The Bride of *Baldoon*' (for such has always been her designation in our family) was the Honourable Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of our great-great-grandfather, James *Viscount Stair*, Lord President of the Court of Session in the reign of William and

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Mary; sister to the first Earl of *that name*, and to our great-grandfather the Lord President, Sir Hugh Dalrymple of North Berwick, and consequently our *great-grandaunt*.

She was secretly attached, and had plighted her faith to the Lord Rutherford, when, under the auspices of her mother, a less amiable, but much more opulent, suitor appeared in the person of David Dunbar, eldest son of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon (an ancestor of the Selkirk family), whose addresses were, as may be supposed, submitted to with the greatest aversion, from their being ungenerously persisted in after his being informed of her early attachment and solemn engagement. To this man, however, she was ultimately *forced* to give her hand.

The result of this cruel and unnatural sacrifice was nearly, if not exactly, as related by Sir Walter Scott. On the marriage night, soon after the young couple were left alone, violent and continued screams were heard to proceed from the bridal chamber, and on the door (which was found locked) being forced open, the bridegroom was found extended on the floor, stabbed, and weltering in his blood, while the bride sat in the corner of the large fire-place in a state of the most deplorable frenzy, which continued without any lucid interval until the period of her death. She survived but a short time, during which (with the exception of the few words mentioned by Sir Walter Scott—'Ye ha'e ta'en up your bonny bridegroom') she never spoke, and refused all sustenance.

The conclusion drawn from these extraordinary circumstances, and which seems to have been assumed by Sir Walter as the fact, was, that the forlorn and distracted victim, seeing no other means of escaping from a fate which she beheld with disgust and abhorrence, had, in a fit of desperation, inflicted the fatal wound upon her selfish and unfeeling husband. But, in justice to the memory of our unhappy relative, we may be permitted to regret Sir Walter's not having been made acquainted with the tradition long current in the part of the country where the tragical event took place—namely, that from the window having been found open, it was conjectured that the lover had, during the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for the marriage feast, and perhaps by the connivance of some servant of the family, contrived to gain admission and secrete himself in the bridal chamber, from whence he had made his escape into the garden after having fought with and severely wounded his successful rival—a conclusion strengthened by other concurring circumstances, and rendered more probable by the fact of young Baldoon having, to his latest breath, obstinately refused to give any explanation on the subject, and which might well justify a belief that he was actuated by a desire of concealing the particulars of a rencontre, the cause and consequence of which he might justly consider as equally discreditable to himself. The unfortunate lover was said to have disappeared immediately after the catastrophe, in a manner somewhat mysterious; but this part of the story has escaped my recollection.

While on the subject of this calamitous event, I cannot help offering some observations on the principal personages introduced in Sir Walter Scott's narrative, all of whom are more or less interesting both to you and me.

The character of Sir William Ashton certainly cannot be considered as a fair representation of our eminent and respectable ancestor, Lord Stair, to whom he bears little resemblance either as a politician or a gentleman; and Sir Walter would seem wishful to avoid the application, when he says that, on acquiring the ancient seat of the Lords of Ravenswood, Sir William had removed certain old family portraits, and replaced them by "those of King William and Queen Mary, and of Sir Thomas Hope and *Lord Stair*, two distinguished Scotch lawyers;" but on this point some less ambiguous intimation would have been very desirable; and having, in the character of Lucy Ashton, stuck so closely to the character of *the daughter*, the author should, in fairness, have been at more pains to prevent that of the Lord Keeper from being considered as an equally fair representation of *the father*; an omission of which the descendants of Lord Stair have, I think, reason to complain.

In Lady Ashton, the character of our great-great-grandmother seems in many respects more faithfully delineated, or at least less misrepresented. She was an ambitious and interested woman, of a masculine character and understanding; and the transaction regarding her daughter's marriage was believed to have been hers, and not her husband's, who, from his numerous important avocations as Lord President, Privy Councillor, and active assistant in the management of Scottish affairs, had probably neither time nor inclination to take much personal concern in family arrangements.

The situation of young Ravenswood bears a sufficiently strong resemblance to that of the Lord Rutherford, who was an amiable and high-spirited young man, nobly born, but destitute of fortune, and who, if the above account is to be credited as to the manner and *place* in which he thought proper to chastise his successful rival, seems to have been not ill cut out for a hero of romance. And as to young Baldoon, of whom little is known beyond what has been related above, he seems to have a more respectable representation than he deserved in the person of *Bucklaw*.

The story was, I have understood, communicated to Sir Walter Scott by our worthy friend the late Mrs A—— M—— K——, who seems to have been well acquainted with all the particulars, excepting those to which I have more especially alluded, which, as a friend and connexion of the family, had she known, she would not have failed to mention; and, in as far as his information went (with the exception of his having changed the scene of action from the *west coast to the east*), Sir Walter seems to have adhered to facts as closely as he could well be expected to do in a work bearing the general stamp of fiction. But if the memory of so disastrous and distressing a family anecdote was to be preserved and handed down to posterity in a story so singularly affecting, and by an author the most popular of our own or any other age, while it was surely of importance to avoid any such offensive misrepresentation of character as that to which I have alluded, it was at the same time much to be lamented that the author of the Bride of Lammermoor should have been ignorant of a tradition so truly worthy of credit, throwing so much satisfactory light on an event equally tragical and mysterious, and which, while a judicious management of the circumstances might have increased rather than diminished the interest of the narrative, would have left a less painful impression regarding our unhappy and unfortunate relative, 'the Bride of Baldoon.'

With best regards from all here, to you and Lady S——, I remain, my dear Sir J——, ever most truly yours, (Signed) R. D—— H—— E——."

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR!

Farewell, Old Year!—when other friends depart,
Fond hope still lingers in the sad adieu,
And e'en in absence tells the sorrowing heart
That after Fare-thee-well comes How-d'ye-do!

But thou, Old Year, art passing from my sight;
Thy cheerful days, thy happy hours, are o'er;
To memory's dim domain they take their flight,
And from her shades they shall return no more!

The summer birds that, with their truant wings,
Cleave the far ether of a southern sky,
Anon return, by bowers and gushing springs,
To glad the wild woods with their melody.

But they return not—hours of bliss swift stealing
Away, away, on pinions bright and pure,
E'en in their flight the matchless joys revealing—
Too fair to last, too lovely to endure!

In vain, with beating hearts and arms extended,
We court their stay, and pray that they may last;
They glide away, too soon with memories blended,
That crowd the precincts of the insatiate past.

Thus years roll by, and each and every one
Snatches some treasured happiness away.
Ah, graceless heart! reflect—and are there none
That bear griefs with them on their backward way?

Neither shall these return to mar thy rest.
If joys depart, so care's dark hours go by;
And time hath power to heal the bleeding breast,
To dry the falling tear, and hush the sigh.

Or if a sting remain, the honey dew
Of sweet remembrance shall allay the smart,
And soothe regrets, and kindle hope anew—
Blest antidote to care!—oh! thankless heart!

Yes! years roll on. Yet wherefore send them forth
With records dark and sad to bear on high?
Oh! give them noble thoughts and deeds of worth,
To swell the annals of eternity!

—*Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine.*

KINDNESS OF THE POOR TO THE POOR.

Whoever has studied, with a mind free from prejudice, the manners of the working classes, cannot fail to have observed that these classes very generally present numerous examples of virtue. The working man is, for the most part, free-hearted, kind, and anxious to assist his comrades, and capable of the truest devotion towards his employer. In those quarters the population of which is chiefly engaged in the industrious arts, it is notorious that artisans, whose circumstances are tolerably easy, succour, with a ready and active charity, not only those of their comrades who are prevented from labouring by sickness, but all who occupy the same house with themselves, or with whom they maintain habits of neighbourhood. Out of their wages they keep back a portion for these purposes; and even perform the sick man's task in addition to their own, to preserve his salary to him during the continuance of his illness. If he is compelled to seek the hospital, on the day of his removal his bedside is visited by a deputation of his companions, with offers of money and words of consolation. When his strength returns, they make it their business to seek work for him, and subscribe towards his maintenance for the first fortnight. Should some unforeseen accident have reduced him to distress, they relieve him by an advance of money, a meal, a bed; and these succours, freely offered, constitute a debt which the recipient could not, without dishonour, fail to discharge. Nay, their solicitude follows him even amid his follies, and does not abandon him in his crimes. In the former case they try to counsel him back to respectability, with friendly and indulgent words; in the latter, they still visit him in prison, and hold out to him a helping hand.—*On the Dangerous Classes in Large Towns.*

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

Why was the refusal of a "private gentleman to pay twenty or thirty shillings to the king's service argued," says Clarendon, "before all the judges of England?" Because, in those twenty shillings one party saw the germ of a tyranny, and the other of a rebellion. Why will a lawyer warn you against permitting a neighbour to claim the gathering of even a leaf upon your estate, without contesting his right? Because the gathering of the leaf may invalidate your title to the whole estate. Why will a wise politician contest so earnestly for the form of a word, or the wearing of a hat, or the title of a writ? Because each of these will become a precedent; and in precedent is involved principle. Why will an engineer be alarmed at the first drop of water oozing through a dam? Because the rest, he knows, will follow it. Why is the discovery of one little bone in a stratum of a rock enough to overturn a whole theory of geology? Because the little bone, like a pack-thread, will draw after it the whole skeleton, like a coil of rope, and the skeleton will imply the power which brought it to its site; and that power will be vast and pregnant with other influences: and thus the whole system of the science will be dragged into peril, as many other systems have been perilled, and have been upset by the merest trifle, by one little fact. Why will a spot of blood betray murder? Why will the print of a nail discover a thief? Why will a whole neighbourhood take flight at the sight of a little boy, with only a little spark of fire, going into a magazine of powder? or a crowd disperse upon the ice at the sound of the slightest crack? Because nature, as well as theology, has her Athanasian creed, and her damnatory clauses for those who neglect iotas; because nature, as well as theology, does not know what a trifle is.—*Sewell's Christian Morals.*

THE UPRIGHT MAN OF BUSINESS.

There is no being in the world (says Dr Dewey) for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business; no, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man that I feel this kind of respect—generosity seems to me a lower quality, a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities, who bestows magnificent donations. That may be all very well—I speak not to disparage it—I wish there was more of it; and yet it may all consist with a want of the true lofty unbending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands, amidst all the swaying interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another man's interests just as well as his own; it is the man whose mind his own advantage does not blind nor cloud for an instant; who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbour, just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of justice. Ah! how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority—how more awful than the guarded bench of majesty—is that simple, magnanimous, and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbour, and his God—true to the right—true to his conscience—and who feels that the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring a hundred estates.

CURIOUS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

A curious account is given, from Tubingen, in Wurtemburg, of a new printing establishment, lately opened by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen, one hundred and ninety-six in number, eleven of the former being women, are deaf and dumb, and have been educated at his cost for the employment in which they are now engaged. The king has conferred on M. Helgerad the large gold medal, of the order of civil merit, for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste: but M. Helgerad has a higher recompense for this remarkable labour of love than medals can mark, or monarchs bestow.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

"INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF EMANCIPATED NEGROES."

An Occasional Note, which appeared under the above title in No. 441 of the Journal, contains a statement to a certain extent erroneous, in consequence of a confusing of two sets of circumstances on the part of our informant. The truth, as communicated to us by Mr Finlay, the gentleman referred to in the anecdote, is as follows:—A *penn* (that is to say, a pastoral) *estate* in Jamaica, was formerly managed by Mr Finlay, under the immediate care of a white overseer, at an expense of several hundred pounds. Since the emancipation, the principal business on this estate, the hiring out of negroes, has ceased, and the overseer, being no longer required, was discharged, and the estate was then put under the charge of an intelligent negro and an assistant, whose united salary is only L.50 per annum; "the people keeping the pastures in order, in consideration of their having their houses and provision-farms rent free." The wonder in the case is simply limited to the fact of an estate of 1200 acres, with 250 cattle, and 100 small tenants, being kept in order by one negro, and that even while Mr Finlay was absent in England. The whole management reflects credit; says Mr Finlay, both on the industry and the dispositions of the negroes, and is an earnest of the rapid progress they are making in the duties of citizenship.

This gentleman adds what will at the present time be read with interest, as the testimony of a most intelligent and respectable individual:—"I can solemnly assure all those who are interested in the welfare of the blacks, that, after a panoramic survey I have made during the last eighteen months, of the state of the wretched slaves of Cuba and America, and the cheated, nominally free blacks of the northern states—the stout independent English—the light-hearted Irish—the sagacious Scotch—the plodding Fleming—the gay Frenchman, and the brutalised indolent Haitien—I have returned here perfectly convinced that none of them have the physical comforts of the freedman of the British West Indies. His moral condition also is advancing with giant strides: churches, chapels, and schools, are rising on every side, and in ten years more, even in this respect, we will challenge comparison with most of the above.—*Kingston, October* 19, 1840."

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DRAWBACKS.

BOTH individuals and communities will generally find, when they make advances in some presumed good, that the good is not altogether unmixed: there is always some drawback from the benefits contemplated, as if it were not possible in nature that human aims should be entirely accomplished, or human desires perfectly gratified. Proverbial wisdom recognises, and has at all times recognised, many of these drawbacks from attained good. For example, wealth brings with it cares, and though most people, like Charles Lamb, contrive to put up with it, yet it is from this cause not an unmixed good. Merit, again, may be proved, and the honours due to high public service may be conceded; but envy is the shade of merit, and the triumph is embittered to a generous nature by finding that from many it only provokes sneers and detraction.

"The moir I stand on opin nicht,
My faults moir subiect ar to sicht,"

says very truly the Regent Marr, on the front of his house at Stirling. The lowly and the unfortunate little think of the distress of mind which the prosperous man experiences when he finds that the sympathy and friendly kindness which he enjoyed in his humbler days, and the general satisfaction which he gave by the simple performance of the duties assigned to him, are exchanged for a disposition to take offence at the smallest oversight, a suspicion that he is proud and altered, and such a general jealousy of all he does and does not do, and all he says and does not say, that he feels as if he could not, though he were to give his whole time and fortune to it, please even that one half of the world to which Æsop counsels him to limit exertions of that nature. So also, when some of the virtues have been to all appearance attained, how often do we find some opposite vice appearing! Here no degree of vigilance of which man is capable will avail to keep all right. Dam up error in one place, and presently you will see it oozing out at another. Let the right wing be victorious, and chase all opposed to it from the field, and straight you will find, as the royalists did at Marston Moor, that the left has been disgracefully beaten, and fled twenty miles to the rear. One of the most common drawbacks from the merit of a correct life, is a pride therein which renders it wholly unamiable. Indulgences of almost all kinds may be dispensed with, but, lo! in their place has come a spirit of puritanism so unnatural, that medium characters, in contemplating it, are not so much inclined to go in the self-denying as in the contrary direction. We have been told by rural observers, and we hope we may state the fact without injury to the cause of the virtues brought into question, that the votaries of temperance amongst the rustic classes are occasionally found somewhat morose, and to have lost a little of their hearty good will as workmen; and that sometimes a young servant who puts money in the savings' bank, seems less willing than before to go to the succour of an infirm parent, as fearing to have to dissipate her little store. These circumstances, as far as they can be presumed to exist, must be held as simply drawbacks, unavoidable in certain instances, from what is upon the whole meritorious conduct. Again, great pains may have been taken to avoid every sort of reproach; but the state attained is only negatively good; ungraced by a single active virtue, or the slightest effort to communicate happiness, it has only reached the distance-post of the race of goodness, and the better half of the task remains undone, unattempted. Gray, the poet, is said to have been a good man of this kind: he was nearly irreproachable, but he never exerted himself to do any positive good. He allowed his life to pass away in the delusion that he was all that he could be expected to be; while, in reality, many of the world's equivocal characters were better in an active sense than he with all his high reputation. Even the religious sentiment, in its most exalted moods, is often found attended by dismal drawbacks, as fanaticism, bigotry, intolerance, superstition—showing in a peculiarly striking light that very frailty and imperfection which, as an inherent feature of human nature, forms one of the fundamental doctrines of religion. That justice and wisdom carried to an extreme become cruel and absurd, we have high authority for saying;* and it is found to be the case in every-day life. Who do such foolish things as the wise, or who ever act so detestably as those who lay down to themselves certain rules from which they are too conscientious ever to swerve? The truth is, the general condition of things does not admit of any one principle being invariably followed; and perhaps there is even a law rendering folly and nonsense to a certain extent necessary elements in our condition, so that their utter extinction, were it possible, might be attended with effects not less disastrous than if light, heat, electricity, or some other important physical principle, were abstracted.

The progress of a community towards civilisation, is very much analogous to that of an individual in his efforts to perfect his condition and his moral nature. We must not expect to find any one supposable condition which a nation may attain, to be altogether without its drawbacks. European nations have for ages made civilisation one of their chief aims, and great advances have certainly been made in that respect. But civilisation, whatever blessings it may bring upon the whole, is also attended by evils which do not very clearly appear separable from it. This is only too certain a truth, and the sole consolation which attends it is, that no other state is attended by evils of less number or magnitude.

The romantic ideas entertained in the last century respecting the savage condition, are now pretty nearly abandoned. It is now seen that that state of society is no more without its pains and sorrows than any other which has been as yet experienced by the human family. The once alleged absence of indigence and disease amongst primitive tribes, is thus summarily treated in a late work:†—"It is generally agreed that indigence consists in the want of some things absolutely necessary to existence. Such a state cannot exist in barbarous life; the savage either lives or dies; he is never precisely rich or poor: whilst the means of subsistence are afforded, he exists from hand to mouth; when they fail, there is no one from whom he can beg or borrow, and few whom he can plunder. With him destitution is death. It is true that he can support hunger, thirst, pain, to a degree which we cannot approach; that he will feed on substances from which we shrink with horror. But there are limits to his powers of endurance: when these are passed, he sinks unnoticed and unknown; there is no one to record that a unit has been subtracted from the amount of human existence. The uniformity which travellers and voyagers have discovered in savage life, is a condition but one degree higher than absolute starvation. Those who sink below it disappear instantaneously, and are as if they had never been. For a similar reason, severe diseases are rarely seen by the casual visiters of savage tribes. Death is their doctor, and the grave their hospital. Those who have resided amongst them, testify that diseases are produced by the privations endured at one period, and the repletion in which they indulge when a time of plenty arrives. But unless the cure is rapid, the termination of the disease must be fatal. When patients are left entirely to nature, it is found that nature presses very hard for an immediate payment of her debt."

A still more conclusive fact against savage life is, that it admits of so few to its supposed benefits. In countries possessed by such tribes, the population is not believed to be in general above one to a square mile at an average; while, in many industrious countries, it is upwards of two hundred.

It may be concluded, then, that it is not to the state in which civilisation is *nil*, that we are to look for the blessings which we deem at present wanting. We may now pass forward to the state of things in which there is some civilisation, but only some, the great mass being slaves, and in a condition of brutish ignorance. Of the condition of an European feudal slave, we have a very striking picture in a late work of Dr Bowring:—"I went once into the hut of a Russian serf. It was made of logs of wood, and though the winter was bitterly cold, the only windows were small square holes, through which the snow was driven by the sharp winds, and when the door was opened, there rushed in showers of sleet and hoar-frost. Within was a smoky suffocating heat, produced by the burning of damp wood in a stove. The inhabitants were a boor, his wife, and three children, covered with dirt and vermin; and the whole family were the vassals of a neighbouring nobleman. They were attached to the soil according to the feudal usages—had no will of their own, they could possess no property, and were almost without any legal right. All they could gain was claimed by and paid to their master; and of the produce of the fields they cultivated, no part came to their share but such a portion as enabled them to support existence. I was curious to hear what notions a Russian boor had of freedom, and of his own condition. Peter Petrovich was sitting in his ragged sheep-skin garment on a block of wood, carving ornaments out of the thigh-bone of an ox. I sat down by him, and asked how far he had ever travelled. 'Never ten versts from where I was born,' said he. 'Should you not like to see a great city?' 'I have heard of one, I don't know what was its name, from Ivan Carlovich, and that's enough for me.' 'Can you read or write?' 'Not I! What would be the use of reading or writing? The priest reads to me, and saves me the trouble; and I have nobody to write to, and nobody to write about.' 'Should you not like a better house?' 'I do not know what I should do with it; it would only add to my trouble.' The love of independence is often said to be an instinct of man, a natural irrepressible feeling; but when I asked Peter Petrovich if he ever thought of buying his freedom, of endeavouring to become his own master, he looked surprised, and said—'Am I a fool? Do not I know when I am well off? Must not my lord provide for me? How could I provide for myself.' It was in vain I sought to touch a chord which is said to vibrate in all minds—the love of liberty. Liberty to him was to take no care of himself. * * 'But surely if you were to labour for yourself, and keep all the money you gain, you might have better food and garments, and a more comfortable house.' It was in vain to talk to Peter Petrovich. 'My master must provide for me,' was the burden of his story."*

There is here, it is true, contentment, but a con-

* Ecclesiastes, chap. vii. ver. 16.

† The Natural History of Society. By Dr W. C. Taylor. 2 vols.

* Minor Morals. Part Third. 1 vol. 1839.

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tentment rather to be condemned than approved of, seeing that, from mere ignorance, it kept a human being at a point of enjoyment far below what his nature was capable of, and what he might have easily obtained by a little knowledge and a little exertion. Dr Johnson says very justly—"Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having *equal* happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller." Obviously, in the case of Peter Petrovich, and of all in his circumstances, there was an immense waste of capability of enjoyment, as well as a submission to many positive evils which only could be tolerable under an obtuseness of feeling, as artificial in the manner of its production as are the most refined tastes and appetites.

The ages of slavery in England were succeeded by a period during which there was still great though somewhat less ignorance, perhaps a good deal of the substantial comforts of life, and withal such a sufficiency of popular amusement, as to make the term "merry" applicable to the country. At this time, however, the people must have often suffered tremendously. Every now and then, the plague came to sweep off some large portion of the population. In the reign of Edward IV. alone, it is believed to have destroyed as many as the wars of the Roses. Here were evils surely more than enough to make dear that ignorance under which men are believed to have been contented and happy.

In our own age, the social system is almost entirely changed. Population is vastly increased; and great masses of it are assembled in particular districts, to prosecute industrious courses depending in great measure on demand out of the country. The middle classes, who formerly followed their trades and other occupations in a comparatively leisurely way, are now involved in a struggle so severe as to absorb nearly every man's entire faculties. All, we verily believe, enjoy more substantial comfort, and are more exempt from sharp hardships of various kinds, than they formerly were; but, nevertheless, the remuneration of labour is complained of in many cases as too low, and the middle classes feel that, to procure a decent maintenance, demands much more exertion than any man ought to be expected to give, and more ingenuity than many possess. Hence, in the one class, there are vast numbers under-fed and under-provided in all respects, and in the other a considerable number who, though they could do well in a common state of things, are found quite unfit for one in which so excessive a perseverance and such active faculties are required to attain any fair degree of success. When the working classes were totally ignorant, they could submit to worse evils with patience; but now, being partially enlightened, they manifest violent discontents, and form confessedly a threatening element in the state. And, assuredly, while the productive resources and industry of the country were never greater than at present, while science advances with unexampled strides, while the first literary names of the country are of unequalled lustre, and while Britain is extending her power and population over every quarter of the globe, it is a sad drawback from all her glory, that life to so great a proportion of her sons is not supplied with a sufficiency to cheer and support it, but is a scene of incessant toil, not even enlivened by those holidays and sports which made our ruder ancestors merry. Diseases do not now carry off hundreds of thousands at a sweep, but a general lowness of condition may still show itself unfavourable to healthy development, and inconsistent with the enjoyment of existence.

On the other hand, the middle classes do not secure their superior comforts without encountering disadvantages of a most serious nature. The incessant tasking of the brain, in which their active life may be said chiefly to consist, produces a stimulation of that organ, which, being generally accompanied by deficient bodily exercise, and often by exposure to vitiated air, tends to induce a class of diseases of which the rude natural man of the backwoods has no experience. Why are paralysis, dyspepsia, diseases of the heart, and nervous maladies in general, now so prevalent? Simply because the life of business which Englishmen of the middle ranks now regard as their natural and proper element, cannot be prosecuted without an exclusive and excessive use of the nervous system, leading to such derangements. There is a well-known anecdote of an old duchess, who said "she was born before nerves came into fashion." There is more serious earnest in this expression than is generally thought of. The exigencies of recent times have certainly brought the nervous system into a degree of exercise and excitement formerly unknown, and which may almost be said to have for the first time made the world aware of there being such things as nerves. These are the *drawbacks* from a system which, taken in another point of view, must be admired for the energy, perseverance, and integrity, with which it is followed out, and its vast results in the production and diffusion of wealth.

It seems to be almost inseparable from an advanced state of things, that great evils of the opposite nature should exist. Nowhere on earth is there so much poverty as amongst those very communities most noted for wealth. Nowhere is there so much drunkenness and vice as in nations noted generally for their high moral character. There would almost appear to be a positive and negative pole in artificial society, and, the more artificial society may be, so much the more decided seems its tendency to polarise.

Is it to be understood, then, that the civilisation which nations strive for were better wanting, since it is attended by such evils? We should be loath to come to this conclusion. We cannot doubt that, though each state has its own peculiar evils, those of the advanced state are, upon the whole, the least. After all, the present evils are evils of partial civilisation. The great body of the people are uninstructed: even the leading and so-called enlightened classes, are under the influence of many false maxims which must in time be dispelled. It is very likely that, as civilisation in these respects advances, many of the present evils will be lessened. We are not to expect that a civilisation of so perfect a nature will ever be attained, as to extinguish all social evils. Human nature evidently does not admit of any such result. But, in believing that happiness will in time be more generally diffused throughout communities, and positive evil greatly reduced in amount, we are justified by all that has yet been observable of human progress.

STORY OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

The lengthened and varied annals of the Peninsula contain no episode more deeply interesting than that which the reader will find laid before him in the following brief and unvarnished narrative. The scene of the story was Portugal, and the time the middle of the fourteenth century, when Alfonso IV. sat upon the throne of that country. This prince had been distinguished in his youth for the display of almost every bad quality, having rebelled more than once against his father, and so embroiled the kingdom in repeated civil discords. When he ascended the throne, he exhibited that total disregard for his new duties which might have been expected from his previous conduct, until a solemn and bold warning from one of his chief nobles effected a compulsory reformation, rendered comparatively durable by fears for his personal safety. The caution referred to was thus given. The council of state had long waited for him one day, having affairs of consequence to transact. Alfonso had gone a-hunting, and when he appeared at length in council, it was only to entertain the grave statesmen and nobles there assembled, with an account of his day's sport. "Sire," said one of the councillors, "we did not come here to listen to things fitted for the ears of huntsmen. If your highness will attend to the necessities of your subjects, you will have humble and faithful vassals; if not"—— "What then?" cried the angry king. The minister calmly proceeded—"If not, they will *seek another king!*" Alfonso broke forth into a torrent of invectives; but something in the manner of those around him compelled him ultimately to moderate his passion, and to promise that, from that time forward, they would find in him "not Alfonso the hunter, but Alfonso the king."

To this seasonable warning, history tells us, the Portuguese people owed many public benefits during the remainder of Alfonso's reign; but the reformation did not extend to the king's private conduct. His son and heir, Dom Pedro, was united in marriage to Constance, daughter of a powerful Castilian prince. The affections of the Infante, as the heir-apparent was called, were not consulted or engaged in this match. He was strongly attached, in fact, to another lady, named Inez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian who had sought refuge in Portugal from perils incurred in his native province. This attachment was mutual, yet Pedro remained constant to his vows to Constance, and lived in unbroken harmony with her. It is admitted by all annalists that the virtuous fidelity and self-command exhibited by the Portuguese prince were as commendable as they were rare, in stations like his, at that period of the world's history. However, King Alfonso was aware of his son's passion for Inez de Castro; and from the fear that circumstances might yet occur to bring about a match between them, which he regarded as one unworthy of the royal house of Portugal, the king caused Donna Inez to stand godmother to one of the Infante's children by Constance, thus creating a spiritual bar to the possibility of future wedlock between the two parties. The Church of Rome forbade the union of the sponsor of an infant with its real parent.

Nevertheless, when Constance died, as she did after being married but a few years, Dom Pedro's attachment set all such obstacles at defiance. He obtained a papal dispensation, and married Inez de Castro. At the same time, he concealed his marriage from his father and the public, the lady consenting rather to bear the imputation of an illegal connexion, than to subject the Infante to the risk of Alfonso's anger. For some years, Inez lived in great seclusion at Coimbra, where she bore four children to her husband, namely, Alfonso, John, Dennis, and Beatrice. Unacknowledged as this union was, the court, nevertheless, suspected something of the kind. In his private conduct, Pedro not only exhibited all the affection and constancy of a husband as regarded Inez, but peremptorily declined entering into any of the new matrimonial engagements which his father was perpetually proposing to him. Inez de Castro, therefore, could not but be an object of suspicion to Alfonso and his confidants, and she unfortunately incurred, through other circumstances, a degree of additional odium, which brought on the crisis of her fate. The despotism of the reigning sovereign of Castile caused many of her countrymen to fly to Portugal for protection; and by gaining for them the favour of her husband, the Infante, she was able to place them in a position that excited the envy of the native courtiers. A strong party was by degrees formed against Inez, and to these persons it became an object of importance to dispose of the unfortunate lady, ere the demise of Alfonso called his son to the throne, and consolidated her power beyond all possibility of overthrow.

This inimical party commenced operations by working on the fears of the old king, and persuading him that the life and rights of Ferdinand, his grandson by Constance, were endangered by the influence of Inez de Castro. They brought Alfonso to the belief that the death of that unfortunate lady was indispensable to the security of the royal line, and the general peace of the country; and at length the king consented to the execution of the cruel purpose to which his mind had thus been made familiar. Pedro was absent on a lengthened hunting excursion, and, during that absence, Alfonso betook himself to Coimbra, accompanied by Gonsalves, Pacheco, and Coelho, those of his courtiers most hostile to Inez de Castro. He entered the dwelling where she had lived so many years in peace with her family. Alone, with her protector and husband far away, the unhappy woman beheld this intrusion with mortal alarm. She gathered her children about her, as if her feeble arms could save them from peril, and prostrated herself along with them at the feet of the old king. She implored him to have pity on his innocent grandchildren, and on herself, their mother. The king was not without natural feelings, and these were touched by the appeal made to him, and by the sight of his son's lovely offspring, and their still beauteous mother. He left her uninjured, and rejoined the three courtiers, who eagerly waited outside, expectant of a summons to complete the bloody act in contemplation. Their arguments speedily cured the king of his humane relentings, and he gave them authority to return to the chamber of Inez, and dispatch her with their daggers. The three courtiers waited for no second orders, but in a few minutes had dyed their weapons in the blood of the defenceless wife of the Infante. They then hurried with the king from the scene of their barbarous crime.

Dom Pedro's rage and grief were violent in proportion to his affection for Inez, and to the happiness he had enjoyed with her during their wedded life. From the hour of her death, his very nature seemed to be changed, and one absorbing, overwhelming passion, the desire of revenge, took possession of his soul. In the first burst of his resentment he took arms against his father, and commenced a bloody civil war. The contest was terminated, however, by the interposition of the aged queen, who represented to her son the injustice of continuing to punish the whole country for the crime of one or a few. Pedro was alive to the justice of this appeal, and laid down his arms, to save the nation from further calamities. He submitted even to a reconciliation with his father, who thenceforth employed all possible means to appease his son, and divert his thoughts from the murdered Inez. However, Alfonso allowed the actual assassins to quit the country, and take refuge in Castile. Whether or not the old monarch succeeded in banishing the remembrance of Inez from the breast of the Infante, was made apparent soon afterwards, when the latter, by the demise of his father, was called to the throne.

The first act of the new king was to conclude a treaty with the reigning sovereign of Castile, by which all fugitives were to be given up on both sides. Pedro of Portugal shewed a desire to effect this compact at any cost. He betrothed his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian sovereign, though these daughters were illegitimate, being the offspring of Maria de Padilla, a lady for whose sake the King of Castile had cruelly misused his wedded queen. By giving his assent to this arrangement, and any others stipulated for by the other contracting party, Pedro accomplished the grand object of his wishes—the gratification of what had become the ruling passion of his life. He got into his hands the murderers of Inez de Castro. From these men Pedro had certainly received a mortal injury, and one that deserved the punishment of death. They had cruelly and treacherously violated the privacy of his home, and for ever ruined its happiness, by dipping their hands in the blood of an unoffending woman, the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his infants. But the death which Pedro inflicted on these men was one not to be excused even by the greatness of their crime. Gonsalves and Coelho (for Pacheco escaped seizure) perished by tortures too painful to describe. Naturally a man of no ungentle nature, and even admittedly possessed of many virtues, Pedro is said to have glutted his eyes with the sufferings of his victims, all other feelings being lost in the gratification of the one great passion of revenge.

Nor was the monarch satisfied with this offering to the manes of his wife. After the execution of her slayers, he assembled the cortes, and solemnly took oath that he had obtained a papal dispensation for his marriage with Inez de Castro, and that that marriage had taken place in presence of the Bishop Guarda and the equerry of his own household. These individuals confirmed by their oaths the statement of the king. This ceremony ended, a new scene took place, of a character almost unexampled in history; a scene so strange, so solemn, so fearfully impressive in its

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nature, that it is little marvel that the name and fate of Inez de Castro should have afforded a theme for the poet and the painter in all lands, and throughout all succeeding times. In presence of the whole assembled court, the body of Inez de Castro, raised from the quietude of the tomb after a sleep of several years, was placed on the throne beside her husband, and there, gorgeously attired as became the consort of a powerful monarch, was crowned with the queenly diadem of Portugal. The heir-apparent of the sceptre, Prince Ferdinand, son of Constance, knelt in homage before the corpse, and kissed her cold hand, as the first of her subjects. The whole Portuguese nobility, lords and ladies, followed the example of the prince; and, in short, every customary rite was performed which might have accompanied the coronation of the most powerful and popular of living princesses. Pedro, meanwhile, looked on in stern enjoyment of the honours paid to the remains of his beloved wife. The body of Inez was conveyed, immediately after this ceremony, to the royal burial-place at Alcobaca, and there magnificently re-interred. Pedro closed the scene by formally establishing the legitimacy of the children of Inez, and by profusely rewarding all who had ever served her, or had any claims upon her gratitude.

Thus closes the extraordinary history of Inez de Castro. It is but fair to the memory of Pedro to state, that when he had avenged the murder of his consort, and done all in his power to clear her memory from stain, he became to Portugal a just and even popular ruler. To the last, he administered the laws with severity, but at the same time with undeviating impartiality. These qualities perhaps rendered him a ruler more fit for such times than one of milder and more merciful sentiments. He showed, also, that a sovereign austerely just could also be habitually generous, and even munificent. Up till the hour of his death, Pedro retained his affection for the memory of Inez de Castro unchanged and undiminished, and it was his frequent custom to retire to her tomb, and there indulge in meditation upon her virtues and her fate.

ENGLISH NATIONAL AIRS—MR CHAPPELL'S COLLECTION.

MR CHAPPELL is entitled to universal thanks for this collection of the national music of England;* which appears in two thin quartos, one of them containing two hundred and forty-eight tunes, with piano-forte accompaniments, while the other presents notes, stating the history of each of the airs, and including the songs, where recoverable or fit to appear before eyes polite; the whole being prefaced by an essay on the minstrels who, till about the time of Henry VIII., made it a business to sing and play before popular assemblies in England.

The English populace appear to have had romantic ballads, and merry and sentimental songs, at as early a period as the Scotch; and the airs to which these were sung, were probably as much the composition of the common people themselves, as the Scottish airs appear to have been. It is essential to observe the probability of these tunes having been produced by the uninstructed populace, and not by men skilled in music, as it seems to require this circumstance to entitle any body of music to the term *national*. Such tunes grow, as it were, out of the national mind, partaking of whatever is peculiar in it, and partly fashioned by the circumstances in which it exists, just as a peculiar set of flowering plants grow in a particular region, in accordance with the nature of the soil, the climate, and other conditions. The beautiful madrigals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the great variety of fine church music, and the works of her Purcells, Arnes, Calcotts, Shields, and Bishops, albeit the subject of a not less just national pride, must be regarded as standing quite apart from the expressly national music of England, because these fine compositions were the work of accomplished musicians. Things so produced, in the light of day, and with all advantages of culture, are altogether different in character, as in their history, from those simple melodies which rise, like Burns's mountain daisy,

> "Unseen, alane,"

and remain noteless till their modest beauty chances to meet the eyes and steal into the heart of some one possessed of competent taste.

Mr Chappell does not pretend to limit his collection to national airs of the kind we have thus endeavoured to define; had he done so, a smaller book would have served his purpose, for, either England has never produced many truly national airs, or, after a long period of neglect, but a small number of them are recoverable. After all, those which he has recovered have not been, in any but a very few instances, noted down from the singing of ordinary persons, but are chiefly extracted from old musical collections, into which they had been transferred at an early period, possibly not without some improvements from hands of skill. In these airs he sees some general characteristics, such as may be considered as distinguishing them from the music of other nations. The peculiar features of the narrative tunes are, he says, "the long intervals between each phrase, so well calculated for recovering breath in the long ballads to which they are attached. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes of the melody of by far the greater number of them, unlike most of the other tunes, fall gradually to the key-note at the end." The fine ballad air of Chevy Chase is a specimen of these peculiarities. A great majority of the old English tunes are in minor keys; and in some instances, as in the Jolly Miller, Greensleeves, Old King Cowl, and others, there is a bold and jovial character, very unusual in airs upon minor keys. Other peculiarities, he says, not to be found in the national music of any other country, are—the accent upon the second, instead of the first of the bar, and the frequency of the passing at the termination to a semitone below, and then rising to the key-note. These matters, technical as they are, seem to us worthy of being quoted, for we never before knew of any attempt being made to establish distinguishing peculiarities in the national English airs. We cannot, however, remark without surprise Mr Chappell's allegation that, in being so often upon minor keys, the English airs resemble those of Russia and Norway, and *differ* from those of Ireland and Scotland. The Irish and Scottish national airs are for nothing so remarkable as for their being often on minor keys; hence much of their plaintiveness. It seems to be a peculiarity of national music in all countries.

A somewhat greater antiquity can be established for a considerable number of the English airs than for any of the Scotch or Irish. This is very much owing to the lucky accident of the preservation of two old manuscript collections, namely, *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, or collection of tunes for the virginal, and *William Ballet's Lute-Book*, the latter of which is considered as the older of the two. To these Mr Chappell has been indebted for many popular tunes. Overlooking a collection of English airs printed at Haerlem in 1626, the book to which Mr Chappell has been indebted in the next degree is Playford's *Dancing-Master*, of which the first edition appeared in 1650, and which likewise contains many popular airs. The remainder of the airs in Mr Chappell's collection may be said to have been chiefly derived from the collections of D'Urfey and a few others, the English operas of the eighteenth century, and the works of the respective composers.

It is curious to learn what tunes, still popular, were so in the time of Elizabeth. *Greensleeves*, the characteristically bold air to which Macbeath sings "Since laws were made for every degree," is one of these. It is quite a tune with a history. The earliest trace of it is in 1580, when a *Reprehension against Green Sleeves* was licensed by the Stationers' Company, for Elderton, a ballad-maker. In the same year was licensed *A New Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Green Sleeves, to the new tune of Green Sleeves*, of which here is a specimen—

> Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
> To cast me off discourteously,
> And I have loved you so long,
> Delighting in your company.
> Greensleeves was all my joy,
> Greensleeves was my delight,
> Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
> And who but Ladie Greensleeves?

This second piece was probably an attempt to supplant, by verses of pure sentiment, the original wanton verses. After this we see lively proofs of the enduring popularity of the tune. Mrs Ford speaks of the words and dispositions of Falstaff as not less incongruous than would be "the hundredth psalm to the tune of Greensleeves." Falstaff himself, in the park, cries, "Let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves." In the *Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we have a character saying, "And sets our credits to the tune of Greensleeves." By and bye, we have the Cavaliers writing songs against the Roundheads and the Rump Parliament to this still favourite air: in one collection there are no fewer than fourteen such songs to it. There are fourteen other songs to it in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. One of these is in the following form:—

> The times are so ticklish, I vow and profess,
> I know not which party or cause to embrace;
> I want to join those who are least in distress;
> Which nobody can deny.
> Each party, I see, is thus full of hope;
> There are some for the devil and some for the pope;
> And I am for any thing else but a *rope*,
> Which nobody can deny.

It seems to have been appropriated by the Jacobite party: we learn in Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, that old Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who saved Prince Charles in his wanderings, had but one song, namely,

> Green sleeves and pudding pies,
> Tell me where my mistress lies,
> * * *
> To all our injured friends in need,
> This side and beyond the Tweed!—
> Let all pretenders shake for dread,
> And let *his* health go round.

When this veteran was under examination respecting the dress of the Irish serving-girl whom he had entertained (the Prince in disguise), Macleod of Taliaker slyly asked, in allusion to his only song, "Had she green sleeves?" An air which has thus delighted the people for nearly three centuries—which has been alluded to by Shakspeare, Nash, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Prior—which gave modulation to the sentiments of exasperated loyalty throughout all its various phases between 1640 and 1746—and to which perhaps threescore sets of verses have in all been set—must be considered as something not unworthy of note in a nation's history. In our opinion, indeed, the tune of Greensleeves is as historical as the battle of Edgehill or the Peace of Ryswick.

Packington's Pound is another of those old airs of which a long tale could be told. Mr Chappell thinks it was probably a dance composed by Thomas Pagington, one of the musicians in the service of the Protector Somerset. The name might be from the form of the dance, some of the performers being perhaps enclosed or placed in pound by the rest. The air is in Elisabeth's Virginal Book, and in many printed collections from 1634 downwards. It is alluded to in Ben Jonson's comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. A vast number of political and other songs have been written to it, which is not surprising, when we consider its peculiar smartness and alacrity, so well fitting it to be a vehicle of satiric sentiment. We remember an uncommonly clever political pasquinade written to it so lately as 1823, to burlesque the sudden rush of young states which was then taking place in South America, and the contemporaneous Poyais bubble:—

> A prince or cazique
> Springs up like a leak;
> Protectors and presidents sprout every week
> Then a fig for King George and his old-fashion'd sway,
> And huzza for Macgregor, cazique of Poyais!

Old Simon the King, the favourite tune, it will be remembered, of Squire Western in Tom Jones, and that by which his daughter Sophy practised upon his good nature when she wished any particular favour, is a tune of the time of Charles I., if not earlier. The Cavaliers had songs to it against the Parliamentarians in 1641. We now learn that old Simon the King was a living man of that age, namely, Simon Wadloe, who kept the Devil Tavern at Temple-Bar, at the time when Ben Jonson's club, called the Apollo Club, met there. He seems to have got his peculiar appellation, as being the king of *skinkers*, that is, servers of liquor; and the wits who met at his house have many jocular verses upon him under that title. The original song is the very perfection of reckless bacchanalianism, but at the same time so full of the spirit of harum-scarum humour, that the veriest teetotaller must needs smile at it, however much, like ourselves, he may condemn the practices it refers to:—

> If a man should be drunk to-night,
> And laid in his grave to-morrow,
> Will you or any man say
> That he died of care or sorrow?
> Then hang up all sorrow and care,
> * * *
> For drinking will make a man quaff,
> And quaffing will make a man sing,
> And singing will make a man laugh,
> And laughing long life doth bring,
> Says old Simon the King.

The inconsequentiality of all this is so perfectly characteristic of a maudlin brain, that nothing, in our opinion, could be more amusing in its way.

The thirty-second tune in Mr Chappell's collection is one fully as old as the above, being that to which the song of *Dulcina* was sung, referred to by the shepherdess in Izaak Walton's Angler. To the same air Ben Jonson wrote his song of *Robin Goodfellow*, so charming as a sketch of that small mischief-loving spirite—

> When lads and lasses merry be,
> With possets and with juncates fine;
> Unseen of all the company,
> I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
> And to make sport,
> I start and snort,
> And out the candles I do blow;
> The maids I kiss;
> They shriek—Who's this?
> I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!
>
> By wells and rills in meadows green,
> We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
> And to our fairy king and queen
> We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
> When larks 'gin sing,
> Away we fling,
> And babes new born steal as we go;
> And elf in bed
> We leave instead,
> And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Some tunes are curiously connected with historical persons and events. *Joan's Placket*, which will readily occur to the minds of many of our readers when we tell them that it is the air of Justice Woodcock's song, "Such were the joys of our dancing days," is said by tradition to have been played as a slow march by the band at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in Fotheringay Castle. Mr Chappell doubts this, but without stating any reasons. The Highland army entered Edinburgh to the tune of *We'll awa to Sherramuir to haud the Whigs in order*—and Carlisle, to that of *Sandie o'er the lee*. We find it stated in Mr Chappell's work, that, on leaving Manchester, on their march for London, they played *Felton's Gavot*, a lively air then popular, the composition of the Rev. William Felton, prebendary of Hereford, and the same which Sir John Stevenson has latterly modified, with words by Mr Haynes Bayley, beginning "Give that wreath to me." It stands No. 64 in Mr Chappell's collection. King Charles II. was so delighted with the tune of *My lodging is on the cold ground*, as sung by Mrs Davis in the character of Celania, the shepherdess mad for love, that he took that lady off the stage. She was the mother of his daughter Mary Tudor, who in her turn was the mother of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. Purcell's tune of *Lillibullero*, being adapted to a song against the Irish Catholics, and

* A Collection of National English Airs, consisting of Ancient Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes, &c. Edited by W. Chappell, F.S.A. London: published by Chappell, New Bond Street. 1840.

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becoming popular beyond example amongst the Protestant party, is believed to have had a powerful effect in settling Ireland under the government of William and Mary. While touching upon historical tunes, we may remark that Mr Chappell enters into a keen and searching inquiry into the authorship of *the King's Anthem*, the result of which is, that most probably the air was composed by Henry Carey, on the eve of the insurrection of 1715, and with the name of James, the so-called Pretender, instead of that of King George, the author being a Jacobite. The insurrection being unsuccessful, the tune and words lay neglected till 1740, when the author prudently substituted George for James, and sang it at a tavern meeting to celebrate Admiral Vernon's victory. A year or two afterwards, Carey put an end to his life at the advanced age of eighty, when only one halfpenny was found in his pocket. The song and air still remained in obscurity, till, in 1745, Dr Arne harmonised it, and brought it out at Drury Lane, as a popular expression of loyalty against that very party in behalf of whose political idol it had been written thirty years before! Such is the strange turncoat history of this magnificent anthem, admitted to be the finest thing of its kind in the civilised world. The presumed mother of the late Edmund Kean was a grand-daughter of Henry Carey, who, it may be remarked, was also the author of *Sally in our alley*.

Mr Chappell's collection contains some very old dance tunes. There is one which he considers as of the fourteenth century, remarkable for the number of appoggiaturas, and of bars in the phrases. We have *Sellenger's Round*, which may be found spoken of from the days of Elizabeth to those of Anne. Also *Roger of Coverley*, an old country dance of peculiar figure, the name of which Addison appropriated for one of the most delightful characters in English literature. Coverley is the place now called Cowley, near Oxford. There is a *Morris Dance*, from the Haerlem collection formerly spoken of; also a strange dance called the *Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death*, which is found to be as old as 1560, and to be accompanied by an impressive set of moral verses. Mr Chappell presents a Cornish dancing tune connected with a curious custom. At the beginning of May, the people of Cornwall were accustomed to mimic the circumstances of a foray—a group proceeding into the country, where they gather flowers, and sport about all day. They assumed the privilege of entering houses, dancing in at one door and out at another; after which they returned dancing merrily, with the flowers they had gathered. This appears to have been a very ancient custom, designed for welcoming in the summer. The tune is that to which the parties danced on their return. Mr Chappell also presents us with the *Cushion Dance*, well known to be one of great antiquity in England, and indeed rather an ancient custom than a dance.

It is in thus bringing before us the very notes connected with ancient national customs, or which the poets of old times had in their mind when they wrote some of their sweetest verses, that the great charm of Mr Chappell's collection consists. How delightful, for instance, to be able to finger over the identical tune to which Walton's shepherdess sung "Come live with me and be my love" (No. 180), and which Shakspeare must have meant Sir Hugh Evans to hum when he caused him to quote a snatch of that pretty pastoral ditty! How interesting to hear the very music to which our simple ancestors, in early Catholic times, sung their Christmas carols (Nos. 192, 193, 194, 195)—those sacred serenades which breathe so much of the earnest and affectionate spirit of our religion, without any foreign or unpleasing admixture—

> God rest you merry, gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ, our saviour,
> Was born upon this day, &c.

It is very remarkable, by the way, what a tone of solemn and earnest feeling is conveyed in some of the old English airs. There is one of much impressiveness (No. 188), connected with the strange old poem which represents death calling away a fine lady in the midst of her gaieties: the same air is said by Ritson to be that to which all the metrical lamentations of noted criminals were chanted for upwards of two hundred years. The same character belongs to one (No. 5) which was the air of a fervent political or rather religious ballad two hundred years ago—a burst of solemn joy at the prospects which opened to the puritan party in 1641:—

> Know, then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
> And all the clouds are gone;
> The righteous men shall flourish now;
> Good days are coming on.

To us this appears an opening in the highest strain of poetry; and the air is perfectly appropriate to it.

We must now draw to a close. We would, in conclusion, repeat our thanks to Mr Chappell for his elegant and most interesting collection; interesting, we are sure, not only to all who have any taste for good music, but to every one who has the slightest feeling respecting the past enjoyments of the people whose name he is proud to bear. Absorbed in the pleasure which the perusal of this work has been to us, we are loath to remark on some traits of jealous feeling which the editor allows to escape him respecting a subject to which we fear he has given too little study—the national music of Ireland and Scotland. What does it matter, we would ask him, on which side of the Tweed or of the Irish Channel some particular air has been composed; or that a few which had made their way thither were at length looked upon, not as strangers, but as kindly natives, and by mistake so designated? A quiet correction of such errors is surely all that the case justly calls for. It may be true, as he says, that no Irish or Scottish airs can be proved older than the reign of Charles I.; but neither are there many English airs certainly older than that period, and, but for the existence of the MSS. of Queen Elizabeth and William Ballet, he would not have been able to prove even those few to be older. This is a matter ruled entirely by the accident of the existence or discovery of a book. Rivalry on such topics is to us incomprehensible. We can take as great pleasure in the fine old airs of England and Ireland as in those of our own country; and though the former were established to-morrow as being of twice the antiquity, the number, and the beauty of our own, we should not be able to see the least ground for lamentation, much less for anger.

CURE OF SQUINTING.

The remarkable operation for the cure of squinting, which has been already adverted to in the Journal, may now be said to be in general practice throughout the empire. It has been performed upon hundreds of patients in various cities, and almost invariably with good effect. Having lately witnessed the operation in several instances, we are anxious to give a more minute account of it than we were formerly able to present. It may, in the first place, be remarked, that squinting, or *strabismus*, as it is medically termed, is of different kinds. Sometimes both eyes squint, but more frequently only one: if the eye be turned outwards, it is *divergent*, and if inwards, it is *convergent*, squint. Convergent squinting, in which the pupil of the eye is turned towards the nose, is by far the most common. Whether divergent or convergent, the squint can be cured by a simple surgical operation, the principle of which is the cutting of a muscle to allow the eye to assume a straightforward vision. We are here to describe the operation which we saw performed upon a boy who had a convergent squint in his left eye.

The patient being seated on a chair in front of a window, his right eye was covered with a bandage, so as to render the affected eye steadier during the operation. He was now told to look outwards, or towards his left, as far as possible, in order to bring the white of the eye at the inner corner into view. This being done, an assistant, who stood behind, lifted the upper eyelid with a crooked silver wire, called a speculum. This speculum only holds up the eyelid as with a blunt hook, and does not make any wound. Another assistant, standing on the left, now fixes the ball of the eye, by holding it down with a small instrument, with an exceedingly small crooked point; the crooked point goes into the white, and, scarcely giving any pain, keeps the eye from moving. If the patient can be intrusted to hold his eye steady, this hooking process may be dispensed with. All is now ready for the operation of cutting. The surgeon, standing in front, and depressing the lower eyelid with his left thumb, "pierces the *conjunctiva* with a small knife, about midway between the hook and the *caruncula lacrymalis*"—that is, he makes a very small cut crosswise, up the white part of the ball, between the pupil and corner of the eye. This cut, which resembles a kind of scratch, discloses the tendon or muscle beneath which is to be divided. Into the lower end of the incision he passes a curved director—a thin instrument, with a groove along its surface to guide the knife. This director is insinuated between the muscle and sclerotic, until he sees the point emerging above. He then divides the tendon, by running the knife along the groove of the director. Provided due care has been taken to elevate the whole tendon on the director, the operation will now be found complete; and the eye, being disengaged from all its fastenings, is seen to be straight. In the case of the boy, above mentioned, the operation did not occupy above a minute, or so much. A little blood flows from the wound, which is wiped off with a sponge, and a bandage of linen, dipped in cold water, is applied. In a week or ten days, all appearance of wound is gone, and a slight inflammation at the part afterwards disappears. Besides effecting an improvement in personal appearance, the cure greatly increases the power of vision.

It may be observed, that we are assisted in preparing this account of what we saw by a pamphlet published by the operator, Mr Alexander Miller, of Edinburgh.* From our own observation, and the statements published by this and other practitioners, we consider the operation as a simple and easy one, quite certain of success, if rightly performed. The chief advice we have to offer to those desirous of having the operation performed, is to select a practitioner who is well acquainted with the process—not a person merely who has a great name for surgery, for the most eminent surgeons have occasionally failed in performing the operation rightly.

Besides the small work of Mr Miller, we have seen one of larger dimensions on the same subject, by P. Bennet Lucas, member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.* The following are a few cases mentioned by Mr Lucas:—

"*Double Convergent Strabismus.*—Mr Mills, *etat.* 21, has had strabismus since he was three years old. When he looks directly forward with either eye, the other turns inwards and slightly upwards, so as to conceal about one-third of the cornea; but the right eye more. The pupil of the turned-in eye dilates to double the extent of the other. Until he was three years old, the movements of his eye were perfect. At that period one of the eyes became slightly inverted, and the deformity was endeavoured to be removed by keeping the sound eye covered with a bandage, but without any happy result, and the eyes soon acquired their present movements. By some of Mr Mills' relatives the strabismus was attributed to cold, and by others to a fall.

June 12, 1840.—In the presence of Mr Pilcher, Mr Chaldecott, and Drs Wild, Pettigrew, and Walsh, I divided the internal rectus muscle of the right eye, which immediately rendered it straight, and visibly more prominent than its fellow. The left eye, as was anticipated, turned in, which the patient was told to expect before the operation was performed. From there being not the slightest hæmorrhage, and the patient being completely under control, from his temporary debility, the operation occupied less than two minutes.

June 16th.—Proceeding favourably. No pain or uneasiness since the operation. There is considerable vascularity of the conjunctival vessels in the vicinity of the incision, and a vertical layer of lymph, about a line thick, between the divided conjunctiva, the edges of which membrane are slightly swollen. The left eye is turned in more permanently than before; he can, by an effort, direct both eyes to the same object, but can retain them so only for a few minutes.

June 21st.—At the first operation it was determined that the left eye should be operated upon after a few days; and this day, with the kind assistance of Mr Pilcher and Mr Chaldecott, I divided its inner rectus muscle. The eye immediately became straight, and equally prominent with its fellow, and both eyes moved naturally.

June 10th, 1840.—Mary Anne Davis, *etat.* 17, has been affected with double convergent strabismus since she was two years old, which was caused by a fall off a high bedstead, upon her head. Her irides are of a dark brown colour. When she looks at an object with either eye, the other turns upwards and inwards, so as fully to conceal two-thirds of the cornea. The strabismus is even more intense in the right eye. Her education has been entirely neglected in consequence of the state of her vision. She cannot work at her needle for longer than ten minutes at a time, in consequence of the objects appearing dull and confused. She is an intelligent girl, and gives an account of the distressing state of her eyes. I divided the internal rectus muscle of the right eye, when it immediately occupied the centre of the orbital axis, and became more prominent than the other. The left eye remained turned upwards and inwards. I operated on the second eye three weeks after, when both organs became perfectly straight, and equally prominent.

August 13th.—Her eyes are perfectly straight, and follow each other's movements harmoniously. Her vision is remarkably benefited. Before the operation she suffered the greatest inconvenience in pursuing her ordinary avocations; even in walking, objects appeared confused to her, and she could not judge of their distance. She can now work at her needle without any inconvenience.

Mr Henry Mills, *etat.* 22, has had convergent strabismus of his right eye since he was four years old. His irides are of a dark brown colour, and the eyes are small and sunken. When the hand is placed over the left eye, he is able to bring the right one to the centre of the orbit. The left eye is unaffected.

On July the 28th, 1840, I divided the right inner rectus muscle, when the eye immediately became straight, but more prominent than its fellow.

August 7th.—The effect of the operation was this day as follows:—Scarcely a mark of the incision was present. Both eyes were straight, but at times the left eye appeared to have a slight inclination inwards. I mention this, although it appeared to some of those present that both eyes were perfectly straight. The right eye is much more prominent than its fellow, and forms a striking contrast to it in this respect. In the presence of Mr Kraus, Mr Cameron, and Mr Earle, I divided the inner rectus muscle of the sunken eye, which at once made it equally prominent with its fellow, without producing the least deformity of it.

The difference in the appearance of the patient was most remarkable. August 26th.—Saw Mr Mills this day; the incisions of the conjunctiva are scarcely perceptible; both eyes are equally prominent, and follow each other's movements with regularity. The division in this case of the inner rectus muscle of the eye *which did not squint* has been attended with the most satisfactory results, and practically illustrates in the living subject some of the physiological views which have been advanced in the preceding part of this essay, regarding the actions of the oblique muscles."

From personal observation, we are enabled to confirm the general conclusions at which Mr Lucas arrives in his narration of these and other cases. We have seen several persons, male and female, who have

* A Description of the Method of Operating for the Cure of Strabismus or Squinting; by Alexander Miller, F.R.S.C.E. Rickard: Edinburgh. 1840.

* Practical Treatise on the cure of Strabismus or Squint. 1 vol. Samuel Highley, Fleet Street, London. 1840.

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been operated on in Edinburgh; and, while all appearance of squint was removed, every individual declared that they now saw as well with the formerly bad eye as with the good one, and all seemed to possess the power of moving either eye in any direction required of them.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

RAILWAYS, as bringing the exactness of science to bear upon personal locomotion, and as productive of unexampled speed in travelling, must command the good wishes of every enlightened person. But, like other things of fine mechanical arrangement, they require careful handling. Accidents upon them, productive of damage and loss of life, have for some time been of alarming frequency, and have gone so far to shake the confidence of the public in this new mode of conveyance, that, on one road at least, the old stage-coaches have been resumed. We find some light thrown upon the causes of these accidents by an inquest held at Harrow, upon the bodies of two engine-drivers killed by a collision on the London and Birmingham line. It was shown in evidence, that the engineer who was the cause of the accident, and whom it cost his own life, was quite illiterate, and that many of the other officials on the line were so much so, as to be unable to read the printed regulations put into their hands. The jury passed resolutions, from which the following is an instructive extract:—

"The Jury cannot conclude their labours without expressing their surprise and regret at the manifest inefficiency of the executive of the company, as connected with matters that have come before them in this inquiry. The directors seem to have passed and printed many excellent rules and resolutions, which have been neglected to be carried out and enforced; while, in some instances, printed instructions have been given to a class of men unable, from want of education, to read them; and in some cases persons appear to have been put on as drivers of engines, having the whole conduct of the trains, without being duly qualified for the purpose. Considering the immense importance to the public of safe conduct in a mode of conveyance over which they are deprived of all control, or, when in motion, even of the power of remonstrance or complaint, and are entirely at the mercy of the engine-driver, the jury feel the public have a right to expect that some person of superior education and attainments as an engineer should be appointed as a captain of each train, to proceed with it and conduct it to its final destination. The night-signals are evidently insufficient, and yet no efficient means seem to have been adopted to improve them; while it is evident that no security can be attained until a means of communication between the guards and the engine-drivers is established. To all which matters the jury feel it is the bounden duty of the directors to turn their immediate and earnest attention."

When we thus learn that men of so low a grade as to be unable to read, are appointed to important situations on the railway, we cannot wonder at the late numerous accidents. Let us suppose the nearly parallel case of the great steamers being intrusted to men destitute of education and nautical skill, and at the same time a want of all the signals established for mutual understanding between vessels at sea, and no lights by night; and could we expect that tremendous accidents would not be constantly taking place! The management of a great train of carriages upon a railway, so as to avoid all the mechanical dangers of the case, is not a much less nice affair than that of a steamer at sea: in some respects, it is even more so. It would be therefore proper to have men of a respectable and instructed class to guide them, instead of such men as those described by the Harrow inquest. It is to be observed, that the risk which the engine-drivers participate with the persons in the carriages, is no guarantee against danger. Seamen are found to man any vessel, however unseaworthy. Human beings will be found to undertake every degree of hazard to life, short of certain destruction, for a consideration. In the uninstructed mind, cautiousness and conscientiousness are often alike so feeble, as scarcely to have any control over conduct. If, then, inferior persons are selected for the responsible situations on railways, the danger to their own lives, and the consideration of danger to the lives of others, will have in general no perceptible effect in causing the train to be guided safely.

It is remarkable that accidents by railways have not been much heard of, and, in fact, have been of very rare occurrence, till last year. When we couple this fact with the immense extent of railway line which has been brought into operation during 1840 (perhaps more than a doubling of the whole that previously existed), we cannot doubt that much of the evil is owing to the *newness of things*—to the want, in short, of due preparation on the part of the companies. Railways are designed for money-making purposes. When they approach completion, the directors become anxious to realise profit as soon as possible. They hurry over the latter operations, and, with untrained men and incomplete arrangements, rush into business. A Scottish railway was lately opened some weeks before it was quite ready, in order to take advantage of a race-week in the provincial town at one end of the line. It was by mere good fortune that some scores of lives were not sacrificed for the few hundred pounds thus grabbed at. Such conduct is most unworthy, and would only be attended with its proper punishment, if the public were to lose confidence in railways in consequence. But we hope for better things, and are inclined to believe that enough of mischief has already been produced, and enough of alarm raised, to induce greater deliberation in future.

The following points seem to us what ought chiefly to be attended to by railway companies, in order to retain or regain public confidence:—1. That no new line, or part of a line, should be brought into operation, *till the whole of the arrangements are complete;* 2. That no man should be employed in any capacity, who cannot read and write; 3. That the engine-driver should be a well-instructed mechanician, and should be attended, in every case where there are travelling trains, with a superior officer, in the capacity of captain or conductor, at such a salary as may ensure his being a person of honourable principle; 4. That the night signals (red lights) indicative of danger, should be of sparkling brightness, elevated to the height of the eye, and at least three feet in diameter; 5. That, to provide against the possibility of collision, a mass of springs, or pistons moving in air-tight tubes, should be fixed to each locomotive engine, and likewise to the last carriage of every train, in order, as far as possible, to expend the force of the shock. A means of disengaging, and an improved means of stopping, the carriages, if attainable, would be an important addition to these precautions. We would also respectfully tender a general advice to the companies—to be less eager for immediate profits, which they may succeed in securing only to lose much greater ultimate gains.

The accidents of the last few months of 1840 were certainly alarming, both in number and magnitude; but we would be sorry if they should prove a serious obstruction to the progress of railways in general. That they are not unavoidable, is shown by the history of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, during ten years of its existence, in which space of time the injury to person and life, in proportion to the numbers carried, was not perhaps one-hundredth of what takes place in the old stage-coach travelling. Let us hope that, with similar management, other railways will soon show similar safety to life and limb, and that the travelling of science will thus be ultimately triumphant over that of mere animal intelligence.

HEROISM IN THE BUSH.*

HAVING taken considerable interest in the trials and struggles of the emigrants on their first coming out to Canada, I often converse with them, and listen with pleasure to the simple recital of their early sufferings and manifold difficulties, some of which are sufficient to excite the sympathy of harder hearts than mine. In many instances, they serve to awaken feelings of admiration for the noble energies that have been called forth in the breast of the British peasant—feelings and powers that had lain dormant, because unawakened, or been crushed and kept down by the cheerless influence of poverty, and its soul-depressing consequences.

I have seen the poor man, who at home sank hopeless and desponding beneath the chilling blast of want and disease, here brave with manly energy the wants and privations of a new colony, and battle, without shrinking, with the storms of adversity. Cold, hunger, excessive toil, disease, all in their severest forms, were met with and by turns overcome, or endured without murmuring. In all probability, it is these very trials, which the members of an infant colony endure in their first outset, that gives them that strength and energy for which they are and have ever been noted, and which is ultimately the foundation of the greatness of their adopted country, and of the prosperity of themselves and their families.

I have met with many persons among the rich and thoughtless votaries of luxury and pride, who maintained that the virtues of the poor were at best but negative qualities—that there were few who acted well but from interested motives, or from fear of the law, and that genuine, exalted virtue, was rarely, if at all, to be found in the abodes of want and poverty. How many opportunities have I had, both in England and since my sojourn in this colony, of proving the untruthfulness of these allegations! A bright and beautiful example of disinterested benevolence at this minute recurs to my mind; and as I love to look upon the sunny side of the picture, I shall make no apology for introducing to your notice one of our poor neighbours, a young woman, who lives about three miles higher up the river, in the opposite township, whose conduct is a lovely illustration of the widow, who was seen by our Lord casting her two mites into the treasury; for she of her penury hath done that towards the fatherless and motherless orphans of her poor neighbour, that many of those persons, better circumstanced than herself, would have hesitated to do.

It is now between three and four years, since a poor settler of the name of Bulger was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree, while chopping in the bush (a casualty that sometimes happens). The widow was advanced in her pregnancy at the time, and had three small children—the eldest boy not quite seven, the younger child just able to run alone. Under these sad circumstances, the neighbours, who are not very well off, owing to the sterility of their lots of land, did for her all they could. They helped to put in her spring crops—say a little patch of potatoes and corn—drew in firewood, logged up her summer fallow, and showed, by a thousand little kind acts, the genuine sympathy they felt for her desolate situation.

The summer passed, and the fall brought with it a sore and deadly sickness—a malignant intermittent, which bore close resemblance to a typhus fever. Among many fatal cases that occurred in the neighbourhood, was the death of the Widow Bulger. The fever attacked her with great violence. Destitute of those little comforts so necessary to the restoration of the sick, with only occasional attendance, such as her poor neighbours were able to afford—distressed in mind by the wants and wailings of her little ones, and possibly weighed down by her melancholy state—no wonder that she fell a victim to the disease, crushed beneath an accumulation of evils. Still, in her dying hours she wanted not the consolation of one kind tender friend to close her eyes, and assure her that she would be a mother to her orphan children.

For ten days did this good young woman, Mrs Jones, tend her on her sick-bed, though within a few weeks of her own confinement, and with the tie of three small children at home. She devoted as much of her time as duty to her own family would admit; and it was in her friendly arms that the widow breathed her last. The babe she bore never saw the light—and so the poor sufferer was spared that great additional trial. When all was over, her sorrowful nurse took the way through the woods to her own humble dwelling, bearing in her arms the youngest child, while the two elder ones clung weeping to her gown. "And sad enough it made me to hear the poor creatures ask me day after day to take them back to see sick mammy," said the kind creature when telling me, with eyes filled with tears, of the sad death of the widow. After a little time, two of the neighbours, who could better afford their maintenance, took the two elder children, who would soon become useful to them, though none seemed disposed to burden themselves with the helpless little one. But it became dearer each day to the heart of its adopted mother, and precious in her eyes. It ate of the scanty portion of her children's bread, and drank of her own cup, shared the cradle bed of her own babe, and was to her as a daughter.

"Indeed, madam," she said, "I have had little Bridget now two years, and she is as dear to me every bit as any of my own, for the little thing seems to know that I have been good to her, and clings to me with more than a daughter's love; if I am away for a few hours, she is the first to run smiling to meet me, and to say, 'Mammy Jones come back.' She is as gentle as a lamb, and seems to have thought beyond her years, for she is sure to tell me if any thing has gone wrong during my absence. I do not think I could bear to part with the child, unless I were well assured she would be taken good care of, and she shall never want the bit or the sup while I have a potato or a drop of milk to give her."

At this very time the evils of want and sickness had visited her log-hut, and the potatoes and milk were all she had to support her family upon. The harvest had proved a failure, and her own babe was languishing at her breast for want of nourishment.

I saw her not many weeks ago. She was in ill health, and her baby was dead, but she told me, with tears of joy shining in her soft hazel eyes, that a kind good lady had taken her little adopted, and had promised to bring it up and do well by it—"Better, indeed, than I could do for her; and she was dressed so beautifully, just like a lady's child; but she says she will not forget mammy Jones." Indeed, it were a pity she should ever forget the kind-hearted friend who had cherished her in her desolate infancy.

This poor young woman has had her own share of trials since she came into the bush. You would have been interested in the account she gave me of the first year of their settlement. "We were," she said, "too poor to make any stay at a town or village when we came up the country. After paying the first instalment on our lot, which, unfortunately, is of the worst description, almost one block of stone, we had but a few dollars remaining, so I agreed with my husband, as it was then early in the spring, to go directly to the land, and try what we could do in putting up a bit of a hut, which people told us a man with a little help of his wife could do in one day; but it was nightfall before we reached the place, and much ado we had to make it out. I had then two little children, one at the breast, and another not much more than a babe. These I had to carry, one on my back, the other in my arms, while my husband bore what bedding and utensils he could carry on his back. As ill luck would have it, before we could get even a few boughs out down to shelter us, one of the most awful tempests came on that ever I witnessed. The thunder and lightning made my very heart tremble within me, and then the torrents of rain that came down drenched us entirely. I had much ado to keep the children dry, by covering them with every thing I could get together, and setting up a blanket on sloping sticks over where they lay; but the poor

* This article is the production of Mrs Trail, authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," and has been obligingly communicated to us by her sister, Miss Agnes Strickland.

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things were so weary, that they slept without heeding the roaring thunder or the rain, and so we passed the first night in the bush."

The next day, she said, they set to work quite early; her husband chopped down the trees, and cut them into lengths, while she tended the children, and did what she could to help him. Then she and he put up the hut; she, with the aid of a handspike, helped to roll on the logs, and lay the foundation of their little dwelling, and when the walls were being raised, she stood on the upper logs, and helped to haul them up with a rope; then her husband notched them and fixed them; so that, by dint of hard labour, their outside walls were raised ere night, and a few cedar and hemlock boughs and tops closed them in till they were able to lay a roof of troughed sap-wood the next day. After that, they raised a wall of stones and clay against one end, which served for a chimney, with a square hole cut in the roof to let out the smoke. They next commenced chopping a bit of ground for potatoes. I forget now how they got on, but I rather think badly, and suffered much want of food during the winter. In the spring the wife fell ill with intermittent fever, and was reduced to the most deplorable condition. She also lost one of the children that year. Her husband was at last obliged to leave her, to get work at some distance, that he might procure food to keep them from absolute starvation.

Just imagine the dreadful condition to which these poor creatures must have been reduced, when the husband was forced to leave the sick helpless starving wife and children alone. It so chanced that the person to whom he applied for work was a good and charitable man; he noticed the miserable anxiety of the distressed husband, and asked the cause; this was soon made known, and without waiting for further proof, the master instantly harried him off to the relief of his suffering partner, loaded with food and necessaries for her and the children.

"Oh, ma'am, sure never was sight so welcome to my eyes as that of my husband when he came in and set before me first one thing, then another; and I do believe that want of food was one of the causes of my illness, for, after a little while, I got well and strong; for our good master would never let my husband go home of a Saturday night without something for me, and his dear wife would fill a basket with cakes, and butter, and milk, and eggs, and all sorts of nice things, for me; and never, as long as I live, shall I forget the goodness of that blessed couple to me and mine."

Is it not good and pleasant to hear of such worthy people? I was much struck by an anecdote she related of her eldest child, a little girl of only eight years old; and as it serves to illustrate the character of courage and energy which I have before attributed to our young Canadians, I shall fill out my sheet by relating it to you in the words of the mother, as near as I can recall them.

"My husband was out at work many miles from home, and I was alone with my little ones, when about midnight I found myself taken very poorly. Indeed, ma'am, my confinement was at hand, and my pains came upon me so exceedingly fast, that no time was to be lost in getting help, for my little girl was too young to be of any service at a time like that. In this sore distress, I knew not what to do; but I woke up Elizabeth, and told her I was ill, and bade her light up the fire. This she quickly did, and set on water to warm. 'Mammy,' said she, 'you look very badly; lie down on the bed again, and I will go for Mrs ——;' a neighbour's wife, who lived about half a mile higher up through the bush.

'My child,' said I, 'you will not dare to go at this time of night alone through the dark woods.' 'Mammy,' said she again, 'I can carry a cedar torch; there is dry bark on the roof.'

'Take your brother with you, then, for company,' said I to her. 'No, mammy, he will only hinder me by falling over the sticks and logs; I will run all the way, and soon be back again with Mrs ——:' and the little thing, with the thoughtfulness of an older person, begged me to make myself easy, and lie down till she returned. And away she went, and I looked out after her into the dark night, and watched her with the torch till I saw her take the right path; but she had not been gone long before I began to reproach myself for having suffered her to go alone into the woods. 'What if she should miss the blazed line, and wander off the track, and get lost in the swamps or devoured by wolves or bears?' thought I; and when this notion came over me, I became like one out of my senses; I ran to the edge of the clearing, calling upon the child to return, and then I came in and sat me down and cried, to think how I had sacrificed my child. Time passed on, and I grew worse and worse. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I must perish, for there is no one to help me; and the child will be lost, and my poor girl; and what will my poor husband say when he returns?' But God was merciful beyond my deserts, for even as the last pangs of a mother seized me, I heard the quick step of my child before the door, and her voice calling out cheerfully that Mrs —— was coming; and in that moment of thankfulness and joy the baby was born, even before they could close the door and come to my help."

The little girl had twice strayed from the path, but by good fortune discovered her error before it was too late, and had thus succeeded in bringing the needful help to her poor mother. How few children of eight years of age dared have ventured forth on such an errand at such an hour! Yet this is only one instance among many of fearless and devoted courage displayed by our young folks: I could almost term it infant heroism.

LORD CLIVE.

The empire acquired by the British in Hindostan, whether it prove for good or bad to either party, forms certainly one of the most remarkable chapters in modern history. Its foundations were mainly laid by the singular energy of one man, originally an obscure gentleman, and one whose qualities seemed at first of a most unpromising kind, but who, cast accidentally into a sphere where his peculiar abilities were fully brought out, ultimately became one of the most eminent men of his age.

Robert Lord Clive was descended from a family long settled near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire, and possessed of a small estate in that county. At the family seat there, on the 29th of September 1725, Robert Clive was born, being the eldest of a numerous offspring. His strangely resolute and combative character was early evinced. A relative, writing of him when he was seven or eight years of age, described him as "immeasurably addicted to fighting." No enterprise was too dangerous for him to attempt, no feat too difficult for him to accomplish, in the usual line of boyish adventure. It may be supposed that a boy with such qualities and predilections could not be a very attentive or promising scholar, and in reality none of the many masters under whom he was placed could find out the way to tame or instruct him. In his eighteenth year, his despairing relatives were glad to give their heir a younger son's fate, and ship him off in the capacity of a *writer* for the East India Company's settlement of Madras.

The Company could at this time boast of no further possessions in India than their trading ports, and a few square miles of the surrounding country, which they rented from the native princes. Clive's landing was a moment much more worthy of an omen than that of Cæsar in Britain, or even of Cortes in Mexico. But the young and obscure writer entered Madras and assumed the duties of his office, without any peculiar notice from the elements or man. These duties, as might be expected, were very distasteful to him, and he soon fell into such a state of melancholy, that he twice raised a pistol to his head to take away his life. Both times, however, the weapon failed to go off; and Clive, it is said, was impressed by the circumstance with a belief that something great was in store for him. One fortunate result of his depression of spirits was his resorting to books for amusement. The governor granted the entrée of his library to the young writer, who made use of it so freely as to retrieve to a very considerable extent the consequences of his early idleness.

War existed at this time between the British and French; and not long after Clive's arrival, Madras fell into the hands of Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. A number of the inhabitants left the place. Our youthful writer went with others to Fort St David; and as the circumstances of the hour were calculated to awaken his natural spirit, he sought and received the commission of an ensign in the Company's service. In some subsequent operations against the French, his coolness and intrepidity called down on him the notice of one of the best soldiers then in India, Major Lawrence. Still more attention, however, was drawn to him by his quelling, in a desperate duel, the pride of a military bully, long the terror of Fort St David. When, by the restoration of peace at home, Madras was delivered up to its proper owners, Clive returned for a short time to his desk; but circumstances soon drew him back into his proper sphere. At this period Hindostan was in a most unsettled state. The heir and successor of the Mogul emperors still lived at Delhi, and claimed the sovereignty of the entire peninsula, but in reality the authority was possessed by numerous independent and hereditary princes, who named themselves viceroys and sub-viceroys, but paid no tribute, excepting perhaps an occasional present. Dupleix, the French governor of Pondicherry, a subtle and ambitious man, saw how easy it would be for a civilised power to gain the virtual authority in the peninsula, if a footing were but once fairly obtained. An opportunity for this occurred, and he grasped at it. Rival claimants started up for the viceroyship of the Deccan and the nabobship of the Carnatic, and Dupleix, taking the part of certain of the pretenders, triumphantly placed them in power, with the help of French troops. Chunda-Sahib, one of those whom he assisted, became the nominal ruler of the Carnatic, but in truth the puppet of Dupleix. This acquisition of supremacy by the French in the very province in which Madras was situated, threatened nothing less than absolute ruin to the British interests in India. The Madras authorities felt this, and looked on in dismay, while their ally, the true heir of the throne of the Carnatic, was besieged by Chunda-Sahib and the French in Trinchinopoly, his only remaining possession. They might count upon seeing themselves next assailed, their property destroyed, and their lives thrown into jeopardy. They had scarcely any force to defend themselves, and in consequence all was anxiety and alarm.

At this contingency, Clive, who was yet but twenty-five years of age, started forward, to change, by his daring and genius, the whole aspect of affairs. Obtaining the rank of captain and commissary, he proposed to his superiors, as the only way of saving themselves and freeing the Carnatic, that they should give him a force to attack the capital of Arcot, by which means the French would certainly be drawn off Trinchinopoly. The bold proposal was assented to, and Clive, at the head of two hundred Europeans and three hundred sepoys, marched to Arcot, in spite of thunder, rain, and storm. The result which followed was merited by the intrepidity of the young leader. At his approach the garrison of Arcot fled in a panic, and the English entered without opposition. Knowing, however, that Chunda-Sahib would instantly attempt his dislodgement, Clive was no sooner installed in his conquest than he began to collect provisions and strengthen the place. His first assailants were the late holders of the garrison, who returned in a body, to the number of three thousand men. Clive allowed them to sit down before the walls in peace, and then made a night sortie, which ended in their total dispersion, with greatly diminished numbers, while the garrison lost not one man. Chunda-Sahib, enraged by this unexpected opposition, now sent his son, Rajah Sahib, to the recovery of Arcot; and Clive, with his own numbers reduced by casualties to three hundred and twenty men, found himself besieged by ten thousand. The fortifications were wretched and ruinous, yet for fifty days the young commander defended the walls against all assaults. Rajah Sahib now attempted to bribe Clive, but the vast sums offered were rejected with scorn. At length the rajah determined upon a decisive night attack. The leader of the garrison heard of it, and was on his guard. When the enemy advanced, therefore, driving before them elephants armed with strong head-pieces of iron, in the hope of forcing the gates by their united efforts, Clive directed incessant shots against the animals, which caused them to turn in agony upon their drivers, and trample them under foot. Thrice afterwards did the besieguering force make a desperate onset on the place, and as often was repelled with great slaughter, till, finally, Rajah Sahib gave orders to his troops to fly from the spot. Next morning the garrison of Arcot saw before them no enemy.

The elated people of Madras sent the young victor a reinforcement of two hundred English, and seven hundred sepoys. With this force at command, he was not the man to remain idle. He immediately took steps to clear the Carnatic of every foe of its legitimate ruler, Mohammed Ali. Effecting a junction with one or two thousand native troops in the pay of that prince, he seized on the strong fort of Timery, and suddenly, by forced marches, presented himself before his old foe Rajah Sahib, then at the head of five thousand men. Over this prince he gained a decisive victory, and captured all the rajah's valuable military stores. Had the Madras authorities now supported the victor in an efficient way, he would have made no halt until he had closed the war; but they were dilatory, and allowed time to Rajah Sahib to collect a new army and menace the main British settlement itself. Clive, however, again surprised and defeated him signally.

Major Lawrence now came from England to assume the chief command. Clive showed his magnanimity by serving cheerfully as second to his friend, who well knew the young captain's value, and called him, in letters to friends, "a man of undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of *mind* which never left him in the greatest danger—*born a soldier*." Under Lawrence and Clive, the arms of Britain triumphed every where. The whole Carnatic was overrun, and Chunda-Sahib taken prisoner, in which situation he died, a victim to Mohammed Ali's jealousy. Dupleix tried every art to restore the French supremacy, but in vain. The conquest of the Carnatic, however, cost Clive his health, which he was forced to recruit by a journey to England. Before his departure he married Miss Maskelyne, daughter of the well-known astronomer and mathematician, Dr Maskelyne.

The eyes of the people of England were at this time directed anxiously to India, chiefly, perhaps, because no contest existed to arrest their attention in any other quarter of the world. France and Britain had concluded a peace, being content to look upon the strife in Hindostan as one not national, but concerning only two private trading companies. However, its importance was not underrated, and the gallant young captain (Clive was yet but twenty-seven), who had conquered the Carnatic, and effected a most extraordinary change in the aspect of British affairs in the east, was welcomed by his countrymen with the loudest acclamations. The East India Company tendered him a vote of thanks, and presented to him a magnificent sword set with diamonds. His family, who had formerly looked upon him as a hopeless scape-grace, now regarded him as a hero, and the hope and pride of their ancient house. Constitutionally generous, he devoted a large part of the prize-money which he brought home to relieving the pecuniary distresses of his father. The remainder was chiefly dissipated upon a contested parliamentary election, at the close of which the young soldier found himself unseated, and again poor. He then thought once more of India, and the offer of service which he made to the Company was at once accepted. He received the governorship of Fort St David, and was

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at the same time raised by the king to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army. Thus advanced, he returned to the east in 1755.

His first act in his governorship was the reduction of a noted pirate named Angria, who had long infested the Arabian Gulf, and from whose fastnesses L.150,000 were obtained by the conquerors. Shortly afterwards, Clive's whole energies were aroused by certain intelligence brought from Bengal, the richest province of the Mogul empire, and in which, on the banks of the fertilising Ganges, the British had long held the settlement of Fort William or Calcutta. Surajah Dowlah, nominally the viceroy, but in reality the independent sovereign of Bengal, was an ignorant, dissipated young man, who had been trained up in hatred of the British name, and who had ever longed for an opportunity of seizing the property of the settlers at Fort William, which his avarice greatly overrated. He found a plea for the fulfilment of his wish, and attacked the settlement. Then took place the memorable catastrophe of the Black Hole, fatal to one hundred and twenty-three British subjects. The brutal despot to whom the affair was ascribable, revelled in his conquest over the defenceless settlers, and never dreamed that reprisals were possible. Clive heard with indignation and horror of the seizure of Calcutta and the proceedings attending it, and, as similar feelings were entertained by the whole population of Madras, he had no difficulty in obtaining the command of a force of 900 English and 1500 sepoys, for the relief of Fort William. A naval armament, under Admiral Watson, was destined to assist in the same service. As soon as Clive reached the Ganges, he commenced operations with his wonted vigour. In an amazingly short space of time, he took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, and stormed and sacked Hoogley. The nabob, though at the head of an immense force, durst not face "the daring in war," as he Asiatically called the English leader. He proposed a treaty, and Clive was most reluctantly obliged by the people of Calcutta to negotiate, when his whole soul was bent on action. In the ensuing arrangements, Surajah Dowlah showed signal duplicity, which seems to have been the means of leading Clive into a course of action forming a lamentable stain upon his name. In return for the secret trafficking of Surajah Dowlah with the French, the English commander encouraged and joined a conspiracy to dethrone the nabob, and crown a relative, Meer Jaffier, in his place. He even stooped to the unjustifiable artifice of temporarily deceiving the nabob by affectionate letters. The chief agent between the English and Surajah Dowlah was a native merchant named Omichund, an artful intriguing man, who took advantage of his knowledge of the conspiracy to demand, for his own services, the exorbitant reward of L.300,000, and insisted upon seeing a condition to that effect introduced into the secret treaty with Meer Jaffier. As Omichund could have defeated the whole scheme by a single word to Surajah Dowlah, Clive was forced to consent to the wily Hindoo's terms, but deceived him by drawing up two copies of the treaty, in one of which only was inserted a clause to the effect desired by Omichund. By these dishonourable means, the conspiracy was kept secret till the hour came for acting openly.

When that hour arrived, Clive put his troops in motion, and marched against the nabob, expecting that Meer Jaffier would leave the party of the enemy, and join the English with a strong body of native troops. Surajah Dowlah brought out to the field against him a force of forty thousand infantry, and fifteen thousand cavalry, well armed, and furnished with fifty pieces of ordnance. To confront this great army, Clive had but three thousand men, and of these but one thousand were English. The armies approached each other near Plassey. When they encamped at evening, with but a mile of ground between them, the mind of Clive was for the first time seized with doubt and alarm, as Meer Jaffier showed no intention of fulfilling his promises. The English commander called a council of war, and was advised by the majority of his officers to decline an engagement, where the terms were so fearfully unequal. He himself coincided with this opinion; but afterwards, retiring under the shade of some trees, he held counsel for the space of an hour with himself, and his wonted spirit returned in force. He determined upon a battle, which accordingly took place on the morrow, and ended in the complete and irretrievable defeat of the vast force of Surajah Dowlah. With the loss of no more than twenty-two men, the skill, genius, and daring of Clive gave his little army a victory over nearly sixty thousand men. All the stores of the enemy fell into the hands of the conquerors.

After the battle, Meer Jaffier, who, during its continuance, had contrived to side with no party, presented himself before Clive, very doubtful of the reception which might be given to him. But the English leader overlooked all backslidings, and saluted the native prince as Nabob of Bengal. Omichund's fate was deplorable. He, too, appeared before Clive, imagining that a great fortune was secured to him by the treaty. "It is time to undeceive him," said the English leader to Mr Scrapton. The latter, a servant of the Company, then addressed the poor dupe. "Omichund, the treaty which you saw was a fictitious one. You are to have nothing!" Omichund fell back insensible. He was restored to life, but never to the full exercise of his reason, though Clive did all in his power to soothe him, and soften the effects of the blow.

The great victory of Plassey decisively established the empire of the English in India. Through the gratitude of the nabob, a shower of wealth fell on the Company and its servants. Clive, who was but a servant of the Company, and not forbidden by its rules to accept of rewards, might have taken to himself an almost unlimited sum, and he did accept a large one—between two and three hundred thousand pounds. At a later period, he also received from Meer Jaffier a gift for life of the annual rental paid to the nabob by the Company, amounting to nearly L.30,000 annually. The immediate cause of this second donation was another great success in arms of the English soldier. Shah Alum, heir of the Mogul throne, assembled an army of forty thousand men, and marched to Bengal, to expel the English and their royal protegé, Meer Jaffier. Clive took the field; and almost at the mere sight of his advanced guard, the army of Shah Alum disappeared. Thus, with but one thousand Englishmen, Clive had faced and dispersed 100,000 Asiatics. Another battle took place soon afterwards, but with an enemy of a different stamp. Meer Jaffier, afraid that the same agency which had set him up might also one day pull him down, secretly invited the Dutch to send an armament from Batavia, to balance the power of the English in Bengal. Clive saw the danger of allowing Meer Jaffier to form connexions with the Dutch; and, when their armament came, he attacked and routed it, though with a far inferior force.

By these successes did Clive firmly establish that belief in British invincibility, by which, up to this hour, a handful of foreigners, from a far distant country, have been able to govern the immense population of Hindostan. Having placed all things in peace and security, Clive returned to Britain, with such a fortune and reputation as no man before him, it is probable, ever acquired at the age of thirty-four. He was raised by George III. to the Irish peerage, and received by the ministry of Mr Pitt with the most marked attention. He entered the House of Commons in 1761, but did not take so prominent a part there as in the India House. Between these two arenas his time was spent until 1764, when he was again called to India. After his departure from it, affairs had again gone far wrong, and principally through the corrupt rapacity of the Company's servants. When this became known in Britain, the general voice pointed at once to Lord Clive, as the only man capable of restoring order to the empire he had founded. Being appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal, he sailed for the third time from his native shores, at the close of 1764. On his arrival, he found matters to be even in a worse state than had been represented. He nevertheless accomplished every desirable improvement, and, in short, put the finishing stroke to the great work of his life, by permanently settling and confirming the power he had founded.

At the end of eighteen months, he returned with broken health to Britain. Here he was not destined to close his life happily. His stern reforms had raised many enemies in the India House, and his wealth was but too well calculated to create additional foes among the spiteful and invidious of all classes. The great services of the man were overlooked, and, as years ran on, seemed to be altogether forgotten. At length, in the year 1772, his conduct was formally brought into review before the House of Commons. In the first instance he defended himself, and in such a way that Lord Chatham, who was present, declared that he had never in his life heard a more finished piece of eloquence. It made a deep impression, yet the investigation went on. He was examined before a committee, and manfully avowed every act of his career. With regard to the money received by him, he told his examinators that when he remembered the immense heaps of gold and precious stones pressed upon his acceptance, "By my honour, Mr Chairman," said he, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." The result was, that though the house found Clive to have been guilty of some unjustifiable acts, they not only did not censure him, but concluded the affair by a vote admitting that he had rendered "great and meritorious services to his country."

Though thus formally commended by the senate of Britain, Lord Clive was deeply hurt by the persecution of his enemies. His bodily health had for some time declined, and now his once vigorous and penetrating intellect partially gave way. At the comparatively early age of forty-nine, on the 22d of November 1774, this great soldier died, and died by his own hand, after having spent some years in severe suffering.*

The real character of Clive is to be estimated in a moment. We behold in him a being formed by nature to act as an instrument for performing some of the rougher and sterner of the world's work, and formed, for this purpose, with all that vigour and hard-headedness which seem to be called for in such functions. The highest moral qualities are perhaps not to be looked for in such a character, though we can readily imagine what grace they would give to it. Accordingly, though Clive was perhaps under most of the lesser restraints of English gentlemen in his situation, he has left a character exhibiting a few deep taints, to dull the extraordinary brilliancy of his military reputation. As a conspicuous public character, he ranks amongst a few who do something to redeem the eighteenth century from the tameness usually attributed to it. Those who speak of the last age as a blank in acts and in the characters of men, would do well to study the colossal genius of Chatham, and the conquest of India by Lord Clive.

* His eldest son was raised in the peerage to the English earldom of Powis.

A *WISTERN* MAN.

Sam Slick, in his *third* series of the Clockmaker, newly published (Bentley, London), and which appears to be as full of quaint drollery as either of the former two, introduces a raw-boned denizen of the remote Western States, all made up of fox-traps, and as springy as a saplin-ash. They meet at a tavern, and the following is the account of their interview:—

"All at once he recollected my phiz, and jumpin' up and catchin' hold of my hand, which he squeezed as if it was in a vice, he roared out, Why, it ain't possible! said he. Lawful heart alive, if that ain't you! * * Come, let's liquor; I want to wet up; the sight of an old friend warms my heart so, it makes my lips dry. What will you have?—cocktail, sling, julip, sherry cobbler, purl talabogus, clear sheer, or switchell?—name your drink, my man, and let's have a gum tickler, for old acquaintance, somethin' that will go down the throat like a greased patch down a smooth rifle. Well, says I, I am no ways pitikilar; suppose we have brandy cocktail, it's 'bout as good a nightcap as I know on. Done, said he, with a friendly tap on my shoulder that nearly dislocated my neck; I like a man that knows his own mind. * * I'll go and speak for it to one of the gentlemen at the bar.—With that he swiggled his way through the crowd, to the counter, and, says he, Major, says he, I guess you may let one of your aidy-coons bring us a pint of cocktail but let it be letter A, No. I, and strong enough to loosen the hinges of a feller's tongue.—Well, we sot down and chatted away till we had finished our liquor; and now, says he, Slick, answer me a few questions, that's a good feller, for I am a free-trader now. I have got a'most an angeliferous craft, a rael screemer, and I'm the man that sez it. The way she walks her chalks ain't no matter. She is a regilar fore-and-after. When I heist the fore-sail she is mad, and when I run up the mainsail she goes ravin' distracted. She goes right on eend like a rampin' alligator. She'll go so quick, she'll draw their wind out; go ahead! cook-a-doodle-doo! And he crowed like a rael live rooster.—Go ahead, steam-boat—cock-a-doodle-doo! and he smashed my hat in, most ridikilous over my eyes, a-flappin' so with his hands, like wings.

But come, said he, that cocktail and your news is considerable excitin', and has whetted my appetite properly; I guess I'll order supper. What shall it be—corn bread and common doin's, or wheat bread and chickin fixin's? But we must fust play for it. What do you say to a game at all-fours, blind-hookey, odd and even, wild cat and 'coon, or something or another, jist to pass time? Come, I'll size your pile.—Size my pile! says I; why, what the plague is that? I never heard tell of that sayin' afore.—Why, says he, shell out, and plank down a pile of dollars or doubloons, of any size you like, and I'll put down another of the same size. Come, what do you say?—No, I thank you, says I, I never play.—Will you wrestle, then? said he; and whose ever throw'd pays the shot for supper.—No, says I; since I broke my leg a-ridin' a cussed Blue-nose hoss, I hante strength enough for that. Well, then, we are near about of a height, says he, I estimate; let's chalk on the wall, and whoever chalks lowest liquidates the bill.—If it warn't for the plaguy rhumatis I caught once to Nova Scotia, says I, a-sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial, says I; but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp. I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could jist double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke: he fairly roared out, it tickled him so.—But, stop, said he; it's no use a-sittin' here as still as two rotten stumps in a fog. I'll tell you what we'll do; here's two oranges; do you take one, and I'll take the other, and let us take a shy among them glasses to the bar there, and knock some o' them to darned shivers, and whoever breaks the fewest shall pay for the smash and the supper too. Come, are you ready, my old coon? let's drive blue-blazes thro' 'em.—No, says I; I'd be sure to lose, for I am the poorest shot in the world.—Poorest shote, said he, you mean, for you have no soul in you. I believe you have fed on pumpkins so long in Conne'ticut, you are jist about as soft, and as holler, and good-for-nothin', as they be; what ails you? You hante got no soul in you, man, at all. This won't do: we must have a throw for it. I don't valy the money a cent; it ain't that, but I like to spikilate in all things. I'll tell you what we'll do—let's spit for it; and he drew his chair up even with mine. Now, says he, bring your head back in a line with the top rail, and let go; and whoever spits farthest without spatterin' wins.—Well, says I, you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but I've gin up spittin' since I went down to Nova Scotia. Spittin' would spile a trade there as quick as thunder does milk. I'm out of practice.—Well, then, what the plague will you do? says he.—Why, says I, a-takin' up the candle, and a-yawnin' so wide and so deep you could hear the watch tickin' thro' my mouth, I guess I'll go to bed."

WALPOLE'S FAME.

When I was very young, and during the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the city. We drove thither; found a great stock: she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, "Whither?" "To Sir Robert Walpole's." He asked coolly, "Who is Sir Robert Walpole?"—*Horace Walpole's Letters.*

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THE DESERT OF JERICHO.

The desert is an immense plain, with several elevations, which sink successively, as far as the river Jordan, by regular gradations, like the steps of a natural staircase. The eye can distinguish only one complete plain; but after marching an hour, we come all at once on one of these terraces, which we descend by a rapid slope, and march another hour, when there is a fresh descent, and thus the whole way. The soil is a white compact sand, covered by a concrete and saline crust, produced doubtless by the fogs from the Dead Sea, which, on their evaporation, deposit this salt crust. There is no stone or earth, except on approaching the river or the mountains; there is, on all sides, a vast horizon; and we distinguished, from an immense distance, an Arab galloping over the plain. As this desert is the theatre of their attacking, pillaging, and massacring the caravans going from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia to Egypt, the Arabs take advantage of some detached hills formed by the moving sand, and have also erected artificial ones, to hide themselves from the observation of the caravans, and to descry them from afar; they hollow out the sand on the summit of these hills, and there burrow with their horses. As soon as they perceive their prey, they dart with the rapidity of the falcon; they go to apprise their tribe, and return all together to the attack. Such is their only industrial occupation, such their only glory; civilisation with them is murder and pillage, and they attach as much importance to their successes in this species of exploit, as our conquerors to the acquisition of a province. Their poets, for they have poets, celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarity, and deliver down, from generation to generation, the honoured memory of their courage and their crimes. The horses have a considerable share of the glory assigned them in these recitals: here is one, which the scheik's son related to us on the way:—

"An arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the caravan of Damascus; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in loading their rich booty, when the troops of the Pacha of Acre, coming to meet this caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, slew a great number of them, made the remainder prisoners, and, having tied them with cords, conducted them to Acre to present them before the pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the Arab of whom he spoke, had received a ball in his arm during the combat; as his wound was not mortal, the Turks had fastened him on a camel, and having obtained possession of his horse, led off both horse and horseman. The evening before which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphad; the wounded Arab had his legs bound together by a leathern thong, and was stretched near the tent where the Turks were sleeping. During the night, kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh amongst the other horses fastened around the tents according to oriental usage. He recognised his neigh, and, unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the assistance of his hands and knees, and came up to his courser. 'Poor friend,' said he to it, 'what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be immured under the arches of a khan, with the horses of an aga or of a pacha; the women and the children will no longer bring thee the camel's milk, or the barley, or the doura in the hollow of their hands; thou wilt no longer run free in the desert, as the wind of Egypt; thou wilt no more divide the waters of the Jordan with thy breast, and cool thy skin, as white as their foam: therefore, if I remain a slave, remain thou free!—go, return to the tent which thou knowest; say to my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will return no more, and put thy head under the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little children.' Whilst speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed through with his teeth the cord of goat-hair which fetters Arab horses, and the animal was free; but seeing its master wounded and bound at its feet, the faithful and sagacious steed understood by instinct what no language could explain to him. He stooped his head, smelt his master, and, seizing him with his teeth by the leathern thong which he had about his body, went off in a gallop and bore him to his tent. On arriving and placing his master on the sand, at the feet of his wife and children, the horse expired from fatigue. All the tribe wept for him, the poets have celebrated him, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho."—*Lamartine's Travels in the East.*

FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF BOMBAY.

A few centuries since, this island was a mere settlement of gardeners and bhundaries, known only for the arrack and cocoa-nut oil, which, in common with other palm-clad coasts, it transmitted to the interior, and for the flower of its Mazagong mangoes, of which it sent a yearly tribute to the court of Delhi. Even little more than half a century ago, though a fortified settlement of some consequence, it was insignificant in comparison with what it is at the present day; the whole population of the place did not amount to above sixty thousand inhabitants, consisting entirely of a few tribes of Hindoos and Hindoo Portuguese. The island was constantly ravaged by Angria, and other Mahratta pirates, as far as Byeullah. The grand jury consisted of Portuguese fuzendars from Mahim, who took their seats with bare legs and shaven heads, while their sons officered the defensive militia, and figured on the parades in caps of congeed cotton. The few civil servants of that day lived sumptuously on thirty rupees a-month, spreading no other carpeting on their sabine floors than a coating of fresh cow-dung, asking no other light whereby to read their dispatches than what was admitted through oyster-shell windows, and enjoying no other luxury than a healthy shaking in a homely but neatly curtained bullock-hackery. But times are altered, and it is now the capital of Western India, the third in the scale of rank and seniority in the eastern empire. Its increase of population has kept pace with its political and commercial advancement. While neighbouring cities waned in consequence and wealth, Bombay progressed in both, and attracted to itself, as to a focus of speculation or employment, the adventurous, the industrious, and the needy. The transfer of the Presidency from Surat, and its decline in trade, brought Parsees, Banyans, and Boras. The overthrow of Tippoo's power, the capture of the Dutch settlements, and the decline of the Portuguese, produced a similar influx from the south. Goa, Cochin, and every other part on the western coast, sent respectively Sinoys and Malpas, Malabar, Dutch, and Portuguese Christians. The downfall of the Peshwa, and the breaking up of the great Mahratta courts and armies, thronged the place with Brahmins and upland peasants, men of the sword and of the pen. The trade in pearls and carpets brought Jews and Armenians, and the demand for the beautiful Arabian horse lured to its shores a dense population altogether new, presenting alternately the physiognomy of the graceful and effeminate Persian, the small and piercing features of the Arab, and the wild swarthy and hairy-looking visages of Caubul Candaur, or Kurdistan. The partial opening of the trade, the profits of the opium speculations, and the accession of territory which followed the success of arms in 1816, nearly quadrupled the number of British inhabitants. Add to the above, Italian and American missionaries, travellers, experimentalists, and professional men from the continent of Europe; persecuted Christians from Georgia; ruined families from Cashmere, Polish counts, Dutch barons, Malays, sailors, negro-servants, Macao traders, Brazil merchants, Canton shoemakers, Pekin sausage-makers, bakers, Bhya hamauls, Camatee Chutreewalas, together with a long string of gipsies, tumblers, fire-eaters, drum-beaters, sarungee-players, dancing-girls, and courtesans, from every quarter of India; and there is a mottled population of 400,000 persons, more multifarious in country, religion, caste, language, complexion, and profession, than perhaps any other city in the world could at the present day produce.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A CHILD CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE.

An infant, in the care of Charley Stewart, a boy ten years old, had been carried off by an eagle to his nest in the mountains. The distracted mother, with the boy and a feeble old man, followed it. Having reached the summit of the crag by a circuitous path, they could now descry the two eagles to which the nest belonged, soaring aloft at a great distance. They looked over the cliff as far as they could stretch with safety; but although old Peter was so well acquainted with the place where the nest was built, as at once to fix on the very spot whence the descent ought to be made, the verge of the rock there projected itself so far over the ledge where the nest rested, as to render it quite invisible from above. They could only perceive the thick sea of pine foliage that rose up the slope below, and clustered closely against the base of the precipice. A few small stunted fir-trees grew scattered upon the otherwise bare summit where they stood. Old Peter sat himself down behind one of these, and placed a leg on each side of it, so as to secure himself from all chance of being pulled over the precipice by any sudden jerk, whilst Charley's little fingers were actively employed in undoing the great bundle of hair-line, and in tying one end of it round his body and under his armpits. The unhappy mother was now busily assisting the boy, and now moving restlessly about, in doubtful hesitation whether she should yet allow him to go down. When all was ready, Charley Stewart slipped the skien-dhu into his hoe, and went boldly but cautiously over the edge of the cliff. He was no sooner fairly swung in air than the hair-rope stretched to a degree so alarming, that Bessy Macdermot stood upon the giddy verge gnawing her very fingers, from the horrible dread that possessed her that she was to see it give way and divide. Peter sat astride against the root of the tree, carefully eyeing every inch of the line ere he allowed it to pass through his hands, and every now and then pausing—hesitating, shaking his head most ominously, as certain portions of it, here and there, appeared to him of doubtful strength. Meanwhile, Charley felt himself gradually descending, and turning round at the end of the rope by his own weight, his brave little heart beating, and his brain whirling, from the novelty and danger of his daring attempt—the screams of the young eagles sounding harshly in his ears, and growing louder and louder as he slowly neared them. He reached the slanting surface of the ledge, and found the child between two eaglets. Being at once satisfied that it would be worse than hazardous to trust the hair-line with the weight of the child, in addition to his own, he undid it from his body. Approaching the nest, he gently lifted the crying infant from between its two screeching and somewhat pugnacious companions. The moment he had done so, the little innocent became quiet, and instantly recognised him; she held out her hands, and smiled and chuckled to him, at once oblivious of her miseries. Charley kissed his little favourite over and over again, and then he proceeded to tie the rope around and across her, so as to guard against all possibility of its slipping. Having accomplished this, he shouted to Peter to pull away—kissed the little Rosa once more, and then committed her to the vacant air. Nothing could equal the anxiety he endured whilst he beheld her slowly rising upwards. And when he beheld the mother's hands appear over the edge of the rock, and snatch her from his sight, nothing could match the shout of delight which he gave. The maternal screams of joy which followed, and which came faintly down to his ears, were to him a full reward for all the terrors of his desperate enterprise. For that instant he forgot the perilous situation in which he then stood, and the risk that he had yet to run ere he could hope to be extricated from it.—*Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Tales of the Highlands.*

THE LEISURE OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

[From an Address of the Rev. Archibald Bennie, at the opening of the Edinburgh School of Arts, Oct. 28, 1840.]

There is no such thing as absolute mental idleness. If the mind be not active for good, it is active for evil. It may not be rightly directed, or vigorously exercised, or subject to any method in its efforts; but it will be busied about something, obeying the impulse of some predominant desire, or pursuing some familiar and favourite current of thought. No man of regular and steady mental habits will go and stand on the street. The circumstances are not suitable, and will be shunned. Here lies the great mischief of idleness. The mind is left open by it to every passing impression and accidental impulse. It is precisely in the state in which temptation can bear most successfully upon it. It is standing in the market, ready for the call of the vices; and it will not remain long without a call. It is heart-breaking to think what multitudes of the young there are who are hurried into vices of various kinds—early dissipation, with its dark and numerous train of sins. Self-murderers are they in the most fearful sense of the appalling name. Let no one for a moment suppose that, in appealing thus strongly, we would deny the working man a single rational comfort or pleasure. I have the most intense abhorrence of all those measures and schemes, whether legislative or otherwise, which would stint the poor man's beer, and spare the rich man's wine. There is no member of society who deserves more richly a measure of rational comfort and enjoyment than a hard-working mechanic. But I do not wish to see him often in the alehouse. When he takes enjoyment, I would have him to do so in presence of those whose claims upon him operate with the power of virtuous restraints, and are felt to be incompatible with excess. A habit of frequenting public scenes of dissipation will sooner or later prove fatal. It has always appeared to me that such institutions as this afford to working men a refuge from temptations to gross vice. There are higher and holier considerations, indeed, that should be brought to bear upon the character, without whose influence vice will never appear the detestable evil which it really is; and it will not be supposed that I can have the slightest intention to overlook or undervalue these. Without doing so, it may be safely affirmed, that the time spent in attendance on the School of Arts is so much taken from temptation, while it is innocently and rationally employed. I beg, therefore, to press this most earnestly upon the attention of my hearers. An idle hour upon the street may form the inlet to vices which will degrade and defile a whole life. Keep the working man from this danger—give him suitable occupation for this hour—and the probability is, you rescue him from years of misery and shame.

THE CHILD A MORAL INSTRUCTOR.

A child is a moral instructor, and the silent lessons it inculcates are felt by the most vitiated and depraved. The value of the sermons preached by the cradle has never been fully estimated; but those who have visited our prisons, and who have had to deal with the most hardened criminals, know that there is a well-spring of affection in a father's heart, which even the fires of the worst guilt have not dried up; and the name of a child, like the wand of the prophet, has drawn living waters from the flinty rock. * * * Home itself is a school; it nourishes principles of the highest value in human life: every emotion of love, felt or received, is a part of education which cannot safely be disregarded. So far, then, as is possible, no system of education should totally separate families, or supersede the arrangements of domestic life. Except in very desperate cases, the interchange of affectionate communications between fathers, mothers, children, brothers, and sisters, every morning and evening, is of inestimable importance to morality. Cases have come under the personal cognisance of the writer, where parents, vicious but not wholly depraved, have been induced to commence a career of reform by witnessing the gradual improvement of their children. As they witnessed their progress, and saw them undesignedly revealing the dawnings of intelligence, and the development of moral principles in their little minds, they became more and more attached to them, and unconsciously took those for their examples to whom nature had designed that they should be models themselves. It should, therefore, be a principle in education to keep the bonds of family unbroken.—*Taylor's Natural History of Society.*

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A LEGEND OF KNOCKMARY.*

WHAT Irish man, woman, or child, has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul! Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And by the way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his gigantic relatives were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge, or what was still better, a good stout pad-road, across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. To be sure, Fin was a true Irishman, and so the sorrow thing in life brought him back, only to see that she was snug and comfortable, and, above all things, that she got her rest well at night; for he knew that the poor woman, when he was with her, used to be subject to nightly qualms and configurations, that kept him very anxious, decent man, striving to keep her up to the good spirits and health that she had when they were first married. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir-tree, and, after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking-stick of it, and set out on his way to Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tip-top of Knockmary Hill, which faces a cousin of its own, called Cullamore, that rises up, half-hill, half-mountain, on the opposite side—east-east by south, as the sailors say, when they wish to puzzle a landsman.

Now, the truth is, for it must come out, that honest Fin's affection for his wife, though cordial enough in itself, was by no manner or means the real cause of his journey home. There was at that time another giant, named Cucullin—some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch—but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a *targer*. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength, that, when well vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near; and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. Whether the story is true or not, I cannot say, but the report went that, by one blow of his fist, he flattened a thunderbolt and kept it in his pocket, in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies when they were about to fight him. Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore, by the solemn contents of Moll Kelly's Primer, that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sauce, if he could catch him. Fin, however, who no doubt was the cock of the walk on his own dunghill, had a strong disinclination to meet a giant who could make a young earthquake, or flatten a thunderbolt when he was angry; so he accordingly kept dodging about from place to place, not much to his credit as a Trojan, to be sure, whenever he happened to get the hard word that Cucullin was on the scent of him. This, then, was the marrow of the whole movement, although he put it on his anxiety to see Oonagh; and I am not saying but there was some truth in that too. However, the short and the long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that he heard Cucullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was naturally enough seized, in consequence, with a very warm and sudden fit of affection for his wife, poor woman, who was delicate in her health, and leading, besides, a very lonely uncomfortable life of it (he assured them), in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir-tree, as I said before, and having *snedded* it into a walking-stick, set out on his affectionate travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmary, by the way.

In truth, to state the suspicions of the country at the time, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling-house, and they even went so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr M'Coul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmary, where you never are without a breeze, day or night, winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap* without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbours, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmary? As for water, I am sinking a pump,† and, plase goodness, as soon as the causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was, that he pitched upon the top of Knockmary in order that he might be able to see Cucullin coming towards the house, and, of course, that he himself might go to look after his distant transactions in other parts of the country, rather than—but no matter—we do not wish to be too hard on Fin. All we have to say is, that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp look-out—and, between ourselves, he did want it grievously—barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donan, or its own cousin, Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good humouredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, you darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

"Faith," said Fin, "beautiful; an' how are you, Oonagh—and how did you sport your figure during my absence, my bilberry?"

"Never a merrier—as bouncing a glass widow as ever there was in sweet 'Tyrone among the bushes.'"

Fin gave a short good-humoured cough, and laughed most heartily, to show her how much he was delighted that she made herself happy in his absence.

"An' what brought you home so soon, Fin?" said she.

"Why, avourneen," said Fin, putting in his answer in the proper way, "never the thing but the purest of love and affection for yourself. Sure you know that's truth, any how, Oonagh."

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cucullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive that something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the mean time, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her goodman, when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cucullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunderbolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to any one that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy, or to know any thing that happened in his absence; and the wife, who knew not what he did it for, said, very sweetly,

"Fin, darling, I hope you don't bite your thumb at me, dear?"

"No," said Fin; "but I bite my thumb, acushla," said he.

"Yes, jewel; but take care and don't draw blood," said she. "Ah, Fin, don't, my bully—don't."

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick! Glory be to God!"

"That baste Cucullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

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* The above paper, communicated by William Carleton, Esq., author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," gives a good idea of the strange hues which the national humour and fancy have thrown over most of the early popular legends of Ireland. Fin or Fion M'Coul is the same half-mythic being who figures as Fingal in Macpherson's Ossian's Poems. He was probably a distinguished warrior in some early stage of the history of Ireland; different authorities place him in the fifth and the ninth centuries. Whatever his real age, and whatever his real qualities, he was afterwards looked back to as a giant of immense size and strength, and became the subject of numerous wild and warlike legends both in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland. Our Lowland poets of the middle ages give incontestible evidence of the great fame then enjoyed by both Fingal and Gaul the son of Morni. Barbour, for instance, in 1375, represents his hero Robert Bruce as making allusion to these two personages at the skirmish in Glendochart. Gavin Douglas, who died in 1522, introduces their names into his poem, *the Palace of Honour*:

Great Gow MacMorn, and Fin MacCowl, and how
They should be gods in Ireland, as they say.

Another Scottish poem, of obscure authorship, but of the same age as the above, entitled *An Interlude of the Droich's* [Dwarf's] *Part of the Play*, conveys the extravagant popular notions of the day respecting the vast stature of not only Fin and Gaul, but of Fin's wife. Of Fin it says—

Ay when he danced, the warld wad shog—
* * * *
——After he grew mickle at fouth,
Eleven mile wide was his mouth,
His teeth were ten miles square;
He wad upon his taes stand,
And tak the sterns down with his hand,
And set them in a gold garland,
Above his wife's hair.

Of the wife it may be enough to say—

For could she took the fever-tertan,*
For all the chaith in France and Bertan†
Wad not be till her leg a garten,
Though she was young and tender.

In Irish traditionary narrative, as appears from Mr Carleton's present sketch, Fin and his dame are kept within something comparatively moderate as respects bulk and strength, at the same time that enough of the giant is retained to contrast ludicrously with the modern and natural feelings assigned to them, and the motives and maxims on which they and their enemy Cucullin are represented as acting.

* Tertian fever. † Britain.

* A common name for the cloud or rack that hangs, as a forerunner of wet weather, about the peak of a mountain.

† There is upon the top of this hill an opening that bears a very strong resemblance to the crater of an extinct volcano. There is also a stone, upon which I have heard the Rev. Sidney Smith, F.T.C., now rector of the adjoining parish, say that he found Ogham characters; and, if I do not mistake, I think he took a *fac-simile* of them.

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"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself, by your rule o' thumb."

This quieted Fin's heart very much, for he knew that Oonagh was hand and glove with the fairies; and, indeed, to tell the truth, she was supposed to be a fairy herself. If she was, however, she must have been a kind-hearted one; for, by all accounts, she never did any thing but good in the neighbourhood.

Now, it so happened that Oonagh had a sister named Granua living opposite them, on the very top of Cullamore, which I have mentioned already, and this Granua was quite as powerful as herself. The beautiful valley that lies between them is not more than about five miles broad, so that of a summer's evening Granua and Oonagh were able to hold many an agreeable conversation across it, from the one hill-top to the other. Upon this occasion, Oonagh resolved to consult her sister as to what was best to be done in the difficulty that surrounded them.

"Granua," said she, "are you at home?"

"No," said the other; "I'm picking bilberries in Althadhawan" (*Anglicé*, the Devil's Glen).

"Well," said Oonagh, "get up to the top of Cullamore, look about you, and then tell us what you see."

"Very well," replied Granua, after a few minutes, "I am there now."

"What do you see?" asked the other.

"Goodness be about us!" exclaimed Granua, "I see the biggest giant that ever was known, coming up from Dungannon."

"Ay," said Oonagh, "there's our difficulty. That giant is the great Cucullin; and he's now comin' up to lather Fin. What's to be done?"

"I'll call to him," she replied, "to come up to Cullamore, and refresh himself, and maybe that will give you and Fin time to think of some plan to get yourselves out of the scrape. But," she proceeded, "I'm short of butter, having in the house only half a dozen firkins, and I'd feel thankful, Oonagh, if you'd throw me up the largest miscaun you have got; for, to tell you the truth, that same Cucullin is easier kept a week than a fortnight."

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," replied Oonagh; "and, indeed, Granua, I feel myself under great obligations to you for your kindness in keeping him off of us, till we see what can be done; for what would become of us all if any thing happened Fin, poor man!"

She accordingly got the largest miscaun of butter she had—which might be about the weight of a couple dozen millstones, so that you may easily judge of its size—and calling up to her sister, "Granua," said she, "are you ready? I'm going to throw you up a miscaun, so be prepared to catch it."

"I will," said the other; "a good throw now, and take care it does not fall short."

Oonagh threw it; but in consequence of her anxiety about Fin and Cucullin, she forgot to say the charm that was to send it up, so that, instead of reaching Cullamore, as she expected, it fell about half way between the two hills, at the edge of the broad bog near Augher.

"My curse upon you!" she exclaimed; "you've disgraced me. I now change you into a grey stone. Lie there as a testimony of what has happened; and may evil betide the first living man that will ever attempt to remove or injure you!"

And, sure enough, there it lies to this day, with the mark of the four fingers and thumb imprinted in it, exactly as it came out of her hand.

"Never mind," said Granua; "I must only do the best I can with Cucullin. If all fail, I'll give him a cast of heather broth to keep the wind out of his stomach, or a panada of oak-bark to draw it in a bit; but, above all things, think of some plan to get Fin out of the scrape he's in, otherwise he's a lost man. You know you used to be sharp and ready-witted; and my own opinion, Oonagh, is, that it will go hard with you, or you'll outdo Cucullin yet."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill, after which she put her finger in her mouth, and gave three whistles, and by that Cucullin knew he was invited to Cullamore—for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travellers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the mean time Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do, or how to act at all. Cucullin was an ugly customer, no doubt, to meet with; and, moreover, the idea of the confounded "cake" aforesaid, flattened the very heart within him. What chance could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put into a passion, walk the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? The thing was impossible; and Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right or left—backward or forward—where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced for ever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man-mountain—this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt?—with a pancake in his pocket that was once"——

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe we'll give him as good as any he brings with him—thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do you just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. The present, however, was the greatest of all; but still he began to get courage, and was able to eat his victuals as usual. Oonagh then drew the nine woollen threads of different colours, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in any thing of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colours in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having every thing now prepared, she sent round to the neighbours and borrowed one-and-twenty iron griddles, which she took and put into one-and-twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey, and gave Fin due instructions how to use the curds when Cucullin should come. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected—for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now, this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had; but, notwithstanding all the wisdom and logic he used to suck out of it, it could never have stood to him here were it not for the wit of his wife. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe Cucullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that, if he happened by any mischance to lose it, he was no more, notwithstanding his bulk, than a common man.

At length, the next day, he was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately made the cradle, and desired Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for your own child," said she; "so just lie there snug and say nothing, but be guided by me." This, to be sure, was wormwood to Fin—I mean going into the cradle in such a cowardly manner—but he knew Oonagh well; and finding that he had nothing else for it, with a very rueful face he gathered himself into it, and lay snug as she had desired him.

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cucullin came in. "God save all here!" said he; "is this where the great Fin M'Coul lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh; "God save you kindly—won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says he, sitting down; "you're Mrs M'Coul, I suppose?"

"I am," said she; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other; "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland; but for all that, there's a man not far from you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury, he did. It appears that some one told him of a big basthoon of a giant called Cucullin being down at the Causeway to look for him; and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cucullin, and I have been seeking him these twelvemonths, but he always kept clear of me; and I will never rest night or day till I lay my hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh, of great contempt, by the way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I?" said he; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied; "I judged as much; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the mean time, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cucullin; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, completely turned it as she had wished. When Fin saw this, he felt a certain description of moisture, which shall be nameless, oozing out through every pore of his skin; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury, that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cucullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about two hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen. This feat nearly threw Oonagh herself off her guard; but what won't a woman's sagacity and presence of mind accomplish?

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half a dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stalk of cabbage, she desired him to help himself—for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cucullin, who, by the way, was a glutton as well as a hero, put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when both Fin and Oonagh were stunned with a noise that resembled something between a growl and a yell. "Fury!" he shouted; "how is this? Here are two of my teeth out! What kind of bread is this you gave me?"

"What's the matter?" said Oonagh coolly.

"Matter!" shouted the other again; "why, here are the two best teeth in my head gone!"

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread, the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that, as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake, maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cucullin at the moment was not only hungry but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and giblets!" he roared, "take your bread out *of this*, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There, now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was represented to be. "Mother," said he, "I'm hungry; get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake *that had so griddle in it*, Fin, whose appetite in the mean time was sharpened by what he saw going forward, soon made it disappear. Cucullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting with Fin, for, as he said to himself, I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes.

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed with of a scarce summer."

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh. "Get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin M'Coul."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cucullin out—"Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder an' ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked, putting one into Cucullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but to no purpose; he might pull the rocks of Lumford's Glen asunder, and flatten a thunderbolt, but to squeeze water out of a white stone was beyond his strength. Fin eyed him with great contempt, as he kept straining and squeezing, and squeezing and straining, till he got black in the face with the efforts.

"Ah, you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I'll show what Fin's little son can do, you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and slily exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oosed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he, "to my cradle; for I'd scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before my daddy comes back; for if he catches you, it's in paste he'd have you in two minutes."

Cucullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened in to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not

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a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the mean time, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cucullin was about to take his departure without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat or flummery he'd make of you."

"I know that," says Cucullin; "not a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth they are that can eat griddle bread like *that*"—and he pointed to it as he spoke.

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only, as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cucullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding, when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was completely at his mercy. He instantly started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cucullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy by stratagem, which he never could have done by force; and thus also is it proved that the women, if they bring us into many an unpleasant scrape, can sometimes succeed in getting us out of others that are as bad.*

COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC FOR 1841.

THE "Companion to the Almanac," for 1841, published under the superintendence of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, contains the usual variety of general information on subjects engrossing public attention, or connected with the calendar and natural phenomena of the year, and likewise abstracts of the more important acts of Parliament passed in 1840. A work so comprehensive and serviceable cannot fail to meet with due encouragement, if fairly brought under public attention, which we now propose to aid in doing.

The first paper in the book is a contribution from Mr Augustus De Morgan, professor of mathematics in University College, London, and who is reckoned one of the most profound arithmeticians of the age. He proposes, in the paper before us, to introduce the use of logarithms into common arithmetical computations, and offers a number of examples of the facility with which logarithmic methods may be applied. Valuable as such an improvement would be in some respects, particularly when fractions require specification, it appears, from his showing, that our irregular progression in reckoning money—as 4 farthings one penny, 12 pence one shilling, and 20 shillings one pound—presents a serious obstacle to the use of logarithms on any thing like a simple plan. The remedy which he proposes establishing is a purely decimal coinage, that is, a reckoning progressively by tens, from the lowest to the highest denomination of coins. As we should consider a decimal coinage to be a most desirable improvement, for reasons much more practical than those advanced by Mr De Morgan, we shall here offer a few explanations on the subject.

In the event of a change to a decimal coinage, Mr De Morgan is of opinion, that, for the sake of convenience, the pound should remain of the same value as at present, and the alterations only be made in the inferior pieces. Starting from the pound as a basis, he proposes to subdivide it in the following manner:—"It is required to alter it, so that each part shall be subdivided into 10 others. That we may give names, let us call these parts royals, new groats, and new farthings: thus a pound is 10 royals, a royal 10 new groats, and a new groat is 10 new farthings. Hence it follows immediately that the royal is 2s., the new groat is 2d. 4-10ths of a penny, or 2¼d. very nearly, and the new farthing is 96-100ths of the old one. First, let pieces of two shillings each be coined, with a distinct name, and let no more half-crowns nor crowns be issued, either from the Mint or the Bank. The old crowns and half-crowns would thus be gradually withdrawn from circulation, and by what we have called the royal, the first step towards the decimal division would be established.

This first step having been made, no other need be taken until the new coin has become familiar, which would require perhaps a couple of years. The next process must be, to issue copper or mixed coins of 2¼d. each. These should be made so portable as to be convenient, which might easily be attained, as in the small French pieces of two sous each, for instance. This coin of 2¼d. would in the end stand for what we have called the new groat; that is, would count as 2d. 4-10ths of the old money. This alteration of four per cent. in the value of a copper coin would be of no consequence whatever, since the daily fluctuations in the price of copper amount to much more. But no pence or halfpence should be withdrawn from circulation, nor any reference made to the new system, in the first issue of groats. These new coins would be immediately nicknamed *copper half-crowns*, which would assist the comprehension of them materially, accustomed as persons are already to 2½ in shillings, by means of the silver half-crown.

Since 10 of these new groats would make 2s. 1d., they would immediately be reckoned as having the value of five to the shilling, in all purchases of three shillings or upwards, when change is given. Articles would be priced in shillings and groats; and in all large transactions it would become customary to keep accounts in royals and groats, neglecting the fractions of the latter. Thus, L.17·83 would stand for 17 pounds, 8 royals (16 shillings), and 3 groats. And those who were more particular would drop the penny, and divide the groat into five halfpence, or even into ten farthings, which would complete the decimal system. However this might be, it is clear that while all the present coinage (except the half-crown) continued in existence, with the royal of two shillings and the groat of 2¼d. superadded, those who liked would have the means of introducing the decimal system into their accounts; while those who did not, would be able to retain the old one.

The last step would be to coin farthings of ten to the groat, which would never differ practically from the common farthings. The only positive measure now requisite to make the system perfectly decimal, would be to enact that five groats should be a legal tender for one shilling, and ten groats for two shillings; and this would practically be true previous to the enactment.

The money used in accounts would now be—

1	Pound.			
10	1	Royal.		10 farthings are 1 groat. 10 groats are 1 royal. 10 royals are 1 pound or sovereign.
100	10	1	Groat.	
1000	100	10	1	Farthing.

The coins in use would be—the farthing, the half-penny, penny, *groat*, sixpence, shilling, *royal*, half-sovereign, and sovereign. Before the half-pence and pence were gradually withdrawn, the only new rule relative to an old coin would be, that the silver sixpence would be sixpence farthing in copper, and the silver shilling twelve pence halfpenny. The final coinage should be the farthing, half-groat, groat, quarter-royal (old sixpence), half-royal (old shilling), royal, quarter-pound, half-pound, and pound—of course under more convenient names, the existing ones being taken as far as they go. We will now state a few of the advantages of a perfectly decimal coinage.

1. All computations would be performed by the same rules as in the arithmetic of whole numbers. 2. An extended multiplication table would be a better interest table than any which has yet been constructed. 3. The application of logarithms would be materially facilitated, and would become universal, as also that of the sliding rule. 4. The number of good commercial computers would soon be many times greater than at present. 5. All decimal tables, as those of compound interest, &c., would be popular tables, instead of being mathematical mysteries. 6. The old coinage would be reduced to the new by the simple rule given at the beginning of this article. Thus any person would see at once, after a moderate degree of practice in that rule, that L.14, 17s. 9¼d. (old coinage), is L.14, 8 royals, 8 groats, 9 farthings, of the new coinage, at least within a farthing: this would be written L.14·889. Again, L.23·614 of the new coinage, or L.23, 6 royals, 1 groat, 4 farthings, would be seen by the same rule to be L.23, 12s. 3¼d. (old coinage.) 7. When the decimal coinage came to be completely established, the introduction of a decimal system of weights and measures would be very much facilitated, and its advantages would be seen."

Plausible as these views of Mr De Morgan may appear, we think that the details of the plan are susceptible of improvement. It is doubtless important not to derange the value of the existing pound, but in retaining so high a denomination, a much greater derangement is caused by reconciling the small coins to it. It would, we think, be much more convenient, for all general purposes of trade and reckoning, to start from the existing shilling as a basis, dividing it into ten pence, and multiplying it by ten to make the highest denomination, or a pound. The penny might also be divided into ten decimes. By this arrangement we should have to reckon as follows:—10 decimes 1 penny, 10 pence 1 shilling, 10 shillings 1 pound. These would be the coins of reckoning; but, for convenience, the existing sovereigns, half-sovereigns (or new pound), crowns, half-crowns, and sixpences, would remain in use, and we should only require a new coinage of copper pieces. By no other conceivable plan could a decimal coinage be brought into use, with less expense for the manufacture of a new metal currency. The question being still only speculative, it may be left for a time to the consideration of the country.

Papers on the "Statistics of Disease and Mortality in England and Wales in 1838"—"Latitude and Longitude"—"Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths"—and the "Extension of Vaccination"—follow in order; but as these subjects have either been already treated by us, or are at present unsuitable for notice, we pass on to an article on the "Railways of Great Britain." We learn from this that throughout Great Britain and Ireland there are 135 railways finished, in progress, or for which acts of Parliament have been obtained, and the greater number of which are designed for locomotives. The manner in which railways enlarge the amount of intercourse on lines of route, is strikingly manifested in the case of the Arbroath and Forfar railway (about fifteen miles in length), opened in January 1839. "Before the railway was formed, the passenger traffic of the district was scarcely sufficient to support one coach; but the advantages of railway speed, combined with very moderate fares, attracted 97,835 passengers in the course of the first year, being about 313 a-day, exclusive of Sundays, when the railway is closed. Within the first fifteen months the railway conveyed on an average more than 170 tons of goods daily." The same may be said of the first section of the Ulster railway in Ireland, which was opened in August 1839: "it has already established a traffic exceeding 1000 passengers daily, though extending only from Belfast to Lesburn, a distance of eight miles." In 1840, it appears that 72¾ miles were opened to complete railways previously in operation; 106 miles were opened in further extension of lines partially opened in 1839; 94¼ miles were first opened of new lines; and ten lines were entirely opened to an aggregate length of 207¾ miles. "The total length of railway brought into operation in the year, down to the early part of October last, was about 482¾ miles, which would probably be increased to more than 500 miles before the end of December."

Among the new lines opened, the most interesting is that between London and Blackwall, which, in point of fact, is a railway from one part of London to another, the line being through the midst of streets and houses the whole way. It is designed to commence at Fenchurch Street, but at present the city terminus is on the east side of the Minories, "whence it extends to the West India Docks, on an elegant brick viaduct, about twenty-four feet wide between the parapets, the ordinary arches being nearly thirty feet span. Several skew arches and handsome iron bridges are introduced at the intersection of streets, and the Regent's Canal Docks are crossed by three very large brick arches. The viaduct is fenced by a light iron railing. After quitting it, the railway skirts the premises of the West India Dock Company on a low embankment, and terminates in a shallow cutting at Blackwall, over which three roads are carried by bridges. The terminus is on the Brunswick Wharf, where a handsome station is erected, designed by Mr Tite, President of the Architectural Society. Numerous steam-packets already avail themselves of the railway, by disembarking their passengers at Blackwall, thereby avoiding the tedious and dangerous navigation of the pool. The line is worked in a manner peculiar to itself, and which appears admirably adapted to the business of a metropolitan railway, as the danger of fire attendant on the use of locomotive engines is avoided, and provision is made for conveying passengers to and from intermediate stations without delay. Powerful steam-engines are erected at each end of the line, each of which turns a barrel, to which a rope of about six miles and a half long is attached. A train starting from London is so arranged that the carriages for Blackwall are foremost, then those for the furthest intermediate station, and so on—the last in the train being the carriage that is to stop first. At a given signal, which is effected by means of an electric telegraph, the Blackwall engine begins to wind up the rope, by which the train is drawn forward, unwinding, as it proceeds, the rope from the London engine. On approaching the first station, the carriage destined for it is detached from the rope, and stopped by a brake—the rest of the train proceeding without interruption. In like manner, carriages are stopped at all the stations. When re-loaded, and prepared for returning, all the carriages are attached to the rope, and drawn simultaneously by the London engine, being detached as they successively arrive at the London terminus. Thus each track, of which there are two, is used alternately for travelling in each direction. Trains run every quarter of an hour from each terminus, and five intermediate stations are used. The fares were originally fixed at the low rate of 6d. for first-class, and 3d. for second-class passengers, the latter being in open carriages, roofed, but without seats; but, on the 1st of

* Of the grey stone mentioned in this legend, there is a very striking and melancholy anecdote to be told. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, a gentleman in the vicinity of the site of it was building a house, and, in defiance of the legend and curse connected with it, he resolved to break it up and use it. It was with some difficulty, however, that he could succeed in getting his labourers to have any thing to do with its mutilation. Two men, however, undertook to blast it, but, somehow, the process of ignition being mismanaged, it exploded prematurely, and one of them was killed. This coincidence was held as a fulfilment of the curse mentioned in the legend. I have heard that it remains in that mutilated state to the present day, no other person being found who had the hardihood to touch it. This stone, before it was disfigured, exactly resembled that which the country people term a miscaun of butter, which is precisely the shape of a complete prism, a circumstance, no doubt, which, in the fertile imagination of the old Senachies, gave rise to the superstition annexed to it.—*Author's Note.*

It may be mentioned that, in the Interlude of the Droich's Part of the Play, above quoted, the wife of Fin M'Coul is represented as the originator of a much larger mass of rock than the *grey stone*—namely, the basaltic hill of Craigforth, near Stirling. In like manner, Hibernian legend makes St Patrick drop the rock of Dumbarton and Ailsa Crag on his way to Ireland.—*Ed.*

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October, the second-class fares were increased to 4d. Although during part of the time but one track was open, and the intermediate stations are not yet brought fully into operation, the number of passengers conveyed during the first eighty-one days from the public opening on July 6th, was 570,930, or 7048 per diem. The receipts in the above period were L.8495, 18s., or L.104, 17s. 9d. per diem."

MY PIC-NIC.

BY A "MILITARY LADY."

I WAS quartered at Gibraltar in 1836. One day, to make head against ennui and the musquitoes, I proposed a pic-nic. My husband being agreeable, the first business was to select the party. Mr R. was chosen for his inexhaustible fund of good humour and good spirits; Captain O. for his constant flow of nonsense and anecdote, chequered occasionally by wit; Mr D. for his excellent qualifications as a listener, (rare and never-to-be-enough admired quality!) and his quiet resignation to all the possible mischances of a pleasure excursion. Some others were afterwards added. We also resolved to take a couple of servants and two pair of boatmen.

The party being assembled at our quarters, a council was held to deliberate on the when and where. The when was easily fixed, but the where not quite so easily. The difficulty chiefly lay in one and all of us wishing to visit some select spot in the vicinity which we had not visited before. St Roque was voted a bore—nothing there but Spanish soldiers lounging about with everlasting cigars. The Orange Grove—beautiful!—but sure to be preoccupied by some other party. Algesiras—we are generally there once a-week. The council seemed nonplussed, when at last some one exclaimed, "What if we should go to Pigeon Island!"

"Impossible—no one ever does go there."

"So much the better, for it will be at least a novelty, and we shall have something to tell of when we get back."

Some one present now remembered having heard that there was game of some kind upon Pigeon Island. The rock, to be sure, was barren, rugged, and desolate—nothing to be seen—but the game decided the question. We determined that it would be charming for once to go and see a place where there was nothing to be seen. In fact, garrison life is so little varied, that its victims are glad to relieve it with any thing of a novel kind, even though there should be little prospect of positive pleasure.

The appointed morning arrived, and sea and sky were alike serene. At nine, after a hurried breakfast, we embarked with a variety of baskets, hampers, and other desirables, the arrangement of which cost no small thought, tramping, and tumbling. The sails were unfurled to the light breeze, and away we went. Our regimental barque, the Fra Diavolo, was about twenty-five feet in length—sprit-rigged, sharp, and dangerous; built under the direction of our officers at about three times the expense she was worth. For about half an hour, we enjoyed ourselves extremely; but, alas! the light breeze died away, and was succeeded by those fitful gusts and squalls peculiar to the Mediterranean, and which are so particularly troublesome to open boats in the Bay of Gibraltar. Our boatmen began to speak to each other in whispers, and to look melancholy. By way of beguiling the time, they began to recount to each other their respective experiences in such squalls, and all the dismal accidents they had ever heard of resulting from them. Snatches of the conversation, such as "The boat was swamped," "Ay, it was just hereabouts," "crew drowned," &c., reached my ear at intervals. Our mirth and laughter were now exchanged for serious looks, or *efforts* at jocularity. I began to wonder how I could have ever, in the hope of a day's pleasure, exposed myself in such a manner. My sensations were evidently shared by my maid, who evinced them every few minutes by a slight hysterical scream.

There was a heavy swell, and, to preserve the balance of the boat, we were desired on no account to move. When we had obeyed this injunction for about an hour, the cramp came to add to my woes. The wind, which had continued to increase, now changed, and was dead against us. It was debated whether we ought not to give up Pigeon Island, and make the best of our way back; but the anticipation of the laughter and ridicule with which our return would be greeted, decided against that course. Then followed a constant tacking and shifting of sails, to induce our vessel to go onward; and, after several hours of the most disagreeable boat voyage I had ever endured, we reached Pigeon Island about half-past four o'clock, having taken seven and a half hours to go eleven miles.

After all, it seemed at first as if we should not be able to set foot on this bold and rocky isle. However, after sailing more than half round it, we espied a creek, into which the boat was put, and we then scrambled ashore the best way we could. It was decidedly too late to commence a shooting excursion; but then to return with no trophies of sport—it was not to be thought of. So, each hastily swallowing a glass of wine, and faithfully promising to be back in an hour, off started the gentlemen, not, however, before Captain O. had handed me a mysterious-looking wooden box, which I had not before seen, and likewise its key, desiring me to take the utmost care of both.

When they were gone, the curiosity attributed in all ages to my sex incited me, though not without a certain Mrs Blue-beard kind of compunction, to open O.'s box, which I found to contain a pie, a grape tart, melons, and some other things, being, in fact, his contribution to the pic-nic. Exerting a degree of resolution for which I could not but take great credit, I locked all up again carefully, and stowed away the box in the cleft of a rock, where I thought it would be safe from every kind of danger. The breeze now died away, promising a pleasant evening for our voyage home. While sitting on the cliff, musing agreeably on the prospect, an exclamation of surprise from one of the boatmen attracted my attention to Captain O.'s precious box, which, having been reached by the rising tide, was now floating out to sea. All was immediately hurry-scurry to recover it, and to carry the hampers up to higher ground. *The* hour passed away, without bringing back our gentlemen. When did sportsmen ever return at the stipulated time? If unsuccessful, they go on hoping for a turn of luck; if successful, the sport is so attractive. At length, they did come back, laden with five pigeons, and all talking very loud. It seemed that two of them disputed the honour of having shot the last bird. The point was not settled that night, nor while I was at Gibraltar; perhaps it is not laid at rest till this hour. It was, however, temporarily given up while preparations were making for our meal. A cloth being spread on a rock, the hampers were put in requisition, and Captain O., having desired from me his key, opened his box, which he found only *half* full of salt-water. His look was dreadful. Every thing was ruined. It was very unlucky, but I could not help it. After all, he showed some magnanimity, for he did not utter a word of blame, and, having hurled back the box into the sea, resumed his good humour immediately. I have liked and admired him ever since. Enough remained for a good meal, and neither salt nor a cork-screw had been forgotten; so everything passed off very well.

Our dejeuné concluded, it was high time to think of returning. There was a dead calm. So sails were taken down, and oars taken up. As we passed Cabrita Point, it was proposed that the guns should be discharged for fear of accidents. This was accordingly done in two volleys, there being four double barrels. We continued our voyage for the Rock [Gibraltar]. Nothing was to be heard but the measured dip of the oars. It became nearly dark. Captain O., totally exhausted, lay down in the bottom of the boat, and soon gave audible signs of having fallen asleep. The two volleys had a result little anticipated, for our ears were soon after struck by the noise of many oars, and we could see at a distance through the gloom the dark form of a huge Latteen boat, with a lantern partly shaded hanging on her stern. It instantly occurred to us that she must be a Spanish guarda-costa, such vessels always lurking about Algesiras and in the Bay, on the alert to capture smugglers, which they seldom do, as the contrabandistas constantly outwit their adversaries by giving false alarms. The gentlemen, delighted with the novelty and romance of the adventure, and more than usually prepared for frolic by sundry bottles of Marsala, agreed that they would not answer when hailed. One asked if there was any chance of their firing to bring us to—a comfortable idea for my poor nerves; but all agreed that such a thing was not to be imagined, and that the utmost they could do would be to detain us till assured of our quality. Meanwhile the guarda-costa, for so it proved, gained upon us. When about twenty yards off, "La bote, la bote!" was heard from several voices; but our people still pulled on. Another minute, and they were by our side. Never shall I forget the scene. There were upwards of twenty men, all armed with boarding-pikes and muskets. Their lantern flung its dull beams on their swarthy and angry countenances. All were jabbering Spanish, and apparently bent on terrible deeds. I had determined to address them, just knowing enough of Spanish to enable me to say who we were; but my fright deprived me of the use of both my speech and my feet, except that with the latter I contrived to awaken Captain O., who I thought would be the most useful man on the occasion, as he was best acquainted with the language. He started up, rubbing his eyes, and greatly confounded at the scene before him; but I soon acquainted him with the nature of the case, which he no sooner understood than he bawled out, "Amigos! amigos!" which seemed to mollify our assailants a little. A lengthened and wrangling explanation ensued; and at length our Spanish friends sheered off, much to my comfort, but to the great *professed* mortification of our frolicsome officers.

Another spell of hard pulling, and we reached Rosia Bay, exactly at a quarter past one in the morning, by which time I deemed myself more dead than alive. So much for a day of pleasure! I trust, after what has been related, I need hardly warn any of my lady successors in the garrison of the Rock, against making a pic-nic party to Pigeon Island.

NOTICES OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE PARISH SCHOOL OF KEMNAY.

THE parish school of Kemnay has been made known to us by the merest accident; we have not seen it, nor ever had the slightest intercourse or correspondence with any one connected with it. In now introducing it to notice, we must be considered as animated solely by a wish to make the public acquainted with something which we believe will interest them, and to present to the humbler class of rural teachers an example which seems worthy of being followed. There are, of course, throughout the country, many seminaries of more important character, and which equally merit being celebrated. The reader will, nevertheless, understand what it is which makes one sometimes admire the simple wild flower more than the cultivated denizens of the parterre; and he will soon see that, in the remoteness and obscurity of Kemnay, and the union of enterprise and intelligence with perseverance which has overcome these disadvantages, there is a claim upon his notice which he might be apt to dispute with regard to a much more imposing establishment.

A lady with whom we have the honour to be acquainted, chanced in August last to pay a visit to a friend residing at Inverury in Aberdeenshire. After every object within walking distance had been walked to, and when ennui was beginning to steal over the mind of the stranger, her entertainer proposed that they should have a drive to a country school, five miles off, where she had a son placed for his education as a boarder with the teacher. "Kemnay School, you must know," said the Inverury lady, "is no common parish school. It is under the care of an amiable enthusiast in education, who has done wonders in the place, and is beginning to attract attention in distant quarters. He is, I assure you, respected wherever he is known." "By all means, then, let us visit Kemnay School," said our friend.

The particulars of the visit were communicated in a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"Our way was for some time alongside the Don. We then left the river, and passed for some miles through a country generally barren, till at length we descended upon Kemnay, which appeared to me quite as a green spot in the wilderness. I could imagine no simple rural scene possessed of greater beauty than what was presented by the little group of cottages constituting the parish school establishment, planted as they are upon somewhat irregular ground, which for some distance around has been laid out with good taste, and exhibits a variety of fine green shrubs.

A few years ago, the school and school-house were, as usual in Scotland, merely a couple of cottages in juxtaposition. Mr Stevenson, the present teacher, has added one new building after another, till it is now a considerable place. His last addition was a pretty large school-room, which is constructed of timber, pitched on the top. One must not wonder at the new buildings not being of a very lasting kind, for not only has the teacher had to do all at his own expense, but he has done it with the certainty that all will become public property when he dies or leaves his situation. The place, nevertheless, seems sufficiently comfortable. The new erections have been made as the views of the teacher, respecting the duties of his charge, expanded, and as his boarding pupils became more numerous. After all, these are as yet only nineteen.

Generally, if there is a little garden for common vegetables near a Scottish parish school, it is all that is to be expected. Here there is a remarkably neat garden, situated on a piece of undulating ground, comprising a pretty piece of water in a serpentine form; while the ground immediately round the new school-room is laid out in shrubbery and flower-borders, with seats and arbours, the whole being in a style which might not shame a gentleman's mansion. I have never seen finer vegetables, or eaten more delicious fruit, than I did here. Judge my surprise when I was told that the whole is the result of the labours of the children, who are thus taught an useful and tasteful art, and at the same time indulged in a physical recreation highly conducive to their health. My curiosity was excited to know how their labours were conducted. The garden and ground, I understood, are divided into compartments, and so many boys are attached to each. These companies, as they are called, have each a separate set of tools, all of which are kept in the nicest order and arrangement in a small wooden house erected for the purpose.

It was singular, you will allow, at a time when industrial education is only beginning to be thought of in England, to find it practised on a large scale, and under the best regulations, in a remote and barren

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part of the northern county of Aberdeen. I was taken from the garden to a carpentry work-shop, where the boys every day exercise themselves in the ingenious trade of the joiner. They make part of the school furniture, seats for the garden and shrubbery, and many other useful articles.

We were now conducted into the school-room, which I found to be a spacious apartment, fitted up with all the conveniences of black boards, &c., as in the most improved schools in Edinburgh, with the addition of something which I had never seen in any similar place, namely, a variety of musical instruments hung upon the walls. I found only the boarders present, for the day was the last of the week, and all the native pupils had been dismissed, at the usual early hour, to their homes. Mr Stevenson, nevertheless, gave us a small specimen of a concert. Some boys took flutes, others violins, and one or two violas or violoncellos; Mr Stevenson also took his instrument, and assumed the office of leader. I then heard several pieces of music, amongst which were some sacred pieces, performed in a manner really astonishing, when the ages of the musicians were considered. I may mention that Mr Stevenson is himself a good musician, and even a composer. The boys are of all ages from six to nineteen, and several of them are from distant parts of the world. Many have made considerable progress in drawing, and in the copying of maps.

The author, as I may call him, of the extraordinary scene with which I was now so delighted, is an unmarried middle-aged man of gentle and benevolent character. Reared in humble circumstances, in the parish where he now teaches, he had not even the universal privilege of the Scottish peasantry, that of receiving the elements of knowledge at school. He had, however, a natural thirst for learning, and, after experiencing considerable difficulties, he was fortunate enough to attract the regard of the amiable pastor of the parish, the late Dr Mitchell, who was so much interested in his character, as to take upon himself the trouble of teaching him, which he persisted in doing until the young man was fitted to proceed to college. When about to take the latter step, the parish school, which had been inefficiently taught for no less than seventy years, became vacant, and he felt it as a proud moment when the place became his, with a salary of twenty-six pounds. He took home his aged parents, and commenced his duties as a teacher, with a mind eager to do its best, but hampered by the defects of his own education, to overcome which was not the least difficulty he had to contend with. From one thing he went on to another; every improvement in education found in him one willing to try it. He proceeded upon the monitorial plan for some time, but for various reasons now only uses it occasionally. He was, however, and still is, a faithful adherent of the intellectual mode of teaching. In time, he began to add to his course; drawing being amongst the first of the new branches. After twenty years, his little seminary has expanded to what I have described it to be. That the prompting cause of all these exertions is neither ambition nor love of gain, the whole circumstances go to prove; he is apparently animated only by the enthusiasm of his profession. With no family around him to claim his regard, he lives entirely amongst and for his pupils. They are his daily friends and companions. He seeks no other society. Many of the poorer class of the parish children, whose parents are unable to pay even the usual school fees, small as these are, attend gratuitously, and receive all the benefits of the excellent system which good fortune has placed in their out-of-the-way locality. The teacher remembers how precious learning was to himself, when circumstances seemed to forbid that he should ever drink at the fount of knowledge.

We were now conducted to the eating-room, where a meal was laid out for the master, his assistant, and the pupils, all at one table. This was a long room, composed, I think, of the original school and part of the school-house thrown into one. At the head of the room was a piano-forte; at the bottom, a stove. We had tea, abundance of bread, and, in considerable variety, in addition to butter, were honey and jellies, the two last being in compliment to the strangers. Observing a very little fellow placed at the foot of the table, and who said grace, I inquired if that was his ordinary situation and duty. I was informed that each boy takes to-day the place next below that which he had yesterday, so that they circulate round the table and experience each in his turn the advantages and duties of each situation. Even in this little arrangement I could see originality and superior understanding.

The assistant, who joined us at tea, is a young man in delicate health. I learned, in the course of a ramble through the house, that the master, in consideration of that circumstance, had lately given him his own room, for his better accommodation. The two gentlemen began to open their varied stores of information, and I could have willingly sat to listen to them for hours; but the evening was approaching, and we were obliged to take our leave."

Our readers will probably join us in thinking that there is something delightfully interesting, and even affecting, in this account of the doings of a good man. Good thus done in obscurity, with modesty, and for no object beyond itself—what can have greater claims upon general sympathy or praise? We almost fear to make it publicly known, lest, being so, it become a hackneyed object of curiosity, and so lose the freshness and beauty connected with its present seclusion—lest, also, this worthy man should dislike to be brought so prominently before the world. If what we do is objectionable on these grounds, we would hope that the example will produce such good effects as to counterbalance all such drawbacks.

THE INUNDATION.

A STORY OF YESTERDAY.*

MADAME DALVENNE had made a marriage of prudence, at the age of nineteen. Brought up in Paris in luxury, and surrounded by admirers, she appeared, in her earlier days, to have before her a career of unbroken ease and happiness. Her prospects of fortune gave her the privilege, seemingly, of selecting a husband where she chose, and a sufficiency of candidates presented themselves, to give her a wide field for choice. But a sudden reverse befell her, and totally changed her position. Her father, an extensive merchant, most unexpectedly made the disclosure to her that he was a "ruined man." He accompanied this revelation with another still more distressing to the young lady at the time. "M. Dalvenne," said he, "my correspondent in Lyons, whom you have seen, can alone save for me some petty remnant of my fortune. I have communicated with him. He will do it; but he puts a price on his services. My dear Hortense, that price is your hand."

Hortense resigned herself to her fate. She bade adieu to the smiling illusions of her youth, happy that her heart had at least formed no fixed attachment, to make the proposition of M. Dalvenne more odious. The marriage was celebrated in Paris, and immediately afterwards the pair departed for Lyons. Though M. Dalvenne was sixty, and though the advantage which he had taken of his position to force the match was any thing but honourable, Hortense was to him a virtuous and uncomplaining wife. At the end of three years, death broke the chain which circumstances had thrown around her; and, in his last hours, M. Dalvenne in part wiped away the stain which had been cast upon him by his previous conduct. He left his widow the sole heiress of all his means. These were entirely embarked in commerce. A shop and ample warehouses, filled with valuable goods, constituted the possessions which fell to Madame Dalvenne; and she was under the necessity of continuing the business of her husband for a time, until the goods could be favourably disposed of. Fortunately, she could place implicit confidence in her husband's principal assistant, M. Bernard, a man of sound judgment and probity. "Be easy, madam," said he to his mistress, "your fortune will remain safe enough for a period; and in eighteen months or two years, we may have all disposed of, with excellent profits."

Two years could not pass away without some endeavour on the part of the gallants of Lyons, to induce the young, beautiful, and wealthy widow, again to enter the holy state of matrimony. Madame Dalvenne found admirers in some of the most eligible parties in the city. One individual obtained ere long a preference. This was M. Philibert, a personage who was not fixed upon by the widow without some surprise on the part of her friends. M. Philibert was a young man of *forty*. He gave himself out for thirty, however, and took immense pains to sustain the assertion. It is impossible to describe or enumerate the artifices employed by him to conceal the ravages of time, and by an industrious prosecution of which he succeeded in keeping up appearances. It was thought for some time by the widow's friends, that the silent and modest, though unbounded devotion of a young artist, named Theodore Dubreuil, would have beaten Philibert off the field; but the latter shone to great advantage in comparison with the bashful artist, and Madame Dalvenne gradually inclined her ear to the elder of the two. M. Philibert's superiority was chiefly grounded on a power of raillery, amusing at once and effective; for he scrupled not to use it freely for the discomfiture of his rivals. He had thoroughly studied womankind, and he artfully placed the imperfections of his rivals in such a light as to make them offensive to the lady. Thus it was, that though Madame Dalvenne could not really be said to love him, he had the good fortune to vanquish all competitors, and obtain from her a promise of her hand.

Sixteen months had elapsed since the death of M. Dalvenne, when the widow announced her intended marriage with M. Philibert. That gentleman, to make sure of no withdrawal on the part of the lady, whose consent he was aware of having obtained as much by surprise as otherwise, had taken up his abode on the second floor of the house in which Madame Dalvenne dwelt, occupying the ground floor. Here he kept the widow almost constantly under the influence of his fascinations, and devoted his whole powers to the task of maintaining his position, and hurrying on the happy day. That day approached, and the star of the young man of forty seemed fairly in the ascendant.

A day or two before the day fixed for the ceremony, M. Philibert retired to rest in his chambers, with an elated mind, having just parted with the widow. "She is mine!" said the triumphant suitor to himself; "I shall have the prettiest wife in Lyons, with thirty or forty thousand livres of income. I shall buy an estate; I shall become a deputy; and, if I have been able to carry off Madame Dalvenne from so many rivals, I must succeed in the career of politics. A minister's portfolio"——

It is needless to follow further the visions of M. Philibert. Suffice it to say, that he was kept long awake by them. When he did sleep, he slept soundly, till aroused by an extraordinary noise, like the roarings of a tumultuous sea, mingled with the shrieks of human beings. It was in reality the roaring of many waters. The Rhone and the Saone had overflowed their banks in the night. The streets of Lyons were flooded, and the waves were pouring into the under floors of many of the houses. The latter part of this catastrophe had occurred most suddenly and unexpectedly. Though the rivers were known to be high, it had not been anticipated that they would wax to the height of danger. The alarmed Philibert had scarcely time to become fully aware of the state of the case, when he thought of flight. Dressing himself hurriedly, he ran down stairs. He found that every one was on foot, having been aroused like himself. "Let us save ourselves!" cried M. Philibert in tones of dismay; "it is the deluge!" Madame Dalvenne showed much more composure, though the waters were rapidly entering by the under doors. "It will be nothing after all," said she; "a few feet of water cannot do much harm. The flood will soon retire."

This expectation of hers, however, was doomed to disappointment. During the whole of the morning, and in the course of the day also, the weather continued stormy, and the waters rose higher and higher. The widow had now lost a good deal of her courage, but she put a good face on the matter. "I doubt our marriage will be put off," said she to Philibert, with a smile. "Alas!" replied that gentleman, with a touching mixture of regret and fear on his countenance. Though somewhat dismayed, the widow would not consent to quit her house, notwithstanding that her less courageous servants went all off to safe and elevated ground. "The night will surely be good," said Madame Dalvenne, "and all will be right by the morrow." In this way she kept up the spirits of Philibert, and encouraged that gentleman to remain and take chance with her. But the night was wretched, and the flood increased. In the morning, Madame Dalvenne, accompanied by a little girl, her only remaining attendant, knocked at the apartments of Philibert. That gentleman was up, but rather in deshabille, and his apartments were so also. "Give me an asylum with you, my friend," said the lady; "the water has driven me out. My apartment is inundated." "Ah, merciful powers!" cried Philibert, "we are lost!" "No, no," returned the widow; "we will be safe here till to-morrow." "Oh, why did we not save ourselves at the commencement of the danger!" moaned the gentleman. "True, we should have done so," said Madame Dalvenne; "but who could have anticipated this? And who knows but our servants, poor creatures, may be worse off where they are?"

Madame Dalvenne had plenty of time allowed her to look about the sitting apartments of her lover. She saw there some objects which a little surprised her, and which, but for the disordered state of M. Philibert's mind, would not have been allowed to remain visible. One object was a gentleman's corsets, which the lady never supposed her smart suitor could have required. Poor Philibert, too, in the extremity of his terror, displayed somewhat further the mysteries of his antiquated dandyism. As he moved up and down, exclaiming "What will become of us!" he chanced to give his head an awkward rustle with his hands, and the jetty locks which the widow was wont to admire slipt awry, telling but too plainly their artificial character. Madame Dalvenne looked on her suitor in amazement, and could not help laughing. "It is in misfortune," thought she, "that one learns to know people." Philibert was in great uneasiness, as has been observed, and he could not conceal the real cause of it, though he strove once or twice to do so. "If I am thus anxious," said he, with an air of rueful gallantry, "it is because our marriage must be retarded." "True," replied Madame Dalvenne; "it will be necessary to re-write the contract. The draught of the new one will be very different." "How so?" cried Philibert. "Because it is probable that at this moment I am ruined," said Madame Dalvenne coolly. "Ruined!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Yes," said the widow; "how can it be otherwise? The flood can scarcely have spared our shop, and there lies all my fortune."

To this remark M. Philibert made no reply, but it was obvious from his manner that a very unpleasant and startling train of thought had been awakened in his mind. To conceal his feelings, he rose and went to the window. "I am convinced," cried he immediately afterwards, "that the waters are gaining on us! They will be in this room ere long. We must fly to M. Dubreuil's, a storey higher!" "Will it not be better," said the lady, "to make signals of distress?

* Abridged from a recent French *feuilleton*.

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Some boat may come to us." Boats were indeed passing from point to point of the city, where the waters stood highest; but the house of Madame Dalvenne stood in a retired spot, where the inmates could see little of what was passing without. Boating was dangerous, besides, and chiefly used for saving valuables, as most people had fled early from danger. Our blocked-up pair had frequently and anxiously looked abroad for boats, but they had yet seen none accessible to them. Soon after the remark of Madame Dalvenne, however, a boat was driven to the very window, bearing three people who had been saved, in addition to the rowers. "We are already loaded," shouted one of the men, on seeing the party within; "we can take but one more—only *one!*" "Take this poor little girl!" cried the widow. She could get no more said, for, without an instant's hesitation, M. Philibert pushed past her, and sprung out of the window; and, with that devoted lover for its new freight, the boat disappeared.

Madame Dalvenne sat down for some moments, utterly stunned by the cowardly and contemptible conduct of Philibert. "The base poltroon!" said she; "and this is the man whom I was about to marry—whom I preferred to so many!" This train of reflection was uppermost for some time in the lady's mind. She was aroused from it by her little attendant, who cried with a scream that the flood was entering the room. Such was indeed the case; and Madame Dalvenne saw the necessity of seeking refuge in the upper storey. This she had some reluctance to do. The floor in question was occupied by M. Theodore Dubreuil, the young artist, who has been spoken of as among her former lovers. He had indeed never told his love otherwise than by looks, but these spoke volumes. Madame Dalvenne, however, was compelled by necessity to fly to the apartments of M. Dubreuil. She found him sitting calmly at the window.

"You here!" cried he; "I believed you safe, madam, and far away!"

"No, sir," said the widow; "I have been deserted! I have been"—— She stopped suddenly. Her eye had lighted on a portrait of herself, set in a rich frame, and, as a likeness, most admirable. The artist saw the direction of her glance, and blushed deeply. After a few moments, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, madam! —pardon me for daring to reproduce on canvass the features so deeply graven on my memory! I know that I had no right to possess your portrait; but something must be allowed for sufferings like mine, and this likeness of you has been their sole alleviation. This is a time when boldness may be pardoned. We are perhaps near to death, and there are no secrets at such a time. When all smiled upon you—when you were rich, happy, and encircled by lovers—I did not harass you. I could not present myself among them —I, poor and obscure, with nothing to offer but my love. You made a choice. I mourned, but did not intrude my sorrow on you. I had thought of flying to a distant land, but, during this day, I have watched these waters rising, and have never moved, or wished them to pause. Ah, madam! little thought I that, if I were to die, I should have the happiness to die with you. But now—we may die—we *must* die together!"

The artist spoke thus with rapidity and enthusiasm, his fine but pale features kindling till they bore an expression almost of sublimity. The lady listened to him with silent emotion. After he had ceased, she said softly, "Wherefore *die?*" The artist misapprehended her sentiments, for he knew not how favourably for him, at that critical time, the sense of Philibert's base desertion was operating on the lady's mind. "True, madam," said the artist sadly; "I forgot that you at least are happy, and must wish to live." "We shall both live!" said the lady; "the sky is certainly clearing, and we shall soon have assistance." The artist took her hand. "If it be so, madam," said he, "I entreat your pardon for the presumptuous words I have spoken. Forget them." "Forget them!" replied Madame Dalvenne; "no! they shall remain for ever graven on my heart!"

Madame Dalvenne was right in her anticipations. The change in the weather lessened the flood, and soon enabled boats to pass more freely from spot to spot. The artist and his companions were relieved from peril; but before their release took place, the artist had been made happy by Madame Dalvenne's admission that circumstances had taken place which rendered her hand disengaged. More passed between the pair, but the nature of the converse may be guessed.

When Madame Dalvenne was again in safety, M. Philibert had the audacity to appear before her, fully toiletted, and trying to look as if nothing particular had happened. He was not daunted even by the widow's cold reception of him, but coolly told her that he had now made all ready for their union. The lady replied gravely, that there was a necessity for "writing a new contract, as the old one would not do."

"Wherefore?" exclaimed the young man of forty; "you have lost almost nothing, Bernard tells me. He has been able to preserve nearly all."

"Ah! I now understand why you are so quick in your visit," said the widow. "Still there will be a necessity for re-writing the contract." "And why, then?" repeated Philibert. "Because, sir," replied Madame Dalvenne, "the name of Theodore Dubreuil must be substituted for yours. And from my fortune 50,000 francs must be deducted, for the victims of the flood. It is right that I should aid those who have suffered from an event to which I owe my own happiness."

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE RAT.

THE Rat, of which there are several varieties, is a conspicuous member of the *Rodentia* or Gnawing animals of Cuvier—an order of the Mammalia chiefly distinguished by that peculiarity in their teeth from which their name is derived, and which enables them, by a file-like action, to sever very tough substances. The squirrel, rat, mouse, and beaver, are amongst the most remarkable *Rodentia*.

The general characters of the rat tribe are—a long-ish body, heaviest behind, covered with scattered hairs of a black or brown colour; a long tapering tail, usually scaly and in rings; a sharp-fronted head, with two incisor and six molar teeth in each jaw, the former at a considerable distance from the latter; feet with five toes. The movement is rather a leap than a walk. Rats of various species are spread over a large part of the earth. They are particularly abundant in Asia, whence it is believed the *Black Rat* first spread into Europe, in the tenth century. A species called the *Musk Rat* is spread all over the American continent. Even the widely-isolated islands of the Pacific are not free from the intrusions of the rat. Egypt has, in all ages, been infested with this animal. Rats and mice are there seen in such abundance, after the season of inundation, that the people believe them to spring ready-formed out of the mud. In the inhospitable climes of Kamschatka and Siberia, the small species called the *Economic Rat* is extremely abundant. These migrate in immense quantities every spring, proceeding in a south-westerly direction across rivers and gulfs, and not stopping till they reach the rivers Ochotska and Judoma, a distance of a thousand miles. The same rat has found its way to Iceland. In the mountains of Sweden and Norway, the peculiar kind called the *Lemming Rat* is so abundant, that the common people believe them to be rained from the clouds. These also migrate, but only once in about ten years, when they proceed southwards, in a direct line, covering a large territory with their immense horde, swimming across lakes, rivers, and seas, and usually destroying every trace of herbage upon their route. They are of course regarded as a kind of pest, and Bishop Pontoppidan, the old Norwegian naturalist, gives a form of exorcism which was used against them by the clergy in former times. Another kind, the *Hamster*, is equally abundant in Eastern Europe, particularly in Austria. It has a peculiar organisation, of a remarkable kind, in as far as its cheeks are furnished with a loose pouch-like membrane, into which the creature contrives to stuff and pack such a quantity of grain or beans, as, on being taken out and laid loose on a table, has been found to be twice or thrice the whole bulk of the animal's body. The rat, wherever found in rural districts, is a burrowing animal. In some eastern countries where they abound, the surface of the soil sinks at every step into their subterranean chambers. When rats choose to take up their residence in human dwellings, or in ships, they skulk, as is well known, in holes and chinks, where they are not easily reached. In cities, also, vast quantities usually find shelter in covered drains, and in every by-place where garbage is to be obtained, more especially in slaughter-houses. Most of the species above mentioned are cleanly creatures, which feed chiefly on vegetable substances; but our own black and brown rats are less nice in feeding, and seem to serve a providential end in relieving the earth of superfluous animal matters, which otherwise would become putrid, and prove a greater nuisance than the creatures are themselves.

Previous to about 1730, the only rat known in Britain was the Black Rat, the body of which rarely measures more than seven inches, with a tail about an inch longer. About that time the *Brown Rat* was introduced from Norway, a species about a fourth larger, and evidently more powerful, seeing that, like the Anglo-Saxon race pushing out the North American Indians, it has nearly superseded the ancient variety. Both kinds are of great though not of equal fecundity, the black rat usually bearing six, and the brown from eight to twelve, at a birth. A female brown rat will have three births in the course of a year; and thus it has been calculated that, in favourable circumstances as to food, and supposing no destruction to take place, a single pair might in two years have upwards of a million of descendants! From this fact alone, judging by all the analogies of nature, we may be assured that rats are designed to serve some highly important end. On the other hand, as, in ordinary circumstances, there can be no need for such a vast increase of the species, strong checks have been imposed upon it, of a nature which will only be eluded under extremely favourable circumstances. The rat has a vast number of enemies to contend with in his own subterranean world, who are constantly operating for the restriction of his family. In times of scarcity, the tribe even turn upon each other, and become mutual devourers. The very mother so far forgets the instinct usually attendant upon her interesting situation, as to eat the hapless creatures dependent upon her for their own nourishment. By these means, the Malthusian doctrine is most completely carried out in the rat world. The skeletons of the victims, both old and young, are frequently found in their haunts, usually picked quite bare, but with the skin reserved. And here we have a curious instance of the ingenuity of the rat. They do not like the skin, and, always except in particular circumstances, reject it. It might be supposed that they would have considerable difficulty in getting quit of that integument, in order to have access to the bodies of their slain brethren or children. But in almost every case the skin is found to have been drawn off over the head of the deceased rat, as neatly and completely as any man could draw a stocking invertedly from his leg. We are forbidden to suppose that these skeletons, so often found in rat-holes, belong to animals which have met natural deaths. The mutual hostility of rats is ascertained beyond a doubt. Parties of the migratory hordes in Norway are often seen to turn upon each other and fight desperately, exactly as two regiments might do in an ill-managed army. M. Majendie, the eminent physiologist, once got twelve rats from Montfaucon, for the purpose of making some investigation into their habits. They were sent to him in a properly secured box, and the result was very much that assigned in popular story to a similar experiment in Ireland. When the box was opened, only three rats were found, with a few fragments of the other nine.

Though, in this country, rats are usually glad to keep out of the way of man, a very fierce and courageous character is sometimes displayed by them. There cannot be the least doubt that they have often attacked children asleep. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754, there is an anecdote of a family at Wansford in Northamptonshire, which was attacked by "a drove of Norway rats," which fastened upon the mother and two of her children in bed, and were only driven off with considerable difficulty. In 1830, a gentleman walking near *Elie, in* the county of Fife, saw a large rat coming towards him on the foot-path. He stept aside to get a stick or stone. The rat saw the movement, and at once rushed towards the gentleman at full speed, grinning, and showing every determination to give battle. The gentleman commenced pelting the animal with stones, but the rat was only the more irritated, and pursued the assailant. The latter threw stones and fled, till nearly exhausted, when a carter came up and killed the rat by one dexterous blow of his whip. There is a famous story of an archbishop of Mayence in the middle ages, who was killed and devoured by rats. The tale is not without superstitious features, but is probably founded on fact. During a famine which bore hard on the poor, this prelate not only hoarded up his grain, but caused fire to be set to a barn in which many of the starving poor were assembled, only remarking, when he heard the voices of the unfortunate people within, "Do you hear how the rats squeak?" His territories were soon after assailed by a legion of rats, comparable only to the plagues of Egypt. He sent his men to disperse and kill them, but all in vain. He crossed the Rhine to avoid the vast horde, but they swam after him. He built a tower in which to take refuge; but they ate their way through, and he finally perished miserably amongst them. In ships where these animals have been allowed to become too numerous, they have been known to spring upon the table, and contend with the sailors for the very food they were conveying to their mouths.

Against all the vices of the rat's character, and we fear they are not few, we have to set forth one remarkable virtue. There seems not the least reason to doubt that they are inspired by a wonderful sense of filial affection and duty. Mr Purdew, a surgeon's mate, relates that he one day "saw a rat come into his berth, which, after surveying the place attentively, retreated with the greatest caution and silence. It returned soon afterwards, leading by the ear another rat, which it left close by the hole. A third rat joined this kind conductor. The two then searched about, and picked up small scraps of biscuit. These they carried to the second rat, which seemed *blind*, and which remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought to it. They seemed to be its offspring." An American vessel, on a voyage to Lisbon, had been greatly distressed by rats, and when it arrived in port, fumigation was resorted to. Amidst the multitudes of rats which came forth, and fell beneath the vengeful sticks of the sailors, appeared one bearing on its back another quite grey with age, and blind. The men, not doubting that the senior was the sire of the younger, allowed both to pass unscathed! Many popular stories are told in Scotland, and probably in other countries also, of migratory parties of rats being seen by night, or about dawn, in which blind and aged ones were observed to be led along by young ones, by means of a straw placed in their mouths. Such stories may have never been rightly authenticated, but they are undoubtedly in perfect consistency with the known character of the animal.

The rat is not without a considerable share of inge-

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nuity. This quality it shows in the wonderful expedients it resorts to for the purpose of getting at food in ordinary dwellings. In a former paper (*Journal*, No. 106), was related a perfectly authentic instance of their sagacity, which we shall take leave to repeat. "Our informant observed several of them one morning gathered about a hen's nest, where there were some eggs; and imagining that they intended in some way to make these their prey, or perhaps carry them off, as they are frequently said to do, he resolved to watch their motions. In a short time, he saw one of them lay himself down beside an egg, where, folding his body round it lengthwise, he held it as firm as he could; after which, the better to secure his grasp, he took his tail between his teeth. The others then approached, and, seizing him by the neck, fairly dragged off the rat and the egg together." Pliny relates of the kindred family of Marmots or Alpine Mice, that, "to convey fodder into their hole or burrow, the male and female take it by turns to lie on their backs, and there holding as much grap as they can gripe, one drags the other by the tail, held in his teeth, with his load, into his cave; from which habit it is that at this season they appear with galled backs." This circumstance is ridiculed as a fiction by many subsequent naturalists; but after the indubitable story just quoted, we can well believe it to be a feat which the animals occasionally perform. Some more questionable anecdotes are related, tending to show a kind of prescience in rats. It is an old popular belief, that they vacate a vessel before an unprosperous voyage, and a house of which the inhabitant is about to be ruined. We were once solemnly assured, that, on the day before an inundation at Dunfermline, a number of rats were seen to migrate to higher ground which the river was in no danger of reaching. Any foundation for these stories would probably be found of a very slight character. In declining circumstances, a house may be found to have less provision for rats than it had before. A vessel getting old and unseaworthy, may, from the admission of water, become unsuitable for the residence of rats, which may have been observed to go away not long before the last fatal voyage.

The immense quantity of rats which may exist in favouring circumstances, is not unworthy of notice. When H.M. ship Squirrel was fumigated for rats at Deptford in 1743, five hundred were found dead in the hold.* On the return of the Valiant man-of-war from Havannah in 1766, a fumigation took place, and for some days, six hampers full of suffocated rats were discharged daily. The Isle of France was at an early period so overrun by them, that the Dutch, for no other reason, gave up the island as a settlement. There is now, perhaps, no colony of rats in Europe so remarkable as the horse-slaughter house of Montfaucon near Paris. They are there so numerous as to have attracted the attention of government. Let forty bodies of horses be left over night, and next morning not a vestige of muscular fibre remains uneaten. One person engaged in this unpleasant trade, being anxious to reduce the number of the rats at his place, took measures for entrapping and killing them by night; and in one month he had destroyed 10,050. It has been proposed to remove the business altogether to a greater distance from town; but prudence has interposed with fears for the peace of the neighbourhood if so many voracious creatures should all at once be deprived of their wonted supply of food. To deliberate upon this point, the government some years ago formed a commission, and the report of that body certainly presents a most remarkable view of the case. The rats of Montfaucon have, it appears, made burrows for themselves, like rabbits, in the adjoining fields, and hollowed out into galleries all the surrounding eminences; and that to such an extent, that it is not unusual to see the latter crumble away at the base, and leave exposed these subterraneous works. They have undermined all the walls and constructions in the neighbourhood; and it is only by taking the most particular precautions—casing the foundation with broken bottles, &c.—that one of the tradesmen has been able to preserve from falling a house attached to his establishment. So great is the number of the rats, that they have not all been able to lodge themselves in the immediate vicinity of the slaughter-houses, for there are most distinctly traced and well-known paths, leading across the fields, from the enclosures in which the horses are killed, to a burrow about five hundred paces distant. These paths are particularly remarkable in wet weather, as they are covered the whole of their length with a clayey mud, that adheres to the feet of the rats on coming out of their burrows. There is a peculiar circumstance worth relating, relative to the predilections which these animals show to one particular part of the horse; they always invariably begin by devouring the eyes, drinking the liquid contained in them, and eating the fat at the bottom of the orbit. There never has been an instance of a dead horse being left one night exposed, the eyes of which were not devoured before morning. During very severe frosts, when it becomes impossible to flay and cut up the bodies of horses that have been for any time exposed to the air, and when even the fragments of flesh lying about have become so hard as to render it difficult for the rats to feed upon them, they penetrate into the body, there establish themselves, and devour the flesh; so that, when the thaw comes, the workmen find nothing but a skin and a skeleton underneath, as clean and clear of flesh as if it had been prepared by the most skilful operator.

We would conclude with one word of humanity in behalf of this unhappy blackguard of the lower animal world. We must, of course, readily allow that, to take proper expedients to repress or reduce the numbers of rats, is quite legitimate. Nature herself assigns checks of the most stringent character to the rat population; and when a farmer or a mariner fumigates or entraps them, he only follows the path pointed out by the necessity of the case. But there is a needless horror of rats in the public mind; and when a solitary member of the species chances to stray into the haunts of men, we usually hear a hue and cry raised after him, as if he were some monstrous culprit, or as if the death of even one were a matter of importance. "Kill that rat! kill that rat!" cries every body, as if the poor wretch had no fair place in creation. People forget that the rat exercises a useful function in the main, in as far as he belongs to the scavenger corps in nature's police, and that, but for him, worse evils might befall us. In this consideration, we think, and also in as far as it is desirable not to harden men's hearts by acts of cruelty, we surely see some reason for sparing a poor stray individual of the species, even while vigorous measures of a more delicate and less offensive kind are taken to prevent the race from becoming too numerous.

* Gentleman's Magazine, xiii. 498.

INCHRORY, A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

THE following sketch of the manners of Inchrory, a proud Highland chief of the old school, is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his "Traditionary Tales of the Highlands:"—

"It happened, one day, that the Earl of Fife was travelling up this glen, on his way over to his house of Mar Lodge, in Braemar, and having stopped at Caochan-Seirceag, he sent one of his people across the meadow here, to tell Inchrory that he meant to honour him with a visit. The gentleman knocked at the door, was admitted by the goodwife, and ushered into Inchrory's presence. He found him seated in his arm-chair, in the position which he always occupied, that is, on the most comfortable side of the fire.

'Good day to you, Inchrory,' said the gentleman, bowing. 'The same to you, sir,' said Inchrory, bowing his head very grandly and ceremoniously, but without stirring.

'My Lord the Earl of Fife, who is halting at Caochan-Seirceag, on his road to Braemar, has sent me over to tell you, that he means to step aside from his way to visit you,' said the gentleman.

'Well, sir,' said Inchrory proudly, 'what of that? Tell him he is welcome.' The gentleman, astonished with his reception, bowed and retired, as an ambassador might have done from a royal presence.

'Well, sir,' said Lord Fife to him, after he had rejoined him, 'is Inchrory at home?'

'He is at home, my lord,' replied the gentleman; 'but he is the surliest churl I ever came across.'

'As how?' demanded the earl.

'Why, my lord, the little wretch never rose from his chair,' replied the gentleman; and then he repeated the conversation he had had with Inchrory. 'If your lordship would take my counsel, you would e'en continue your journey, and leave the bear to suck his own paws in his own den.'

'Why do you not flit that insolent fellow?' said Lord Fife to James Macgrigor of Pitiveach, his factor, who happened to be with him; 'you are tacksman of this farm, and so you have it in your power to turn him out.'

'Why, my lord,' replied Macgrigor, 'he and his forbears have been there for generations; and, though he certainly is a great original, he is no bad fellow for all that.'

'So, so,' replied the earl, laughing; 'the fellow is an original, is he? Then I must see him. It is something to discover so great a potentate, holding his undisputed reign in wilds like these, so many miles from any other human dwelling. I must visit him directly.'

The fact was, that the earl had but recently become possessed of these Highland estates, and Inchrory looked upon him as a new man, a Lowlander, whom it was his duty, as it was very much his inclination, to despise; whilst the earl, for his part, knowing that such was a feeling which naturally enough pervaded the minds of the Highlanders, even on his own newly acquired lands, was determined to do it away, by using all manner of courtesy to every one with whom he might come into contact. Above all things, he felt that the opportunity which he now had of overcoming the prejudice of such a man as Inchrory, was by no means to be lost. To Inchrory, therefore, he went, without a moment's delay, was admitted into the house, and ushered into the presence. 'Good day to you, Inchrory,' said the earl, bowing.

'Good day to you, Lord Fife,' replied Inchrory, bowing with the same formality as formerly, but still keeping his seat. 'Sit down, my lord—sit down. Here is a chair beside me; for I always keep the *best-most* seat in my own house.'

'Very right, Inchrory,' said the earl, smiling, and seating himself accordingly beside his host; 'and a very comfortable seat it seems to be.'

'Very comfortable,' said Inchrory, setting himself more firmly into it; 'and I hope that one is easy for your lordship.'

'Very easy, indeed,' said Lord Fife; 'a long ride, such as I have had, would make a hard stone feel easy, and much more this chair beneath your hospitable roof of Inchrory, and before your good fire, in this bitter cold day.'

'Well, well, my lord,' replied Inchrory, for the first time shaking the earl heartily by the hand, and very much pleased with the familiar manner in which his visiter had so unexpectedly comported himself; 'Well, all I can say is, that you are heartily welcome to it. Here, gudewife! bring out the bottle. Lord Fife must taste Inchrory's bottle; and bestir yourself, do you hear, and see what you can give his lordship to eat.'

The whisky bottle was brought, and Inchrory drank the earl's health, who, without any ceremony, hobernobbed with him in turn. Mutton, ham, cheese, broiled kipper salmon, bannocks and butter, were produced, and put down promiscuously. The earl ate like a hill farmer, and partook moderately of the whisky, which Inchrory swallowed in large and repeated bumpers to his lordship's good health. He talked loud and joyously, and the earl familiarly humoured him to his full bent. They were the greatest friends in the world. The earl particularly delighted Inchrory by praising, caressing, and feeding, a great rough deer-hound, which, roused from his lair in front of the fire by the entrance of the eatables, put his long snout and cold nose into his lordship's hand, and craved his attention. But this dog had very nearly ruined all; for the earl was so much taken with the animal, that having left the house after a very warm parting with Inchrory, he sent back his factor to him, to offer to purchase the animal at any price.

'What!' cried Inchrory, drawing himself up in his chair, and looking thunderbolts—'what! does Lord Fife take me for a dog-dealer? I would not sell my dog to any lord in the land. I would not sell my dog to the king on the throne. Tell his lordship I would as soon sell him my wife!'

'What a stupid fellow I am, Inchrory!' said the factor. 'Did I say that it was the earl that sent me? If I did, I was quite wrong. No! no! his lordship did no such thing. He only admired the dog so much, that he could speak of nothing else as he crossed the meadow to join his people. It was my mistake altogether. Hearing him admire your dog so much, I thought it would be a kind act for me to you, my old friend, just to ride back quietly, and give you a hint of it. "I thought I had the best dogs in all Scotland," said the earl, "but that dog of Inchrory's beats them all clean. He is worth them all put together. He is a prince among dogs, as his master is a prince among men. Where could you find a master worthy of such a dog but Inchrory himself—the best fellow I have met with in all this country."'

'Did the Earl of Fife say that?' cried Inchrory. 'Here, bring me a leash. Now,' added he, after having fastened it about the hound's neck, 'take hold of that, and lead the dog with you to the earl, and tell him that Inchrory begs he will accept of him as a present.'"

I have yet one more anecdote of Inchrory, which brings out his character more than all the others. "His wife, Ealsach, was one morning occupied in tending the cattle at the *shieling* at Altanarroch. Lonely as this place of Inchrory is known to be, its loneliness was nothing when compared to that of the shieling of Altanarroch, where even the cattle themselves could only exist for a month or two during the finest part of the year. Now, it happened that Ealsach, being in the family way, became extremely anxious and unhappy as her time of confinement approached; and her anxiety went on increasing daily, till at last she began to think it very expedient to go home to Inchrory. The distance was considerable, and the way rough enough in all conscience. But, having the spirit of a Highland woman within her, she set out boldly on foot, and arrived at Inchrory at an early hour in the morning. Her husband met her at the door of the house, where she looked for a kind welcome from him, and modestly signified the cause of her coming.

'Ha!' exclaimed he proudly, and with anger in his eye; 'how is this that you come on foot? How dared you to come home till I sent a horse for you, that you might travel as Inchrory's wife ought to do?'

'No one saw how I came,' replied his wife meekly. 'I met nothing but the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps on the hill.'

'No matter,' said Inchrory; 'even the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps should not have it to say, that they saw the wife of Inchrory tramping home a-foot through the heather. Get thee back this moment every foot of the way to Altanarroch, that I may send for thee as Inchrory's wife ought to be sent for.'

The poor woman knew that argument with him was useless. Without entering the house, therefore, she was compelled to turn her weary steps back to Altanarroch; and she was no sooner there, than a servant appeared, leading by the bridle a horse, having a saddle on its back covered with a green cloth, on which she was compelled to mount forthwith, in order to ride home over the barren and desert moors and mosses, in such style as might satisfy the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps that she was the wife of Inchrory."

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THE GRAND AND FASHIONABLE STYLE OF MUSIC.

THE *Intelligencer* (Edinburgh newspaper) lately presented the following remarks, written by a correspondent in consequence of a visit he had paid to one of a series of weekly concerts, given in place and circumstances which need not be here particularised, as our object in transferring the remarks to our paper is general, not particular. The writer begins by allowing excellence to the performers, but condemns, and we think with justice, the selection, for a popular concert, of complicated instrumental pieces, instead of music of a more simple character. He thus proceeds:—"It is a strange perversion of language to call the meaningless noise which is made with musical instruments, under the name of overtures, operas, and grand movements, music. True music is calculated to affect the feelings in a similar manner to painting or poetry, but in a much higher degree than either of these exalting arts. But what soul can be melted, soothed, or animated, by a succession of the most outrageous noises, sometimes emulating the insufferable yelping of a kennel of dogs, at other times the lowing of oxen, now the croaking of frogs, or screaming of a rookery; anon falling low and languid, like the wind moaning among a stack of chimneys, or whistling fitfully through a broken window; and all these changes and alternations in the most ridiculous and startling contrast?

Sometimes it would appear that the mimicry of the din caused by mechanical operations and sundry common occurrences is intended. You will hear at times a pretty close imitation of the turning of a dry grindstone; a saw is occasionally sharpened with great perseverance; now and then a cooper is to be heard knocking on an empty barrel, or a carpenter driving a few double-flooring nails. A brawl, as if among fishwives, now and then takes place, and the din is kept up with the most pertinacious yerking recurrence to the same good set terms. At other times the whole vocabulary of swinish sounds, from the grunt of the old boar to the squeak of the sucking pig, is run over in succession, or thrown in at intervals. Then a troop of soldiers is set a-marching: the movement goes forward with the most monotonous regularity, till, all of a sudden, a halt is called in a loud peremptory tone, that may pass for that of some gruff bull-necked drill-sergeant. Snatches of simple, pretty enough airs, now and then come in amidst the Babylonish uproar, but these are never allowed to proceed many notes at a time till they are overwhelmed with a new outbreak of braying, squealing, or grunting. The clamours come on by paroxysms. Complete lulls now and then take place, gradually broken in upon by warning indications of a coming tempest, or in a moment succeeded by an explosion, as loud and thundery as strong lungs and arms can produce by blowing into hollow tubes, or thrashing on catgut or parchment. Why is not artillery introduced into the orchestra? Surely it would facilitate the effect intended, and save the poor drummers, fiddlers, and horn-blowers, a great deal of needless exertion. After one of what is called the 'grand passages,' nothing is more common than to see the performers panting and sweating, as if they had been working with flails on a barn floor, instead of trying to ravish the senses with the charms of music. This very circumstance shows plainly that the performances the poor men have been engaged in are not musical performances. The effect of genuine music is to entrance the performer as well as the listener. The musician, while enchanting others, is himself wrapt in an ecstacy of enjoyment. But the monstrous stuff called the grand and fashionable style of music, charms nobody except such as have no real musical feeling, and these it pleases by its incongruous variety and capricious novelty. To see and hear twenty or thirty men engaged in playing a grand overture of the fashionable sort, one would almost suppose, were it not for their imperturbable gravity, that they were a party of wags who had in a frolic got hold of a set of wind and stringed instruments, and were bent on performing some laughable musical caricature. But there is neither fun nor rapture to be seen on the countenances of the gentlemen of the orchestra during these absurd performances, nor any expression but that of anxiety to be ready to strike into the hurly-burly at the proper time, except, indeed, the same indifference which pervades the audience on such occasions. If the managers of our public concerts were not blinded by prejudice, they would observe the vastly different effect produced by real music, and the spurious artificial sort which is almost the only kind performed. As an instance, I may mention the enthusiastic delight with which a mere snatch of true melody was received and encored. I allude to the air, 'The Light of other Days,' which was introduced among a deal of harmonic rubbish, bearing some high-sounding name that I do not now recollect. This little air, by no means one of the best we have, produced an effect on every body present which all the trumpeting, drumming, and fiddling in the world, will not produce with soulless artificial compositions. There may be a peculiar sort of merit in pieces which afford striking contrasts and startling transitions, on account of their conformity to certain scientific rules, and the surprise which their intricate combinations and unexpected turns may excite; or there may be merit of a particular kind in pieces which suggest, in a lively manner, the idea of a battle or a storm, the wailing of grief, or the exultation of triumph. But still such merits are widely different from that of true music. Music, like poetry, is given by inspiration, and cannot be constructed on scientific principles, or manufactured by recipe. Artificial music is to the real article what bombast is to poetry: it may tickle the ear, but cannot touch the feelings or affect the mind. Yet it is only this bombastical music that is considered, by those who cater for the public gratification, worth being performed, while an inexhaustible mine of musical wealth is allowed to remain untouched. Well might joocose old Skinner say, speaking of such spurious pieces as I have been complaining of—

> 'I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
> For half-a-hunder score o' 'em.'

I by no means contend that our native music is to be preferred to that of all other countries; but I maintain, without fear of refutation, that there is a natural music to be found in every country, which is calculated to give universal delight, and is entirely distinct from the combinations of musical notes got up to order by professional counterpointists—a music, in fact, which springs from minds highly endowed by nature, and very rarely cultivated by art—which is comparatively simple in its character, but contains a living principle which only genius can impart, and which alone can inspire sympathetic minds. This kind of music it is (no matter whether Scotch, Irish, Welsh, German, or Italian) which I desire to hear performed by the talented musicians which abound among us; and I am sure they would find their own profit in turning their attention to it, and abandoning what is fantastic, barbarous, and merely listened to because it is thought fashionable."

JOY.

[BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.]

There's joy when the rosy morning floods
The purple east with light;
When the zephyr sweeps from a thousand buds
The pearly tears of night:
There's joy when the lark exulting springs
To pour his matin lay;
From the blossom'd thorn when the blackbird sings,
And the merry month is May.

There's joy abroad when the wintry snow
Melts, as it ne'er had been;
When cowslips bud, and violets blow,
And leaves are fresh and green.
There's joy in the swallow's airy flight;
In the cuckoo's blithsome cry;
When the floating clouds reflect the light
Of evening's glowing sky.

There's joy in April's balmy showers,
'Mid gleams of sunshine shed;
When May brings forth a thousand flowers
To deck the earth's green bed:
There's joy when the pale pale moon comes out
With all her starry train;
When the woods return the reaper's shout,
And echo shouts again.

There's joy in childhood's silvery voice,
When the laugh rings blithe and clear,
And the sounds that bid young hearts rejoice
Are music to the ear.
There's joy in the sweet romance of youth,
Ere care a shadow throws
Across the radiant brow of truth,
To mar the soul's repose.

There's joy in the youthful lover's breast,
When his bride by the altar stands,
When his trembling lips to hers are press'd,
And the priest has join'd their hands.
There's joy—deep joy—in the mother's heart,
When she clasps her first-born son,
And the tears of holy rapture start
To bless the lovely one.

There's joy above—around—beneath—
But 'tis a fleeting ray;
The world's stern strife, the hand of death,
Bid mortal hopes decay:
But there's a deeper joy than earth
With all her charms can give,
Which marks the spirit's second birth,
When man but dies to live!

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE RUSTIC.

Anthony Collins, who has generally been considered a freethinker, one day met a plain countryman going to church. "Where are you going?" said the philosopher. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God, sir." "Pray, is your God great or little?" "He is both, sir." "How can that be?" "He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and he is so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterwards declared, that this simple observation of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes he had perused written by the learned doctors.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

ROGER SHERMAN, THE STATESMAN AND SHOEMAKER.

Roger Sherman, one of the members of the American Congress for Connecticut, who signed the declaration of independence, had originally been a shoemaker. When earning his livelihood in this humble occupation, he happened to have a lawsuit with one of his neighbours; and, on going to consult a lawyer on the subject, he presented him with a written statement of the case, which he had drawn up himself. The lawyer was a shrewd man, and at once discovered, on reading the statement, the shoemaker's *forte*, which, he told him, was not to make shoes, but to deal with matters of law. Mr Sherman took the hint, and, having studied law, became in time not only one of the first lawyers, but one of the most eminent patriots and statesmen of his country. During the war of independence, he happened to be the chairman of a committee of Congress, appointed to investigate certain charges of peculation in the commissariat department; and, in presenting the report of the committee, he stated that it would be observed, in perusing it, that he had dwelt particularly on the article of shoes: the reason of this was simply, that, having been bred a shoemaker himself, it was the subject with which he might be supposed to be best acquainted. He had no idea of being ashamed of *the gentle craft*.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

WHY THE NETTLE STINGS.

The common, or large nettle, is known by grievous experience to every one, though perhaps you have never yet inquired whence the pain arises from touching it. The sting is not, like a pin or needle, solid throughout, but is hollow at the centre, and perforated at the point; and, when touched, it is not only sharp enough to pierce the skin, but also is so constructed as to inject a particle of poisonous fluid into the wound it makes; and this is the source of the pain which follows. The wound itself is so minute that it would scarcely be felt; but the poison irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. The plant, the small species of which stings the most severely, is covered all over with hairs; but by using a microscope or a magnifying glass, you may perceive that these are not all of one kind, some being perforated, which are the stings, whilst others are not. Each sting stands upon a pedestal, and the pedestal performs the office both of gland and poison-bag. It is cellular, and spongy within; the sting is placed on its top, and may be moved by a slight pressure to either side, or round in a circle: it seems to stand, as it were, on a universal joint. When a body touches its point, the base is pressed down into the spongy pedestal, and the poisonous fluid rushes up through the tube of the sting, and flows out of the terminal aperture.—*Drummond's Letters.*

OH, THIS LOVE!

"Love!" observed Venerable Joe, sarcastically—"love's a himposition. There's been more people imposed upon by that air vord than by all the perfessional swindlers in natur. It's a gross, a uniwersal himposition; and it's on'y werry wonderful to me that it ain't long ago been hexpunged. A gal says she loves yer. Werry well; but are you consequentially obligated for to make a fool o' yerself? No; you've only got her hipsy-dixsy, and vot's the good o' that? Marry her, and you'll werry soon see ''ow sweet's the love as meets return.' But arout that, look 'ear on'y jist for hinstance: a gal loves a soger—vich they all do; it's reg'lar: he's a private; still she loves 'im—oh! hout an' hout! Werry well; don't yer think she'd give 'im up for a hofficer? In course she vood! And why? Why, cos it 'ud be a better chance. Has for love, it's the vickedest, the swindlinest himposition as is. The chances is vot gals looks out for. The on'y qvestion with them is, 'Is it a good chance?' If it is, they'll have it; if it ain't, they von't, onless they can't get nothink better. It's the deadest take in is that love ever heered on; a deader do never vos hinwented. You take my adwice, and don't be foozled. Venever you 'ear the vord love, always wiew it as a gross himposition. Hif yer don't you'll be done, and on'y find out the difference ven it's too late. Look at me jist for hinstance. I was sixty-two in Jannerwerry last; look at that! Sixty-two, and I ain't done yet. I'm inwited to all the parties. I'm never forgot! There's the old uns as is single a-hoglin' on me reg'lar; and the old uns as is married a-settin' their darters upon me; it 'ud be sich a chance! and all, in course, cos I'm single. Why, d'yer think they'd care about my company perwided I vos married? Does it stand at all to reason they'd invite me as they do, hif they didn't believe I vos yet to be done? Not a bit of it! not if I vos vorth a matter o' fifty times as much as I ham. But, as it is—as I've allus escaped the himposition—there am I, never missed, allus thought on, looked up to and respected; vhich, let me tell you, is a werry great adwantage."—*Stanley Thorn, in Bentley's Miscellany for October.*

The present number of the Journal completes the ninth volume of the work, for which a title-page and copious index are prepared, and may be had on application to the Publishers or their Agents, at the usual price of a number. Any odd or past numbers of the Journal can also be had for the purpose of completing sets.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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